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*Literature and Life*  
*in England*

by DUDLEY MILES and ROBERT C. POOLEY



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# Preface

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To the English teacher the troublous times that followed the crushing of Fascism in 1945 have brought to mind the words that Milton addressed to Cromwell:

Yet much remains  
To conquer still; Peace hath her victories  
No less renowned than War.

And we have flattered ourselves that the surest of these victories will be won gradually through education. With Milton again we believe in

Liberty,  
For who loves that must first be wise and  
good.

We see that the wisdom and goodness requisite to establish a world-wide peace will be of slow growth. The first necessity will be to sensitize students here in America to the inheritance that has come down through English literature. That inheritance extends far back of Milton. In our time it has again found a ringing voice in the speeches of Churchill during the conflict. It will serve as a star to guide us in working within the United Nations to ensure the blessings of peace to other peoples. We as teachers can aid in reaching the goal by familiarizing pupils with English literature in its manifold reflections of the human spirit.

These fundamental considerations have impelled the editors of *Literature and Life in England* to revise the book for a wider and higher usefulness. The first task is to enlarge little by little upon the pupil's understanding of another people as they meet situations which are

at bottom like those in America. Editorial treatment aims to sensitize pupils toward similarities between demands which both Britons and Americans traditionally make upon life, such as the right to liberty and equality. When this awakening is made repeatedly, through study of generation after generation of English literature, the pupil builds a picture of the desirable life that he can apply to the basic demands of Englishmen and of peoples everywhere. The selections dealing with World War II bring to a clear focus this comprehension of primary human relationships. The three chapters of varied contemporary material should enable the maturing student to apply our English heritage to reinforce American concepts of the finest qualities of human existence.

For this purpose twentieth-century selections have been chosen to come within the interests and powers of interpretation of high-school boys and girls. The graphic language, the easy sentence structure, the understandable ideas, the direct relationship to experience—it is for such qualities that contemporary writers have been drawn upon. Coming upon these passages, as the student does, in groups containing closely related situations and concepts, he feels at home with each author that he meets and at once assimilates the new material to his growing store of concepts concerning human relationships in our society.

Equal care and deliberation have marked the choice of passages from earlier centuries in the long and inspiring procession of English literature, out of which has descended to us so wide a

range of American culture. These passages are such as normal pupils can enjoy. The foremost writers are represented by prose and poetry within the grasp of high-school seniors. Masterpieces from the beginnings of English literature will be found here in modern translations which enable youth of today to enter into the meaning of the original. *Beowulf*, for example, is discovered to breathe the same spirit that but yesterday animated Englishmen on the sands of Dunkirk.

In the great tradition from the Elizabethan age to the present, it has been possible for outstanding authors to appear in their own language, because their works have been culled for characteristic poems and prose within the capacities of secondary-school students. Dryden, for example, emerges from the dim past, not as an acute critic of Shakespeare, but as a bland and humorous talker who introduces the listener to his most interesting narratives, the *Fables*. Carlyle steps forward, not with the eloquent and justly admired essay on Burns, which assumes a thorough acquaintance with Burns's poetry, but with a vivid historical passage from *Past and Present* which fits into the interest of every boy and girl who has read *Ivanhoe*. Thus, the selections in this volume will aid the teacher to enlarge and confirm those interests in our rich inheritance from the English past of which every American today may feel justly proud.

For gaining more insight into life situations and therefore more true enjoyment of the whole carefully chosen body of literature, essential aids are provided. First and foremost is the history of English literature. It embodies the fundamental idea of the whole *Literature and Life Series*: In every age and clime literature has expressed the fears and hopes of a people, has faced the conditions of life peculiar to its time and place, and

has spoken with a voice native to that race and region. Conditions of life in the British Isles have changed many times in the last twenty centuries, and so has the language in which literature has been recorded. Though this volume contains only that prose and poetry which expresses the common relationships in human life to be found in English literature, the book offers an understanding of the culture out of which that literature arose. To provide this acquaintance with English culture in a manner simple enough for boys and girls of high-school age to assimilate and enjoy is the object of the history.

Accordingly, the historical account of English literature is written in a style which the high-school student can understand and which it is hoped he will find interesting. Besides, each chapter is kept brief, so that the student can read through it with immediate comprehension of the period or topics treated. At the beginning of the chapter a "Preview" gives the young reader a general notion of the field to be covered and definite questions for which he is to find answers. This device provides him with the motivation which renders any reading easier and more rewarding. When he reaches the end, he finds a summary against which he can check his own judgments with regard to the main points to be remembered. The total result should be that each chapter will prove enlightening and useful to the high-school boy or girl. In addition, the organization of the whole twelve centuries of literary history is plain enough for upper-class students to comprehend.

The way in which brevity is attained in the historical account should be noted very carefully. The method is not condensation but omission. Literary selections which boys and girls cannot integrate with their personal experiences are not introduced at all. Authors and pieces of writing which they can compare with

their own thoughts and feelings are played up in the history with an abundance of concrete detail. They are dwelt upon in a way to bring out their significance, from the Anglo-Saxon *Beowulf* to the English novel of the twentieth century. This may be called the "high spot" method of writing literary history for young people.

Each stage of this chronological approach to English literature should eventuate in an understanding of the human significance of great books and poems. Book Four opens the door to the treasure house of the past with whose enduring masterpieces every cultured person ought to become acquainted; the treatment of the successive eras and authors prepares the questing mind of youth to find the timeless message of literature, its perennial revelation of the significance of human life in a constantly changing world.

Of the teaching helps provided in the volume, the history should be accounted the first and most important. The second, the editorial apparatus, ties the history and the selections closely together. The general background for the literature of each period and the significant aspects of each author are given in the history, which may be used in either of two ways: It may be read in advance as an introduction to the selections, or it may be examined with care after a hasty reading of the selections in preparation for a closer study of them. But material which the student needs in order to approach any particular selection is put into a headnote for that selection. If he would derive an advantage from turning back to the history, the page references are given him at the point where he will need them. Both the history and the headnotes will therefore aid the student directly in understanding and appreciating the literary selections. The practice of giving the pupil necessary assistance at the time and place where

he can make the best use of it will be appreciated by all experienced teachers.

Most of the literature chosen for the revised volume is not merely good reading; it will repay further study. For this purpose two kinds of aids are given. One consists in questions which may be made the basis of class discussion, if the teacher so desires, though they are useful also in directing the pupil to fruitful aspects of the poem or prose passage while he is studying it. The second kind of aid provides "activities" as a means of putting the student's acquaintance with the selection to work at once. These activities are of considerable variety, but they may be classified under two heads, those which individual students carry forward and those in which a committee or the whole class participates. With regard to group activities, in particular, every successful classroom teacher knows that discussion of insights and concepts derived from the reading of literature gives students a clearer comprehension of the life-situations involved. Such comparison of interpretations by American and English writers will result in a permanent wider understanding of the two peoples. The good readers of the class are given further outlet for their eagerness in the form of book lists at the end of most distinct groups of selections and of every chapter. Some of the books are for study in fields adjacent to that covered by the chapter, but the majority of them are for that rapid reading which provides a richer background for the student's appreciation of literature.

The volume can be adapted to a large variety of different lesson plans. The simple chronological study is so illuminating to the student that it will find favor in many cases. An alternative method, the study of types, consists in introducing students to different forms, such as lyric and novel, which have sprung up in the various ages of literary expression. The reason for this approach

in teaching is that the youthful reader gains immensely from knowing how a novel tells a story or how a lyric tries to convey a prized experience of the poet. For this kind of initiation into the pleasures of literature the volume likewise makes ample provision. The more important forms are all treated in the historical account, and to these discussions an Index of Types of Literature on pages 811-812 gives the essential references. If the teacher wishes to spend some time on the study of the novel, he turns to the Index for the important passages which trace the origin and progress of this form of narration—the chief English contribution to literary types—from its beginnings to the present day. The Index gives also page references to the selections, which illustrate the work of the greatest novelists. By means of this Index of Types of Literature, then, the teacher may cover one literary type after another and thus lay a basis for an intelligent approach by the pupils to the leading forms of literary expression.

For those teachers who have discovered the effectiveness of unit assignments, the part divisions are reinforced by reviews of the literature in each era and by chronological tables that bring out progressive developments from age to age. The Index of Special Terms (pages 809-811) should be examined minutely, for it lays open before both teacher and pupil the wealth of explanatory material in the volume itself and adds definitions of technical terms that may puzzle any inquiring student. A pronunciation list (pages 813-816) guides students to the accepted way to pro-

nounce the proper names used throughout the volume.

Further assistance may be found in a companion workbook, the *Student's Guide for Literature and Life in England*, which organizes the whole volume into a series of units, or "contracts." It offers the advantage of a number of tests which adapt the book to individual instruction. When a pupil feels that he has mastered a unit, he simply takes the appropriate objective tests to discover whether he has actually completed it satisfactorily.

With these aids might be ranked the typography, which not only makes the pages attractive to look at but assures an ease in reading which greatly facilitates the teacher's efforts to interest the students. With the typography must be counted the illustrations in both the history and the selections. As an example, turn to the picture that accompanies Shakespeare's "When Icicles Hang by the Wall," page 84, and note how much is added to the beauty of the lyric by this graphic indication of the imagery that would have arisen in any Elizabethan listener's mind. The alert teacher will make constant use of the illustrations.

The purpose of the preface is merely to point out the main resources to be found in *Literature and Life in England* for initiating boys and girls into the set of human beliefs, traditions, attitudes, and qualities that underlie our civilization. Only through such initiation can American youth go forward into the long peace of future decades equipped to transmit and foster the values which democracy aims to develop in mankind.



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# *Reading for Pleasure and Profit*

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## An Introduction for Students

The student in the upper years of high school is in one respect like a famous English poet who wrote:

For I dipt into the future, far as human eye could see,  
Saw the Vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be.

With graduation just around the curve of the road, the boy or girl looks forward to some position in the adult world. Beyond that lie possibilities of personal progress. Farther in the distance may be glimpsed visions of a peaceful nation of people bending their energies to make the country a better place to live in. In that prospect every high-school student pictures himself doing his full share toward individual success and the common welfare.

Every such endeavor reminds one at once of another line of the poet:

I the heir of all the ages in the foremost files of time.

More than ten years of schooling have shown the high-school pupil that the discoveries and inventions of earlier generations have made life easier for him in the present. Though he is aware that his few years of study have uncovered but a few of the debts that he owes to the past, he knows that those debts have built layer by layer the civilization which he now enjoys. Moreover, to take full advantage of the inheritance that is his, he must understand it better and better as the years pass.

The lifelong process of enriching one's own experiences by more complete understanding of the world about one may be explained by a glance at your own earlier years. You can take this glance quite easily if there is a baby in the home. Perhaps you helped him to learn about an orange. He took it in his hands and turned it over and around as various senses registered its shape and weight and color and the soft pebbly surface of its skin. Then perhaps you squeezed the juice out of it, and his sense of taste set that flavor off as delicious. Later he grew to distinguish the color of it from that of his ball or rattle. Finally, his vocabulary may have added its name as a convenient summary of all these qualities. In this way, bit by bit, he reached the point where an orange became something distinct from all the other objects in his experience.

But, as you know, there is still much for him to learn about an orange. It is a fruit different from a lemon or a grapefruit; among oranges there are several kinds, and each kind has its distinctive characteristics. Yet when the child has mastered all these qualities and classifications, there is still much to investigate about how it came to be at all and why it is valuable as food.

Your experience with literature has been very much like that of the child with the orange. In the first grade you read simple stories and descriptions about children and animals. Before you were ten, books helped you seek excite-

ment of victory in sports, heroism in the deeds of the past, and adventure in explorations of the earth's surface. Since you entered high school English teachers have introduced you to biographies and novels and plays that took you into the world of adults, with their mature activities, hidden feelings and outward strivings, transient impulses and unquenchable longings. In this way literature has little by little led you to understand people about you and to look more deeply into yourself. The longer you continue to read great writers, the more penetrating will your insight grow and the broader will become your enjoyment of the varieties of human beings.

The volume you are now taking up will push farther the boundaries of experience that you can enter into and possess. This single volume brings before you the greatest authors in English literature, the writers who have helped to form the finer elements in the civilization in which you have been fortunate to grow up. The better you know this inheritance, the fuller will be your comprehension of life at present and the more complete will become your pleasure in reading during the long years ahead.

Search may begin in the distant past for the gifts to be found in English literature. It was already a treasury of enlightening truth when Columbus crossed the Atlantic, and some of its most precious heirlooms have come down from the years just preceding the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth. To follow its changes from age to age is to watch ideas emerge and spread that lie at the basis of American democracy and to become familiar with the kinds of people most admired in American life. The pages of this book paint stroke by stroke the fascinating picture of the literary growth of that nation to which

we owe both our language and our freedom-loving manner of existence.

The selections here gathered together have been carefully chosen to offer you the right reward to be won from intimate personal acquaintance with the best in English literature. They are so arranged that you can get the utmost value out of the heritage from our long past. A brief account of the state of England in each period, together with outline sketches of the most famous authors, enables you to grasp the extent to which the literature of an era reflects the English people themselves and their evolving culture. To read this history gives much of the pleasure of any narrative of a continuously mounting evolution. In addition it lends a gratifying significance to every selection to be studied, right down to recent literature since the Second World War.

The selections are nevertheless only samples of what you may hope to enjoy through the rest of your life. At the end of each chapter you will find lists of books to supplement the many selections within the chapter. Some of these books you may be able during the year to read out of school for personal pleasure or as the basis of reports to the class. When you have become a graduate, these lists may be used as a guide to good reading which will bring you both pleasure and profit for many years to come. This is your book, your introduction to English literature—for the current semester and for many years to come.

The volume serves also as an introduction to reading all literature. One fundamental truth to bear in mind is that literature and life go hand in hand. There are many different kinds of books just as there are many different kinds of people. In this volume you will become acquainted with a great number of types of prose and verse; you will come to recognize them as sources of

distinct sorts of pleasure and to understand why they were written and how they should be read.

Writers are, after all, men and women like those you know, with similar joys and sorrows, hopes and ambitions. The chief way in which they differ from the common run of mankind is in their power to observe more closely, to feel more profoundly, and to express themselves more clearly and more beautifully. The poet may be taking a walk in the country some clear breezy day when he sees suddenly a wide slope of bright yellow wild flowers tossing in the wind. He experiences a deep pleasure, just as you or I would. But his pleasure, and the memories it awakens, are poured out in imaginative language that preserves for us both the scene and the feelings of the poet. On another occasion he may observe a wrong or an injustice which stirs him to anger or indignation. This emotion he puts into words that have the power to make us feel as he does and perhaps rouse us to help right the wrong or correct the injustice.

The fundamental truth may be illustrated equally well by a contribution of England to universal literature—the hundreds of living characters it has created. This interest, the most absorbing a reader can have, connects directly with the understanding and interpretation of characters in actual life. It should be sought in both drama and fiction. Playwrights and novelists may direct attention to a single character, as Shakespeare depicts an overmastering ambition in *Macbeth* and Cronin portrays a benign temperament in *The Keys of the Kingdom*. On the other hand, the literary artist may interpret the motives and actions of a definite class of people or the spirit of a particular age, as Sheridan does in *The School for Scandal* or Galsworthy in *The For-*

*syte Saga*. In either case, the writer portrays humanity, the dramatist telling his story for an audience in a theater and the novelist using his skill to quicken and maintain the interest of a solitary reader. This volume will help you acquire skill in reading plays as well as novels to learn much more about your fellow men—and yourself. As you develop this reading skill, it will help you gain a better understanding of why human beings think and act as they do.

Many other kinds of writing than poems, plays, and novels are included in this volume. All of them are here for you to enjoy, but it has already been made clear that literature has greater rewards than mere enjoyment. In a very real sense literature is the key to a personal understanding of the world that surrounds us on every side and the means of adapting ourselves to that world. Literature gives power. By careful reading we learn to think clearly and independently, and to form judgments about ourselves and human nature in general. By reading we learn to understand the present in terms of what has gone before, and to interpret modern ideas and fancies in the light of the unchanging truths of man's behavior. Finally, by reading we learn to sift from thousands of facts, ideas, impressions, and feelings those that are genuinely true, good, and beautiful. In this sense literature is the most practical of all studies.

Enough has been said about the fundamental relation to life of English literature and all literature. There remain only a few practical hints on how to use this book that need be kept in mind. To further the purpose of developing power to read, understand, and enjoy literature, the selections have been grouped in chapters. This arrangement facilitates the discovery of a common

spirit running through them, or a similar point of view, or sharp contrasts that bring out the essential quality of each author.

These groups of passages are each preceded by a few pages of literary history. If it is read before studying the literature itself, you will gain in capacity to interpret through an understanding of the age in which the literature was written and an acquaintance with the men who wrote it. The historical section in its turn will become clearer if you note the questions that precede it. These should be carried in thought as you read the history, for they provide a key to the essential points which you will wish to remember. Each chapter closes with a summary, reviewing the principal topics of the chapter. Thus by means of the opening questions, the history itself, and the summary, you should be able to comprehend all the background necessary in interpreting the selections.

Nearly every selection is introduced by a headnote, whose purpose is to make clear its occasion or spirit and to point out how it should be read. You will find it advantageous always to read the headnote before taking up the passage. Following it are questions of various sorts. Some will guide you in getting the most out of a single selection. Others will aid you in reviewing several related passages. There are also interesting ac-

tivities suggested that offer you and your classmates opportunities to put your understanding of literature to immediate use. Further aids to review will be found, at the end of each main Part, in the summary, and in the chronological table showing the life periods of the principal authors along with other interesting dates.

Near the end of the book (pages 809-811) an Index of Special Terms explains the terms frequently used in discussing literature, such as *alliteration*, *couplet*, *meter*, and *rhythm*. Whenever you are in doubt about the exact significance of such terms, turn to the Index, for it will enable you better to understand and more thoroughly enjoy your reading both in and out of school. There is also a Pronunciation List (pages 813-816) to which you will be glad to refer for help in pronouncing difficult proper names and words that are old-fashioned or unusual.

Here then is your introduction to the priceless heritage of English literature. Its aim is to make you, "in the foremost files of time," an heir of the greatest writers in the English tongue. It has been kept simple, clear, and practical to be of the utmost use to you. The wish of the editors is that it may serve to initiate you into the world of the present and to keep you looking for all the wonder that lies in the unbroken peace of the future.

## PART ONE

# *Pagan and Medieval Times*

55 B.C.—1500 A.D.

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### CHAPTER I: Beginnings—Anglo-Saxon, Celt, and Norman

**Preview** This chapter on the beginnings of English literature sweeps you through some fourteen hundred years: from the landing of the Romans on the island of Britain in 55 B.C. down to the birth of Chaucer, the first great English writer, in the fourteenth century. This long era is divided into two sections by the invasion of William the Conqueror and his Normans in 1066.

Concerning the first section the account will try to answer four questions:

- (1) Who were the Anglo-Saxon founders of England?
- (2) What kind of literature did they enjoy?
- (3) Why do we read this pagan literature today?
- (4) What effect did Christianity have on the early pagan literature of the Anglo-Saxons?

Concerning the period after 1066, you will find answers to three more questions:

- (1) What effect on the English language and on English life did the Norman Conquest produce?
- (2) How did the Celtic influence appear in literature?
- (3) What was the nature of the literature enjoyed in Norman England?

With these seven questions in mind, you should be able to gain a pretty clear understanding of the beginnings of our literature.

#### ANGLO-SAXON LIFE AND LITERATURE

**The origins  
of the  
English people**

When the white cliffs on England's southern coast lured Julius Caesar in 55 B.C. to cross the English Channel with a Roman legion, he found an island inhabited by Celts, a race somewhat like the modern Irish. For four and a half centuries the Romans ruled the land, extending their sway westward to Wales and north-

ward to Scotland, by means of garrisons in walled cities. Toward the end of this period a Roman fleet defended the eastern and southern shores against the attacks of Nordic pirate bands from beyond the North Sea. In the fifth century A.D. the Roman garrisons were withdrawn, and the unromanized Celts from Wales, Ireland, and Scotland surged in to destroy the walled towns.



In the latter half of the fifth century the Celts were in turn defeated and driven back, for the most part into Wales and Scotland. The invaders this time were piratical bands of Angles, Saxons, and Jutes from the Teutonic mainland of Denmark and Germany. Following these warlike invasions, Anglo-Saxon farmers and their families settled in repeated migrations upon the fertile and inviting fields of England. The Angles went to the center and north, the Saxons and Jutes to the south.

It was these Nordic tribes that founded the English race. They were heathen in the beginning, but after the landing of St. Augustine (597) they were gradually converted to Christianity. Moreover, the Christian priests who came in with and followed St. Augustine introduced the civilized arts of reading and writing Latin. In a few pages we shall see the effect of this educated priesthood on the primitive Nordic stock which has constituted the greater part of the population of England down to our own times.

#### **How English literature began**

From this brief review of history one conclusion should be drawn: the story of English literature begins long before there were any printed books to read, before any but a very few of the people could read, in fact, before the authors themselves could either read or write. To grasp this, let us look at the Angles in their homeland on the continent. They fought with the Saxons and other surrounding tribes, to be sure, but they shared their neighbors' ideals of bravery in battle and their pleasure in listening to stories after the hunt or the foray. In addition to their own legends, they borrowed from their neighbors, who spoke different dialects of the same language and who sang lays in the same kind of verse. When the Angles

crossed the North Sea to the east coast of England, they naturally carried these stories with them. During the sixth and seventh centuries the chieftains of the Angles who had established themselves in the region north of the Humber River became petty kings. To their courts came harpists or minstrels to celebrate the exploits of their masters and to chant or recite the old tales of the homeland.

The Angles and Saxons who migrated to England in the fifth and sixth centuries were bold fighting men, but they were totally uneducated. Even if there had been books, these warriors would have felt no inclination to sit down alone and read. Their custom was to gather in halls, feast with their companions-in-arms, and listen to tales in verse chanted to the twanging of a harp. When the minstrel paused in the narrative, they might join in the refrain or chorus. The bards, or gleemen, would sing of voyages across the sea, of the tempests and hardships that afflict the sailor in winter, or of heroic deeds in former times or distant lands. Often the gleeman wandered from court to court, receiving gifts wherever he went. Sometimes he became so skillful and entertaining that a king would make costly presents to keep him permanently at his court. Thus the successful bard met with much the same reward, in both applause and income, as the modern author of best-sellers.

#### *BEOWULF*

#### **How *Beowulf* was composed**

Among the literary products of that period by all odds the most important is the long narrative poem, *Beowulf*. Originally it was an adventure story recited among the neighbors of the Angles on the continent. Some of the events are historical. For example, there is record of a piratical raid made about 520 A.D. by a tribe called Geats living



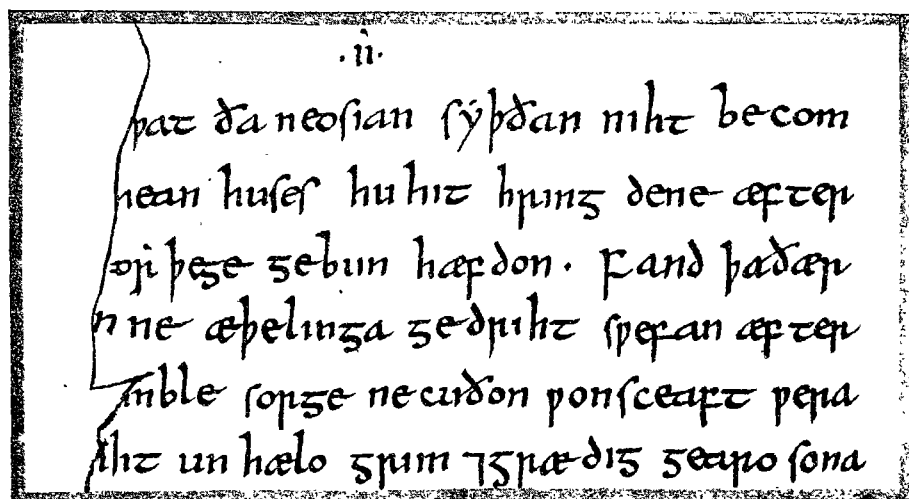
A MINSTREL AT AN ANGLIAN COURT

in what is now southern Sweden. The hero of *Beowulf* is a member of this tribe who goes to the aid of a Danish king and at the king's court engages in miraculous exploits. As bard after bard related the story, *Beowulf's* achievements became more and more numerous and wonderful. These accounts of fabulous fights continued to be enjoyed long after the Angles had settled in England. It is supposed that for a century or more they were modified and recited by minstrels in their English home.

How the final form of this epic poem was produced no one knows, but some scholars have imagined that it took shape in this way: At some time between 700 A.D. and 750 A.D. a minstrel or scop at an Anglian court, selecting among the tribal lays which he had heard since childhood and adding from his own imagination, composed the epic very much as we have it today. He

could not read. He could not write. But, as we have seen, the Christian church was an educational institution. In particular, it trained monks to write and copy manuscripts. One of these learned monks wrote down the poem for his lord the king so that others who had been educated might read it aloud to listening groups.

Whether this is exactly how the poem was composed does not matter, for the Anglian version has not survived. It was destroyed together with all the centers of learning when northern and central England were overrun during the ninth century by another Nordic tribe, the Vikings or Danes. What we do have is a single manuscript copied about the year 1000, part of which is charred by fire. The copy or translation was made in the south of England, which had been settled by the Saxons and which the Danes did not conquer. This manuscript is therefore



From the manuscript in the British Museum

## LINES FROM "BEOWULF"

not in the Anglian dialect in which the tale was originally chanted, nor in the Mercian dialect of central England, but in the Wessex dialect of the West Saxons. A stirring passage from it is given in a modern English version at the end of this chapter.

**The epic  
type of poetry**

*Beowulf*, the first poem of any length in English literature, belongs to an ancient variety of story-telling, called the epic, which arose in the dawn of civilization. The masterpieces of epic poetry were recited among the ancient Greeks, the most artistic and intellectual people in history. The *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* celebrate the exploits of two different types of Greek hero, just as *Beowulf* sings the achievements of the ideal Anglo-Saxon warrior. An epic, then, is a story-telling poem which celebrates the legendary deeds of a racial hero. The Greek epics, reputed to have been put into their final form by the blind bard Homer, relate their events so interestingly that later narrative poets have looked back to them for inspiration and countless readers have found in them unending enjoyment.

**Nature and  
value of  
the poem**

The importance of *Beowulf* does not lie in the way the story was put together. For one thing, the old minstrel wandered a good deal in his recital. Some of the digressions report the life of Beowulf before and after his heroic achievements in Denmark, but most of them have little connection with the story. It must be confessed, too, that there is not much variety in the account. Event follows event in somber mood; no humor lightens the serious tone; even the descriptions reveal nature in her stern or fearful aspects. Besides, the characters are not real human beings but merely types—hero, king, queen—of that distant age. They are drawn in simple outline. Beowulf always acts from the highest motives. He is never uncertain about what to do, never has to debate with himself. He never gives way to anger. He sacrifices himself without thought of reward. In short, he is too ideal to be lifelike. It is clear that the poet's interest lay not in character but in the rush of vigorous action. The hero is consequently not one of those rounded beings like Ulysses in

Homer's *Odyssey* to whom readers return again and again because the author makes them live.

Nevertheless, the poem holds both value and pleasure for all who speak English. Though the events take place on the continent of Europe, *Beowulf* is the beginning of our literature. The incidents were to its author real happenings, not the fantastic occurrences of a dream. In its natural or matter-of-fact manner, characteristic of much English literature, the poem reflects the customs and ideals of the race from which Englishmen are descended.

Some of the qualities that persist even unto this day make their first recorded appearance in the lines of the old minstrel. Those original tribes loved nature as much as we do, only the aspects of nature that appealed to them seem to us forbidding, such as roaring storms at sea or the dark forests and marshes of the mainland. They were an earnest people, sacrificing their lives in battle, not to win eternal peace in a bright beyond, but simply because there are

things more to be feared than death. They believed that Wyrd, or fate, is the ruler of life; that the happiness of man is to be found not in external possessions but in duty and especially in loyalty to leaders. Treachery is the worst of crimes. Significant also are the banquet scenes, where the king and his men listen to heroic songs. Without the gaudy trappings of court life in later times, those episodes reflect the sterling qualities of courtesy, sincerity, and dignity. In *Beowulf*, then, the Anglo-Saxons exhibit the ideal of honor, the love of adventure, the feeling for natural beauty that have remained permanent with the English people.

#### THE INFLUENCE OF CHRISTIANITY

**Christianity in *Beowulf*** *Beowulf* has been treated above as a pagan or heathen poem. It voices the resolute joy in battle, the melancholy outlook upon nature, and in general the spirit of sadness among the founders of England. It contains, however, in a good many speeches, glimmerings of Christianity, the new faith which, at the time the epic was composed, was displacing the traditional beliefs. The leaders of the Christian church did all in their power to discourage the pagan folk-tales. For example, Alcuin (735-804), one of the most learned of the early scholars and teachers in monasteries, warned his students that they must attend to the Bible instead of listening to heathen fables; "the lector [the reader of the Scriptures] should be heard, not the harper."

**A Christian author** Although the change came slowly, Christian ideals did gradually gain sway. The process is illustrated in the life of the Venerable Bede (672-735). One of Alcuin's predecessors about the time when *Beowulf* was sung, he won fame on the continent as well as in England by his writings. He wrote in



After an old illustration

MONK COPYING A MANUSCRIPT

Latin, which was the universal language of the educated in that era. All the church services were in Latin. All the learning of the age was recorded in Latin. Thus wherever the church was established, it put at the service of men the attainments of earlier generations of mankind. English churchmen collected and copied manuscripts, founded libraries, taught eager young men. Travelers and merchants presented costly manuscripts brought from Europe to the monastic libraries. By the end of the eighth century the library at York, the capital of the Angles, was nearly equal to that at Rome, the capital of all Christendom. Moreover, it was monkish scribes who put down in Anglo-Saxon the recited stories of the English minstrels and thereby preserved for us *Beowulf* and other poems.

**Bede's History** The most famous of Bede's writings is *The Ecclesiastical History of the English Race*. It covers the period from the coming of the Romans (55 B.C.) to 731 A.D., only four years before Bede's death. A very famous passage occurs in the account of the conversion of Edwin, a king of the Angles. When the missionary called upon him to become a Christian, he summoned an assembly of wise men. Speeches were made on both sides of the question. At last an old counselor spoke the following words, which betray the natural sadness of the Anglo-Saxon:

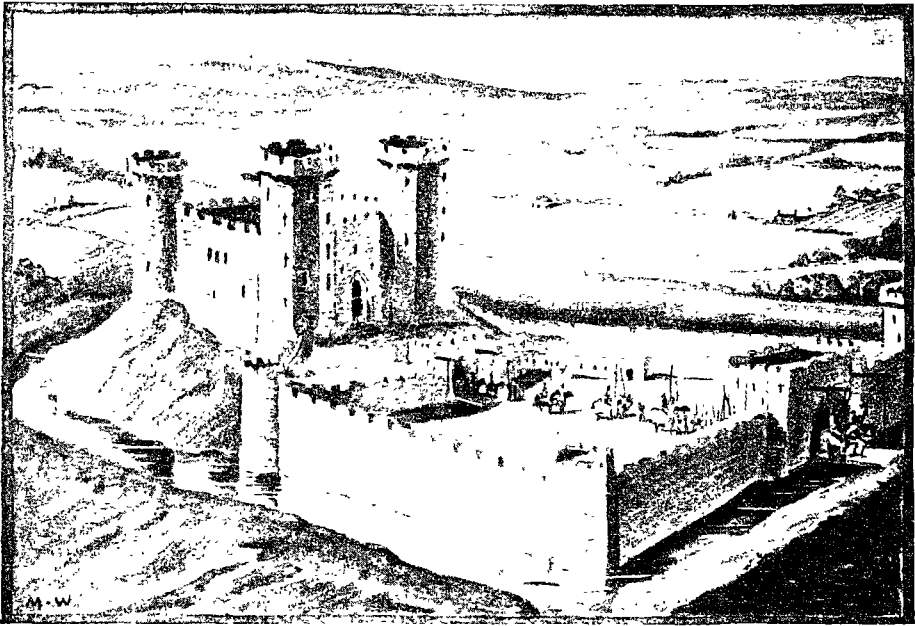
The present life of men upon earth, O King, appears to me, in comparison with that time which is unknown to us, like to the swift flight of a sparrow through your hall, where you, with your ealdermen and thanes sit by the fire, at supper, in winter. The hall is warmed; without are storms of wind and rain and winter's snow. The sparrow passes swiftly in at one door and out at another, gaining awhile a short safety from the wintry blast; but soon, after a little calm, he flies once more into the unknown, passing from winter to winter again. So this life of ours appears for a

moment, but whence or whither we are wending we know not. If, therefore, this new faith can teach us aught more sure, it seems truly to deserve to be followed.

The change effected by Christianity may be seen in the scholar's prayer which Bede records at the end of his history: "And I pray Thee, good Jesus, that, as Thou hast mercifully granted to me sweetly to drink in the words of Thy knowledge, so Thou mayest grant me of Thy goodness some day to come to Thee, Fountain of all Wisdom, and to appear continually before Thy face." This reflects the gentleness of the new faith. It likewise reveals a confident expectation of immortal life, in strong contrast with the gloomy references to death in *Beowulf*. Both Bede's character and his writings testify to the refining influence of Christianity on the virtues of the pagan heroic age celebrated in the Anglo-Saxon epic.

#### **The first prose in English**

The first extensive use of prose in Anglo-Saxon literature was made by one of the greatest kings in English history—Alfred the Great (849-901). It was he who saved Wessex, the land of the West Saxons, from the onslaughts of the Vikings. Having won peace, he tried to revive the Northumberland civilization. Under his direction Bede's book was translated into West Saxon; the *Anglo-Saxon Chronicle*, giving the first historical record in our language, was started; handbooks of history, geography, and theology were compiled. A passage translated into modern English from one of the handbooks is printed at the end of this chapter; it gives a fair notion of early English prose. But the inspiring story of Alfred's reign must be read elsewhere. Many interesting topics have to be omitted from the present history, for in a first acquaintance with English literature one can learn only of those matters that have greatest significance today.



A NORMAN CASTLE IN ENGLAND

## THE NORMAN CONQUEST: 1066

**William the Conqueror**

About a century and a half after the death of Alfred came an event—the Norman Conquest—which changed the whole course of English history. The Normans belonged to the same Nordic race as the Anglo-Saxons and the Vikings. Coming originally from Norway, they had in the ninth century gained a foothold in northern France. There they settled down, learned the French language, adopted French ways, and looked about for more worlds to conquer. England presented an opportunity. Duke William of Normandy crossed the Channel and crushed the Anglo-Saxon army in 1066. The Norman Conquest, however, was quite different from the earlier invasion by the Angles and Saxons. The Anglo-Saxons, wherever they settled, very largely displaced or overwhelmed the Celtic inhabitants. The Normans, on the contrary, left the main body of the people

in their huts and fields but established a new governing class.

Two profound influences flowed from the Norman Conquest. The first was on government. As King of England, William the Conqueror displayed his genius for ruling; he became absolute master of all the regions that he subjugated. In different parts of the country he granted great estates to his followers, who owed their sole allegiance to him. Their underlings, the common people of Anglo-Saxon blood, carried on farm work, trades, and household service. For the first time in English history one central government was supreme.

**Feudalism** The second influence of the Conquest was on culture. On the estates granted by King William were castles that became the centers of a new social life. The owners or landlords retained the French language and continued to live as they had lived in Normandy. They brought

into England the literary and social ideals of the continent, for they recognized Paris as the intellectual center of Europe. These overlords, owing allegiance to the king, furnished the leaders in church and in cultural matters as well as in government. Under this organization of society, called feudalism, it was inevitable that henceforth for a long period continental culture would dominate English life and thought.

#### Changes in language

The influence of the Conquest on English literature was very fortunate. In the first place, the native language was both simplified and enriched. Old (Anglo-Saxon) English had been a highly inflected language; that is, every noun, verb, and adjective had a great many different forms made by various endings or terminations. The gradual weakening or loss of these endings was apparent long before the Conquest, but in the three centuries following William's reign they disappeared entirely or were modified to a final *e*, which in time was no longer pronounced. Gradually, too, the native language was enriched by the addition of many French and Latin words.

In the second place, with these changes was introduced a whole new world of ideas to be expressed. The Norman-French had quicker and keener minds than the Anglo-Saxons. They had more fancy, a lighter and more graceful way of thinking. Their gayety of disposition modified and diversified the natural sobriety of Old English literature. In short, a writer came to have more ideas to express and a more varied and exact vocabulary with which to express them.

#### Chivalry

A large body of the new notions centered about chivalry, which bore the same relation to social life that feudalism bore to government. The center of the system was the knight, the ideal gentleman of

medieval times. By birth he belonged, of course, to one of the noble families. His energies were expended in search of fame through heroic exploits. He rode about seeking adventure, taking part in tournaments, winning the favor of ladies through his skill and devotion, rescuing those in distress. Naturally, his activities formed the subject of much literature in that age.

#### Rise of Arthurian romance

The best illustration of the influence of chivalry on English literature is the romances about Arthur, a legendary king of Britain. He belonged to the original Celtic population. The Anglo-Saxons had never subjugated the Celts in Scotland and Wales. Among the Welsh racial heroes was this Arthur, a king who as an historical character lived about the same time as Beowulf. The Celts, more imaginative than the Anglo-Saxons, did not describe their hero in matter-of-fact terms, but made him perform every imaginable kind of feat, not merely through his superhuman strength, but also by his magical powers.

When the Normans conquered the southern part of Wales, a Welsh churchman named Geoffrey of Monmouth, who wished to gain their favor, wrote in Latin prose a book entitled *History of the Kings of Britain*. He knew what the knights and ladies in the castles liked to hear; when he had told all about Arthur's predecessors, he introduced in his sixth chapter or book the wizard Merlin and launched forth on an imaginary and romantic account of the Celtic king.

So well did he succeed in pleasing Norman taste that copy after copy of his "history" was made by hand. (This was early in the twelfth century, still three hundred years before the invention of printing.) Moreover, many different retellings of his narrative spread and increased the popularity of Arthur-

ian romance. During the twelfth and thirteenth centuries minstrels went from castle to castle singing, in French, of Arthur and his queen Guinevere and his knights of the Round Table. What is more, other wandering minstrels took up these romances, turned them into English, and recited them in country towns to the common people who gathered round in wide-eyed wonder.

**English metrical romances**

These verse-stories are not epics because they do not relate the deeds of the hero in such a way as to sum up the ideals common to a race. They were originally termed romances because they were first written in French, one of the so-called romance languages. We may classify them as metrical romances because the tales are narrated in verse. As the cycle or group of stories increased, the followers of Arthur, known as the knights of the Round Table, often became more important than the king himself. By general agreement the finest specimen of these later metrical romances is *Sir Gawain and the Green Knight*. The name of the author is unknown, but the poem belongs to the fourteenth century. It presents a charming picture of the ideals of chivalry and knightly conduct. Besides, it tells a good story with animation and skill in drawing character:

On New Year's Day Arthur and his knights were at dinner in Camelot. The feast was interrupted by a gigantic knight, clad in green and riding a green horse. He proposed an exchange of blows with any of Arthur's court, the condition being that the knight who accepted the challenge should meet him at the Green Chapel in a year and a day to receive the return buffet. Gawain accepted the challenge, and struck off the stranger's head with a single blow. The Green Knight picked up the head, held it in front of him, and rode off.

A year later Gawain, in spite of the protests of his friends, went to fulfill his prom-



From a contemporary drawing

**A KNIGHT OF THE PERIOD**

ise. At a castle he was splendidly entertained by a knight who made an agreement with him that at the end of each day they would exchange whatever of value each had gained during the day. The host went hunting, and at supper gave to Gawain the trophies of the chase. Meantime Gawain had been entertained at the castle by the host's wife, a lady of surpassing beauty, who had made love to him. He therefore gave to his host the kiss he had accepted from the lady, but hid a girdle that she had given him to protect his life against all attacks. On New Year's Day he went to the Green Chapel, where he found his adversary and received three resounding blows. Then the strange knight revealed himself as Gawain's host, saying that the temptations had been planned as a test. Except in one detail, Gawain had kept his word, so that he was wounded but slightly.

It is instructive to compare this romance with the epic *Beowulf*. A re-



reading of the introductory paragraph above and the summary in fine print ought to make clear the following points: First, the narrative is much more skillfully managed; from the beginning the reader is kept wondering how the story will turn out. Besides, the events all hang together, for at the chapel Gawain's mighty opponent proves to be both his host at the castle and the mysterious Green Knight who aroused our interest at Arthur's court. That is, the story is told with some of the art which the ancient Greeks admired. Second,

the substance of the romance is distinctive; it plays up those elements of magic and enchantment that are the peculiar marks of the Celtic spirit. Third, the language is not the Old English of *Beowulf* but a new form called Middle English. It represents the Anglo-Saxon as it had been simplified and enriched through the influence of Norman-French. In a word, we can trace in this one poem the emergence of the new English language arising from the fusion of the Anglo-Saxon, Celtic, and Norman elements.

**Summary** This first view of the beginnings of English literature reveals in some measure how literature reflects life. Even before there were any books, the Anglo-Saxons had created an epic which mirrored in sober fashion the ideals which they prized most highly: primitive joy in combat, scorn of treachery, love of generosity, gloomy delight in nature. To these native traits Christianity brought its refining influence and the inspiring record of man's achievements in the past. The Normans added the ideals of chivalry and the mental alertness of a less earnest race. Under their fostering protection the Celtic genius wove into the tales of the past the gleaming colors of its peculiar imagination. All these elements in English life had become traditional when in the fourteenth century arose Chaucer, a writer of the first rank.

# SELECTIONS FOR CHAPTER I

## From BEOWULF

(Translated into Modern English by W. E. Leonard)

To understand the following passages from *Beowulf*, you should recall the discussion on pages 6-9. The story centers around a folk-hero named Beowulf (the Bee-Wolf or Bear), who is a prince in the tribe of Geats in southern Sweden. He is renowned for deeds of prowess, and especially for the great strength of his arms. He is "mightier in hand-grip" than any of his companions. While still a young man at the court of Hygelac, king of the Geats, he learns of the distress of Hrothgar (Famous-Spear), who is king of a Danish tribe. Hrothgar, having built a beautiful banqueting hall which he named Heorot (The Hart), is losing his warriors through the attacks of a horrible monster named Grendel, who comes stalking up to Heorot in the night to seize and devour Hrothgar's men.

Determined to rid Heorot of this monster, Beowulf sets out across the sea to Denmark with fourteen picked comrades. He arrives at Hrothgar's court, is received graciously by the king, and is given a banquet. At this point the selection printed below begins. It is a modern translation; a sample of the original poem is given on page 69.

As you read the poetical version, there are two characteristics of Anglo-Saxon style which may puzzle you. (1) The first is the division of each line into two halves. In our version the second half-line is placed below the first half-line. Note that each full line begins with a capital letter. (2) The second characteristic requires more careful attention. It is the use of substitute words and phrases for the names of characters and common objects like the sea, a ship, a sword. These substitute words, which are descriptive of qualities possessed by the person or thing, are called "kennings." Thus in the first four lines of the selection below there are five kennings for Hrothgar, the king of the Danes: *Prince of Bright-Danes, Treasure-Breaker, old-haired, war-famed, his people's Shepherd*. While you are reading the selection, observe the poet's skill in forming kennings for the principal characters and objects.

[Hrothgar rejoices in the coming of Beowulf and the hope of vanquishing Grendel. The queen, Wealhtheow, observing the customs of the court, bears the ceremonial goblet first to king and then to each of the guests, and addresses appropriate words of greeting to each.]

**T**HEN the Prince of Bright-Danes,<sup>1</sup>  
the Treasure-Breaker,<sup>2</sup> he,  
The old-haired and war-famed,  
had his time of glee.

Now in help he trusted;  
from Beowulf he caught,  
He, his people's Shepherd,  
the firm-resolved thought.  
Then was there heroes' laughter;  
and rang the shout and song, 5  
And merry speech was bandied;  
and then stepped forth along  
Wealhtheow,<sup>3</sup> Queen of Hrothgar,  
mindful of manners all,  
And gold-bedight<sup>4</sup> she greeted  
the guest-men in the hall.

<sup>1</sup> *Prince of Bright-Danes*, Hrothgar.

<sup>2</sup> *Treasure-Breaker*. It was the custom for the king to reward his followers by breaking bracelets of gold and distributing the pieces.

<sup>3</sup> *Wealhtheow*, Hrothgar's wife. Her name means "foreign-servant," suggesting that she may have been captured in a raid.

<sup>4</sup> *gold-bedight*, wearing gold ornaments.

And then the high-born Lady  
 erst<sup>5</sup> gave the cup in hand  
 To him who was the Warder  
 of East-Danes' fatherland; 10  
 And him she bade be blithesome  
 at the bout-of-beer,<sup>6</sup>  
 Him beloved of clansmen.  
 He took with goodly cheer  
 The banquet and the beaker,  
 the King of victory-fame.  
 Then round the hall to each and all  
 she stepped, the Helmings'  
 Dame,<sup>7</sup>  
 And gave to young and older  
 the goblet rich-beseen,<sup>8</sup> 15  
 Till came the happy moment  
 when in hall the Queen,  
 Crown-bedight and high-souled,  
 the cup to Beowulf bore.  
 She greeted the Geats' lord;<sup>9</sup>  
 God she thanked therefor,  
 Wise in her word-craft,<sup>10</sup>  
 that her wish had thriven  
 That she could trust some jarlman<sup>11</sup>  
 for help 'gainst horrors given. 20  
 He took the cup from Wealhtheow,  
 a warsman fierce-to-smite;  
 And then he offered answer,  
 eager for the fight.

[Beowulf answers the queen's greeting by expressing his hope of vanquishing Grendel. The banquet continues until the time for the king and queen to retire. Hrothgar turns over the command of Heorot to Beowulf and withdraws with all his men, leaving Beowulf and the fourteen Geats in the hall.]

BEOWULF made his speech then,  
 bairn of Ecgtheow,<sup>12</sup> he:  
 "When with my troop of tribesmen,  
 I mounted on the sea,

And sate me in my sailor-boat,  
 I had this thought in me: 25  
 Either to work for all time  
 thy people's will at last,  
 Or to fall afighting  
 in grip of Grendel fast.  
 Firm am I to do my  
 jarlman's deed withal,  
 Or to dree<sup>13</sup> my end-of-days  
 in this mead-hall."

Those words well pleased that woman—  
 the Geatman's battle-vows; 30  
 And gold-bedight she went, then,  
 to sit beside her spouse,  
 Folk-Queen high-born.  
 And once again there be  
 Brave words spoken,  
 and hall-men in glee,  
 And uproar of victor-folk—  
 until the King anon  
 Would seek his evening resting-place,  
 Halfdane's Son.<sup>14</sup> 35  
 He knew that battle waited  
 the fiend<sup>15</sup> on that high floor,  
 After they the sun-light  
 could see no more,  
 After the dun night  
 was over all about,  
 And the shapes of shadow  
 should come aprowling out,  
 Wan beneath the welkin.<sup>16</sup>  
 Together rose the clan; 40  
 Then Hrothgar greeted Beowulf,  
 man wishing luck to man,  
 Gave him of that wine-house  
 the power and sway, and swore:  
 "Never have I trusted  
 to any man before—  
 Not since I could heave up  
 hand and shield of me—  
 This brave house of Danemen,  
 until now to thee. 45  
 Have now and hold it—  
 this unexcelling hall!<sup>17</sup>

<sup>5</sup> *erst*, first. <sup>6</sup> *bout-of-beer*, a kenning for "banquet" or "feast." <sup>7</sup> *Helmings' Dame*, Wealhtheow, who comes from the Helming family. <sup>8</sup> *rich-beseen*, lavishly ornamented.

<sup>9</sup> *Geats' lord*, Beowulf, a prince of the Geats. <sup>10</sup> *word-craft*, speaking-ability. <sup>11</sup> *jarlman*, a warrior of high rank. The English title *earl* is derived from *jarl*. <sup>12</sup> *bairn of Ecgtheow*, son of Ecgtheow.

<sup>13</sup> *dree*, suffer. <sup>14</sup> *Halfdane's Son*, Hrothgar, son of Halfdane. <sup>15</sup> *fiend*, Grendel.

<sup>16</sup> *Wan beneath the welkin*, pale beneath the sky. <sup>17</sup> *unexcelling hall*, incomparable building.

Remember thy glory—  
 make known thy might to all!  
 Watch against the Wrathful!  
 Each wish of thine I'll do,  
 If with thy life thou see'st  
 this deed of daring through."

[Grendel now approaches, seeking more warriors to slay. He finds a different greeting this time, for although he kills and devours one of the Geats, he is seized by Beowulf and struggles to escape. The hall is in an uproar from the struggle.]

STRIDING through the wan night,  
 the Shadow-Stalker stepped; 50  
 The holders of that hornèd house,<sup>18</sup>  
 the shooting-men, they slept—  
 All, save only one there.

'Twas known to men that he,  
 That ghostly Scather,<sup>19</sup> might not,  
 against the Lord's decree,  
 Draw them down to Darkness.  
 Watching the foe to smite,  
 In wrath the Geatman bided  
 the issue of the fight. 55

And now from out the moorland,  
 under the misty slopes,  
 Came astalking Grendel—  
 God's anger on his hopes.<sup>20</sup>  
 That Scather foul was minded  
 to snare of human kin  
 Some one, or sundry,  
 that high hall within.  
 Under the welkin strode he,  
 until full well he spied 60  
 The wine-house, the gold-hall,  
 with fret-work<sup>21</sup> glittering wide.  
 Nor was that the first time  
 Hrothgar's home he sought.  
 Yet never in his life-days,  
 late or early, aught  
 Like this harsh welcome found he  
 from thanemen in the hall.

<sup>18</sup> *hornèd house*. This may refer to the pointed gables, or to antlers used for decoration. <sup>19</sup> *ghostly Scather*, a kenning for Grendel. It means "unnatural damage-doer."

<sup>20</sup> *God's anger . . . hopes*, carrying God's curse upon him. <sup>21</sup> *fret-work*, ornamentation of an interlaced design.

He came afooting onward  
 to the house withal, 65  
 This warring One that ever  
 had been from bliss outcast;  
 Forthwith the door sprang open,  
 with forged-bolts though fast,  
 When with his paws he pressed it;  
 yea, then, on bale-work bent,<sup>22</sup>  
 Swoln as he was with fury,  
 that house's mouth he rent.  
 Anon the Fiend was treading  
 the shining floor in there; 70  
 On he moved in anger;  
 from eyes of him did glare,  
 Unto fire likest,  
 a light unfair.<sup>23</sup>  
 He saw within the chamber  
 many a man asleep—  
 Kinsmen band together,  
 of clanfolk a heap;  
 Laughed his mood, was minded  
 that Hobgoblin grim, 75  
 Ere the dawn to sunder  
 each his life from limb,  
 Now that fill-of-feeding  
 he weened<sup>24</sup> awaited him!  
 But Wyrð<sup>25</sup> it was that would not  
 longer grant him might  
 To seize on more of mankind  
 after that same night.

WAS watching he, the stalwart  
 kin of Hygelac,<sup>26</sup> 80  
 How with grip the Grisly<sup>27</sup>  
 would go at his attack.  
 He had no thought, this Goblin,  
 that business to put off;  
 But pounced upon a sleeping man,  
 starting quick enough!  
 Unthwartedly<sup>28</sup> he slit him,  
 bit his bone-box,<sup>29</sup> drunk

<sup>22</sup> *on bale-work bent*, intending great harm.

<sup>23</sup> *Unto fire . . . unfair*, most like fire, shining with a hideous light. <sup>24</sup> *weened*, judged.

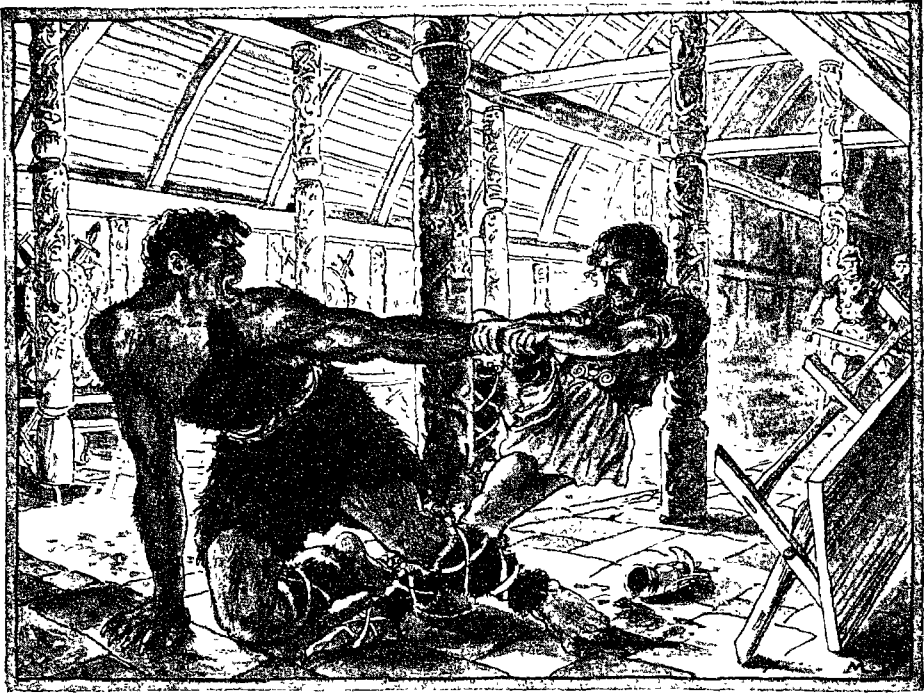
<sup>25</sup> *Wyrð*, the Anglo-Saxon name for Fate.

<sup>26</sup> *kin of Hygelac*, a kenning for Beowulf, who is related to Hygelac, king of the Geats.

<sup>27</sup> *the Grisly*, the horrible one, Grendel.

<sup>28</sup> *Unthwartedly*, without interference.

<sup>29</sup> *bone-box*, the trunk of the body.



UP HE STOOD AND GRASPED HIM.

From his veins the blood of him,  
 gulped him chunk by chunk, 85  
 Till soon, then, he had there  
 this un-living Geat  
 Altogether eaten down,  
 even to hands and feet.  
 Then stepped he forth and nearer,  
 and pawed by bed to him<sup>30</sup>  
 The hardy-headed Hero,  
 reaching toward him  
 With his claws be-deviled:  
 with thoughts that boded harm, 90  
 Beowulf received him,  
 propped upon an arm.  
 But soon he found, did Grendel—  
 this Herdsman-over-crimes<sup>31</sup>—  
 That never in this Middle-World,<sup>32</sup>  
 this earth of many climes,

He'd met a mightier hand-grip  
 in any man than here.  
 Afear'd in mood and spirit,  
 small help he gat from fear! 95  
 Was bent on making-off, ho!—  
 out to the dark would flee,  
 Would seek the din of devils!<sup>33</sup>  
 Not now in Heorot he  
 Fared as in the old-days!—  
 And then the Bold-in-pride,  
 Hygelac's Thane, remembered  
 his speech of eventide.  
 Up he stood and grasped him  
 so tight the fingers cracked. 100  
 The Ettin<sup>34</sup> started outward—  
 the Jarl<sup>35</sup> upon him packed.  
 The monstrous One was minded,  
 whereso'er he may,  
 To fling himself but farther,  
 and from thence away

<sup>30</sup> to him, to seize.

<sup>31</sup> *Herdsman-over-crimes*, committer of countless crimes.

<sup>32</sup> *Middle-World*, the earth, half-way between Heaven, the upper world, and Hell, the lower world.

<sup>33</sup> *din of devils*, the noisy confusion of the devils' abode.

<sup>34</sup> *Ettin*, monster. <sup>35</sup> *the Jarl*, Beowulf.

To flee to boggy dingles;<sup>36</sup>  
 his fingers' power he wist<sup>37</sup>  
 Was in the grip of Grim One.  
 That was a sorry quest 105  
 Whereon the Scather Grendel  
 to Heorot Hall had pressed,  
 The lordly room resounded;  
 and all the Danes did quail,  
 Those warrior jarls of walled-town,  
 lest reft for aye of ale.<sup>38</sup>  
 Wroth were the ramping twain there,  
 those warders of the house;  
 The chamber rang with uproar;  
 mickle<sup>39</sup> wonder 'twas 110  
 How the wine-hall held out  
 'gainst shock of fighters there,  
 How adown did fall not  
 that earthly dwelling fair.  
 But inside and outside  
 it was too firmly wrought,  
 With the bands of iron,  
 forged by cunning thought.  
 I've heard that many a mead-bench,  
 with gold gilded o'er, 115  
 There where tugged the foemen,  
 started from the floor.  
 So had weened<sup>40</sup> the wise ones  
 of the Scyldings<sup>41</sup> erst<sup>42</sup>  
 That never any man by force  
 might asunder burst  
 That brave house and bone-bright,<sup>43</sup>  
 nor by craft might split—  
 Save that bosoming fire<sup>44</sup>  
 in flame should swallow it. 120

[Grendel, finding himself beaten, shrieks his despair. Beowulf's comrades try to help him, but without success, because Grendel has put a charm on all weapons and cannot be hurt by them. Finally Beowulf wrenches the monster's arm from its socket, and Grendel flees to his marshy retreat.]

Up there rose a shriek then,  
 strange enough o' night;  
 On each and every North-Dane  
 seized a grisly<sup>45</sup> fright,  
 On each who from the wall there  
 heard that "well-a-way"<sup>46</sup>—  
 Heard this God-Forsaker  
 chant his gruesome lay,  
 His song of loss-in-battle,  
 heard bewail his wound 125  
 This Grendel, Hell's Bondsman.  
 For held him tightly bound  
 That man who was of all men  
 between the seas confessed,  
 In the days of this our life here,  
 in strength the mightiest.<sup>47</sup>  
 The jarls' Defender<sup>48</sup> would not,  
 forsooth with a will,  
 Let him loose alive—  
 him who came to kill, 130  
 Deeming not his life-days  
 of use to any folk.  
 More than once did jarlman  
 of Beowulf try a stroke  
 With his father's falchion,<sup>49</sup>  
 fain<sup>50</sup> the life to ward  
 Of the famed Chieftain,  
 their great Lord.  
 They wist not, these warsmen,  
 these hardy-headed few, 135  
 The while they fell asmiting  
 and thought the while to hew  
 On this side, on that side,  
 seeking soul to kill,  
 That best of earthly iron blades,  
 nor never battle-bill,<sup>51</sup>  
 This accursèd Scather  
 could hurt or harm:  
 For over victor-weapons  
 he had cast a charm, 140  
 Over every sword-edge.  
 Yet his passing-o'er,

<sup>36</sup> boggy dingles, dark, swampy glens.  
<sup>37</sup> wist, knew. <sup>38</sup> lest reft for aye of ale. The destruction of Heorot would end their festive banquets. <sup>39</sup> mickle, much. <sup>40</sup> weened, thought.  
<sup>41</sup> Scyldings, Danes. <sup>42</sup> erst, first.  
<sup>43</sup> bone-bright, a kenning used to describe the gleaming antlers that adorned the walls.  
<sup>44</sup> bosoming fire, swelling fire. Only fire could destroy Heorot, so well was it built. According to tradition it was burned later.

<sup>45</sup> grisly, horrible. <sup>46</sup> "well-a-way," a cry of despair.

<sup>47</sup> For held . . . mightiest. The man who held Grendel was conceded to be the mightiest of all men.

<sup>48</sup> jarls' Defender, a kenning for Beowulf.

<sup>49</sup> falchion, sword. <sup>50</sup> fain, desirous.

<sup>51</sup> battle-bill, battle-sword.

In the days of his life here,  
     was to be full sore;  
 And this alien Elf-Thing  
     was to fare afar  
 To the under-places  
     where the devils are.  
 For he had found, had Grendel—  
     this Striver against God—  
 Who in such merry mood of old  
     so oft on man had trod,  
 That his bulk-of-body  
     would not help him moe,<sup>52</sup>  
 Now Hygelac's stout Kinsman  
     held his fore-paw so!  
 Was each unto the other  
     alive a loathly thing.<sup>53</sup>  
 A body-sore he gat<sup>54</sup> there,  
     this wretched Ogreling;<sup>55</sup>  
 There showed upon his shoulder  
     a cureless wound anon;  
 His sinews sprang asunder;  
     from socket burst the bone.  
 To Beowulf was given  
     the glory of the fray;  
 And Grendel was to flee hence,  
     sick-to-death, away—  
 Off under fen-slopes,  
     off to dens of gloom.  
 He wist, O well he wist it,  
     his end-of-life had come,  
 His full tale<sup>56</sup> of days now.—  
     The wish of Danemen all,  
 After that gory set-to,  
     had come to pass withal.

[Beowulf, having fulfilled his quest and his boast, now places Grendel's arm under the gable of Heorot as a sign of his victory.]

He had now y-cleansèd,<sup>57</sup>  
     he who came from far,  
 The Wise-Head and Stout-Heart,  
     the House of High Hrothgár, 160

<sup>52</sup> *moe*, any longer.

<sup>53</sup> *Was . . . loathly thing*. Each loathed the other alive; therefore each sought the other's death

<sup>54</sup> *gat*, got. <sup>55</sup> *Ogreling*, monster. <sup>56</sup> *tale*, count. <sup>57</sup> *y-cleansèd*, cleansed, an old form.

Had freed it now from fury.  
     His night-work made him glad,  
 His deed of might and glory.  
     The Geatman's Leader had  
 Now before the East-Danes  
     fulfilled his vaunting there—  
 Aye, all ill amended  
     and the carking<sup>58</sup> care,  
 Which they had dreed<sup>59</sup> aforetime,  
     and by stress and strain 165  
 Long been doomed to suffer—  
     more than little pain.  
 Of this there was a token,  
     clear enough in proof,  
 When the Victor-Fighter  
     under the gabled roof  
 Hung on high the fore-paw,  
     the arm and shoulder grim—  
 And there ye had together  
     all Grendel's clutching-limb! 170

[Twice again in his career Beowulf is called upon to undertake heroic deeds. Before leaving Heorot for his home, he follows and slays under the sea another monster, Grendel's mother, who has killed a Dane to revenge her son's death. He returns home, laden with gifts from the grateful Hrothgar. In his third encounter, this time with a dragon who is harrying the Geats, his own people, Beowulf, now an old man and king of his land, is again victorious, but receives a mortal wound. His death is deeply mourned as his body is burned with solemn rites. On a high point the Geats raise to his memory a mound, or barrow, according to the hero's wish that "in after years the sailors, those whom ships drive far over the dark floods, may call it Beowulf's Barrow."]

<sup>58</sup> *carking*, dreadful.

<sup>59</sup> *dreed*, suffered, endured.

## STUDY AIDS

### I. CLASS DISCUSSION

1. Find expressions that show why Hrothgar and Wealhtheow welcomed Beowulf. How do the Danes express their joy at his arrival?

2. In what spirit does Beowulf prepare for the combat with Grendel? What effect does he have on the monster's spirit? How do you explain the fact that Beowulf wins where many Danes have failed?

3. What qualities does Beowulf display which would be admirable in a youth of today? What features of the entertainment of Beowulf at the banquet would be appropriate in modern society?

4. Select several kennings in this passage which seem to you especially fitting and appropriate. Can you mention any substitute names that we use for baseball players or other well-known people today?

5. What elements in this passage from *Beowulf* seem distinctly pagan (see pages 9-10)? Are there any references which seem to show that the author knew about the Christians' God?

6. Consult the definition of the epic on page 8, and show how *Beowulf* fulfills the definition.

## II. INDIVIDUAL AND GROUP ACTIVITIES

1. Select an especially stirring passage of ten or fifteen lines from *Beowulf* to read aloud to the class. Explain why you selected them. In reading try to reproduce the strong beat and the ringing tones of the Anglo-Saxon "scop" as he chanted the verses in a hall like that of Heorot.

2. Compare Beowulf with other legendary folk-heroes: Siegfried, King Arthur, or Paul Bunyan. What characteristics have they in common? Your report may be either oral or written.

3. The scene of Beowulf's arrival at the court of Hrothgar affords a good episode to dramatize. As a special undertaking, two or three students could arrange a dramatization of this scene in which the entire class could take part, some students acting as the chief characters—Beowulf, Hrothgar, Wealhtheow—and the remainder as followers of Beowulf and Hrothgar.

## THE CUSTOMS OF THE ESTHONIANS

### KING ALFRED

Among the Anglo-Saxon books prepared during the reign of Alfred, king of the West Saxons (see page 10), was a Latin history book which Alfred himself translated and to which he added material. One of the most interesting of these additions is an account of the voyages of two Norwegian travelers, Ohthere and Wulfstan, who had related their experiences to Alfred. The Esthonians, described in this passage, were a tribe living between the river Vistula and the Baltic Sea.

King Alfred's prose is simple, clear, and direct, and except for the great changes in the forms of words from his day to this, is remarkably like the modern English translation given below.

THERE is a custom among the Esthonians, that when a man is dead, he lies in his house, unburned,<sup>1</sup> among his kinsfolk and friends, a month or sometimes two. And the kings and other high-ranking men, in proportion to their wealth, remain unburned still longer—sometimes half a year—and lie above ground in their houses. And all the while that the body is in the house there is drinking and games up to the day when they burn him.

<sup>1</sup> unburned, uncremated

On that very day that they wish to carry him to the funeral-pyre, they divide all his property which remains after the drinking and sports into five or six parts, sometimes more, according to the amount of his possessions. Then they lay the largest share of it about one mile from the town, next the second share, then the third, until it is all laid within that one mile. The smallest share must be closest to the town in which the dead man lies. Then are gathered together all the men of the land who have the



swiftest horses, at a point about five or six miles from the treasure. Then they all run toward the property; the man who has the swiftest horse comes to the first share, which is the largest, and so on, each after the others, until it is all taken; he takes the smallest share who runs to the part nearest the town. Each one rides away with his part of the treasure, and may have it all; for this reason, therefore, swift horses are uncommonly dear there. When his property is thus all spent, then they carry the man out and burn him with his weapons and garments. Most commonly all his property is exhausted by the long lying of the dead man in his house, and by that part which they lay in the road for strangers to run for and take.

There is also among the Esthonians a

custom that men of every tribe whatsoever must be burned, and if any one find a single bone unburned, they must atone for it greatly. And among the Esthonians there is one tribe which can produce cold; by this means the dead men lie there so long, and do not decay, because they produce coldness upon them. And if a man set two vessels full of ale or water, they bring it about that both shall be frozen over, be it summer or winter.

#### CLASS DISCUSSIONS

Compare the customs of Hrothgar's court, as seen in *Beowulf*, with the customs of the Esthonians. Which tribe seems to be more highly civilized? In what ways?

#### MORE READING

##### I. BOOKS FOR LEISURE READING

- Anderson, P. L., *With the Eagles*. A boy of Gaul wins a place in Caesar's 10th Legion, which overran England.
- Beatty, John, *Swords in the Dawn*. A story of the events leading up to the landing of the Anglo-Saxons in England in 449 A.D.; as absorbing as a novel.
- Bulwer-Lytton, Edward, *Harold*. A story of the events leading to the Norman conquest.
- Cowper, Frank, *Caedwalla*. Saxons in the Isle of Wight, A.D. 680-709.
- Doyle, Sir A. Conan, *The Last Galley*. Contains stories of the Roman and Saxon days in Britain.
- Hosford, Dorothy, *By His Own Might—The Battle of Beowulf*. Easy reading.
- Kingsley, Charles, *Hereward the Wake*. The Saxon hero defies the Norman conquerors.
- Kipling, Rudyard, *Puck of Pook's Hill*. Contains short stories about the Roman occupation of England.
- Snedeker, Caroline D., *The White Isle*. A daughter of a patrician Roman family is exiled to Britain.

##### II. BOOKS FOR STUDY AND REFERENCE

- Cambridge History of English Literature*. Volume I contains several chapters of interesting materials on early English literature.
- Cook and Tinker, *Select Translations from Old English Poetry*. Contains selections from the best of Anglo-Saxon poetry.
- Faust and Thompson, *Old English Poems*. Good translations of Old English poems and of some Anglo-Saxon prose are included.
- Quennell, Marjorie and Charles H. B., *Everyday Life in Roman Britain*. A good picture of life in Britain under Roman rule.
- Taine, H. A., *History of English Literature*. The first two or three chapters give an interesting account of the coming of the Angles and Saxons, the Danish invasions, the Norman conquest, and the effect of these events on literature and life.
- Tappan, Eva M., *In the Days of Alfred the Great*. Carries you back to old England and entertainingly reveals the life of the times.

## CHAPTER II: The Middle Ages—Chaucer's England

**Preview** The life of the first great English writer, Geoffrey Chaucer, began in a period of widespread national enthusiasm. Edward III (1327-1377) and his son the Black Prince won two crushing victories in the Hundred Years' War with France (Crécy in 1346 and Poitiers in 1356). A foreign war naturally reduced rivalries among the nobles. But what made patriotism run particularly high was the part played in these battles by the English yeomen or soldiers armed with long bows. It was really they who defeated the mailed knights of France. As a consequence, the common folk for the first time in English history were becoming important.

In studying Chapter II you should keep these questions in mind:

- (1) What was there in the age and in Chaucer's training to make him a great writer?
- (2) What Italian influences appeared in his writings and how were they important?
- (3) What are the outstanding features of Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales* and its influence?
- (4) What two literary works of the age were inspired by a desire to reform society?

### INFLUENCE OF THE AGE

#### The language of the people recognized

Geoffrey Chaucer was born in London shortly before 1345. The son of a prosperous wine merchant, the boy enjoyed every prospect of a successful future in business. It was his destiny to become a writer, and for a writer of English he was born into a fortunate age. The French tongue was passing out of use. In buying and selling and other everyday transactions the people employed neither the Anglo-Saxon of *Beowulf* nor the Norman-French of the feudal lords. The common speech was the new and simpler language that is called Middle English. So general had it become that in 1362 a national law required all trials in the courts of justice to be conducted no longer in French but henceforth in

English. The next year Parliament was for the first time opened by an address in the common tongue. During Chaucer's childhood the language required in school exercises was changed from French to English. It is entirely possible that little Geoffrey translated his Latin, not into French but into the same language that he was later to fashion into immortal literature.

#### Chaucer's London

The change in language is but one sign of the wave of patriotic enthusiasm that was sweeping over England. Before the fourteenth century, allegiance had been felt almost entirely for separate leaders but not for the country as a nation. The new national spirit was particularly strong in London. It was a town of 40,000 inhabitants, four times as large as any other in the kingdom. The



YOUNG CHAUCER READING AT COURT

Thames was studded thick with the masts of sailing vessels from nearly every maritime country of Europe. The river bank was lined with the palaces of the nobles, whose retainers in bright colored uniforms lent gayety to the crowds in the streets. Outside the walls of the city were held tournaments in which the chivalry of the whole realm contended. Some two miles away in Westminster were the court of the King and the seat of Parliament. When Edward came back from a victorious foreign war, the procession clattering over the cobblestones near Chaucer's home was stopped again and again by the shouting throngs. It was a stimulating age and city in which to grow up.

#### Chaucer's life at court

Chaucer's father had enough influence at court to secure for his son the advantage of aristocratic surroundings. At twelve or thirteen the

boy became a page in the service of the Countess Elizabeth, the wife of the King's second son. It is quite likely that as part of his duties in the household he read aloud the Arthurian romances popular in that day, perhaps even *Gawain and the Green Knight*. It is certain that he became familiar with *The Romance of the Rose*, which for a century had been known to every feudal lord and lady. The poem was a long allegory in French, half of which was written in a satirical style that had a lasting effect on Chaucer. In later years he expressed his admiration for it by translating the French verse into English.

During part of this period he probably was allowed time off from his easy court duties to attend a law school known as the Temple. He must have studied other subjects than law, for he became a truly learned man. Sometime

before his twenty-fifth year he married an attendant of the queen and became well acquainted with John of Gaunt, the greatest lord in England. This early period in the cultured atmosphere of the court contributed in various ways to Chaucer's steady intellectual growth.

#### INFLUENCE OF THE ITALIAN RENAISSANCE

##### Diplomatic missions

For eight years (1370-1378) Chaucer was frequently employed by the King as a diplomat. The most important of these missions, so far as concerns their influence on his writings, were two trips to Italy, one in 1373 and the other in 1378. Perhaps he was chosen because he had learned the language from Italian merchants resident in London. At any rate his first visit was to Genoa to discuss with the exporters of that city the possibility of their securing a trading port in England. The negotiations kept him in Italy during the winter of 1373 and the spring of 1374. Nothing could have been more fortunate for him as a writer, since Italy was then approaching the end of the Middle Ages, that era in which men thought of existence on earth as a brief preparation for an eternity beyond the grave. It is called the Middle Ages or the Medieval Age because it came between the ancient world with its frank joy in life and the modern with its trust in the intelligence of mankind.

In 1373 Dante, the greatest poet of the age that was passing away, had been dead only fifty-two years. Petrarch, the first modern man to feel a deep and enthusiastic interest in Greek and Latin authors, was closing his epoch-making career near Padua. Boccaccio, a poet and one of the supreme story-tellers of all time, was living near Florence. These names were typical of the age that was coming in, called the Italian Renaissance or rebirth of ancient learn-

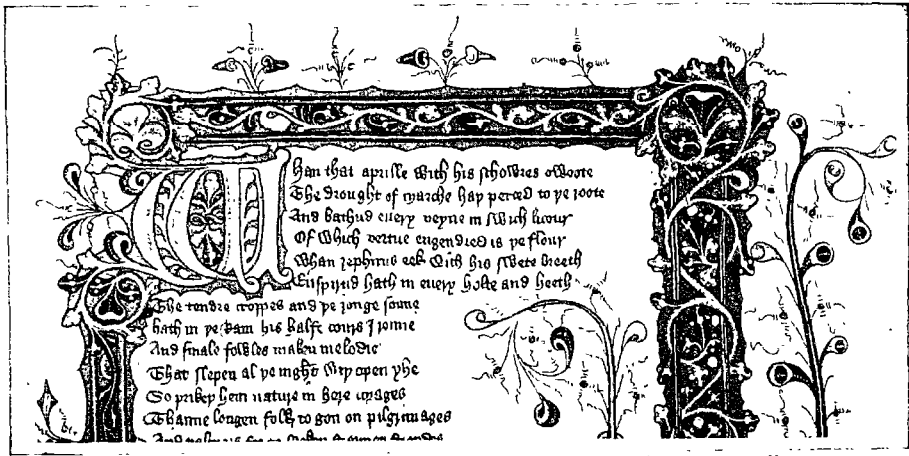
ing. The spirit of this wonderful development in Italian culture quickened Chaucer's eager and curious mind during the whole winter of 1373, and in the spring he traveled to Florence, already a center of art and literature.

##### Literary use of his experiences

Whether Chaucer talked with Petrarch and Boccaccio or not, he read their works. He found in them models quite different from the allegorical French poetry, like *The Romance of the Rose*, which had been familiar to him from childhood. Boccaccio in particular explored human nature more deeply than the authors with whom Chaucer was acquainted, and thereby aroused his interest in the conflicting motives that sway men and women—an interest that grew through the rest of his life. In his greatest creation, *The Canterbury Tales*, he became the first English poet to strive to present men and women as they live. Meantime, he took hints from Dante for his *House of Fame* and from Dante and Boccaccio for his *Parliament of Fowls*. Both poems are cast in the fashionable form of a dream, but they are distinguished by the gentle, satirical humor to be found in his best later work.

##### Business career

Shortly after his return from the long sojourn in Italy, Chaucer, deciding to enter upon a business career, was appointed controller of the customs on wool, hides, and sheep skins. The new position threw him into daily contact with the merchant princes of the city. At the same time he secured rent free from the municipality a home in the tower over one of the gates in the city wall. If it should be needed suddenly for military defense, he agreed to give it up. As a matter of fact, he lived there for twelve years. After his day among the business leaders down by the Thames, he would walk some ten minutes north to this apartment, whence



OPENING LINES FROM A MANUSCRIPT OF THE "PROLOGUE"

he could look back into the narrow crowded street or north upon the green countryside. In one of his poems he gives a picture of himself leaving his records at the custom house to pore over the books in his study until late at night.

**The first English "novel"**

The inspiration he had gained in Italy now spurred him on to surpass even his models. He took a long epic poem of Boccaccio and turned it into a kind of novel in verse called *Troilus and Criseyde*. It is a story of the Trojan War, but the clash of arms is merely a distant background for a love story. Troilus, a son of King Priam, falls in love with Criseyde, a beautiful girl from the Greek camp, who has been left with her uncle in Troy for a time. She gradually comes to return Troilus's affection, but after going back to the Greeks she forgets her faithful lover and gives her heart to a Greek hero. Troilus loses his life in a fierce struggle with the besiegers.

Boccaccio had made all the characters act like commonplace young Italians of good family. In Chaucer, each character becomes a real individual. Criseyde's fickle conduct is presented quite naturally; her uncle Pandarus

reveals in conversation his shallow, worldly interests; Troilus's devotion impresses us as genuine. Boccaccio had told the story in sentimental vein. Chaucer tells it with an irony that leads us to see how much the characters are deceiving themselves during the progress of events. The portrayal of character makes *Troilus and Criseyde* a great poem. For the first time an English writer is concerned with depicting and interpreting human beings—one of the characteristic efforts of the English novel in later centuries.

**CHAUCER'S MASTERPIECE—THE  
CANTERBURY TALES**

**His last years**

It is generally supposed that Chaucer began *The Canterbury Tales* in the spring of 1387. The writing must have been delayed or at least slowed down by a new and very extraordinary appointment to the office of clerk of the king's works. Chaucer's duties involved control of repairs in the royal palaces. He had to travel about from place to place inspecting work and carrying large sums to pay for it. In September of 1390 he was twice robbed of the payroll by a notorious band of highwaymen, being beaten and wounded. For this or some other rea-



By Ewing Galloway

## A RECENT VIEW OF CANTERBURY

son he gave up the office in 1391, though he still stood in high favor with the king. In 1399 he took a long lease on a house in the garden of Westminster Abbey, apparently hoping to complete in those quiet surroundings *The Canterbury Tales*. Less than a year later, October 25, 1400, he died, as we learn from his tomb in the south transept, Westminster Abbey. Our earliest literary genius was the first poet to be honored by burial in the church, which had been completed substantially in its present form about twelve years before. Many others have since followed him there, so that one section of the edifice has long been known as The Poet's Corner.

**His ambition** Chaucer's life had been singularly fortunate for an author. He had become acquainted at court with all the intellectual and cultural interests of his time. His diplomatic travels had put him in touch with the literary movements in other lands and particularly with the stimulating

achievements in Italy. His business career had brought him into association for many years with the characteristic figures in English life, from the merchant princes down to the carpenters and sailors. But his ambition was not to rise to high office at court, or to win fame as a diplomat, or to gain wealth as a business man. He made a livelihood in these careers, an ample livelihood, but his genuine satisfaction in life came from writing poetry.

**His power to depict life** Why did his work outlast his own generation?

Why is he regarded today as one of the three greatest English poets? The answer may be found in his *Canterbury Tales*, the crowning achievement of his career. It is one of the greatest works in literature partly because the characters live. They are real people with distinct personalities and perfectly human weaknesses. Chaucer gives detail upon detail to show us how each person looked, acted, spoke. He observed men and women very

closely during a life singularly rich in opportunities for observation, and in *The Canterbury Tales* his imagination selects the peculiarities of dress, movement, tone of voice that cause the person to stand before us with all the warmth and naturalness of life. Moreover, he succeeds with people from all ranks of society. The result is a lively and representative picture of fourteenth-century England which has no equal.

**His humor** Another reason for the success of *The Canterbury Tales* lies in Chaucer's humor. This quality he could infuse into any story, whether borrowed or invented. According to the custom universal before the days of printing, Chaucer felt quite free to retell old legends, select stories from Latin authors, lift tales from French books, borrow from Petrarch and Boccaccio. But the borrowings were transformed into new creations by his sense of humor, which takes its rise from two of his fundamental qualities, sympathetic insight and a sense of proportion.

His is not a sarcastic humor; it betrays no ill-will toward the persons at whom he pokes fun; it reveals no bitterness about the world, in which he sees nevertheless much evil and sadness. He stands somewhat aloof, not desiring to step in and set things right, but looking on with shrewd, comprehending eyes as at a comedy. It is a wise and kindly humor, full of sly jests, yet so fresh and spontaneous that today it seems as natural to us among our speeding automobiles as it was in merry medieval England while Chaucer's pilgrims, bound for the cathedral town of Canterbury, jogged along on horses at four miles an hour.

**His influence on the language** In addition to providing an unfailing source of delight, Chaucer exercised a lasting influence on the English language. Reference has already been made to the Anglian dia-

lect in which *Beowulf* was composed, the Wessex dialect into which it was translated, and the gradual weakening of terminations in all dialects, hastened by the Norman Conquest. The rise of what is known as Middle English did not remove the barriers between the different dialects. The Londoner, for example, had difficulty in understanding the citizen of York. London, however, had the advantage of being the capital and the chief port of the Kingdom. Near it were the universities of Oxford and Cambridge. These facts gave Mercian, the dialect of the district, a clear advantage. What was needed was some force to make it the recognized form of English everywhere.

Chaucer performed exactly that service. He wrote in the East Mercian dialect instead of French, though he was equally at home in both languages. Moving all his life among the cultured people of the time, he used the natural diction of everyday English. He made no effort after a fastidious or distinguished choice of words. His sentences are usually easy to follow because their structure is simple. And yet whether Chaucer is employing figures of speech or straightforward discourse, he conveys to the reader the exact feeling and meaning that are in his own mind.

Partly as a result of his mastery of language, the Mercian or East Midland dialect which he employed became the standard English language. It spread north and south and west among cultivated people over all England. In time it was carried beyond the seas. A brief comparison of the specimen printed on page 69 with the translation printed in the parallel column will show that it is not far from modern English. In fact, every newspaper and book printed in America today expresses its ideas as it does partly because Chaucer in the fourteenth century used the East Mercian dialect.



From a portrait in the British Museum

GEOFFREY CHAUCER





From a manuscript in the library of Trinity College, Cambridge

#### PIERS THE PLOWMAN

##### REFORMERS

**William Langland**  
(1332?-1400?)

Totally unlike Chaucer was William Langland, the poet who wrote *Piers Plowman*. His childhood was not spent in a home of wealth, but on a farm among the Malvern Hills. His education was meager and his reading extremely limited. He did not write to entertain the lady in her castle or the retired merchant in his mansion. His aim was to express the deep convictions of the common people. With these differences in both background and purpose it was inevitable that he should look upon the evils of the day with eyes far different from Chaucer's.

In the "fair field full of folk" described in the prologue to his poem, Langland does not see rounded human beings but bare types. Each represents a class, such as the plowman, the pilgrim, the merchant. He cannot watch them with amusement as Chaucer observes these same orders of society. This poet is a preacher who is stern in condemnation. Only three in the whole throng earn an honest living—the hard-

working plowman, the pious hermit, and the entertaining minstrel. In place of the keen but kindly satire that permeates *The Canterbury Tales* we find all through *Piers Plowman* an intense indignation, a burning zeal for righteousness.

*Piers Plowman* therefore reflects life in a way previously unknown in English literature. The guide of the people depicted by Langland is not a scholar, not a great statesman, no conqueror or prelate, but a humble plowman intent on finishing his furrow. He is a forerunner of democracy. Knights of chivalry must give way in life as they had already given way in battle before the English yeomen; tournaments are to become but the trappings of romances; a new force, the common people, has appeared ready to reshape society and politics and religion.

**John Wyclif**  
(1320?-1384)

The poor and the weak found another voice in one of the most intellectual men of his century. John Wyclif was trained at Oxford at a time when Oxford was surpassing Paris as a center of philosophical discussion. Becom-

ing a professor there, he denied the truth of beliefs that had been handed down through long tradition and supported his opposition with acute and forceful reasoning.

By nature Wyclif was a reformer. With startling originality for that day he thought that every man, both priest and layman, had a right to read the Scriptures for himself. He therefore organized a band of his adherents to translate the entire Bible into the homely language of the people, into language so plain in meaning and so faithful to the original that every man,

no matter how untrained, "might learn the words of the gospel according to his simplicity." Written in the West Midland dialect similar to Langland's and Chaucer's, his version carried to humble people all over the realm very much the same form of English that Chaucer's poetry established among the upper classes. This, the first English version of any considerable part of the Scriptures, stands as a monument to the reforming zeal of John Wyclif, the leading medieval philosopher, university professor, and popular preacher of the age of Chaucer.

**Summary** The fourteenth century in England witnessed a tremendous intellectual advance. The people were coming to use an English very near to our own form of speech. In that dialect Wyclif provided a translation of the Bible that aroused widespread discussion and deep popular interest. Langland expressed in his *Piers Plowman* the discontent of the people with the evils of the day. But the genius of the period was Chaucer. Because of his singular qualities he stands out not merely as first in his own generation, but as one of the three greatest figures in English literature. His experience had made him acquainted with the whole range of life in the fourteenth century. Nature had endowed him with broad and eager interests and with keen and sympathetic understanding. As a writer he developed such imagination and skill that he has preserved for us, very much as he saw them, the whole wide diversity of medieval English types, from high to low, in their dress and manners as they lived. Such an achievement is rare indeed. It represents the English Middle Ages at their height. The next century was to see at work the forces that created the modern world.

## SELECTIONS FOR CHAPTER II

### From the *Prologue* to THE CANTERBURY TALES

GEOFFREY CHAUCER

(Translated into Modern English Verse)

The *Prologue* to *The Canterbury Tales* shows us two aspects of Chaucer's genius. The first is the naturalness of the plan or frame which the poet devised to hold together a large number of distinct narratives. His device was a pilgrimage—a frequent undertaking in medieval life. According to the teaching of the church, high and low were brothers, all bent on a common journey to the next world, and for them to visit the shrine of a saint was an act of piety. It was also a source of pleasure. The journey gave the same enjoyable change of scene that one gains today from an automobile trip, and in addition the pilgrims often banded themselves together for jolly companionship. The groups were often very jovial, playing on pipes and singing songs as they marched through towns, and in the evenings engaging in scenes of festivities at the inns. At the shrine all showed their piety by prayers to the saint. For such pilgrimages the tomb of St. Thomas at Canterbury was particularly popular.

In reading the selection from the *Prologue* you can observe how naturally Chaucer makes the familiar expedition to Canterbury serve his purpose. The *Prologue* tells of the gathering of thirty pilgrims, including Chaucer, at the Tabard Inn, across the Thames from the London custom house. At supper the landlord, Harry Bailly, proposes that on the way to Canterbury each pilgrim tell two stories and two more on the return journey, and in the same breath he offers to join the company. He is to be the judge of the tales; the pilgrim who tells the best story is to be given a supper at the expense of the others when they all get back to the Tabard. In such natural manner did Chaucer provide a frame for one hundred and twenty stories, though he lived to complete only twenty-four.

Before you have read far in the poem, the second element of Chaucer's genius—his pre-eminent power to depict character—will become apparent. Every member of the company represents a class of society, from the dignified and honored knight to the rascally cook. Yet by his masterly use of detail Chaucer has made each of them a distinct individual. Notice the cropped head and brown face of the Yeoman, the shining face of the Monk, or the threadbare outer coat of the Clerk of Oxford. Observe, also, the gentle smile and polished manners of the Lady Prioress. After you have checked the peculiarities of a few pilgrims in this way, you will become conscious of Chaucer's unusual power to make each character stand out clearly as a person different from all the others. You will also be able to tell what Chaucer thinks of each pilgrim that he introduces. And finally, through your observation of these details, you will gain a true and delightful notion of the men and women who inhabited England in the fourteenth century and of the supreme genius of Chaucer, who makes them live for us today.

The text that follows has been translated into modern English by Robert C. Pooley (the first fifty lines by William Ellery Leonard). For a sample of Chaucer's original version, see pages 44-45.

**W**HEN sparkling April with his  
gentle rains  
Hath pierced the drought of March to  
roots and veins  
And bathed them all in such a rainbow-  
shower  
That thence engendered is the happy  
flower,  
And when the west wind's breath so  
kind and good 5  
Hath quickened now in every heath and  
wood  
The tender shoots, and when the year's  
young sun  
Hath in the Ram his half-course fairly  
run,<sup>1</sup>  
And little birds are making melody  
That sleep the livelong night with open  
e'e<sup>2</sup> 10  
(So much doth Nature prick them to  
the heart),  
Then folk do long on pilgrim-ways to  
start  
And palmers<sup>3</sup> long to seek the strangers'  
strands  
And shrines so far away in sundry  
lands;  
But specially from every shire's end 15  
In England folk to Canterbury wend,  
To seek the holy blissful martyr,<sup>4</sup> who,  
When they were sick, so well had  
helped them through.

It chanced that in that season on a  
day

In Southwark<sup>5</sup> at the Tabard<sup>6</sup> as I lay, 20  
Ready, myself a pilgrim,<sup>7</sup> to start out  
For Canterbury with a heart devout,

<sup>1</sup> *Hath . . . run* The Ram is one of the signs of the Zodiac. The sun was supposed to enter the Ram late in March and leave beyond the middle of April. Chaucer is here indicating a date in the second week of April.

<sup>2</sup> *e'e*, eye.

<sup>3</sup> *palmers*, pilgrims who had made a journey to the Holy Lands

<sup>4</sup> *martyr*, St. Thomas à Becket, archbishop of Canterbury, who was murdered in the Cathedral in 1170. His shrine at Canterbury became the resort of many pilgrims.

<sup>5</sup> *Southwark*, a suburb of London, now part of the city proper.

<sup>6</sup> *Tabard*, an inn whose sign was the tabard (a short, sleeveless coat).

<sup>7</sup> *pilgrim*. A traveler journeying to any sacred spot or shrine was called a pilgrim.

At night was come into that hostelry  
Full nine and twenty in a company  
Of sundry folk—for things like this be-  
fall, 25  
And pilgrims make one fellowship of  
all  
That toward Canterbury want to ride.  
The chambers and the stables both were  
wide,  
And we were all put up at very best.  
And shortly, when the sun had gone to  
rest, 30  
I'd spoken with such warmth to every  
one  
That I was of their fellowship anon,  
And made agreement to be up right  
early  
To take our way, as now I'll tell you  
fairly.  
But nevertheless while I've the time  
and space, 35  
Ere that I further in this story pace,  
It seems to me but reason to report  
To you, my friends, what character and  
sort  
Was each and all, just as they seemed  
to me,  
And which they were, what business  
and degree, 40  
And also what array I found them in—  
And with a knight then will I first be-  
gin.

#### THE KNIGHT

A KNIGHT there was, and that a worthy  
man,  
Who, from the very time he first be-  
gan  
To mount and ride abroad, loved chiv-  
alry, 45  
Honor and truth, largess<sup>8</sup> and cour-  
tesy.  
Full worthy was he in his prince's war,  
And far he'd ridden, never a man so  
far,  
In Christendom, in heathen lands no  
less,  
And honored ever for his worthiness. 50

<sup>8</sup> *largess*, liberality.



Miller

Chaucer

Monk

Cook

Parson

Host

Wife of Bath

At Alexander was he when 'twas won,<sup>9</sup>  
And many a time he had the board be-  
gun<sup>10</sup>

Above all knights of foreign lands in  
Prussia.

Campaigns he'd made in Letow and in  
Russia,<sup>11</sup>

No Christian man so oft of his degree;  
And at Granada's weary siege was he,<sup>12</sup>

At Algezir,<sup>13</sup> and rode in Belmarye.<sup>14</sup>  
To Ayas,<sup>14</sup> and Adalia,<sup>15</sup> was he nigh

When they were won; and at the Inland  
Sea,<sup>16</sup>

Where many noble armies did he see. 60  
In fifteen deadly combats had he been,

<sup>9</sup> At Alexander . . . won. The king of Cyprus captured Alexandria, Egypt, in 1365, the knight was present at the siege.

<sup>10</sup> had the board begun, had sat in the position of honor at the head of the table.

<sup>11</sup> Prussia, Letow, Russia. It was common for knights of the time to fight in the service of other countries when their own land was at peace. Letow is modern Lithuania.

<sup>12</sup> And at Granada's . . . Algezir. Algezir (modern Algieras, in southern Spain) was taken from the Moorish king of Granada in 1344. <sup>13</sup> Belmarye, in Africa. <sup>14</sup> Ayas, in Armenia.

<sup>15</sup> Adalia, in Asia Minor. <sup>16</sup> Inland Sea, the Mediterranean.

And battled for our faith<sup>17</sup> at Tramys-  
sene<sup>18</sup>

In tourneys thrice, and each time slain  
his foe.

This same most worthy knight had  
seen also

Some service with the lord of Palatye<sup>19</sup>  
And heard the heathen Turkish battle-  
cry.

And always he was held in great re-  
nown;

As was his worth, so was his wisdom  
known.

In bearing he was meek as any maid,  
And never yet in all his life had said 70  
An ugly word to any manner wight;<sup>20</sup>  
He was a gentle, true, and perfect  
knight.

But now to give you word of his array:  
Though good his horses were, he was  
not gay.

Of fustian<sup>21</sup> was his coat without a tail,

<sup>17</sup> battled for our faith, fought as a crusader against the Saracens, who then occupied the Holy Lands. <sup>18</sup> Tramysene, in Asia Minor.

<sup>19</sup> lord of Palatye, a Christian ruler in Asia. <sup>20</sup> manner wight, kind of person. <sup>21</sup> fustian, a coarse, strong cloth.


 Merchant  
Pardoner

 Student  
Prioress

Friar

Knight

Yeoman

Squire

All splotched with rust from off his coat-  
of-mail, 76  
For he had scarcely left his ship ere now  
And went at once to pay his pilgrim's  
vow.

#### THE SQUIRE<sup>21</sup>

A SQUIRE, his son, accompanied him  
there,  
A lusty lover and a bachelor. 80  
His ringlet locks seemed curlèd in a  
press;  
Nigh twenty years of age he was, I  
guess.  
In stature scarcely more than average  
length,  
But he was firmly knit and great in  
strength.  
At times in forays he had crossed the  
sea 85  
To Flanders, Artois, and to Picardy,<sup>22</sup>  
Where he'd excelled, for all so short a  
space,<sup>23</sup>

<sup>21</sup> *Squire*. A squire attended on a knight, carrying his arms and shield.

<sup>22</sup> *Flanders, Artois, Picardy*, provinces of northern France. <sup>23</sup> *space*, space of time.

In hope to stand well in his lady's grace.  
Embroidered was his coat in red and  
white  
As though it were a flowered meadow  
bright; 90  
And sing he would, or play the flute all  
day;  
He was as fresh as is the month of May.  
His gown was short with sleeves both  
long and wide;  
Well could he sit on horse and fairly  
ride.  
He'd make a song or verses for delight,  
Joust and dance, draw pictures well, and  
write. 96  
So hot he loved that night could scarce  
avail  
For sleeping more than does a night-  
ingale.  
Well-mannered, gentle, quick to serve,  
and able,  
He carved before his father<sup>24</sup> at the  
table. 100

<sup>24</sup> *carved before his father*. It was the duty and privilege of a squire to carve at a feast and serve his knight—in this case, the Squire's father.

THE YEOMAN<sup>25</sup>

A YEOMAN had he,<sup>26</sup> other servants  
 none,  
 For at that time it pleased him take but  
 one,  
 And he was clad in coat and hood of  
 green;  
 A sheaf of peacock arrows bright and  
 keen  
 Beneath his belt he bore right thriftily  
 (For he could dress his tackle yeo-  
 manly;<sup>27</sup> 106  
 His arrows did not droop with feathers  
 low),  
 And in his hand he bore a mighty bow.  
 A cropped-head had he, and his face  
 was browned;  
 No better man in woodcraft could be  
 found. 110  
 Upon his arm an archer's guard<sup>28</sup> was  
 tied;  
 His sword and buckler wore he at one  
 side,  
 And on the other side, in handsome  
 gear,  
 His dagger hung as sharp as pointed  
 spear.  
 A Christopher<sup>29</sup> on his breast of silver  
 shewn; 115  
 A horn he bore with shoulder-straps of  
 green.  
 A forester indeed was he, I guess.

THE PRIORESS<sup>30</sup>

THERE also was a Nun, a Prioress,  
 That in her smiling simple was and coy.  
 Her greatest oath was only "By St.  
 Loy,"<sup>31</sup> 120

<sup>25</sup> Yeoman, a foot-soldier armed with a cross-bow. <sup>26</sup> he, the Knight.

<sup>27</sup> dress . . . yeomanly, keep his arrows and equipment in excellent condition.

<sup>28</sup> archer's guard, a kind of bracelet or cuff, worn on the arm to protect the sleeve from the rub of the bowstring.

<sup>29</sup> A Christopher, an image of Saint Christopher, the patron saint of travelers. Wearing his image was supposed to bring protection from dangers. <sup>30</sup> Prioress, the head of a religious house for women.

<sup>31</sup> St. Loy, Eligius (588-689), a bishop of France who had refused to swear by sacred relics. To swear by St. Loy was, therefore, to swear mildly or not at all.

And she was known as Madame Eglantine.

Full well she sang the offices divine,  
 Intoning through her nose the proper  
 way.

And French she spoke with ease, but,  
 truth to say,

'Twas of the school of Stratford-at-the-  
 Bow,<sup>32</sup> 125

For French of Paris-folk she did not  
 know.

Well taught she was at table how to  
 eat;

She from her lips let fall no scrap of  
 meat,

Nor dipped her fingers deeply in the  
 sauce.

She carried well each morsel without  
 loss 130

So that no drop should fall upon her  
 breast.

To study courteous manners pleased her  
 best.

Her upper lip she always wiped so clean  
 That in her cup no slightest trace was  
 seen

Of grease, when she had drunk her  
 draft of wine; 135

She reached her hand for food with  
 manners fine.

And surely she was apt for jest and  
 sport,

For she was pleasant, amiable of port,  
 The ways of court she sought to imitate,

And she was ever stately and sedate, 140  
 Full worthy to be held in reverence.

But now to tell of her beneficence:<sup>33</sup>

She was so kind and gently piteous  
 That she would weep if she should see  
 a mouse

Caught in a trap, if it were dead or  
 bled. 145

Some little dogs she had, the which she  
 fed

With roasted flesh, or milk or wheaten  
 bread;

<sup>32</sup> Stratford-at-the-Bow, a convent near London, where Anglo-French was spoken

<sup>33</sup> beneficence, here, sympathy and kindness of heart.

And sore she'd weep if one of them  
 were dead  
 Or if one struck it with a yardstick  
 smart;  
 She was all gentleness and tender heart.  
 A pleated wimple<sup>34</sup> round her head was  
 draped; 151  
 Her eyes were gray as glass, her nose  
 well-shaped;  
 Her mouth was small and also soft and  
 red;  
 But certainly she had a fair forehead—  
 It was almost a span<sup>35</sup> in breadth, I  
 swear, 155  
 For truly she was neither short nor  
 spare.  
 Her cloak was neatly made, as I could  
 see.  
 About her arm was wound a rosary  
 Of coral beads, the larger beads of green,  
 And thereon hung a brooch of golden  
 sheen 160  
 On which there first was writ a crownèd  
 A  
 And after, *Amor Vincit Omnia*.<sup>36</sup>

Another Nun, her chaplain, there had  
 she,  
 And three priests also in her company.

## THE MONK

A MONK there was, a fit man for his  
 place, 165  
 A rider-out<sup>37</sup> who fondly loved the  
 chase,  
 A manly man, to be an abbot able.  
 Full manly a dainty horse he had in sta-  
 ble,  
 And when he rode men might his bridle  
 hear 169  
 A-jingling in the whistling wind as clear  
 And quite as loud as does the chapel bell

<sup>34</sup> *wimple*, a veil covering the head and neck.

<sup>35</sup> *span*, the width of the hand with the fingers spread

<sup>36</sup> *crownèd A . . . Omnia*. Engraved on the brooch was the letter A (standing for the Latin word *Amor*, love) with a crown above it. Below were engraved the words *Amor Vincit Omnia* (Love Conquers All).

<sup>37</sup> *rider-out*. This monk rode around inspecting the property of the monastery.

Whereof this lord was keeper of the  
 cell.<sup>38</sup>  
 The rule of yore, of Maur or Benedict,<sup>39</sup>  
 Because 'twas old, and likewise some-  
 what strict,  
 This monk despised; he laid old things  
 aside 175  
 And to the new world's ways himself  
 allied.  
 He held that text<sup>40</sup> not worth a butcher-  
 ered hen  
 That says that hunters are not holy men,  
 Nor that a monk whose ways are not  
 too strict  
 Is like a fish from out the water picked—  
 That is to say, a monk outside his  
 cloister; 181  
 But such a text he held not worth an  
 oyster,  
 And I said his opinion was not vain.  
 Why should he study hard, or wrack  
 his brain  
 On some dull book, in cloistered hall to  
 pore, 185  
 Or labor with his hands, or do some  
 chore,  
 As Austin<sup>41</sup> bids? How should the  
 world be served?  
 Let Austin have his work to him re-  
 served.  
 A tireless rider was he day and night;  
 Some greyhounds had he, swift as birds  
 in flight; 190  
 In riding hard and hunting for the hare  
 Was all his joy; the cost he would not  
 spare.  
 I saw his sleeves were trimmed at either  
 hand  
 With fur, and that the finest in the land.  
 To fasten up his hood beneath his chin  
 He had of shining gold a curious pin;  
 A love-knot at the greater end was there.

<sup>38</sup> *cell*, a small religious house dependent on a monastery.

<sup>39</sup> *Maur or Benedict*, monks of the sixth century, from whom came the oldest form of monastic discipline ("rule").

<sup>40</sup> *text*, not a passage in the Bible, but a view of the church that hunters were not holy men.

<sup>41</sup> *Austin*, St. Augustine, whose monastic rule required devotion, study, and manual labor.



His head was bald, and shone like polished-ware,  
 His face as if 'twere rubbed with oil did shine;  
 He was a full fat lord, in fettle fine. 200  
 His eyes were bright and rolling in his head,  
 And glowing like a fire when it is red.  
 His boots were soft; his horse had greatest care;  
 Now certainly he was a prelate<sup>42</sup> fair.  
 He was not pale, as is a plaguèd ghost.  
 A fat swan loved he best of any roast. 206  
 His palfrey<sup>43</sup> was as brown as is a berry.

THE FRIAR<sup>44</sup>

A FRIAR was there, a playful man and merry,  
 A licensed beggar,<sup>45</sup> with a lordly mien;  
 In all the orders four<sup>46</sup> is none more keen 210  
 To flatter, or to wag a gossip's tongue.  
 Full many a marriage of the maidens young  
 He had performed, and at his private cost.  
 His order found in him a noble post.  
 He was beloved, a guest with welcome wide 215  
 Of all the franklins<sup>47</sup> in that country-side  
 And of the worthy women far and near.  
 And he had power to confessions hear,  
 As said himself, not any curate more,  
 For he the license of his order bore. 220  
 Full sweetly he would hear confession made  
 And pleasantly the absolution said;  
 He was an easy man for penitents,  
 To whom he looked for gifts of food and pence.  
 For any gift to humble Friars given 225

<sup>42</sup> *prelate*, church officer.<sup>43</sup> *palfrey*, saddle-horse.<sup>44</sup> *Friar*. Unlike monks, friars were not attached to monasteries. They wandered about, asking alms.<sup>45</sup> *A licensed beggar*, that is, he was allowed to beg within certain limits.<sup>46</sup> *the orders four*, the Franciscans, the Augustines, the Dominicans, and the Carmelites. <sup>47</sup> *franklins*, country gentlemen.

Is surely token of a man well shriven;<sup>48</sup>  
 And if one gave, this Friar was content  
 In knowing such a man was penitent.  
 In many a man so hardened is his heart  
 He may not weep, although he sorely smart; 230  
 Therefore, instead of weeping and of prayers  
 Men might give silver to the worthy friars.  
 His tippet<sup>49</sup> always stuffed he full of knives  
 And pins, to have as gifts for pretty wives.

And certainly in music he had skill; 235  
 He played the harp and sang with right good will.

The prize for proverbs took he easily.  
 His neck was white as is the fleur-de-lis,<sup>50</sup>

Yet he was strong as is a champion, too.  
 The taverns well in every town he knew,  
 And every host and barmaid—even more 241

Than beggars or the leper at the door;  
 For unto such a worthy man as he  
 It fitted not within his dignity  
 To have to do with lepers or the sick. 245  
 It was not right, he could no profit pick  
 From dealings with such vermin of the ditch,

But only victual merchants and the rich.  
 And there, indeed, where profit might arise,

He lowly was, to serve in any wise. 250  
 There was nowhere a man so vigorous;  
 He was the best in begging of his house;  
 For though a widow scarce had shoes  
 . or no,

So pleasant was his *In principio*,<sup>51</sup>  
 Yet would he have a farthing ere he went; 255

<sup>48</sup> *shriven*, absolved from his sins<sup>49</sup> *tippet*, cape.<sup>50</sup> *fleur-de-lis*, the three-pointed emblem of the royal family of France. On shields and banners it was white against a dark background.<sup>51</sup> *In principio*, "In the beginning," the opening words of the Friar's greeting.

The proceeds from his begging beat his rent!<sup>52</sup>  
 And he could romp and play like any whelp;  
 In love-days<sup>53</sup> he was called upon for help.  
 No pent-up, cloistered life for him was there,  
 With threadbare cloak, such as the scholars wear, 260  
 But he was like a master or a pope.  
 Of double worsted was his semi-cope,<sup>54</sup>  
 That like a molded bell was full and round.  
 Somewhat he lisped his words in playful sound,  
 To make his English sweet upon his tongue; 265  
 And in his harping, when that<sup>55</sup> he had sung,  
 His eyes would twinkle in his head as bright  
 As do the stars on any frosty night.  
 And Hubert was this worthy friar's name.

[Here follows the description of the Merchant.]

#### THE CLERK<sup>56</sup>

A Clerk of Oxford had we also there,  
 That unto logic long had given care. 271  
 His horse was lean and pointed as a rake;  
 He was not fat himself, I undertake,  
 But he looked hollow, and of sober tone;  
 Full threadbare had his outer garment grown, 275  
 For he had got him yet no parish living,<sup>57</sup>

<sup>52</sup> *rent*, the fee he paid for exclusive rights to his territory.

<sup>53</sup> *love-days*, days when disputes could be settled out of court by an umpire, such as this Friar. The Friar could settle disputes in such a way as to win "gifts" for his decisions.

<sup>54</sup> *semi-cope*, a short cape.

<sup>55</sup> *when that*, when.

<sup>56</sup> *Clerk*, student or scholar. In England the word is pronounced "klark."

<sup>57</sup> *parish living*, an appointment as a priest which would give him a stipend.

Nor thought to worldly office was he giving.  
 Much rather would he have above his bed  
 Some twenty volumes bound in black or red  
 Of Aristotle's deep philosophy 280  
 Than fiddle, harp, or robes and jewelry.  
 Yet though philosophy was all his quest,  
 He had but little gold in purse or chest,<sup>58</sup>  
 But all the money friends and comrades lent,  
 On books and learning only was it spent,  
 And he began right busily to pray 286  
 For those who for his studies paid the way.  
 Of learning took he greatest care and heed,  
 Nor spoke he one word more than was his need,  
 And that was said in form and reverence 290  
 And short and quick and full of solemn sense;  
 Replete with moral virtue was his speech,  
 And gladly would he learn and gladly teach.

[Here follow the descriptions of the Lawyer, the Franklin (a country gentleman), and five tradesmen (the Haberdasher, the Carpenter, the Weaver, the Dyer, and the Upholsterer).]

#### THE COOK

A Cook was there perchance among them, too,  
 With marrow-bones to boil a chicken-stew, 295  
 Add powder-merchant<sup>59</sup> tart, and galingale;<sup>60</sup>  
 He knew for sure a draft of London ale!  
 And he could roast and scald and boil and fry,

<sup>58</sup> *Yet though . . . chest*, Philosophers were supposed to be able to convert baser metals to gold.

<sup>59</sup> *powder-merchant*, a kind of pungent spice.

<sup>60</sup> *galingale*, a spice made from sweet cypress root.

And make thick soups, and bake a  
goodly pie.  
But what a shameful thing, it seemed to  
me, 300  
That on his shin a scabrous sore had he.  
A capon blankmanger<sup>61</sup> he cooked the  
best.

[Here the Sailor and the Doctor are  
described.]

#### THE WIFE OF BATH<sup>62</sup>

A GOOD WIFE from the edge of Bath we  
had,  
But she was somewhat deaf, and that  
was sad.  
In making cloth she managed to outdo  
The best of Ghent, and those of Ypres,<sup>63</sup>  
too. 306  
No woman of the parish dared to pass  
Her when she made her offring at the  
Mass;<sup>64</sup>  
And if one did, so angry then was she  
That gone was all her amiability. 310  
Her kerchiefs were of cloth of finest  
weave  
And weighed at least ten pounds, I do  
believe;  
The ones she wore on Sunday on her  
head.  
Her stockings were of wool and scarlet  
red  
And straightly tied; her shoes were soft  
and new. 315  
Her face was bold and fair, and red of  
hue.  
She was a worthy woman, and 'twas  
said  
Five husbands to the church-door<sup>65</sup> she  
had led,  
Besides some other company in youth,  
But that we need not mention here, for-  
sooth. 320

<sup>61</sup> A capon blankmanger, chicken served with  
a thick cream sauce

<sup>62</sup> Bath, a city of southwestern England.

<sup>63</sup> Ghent, Ypres, cities on the continent famous  
for their cloth-making, as was Bath.

<sup>64</sup> No woman . . . Mass. As the principal  
woman of the parish, she made her offering  
first.

<sup>65</sup> church-door, where couples were married.  
They then went to the altar to hear Mass.

And three times at Jerusalem was she,  
And many a foreign river did she see;  
At Rome she'd been, and also at Bo-  
logne,<sup>66</sup>  
At St. James'<sup>67</sup> in Galicia, and Cologne,<sup>68</sup>  
For she knew much of wandering by  
the way. 325

Her teeth were wide apart, the truth to  
say.

With easy grace upon a nag she sat,  
Well-kerchiefed, and upon her head a  
hat

As broad as is a targe<sup>69</sup> or battle-shield.  
A riding-skirt her ample hips concealed.  
Upon her feet two sharpened spurs were  
bound. 331

In fellowship she'd laugh and chat  
around.

The remedies for love she knew by  
name,

For she was worldly-wise in that old  
game.

#### THE PARSON

A GOODLY man was there in cleric's<sup>70</sup>  
gown 335

Who was a humble parson of a town,  
But rich was he in holy thought and  
work.

He also was a learned man, a clerk,<sup>71</sup>  
That would Christ's holy gospel truly  
preach; 339

His parish-folk devoutly would he teach.  
He was benign, and wondrous diligent,  
And in adversity full patient,  
And such he proved himself each day  
anew.

To curse for tithes<sup>72</sup> full loath was he  
to do,

<sup>66</sup> Bologne, a city in northern France, where  
there was a famous image of the Virgin.

<sup>67</sup> St. James', the shrine of St. James, in  
Spain (Galicia). <sup>68</sup> Cologne, a town in Prus-  
sia, where the bones of the Three Wise Men  
were supposed to be preserved.

<sup>69</sup> targe, a small, round shield carried on the  
left arm. <sup>70</sup> cleric's, parish priest's. <sup>71</sup> clerk.  
See Note 56, page 39.

<sup>72</sup> curse for tithes. The tithe (the tenth part  
of a householder's income) was the tax due to  
the church. When it was not paid, the debtor  
could be "cursed," or excommunicated—that  
is, cut off from all the offices of the church and  
from all his neighbors.

But rather would he give, in case of  
doubt, 345

Unto his poor parishioners about,  
From out his offering and parson's fee;  
In little things he found sufficiency.

His cure<sup>73</sup> was wide, with houses far  
asunder,

But never did he fail, in rain or thunder,  
In sickness or mischance, to visit all 351

The furthest in his parish, great or small,  
Upon his feet, with staff in hand for aid.

This fine example to his sheep he  
made—

That first he wrought and afterwards  
he taught; 355

These words from out the gospel he had  
caught,

And to this precept he would add a new:  
That if gold tarnish, what shall iron do?

For if a priest be foul, in whom men  
trust,

No wonder is it simple men may rust.  
A shameful thing it is (let priests be-  
ware) 361

To see clean sheep in stinking shep-  
herd's care.

Well ought a priest a true example give  
How by his cleanness all his sheep  
should live.

He would not give his benefice to hire<sup>74</sup>  
And leave his sheep encumbered in the  
mire, 366

And run to St. Paul's,<sup>75</sup> London, there  
instead

To loiter, chanting masses for the dead,  
Nor in some brotherhood a pension  
hold.

But dwelt at home and guarded well his  
fold, 370

So might no wolf his people plague or  
harry;

He was a shepherd, not a mercenary.  
Though holy he and always virtuous,

To sinners he was ne'er dispiteous.  
His preaching was not finicky nor vain;

Discreet was all his teaching, sweet and  
plain, 376

To draw men by his fairness heaven-  
ward

By good example; this he labored to-  
ward.

Perchance were any person obstinate,  
Whate'er he were, of high or low es-  
tate, 380

With sharp rebuke he'd snub that pride  
of his;

A better priest than he I think none is.  
For pomp and reverence had he little  
care,

Nor too precise a conscience did he wear,  
But taught Christ's gospel and Apostles'  
lore, 385

And followed it himself all else before.

[Next are described the Plowman, the  
Miller, the Manciple (a steward for a col-  
lege or other institution), the Reeve (a  
manager of an estate), the Summoner  
(constable), and the Pardoner (one who  
sold indulgences).]

#### THE HOST AND CONCLUSION

Now have I told you shortly, in a clause,  
The rank, the dress, the number, and  
the cause

For which assembled was this company,  
At Southwark, at this pleasant hostelry

Men call the Tabard Inn, hard by the  
Bell.<sup>76</sup> 391

But now indeed the time has come to  
tell

About the way we each behaved that  
night,

When we did at the hostelry alight.  
And after will I tell you of our trip 395

And all about our pilgrim fellowship.  
But first I pray you of your courtesy,

That you may not account it villainy,  
If in this matter I speak plain and clear,

To tell you of their words and of their  
cheer, 400

Though I must use their language,  
every word;

<sup>76</sup> the Bell, another inn.

<sup>73</sup> His cure, the district in his care. <sup>74</sup> benefice to hire, that is, employ a cheap substitute.

<sup>75</sup> St. Paul's. Many priests flocked to St. Paul's to sing masses for the dead, enjoying the income derived from bequests.

You know as well as I, and oft have  
heard,

Whoe'er repeats a tale from any man  
Must give it back, as nearly as he can,  
Just word for word, if in his power it be,  
Although perforce he speak both rude  
and free. 406

Or else he's apt to tell the tale untrue,  
Or make it up, or hunt for phrases new.  
He should not spare, e'en though it  
were his brother;

He may as well say one word as another. 410

Our Lord Himself spoke plain in Holy  
Writ,  
And well you know there's nothing  
wrong in it.

And Plato<sup>77</sup> said, as anyone may read,  
"The words must be as cousin to the  
deed."

I pray you also to forgive it me 415  
That I have not set folk in their degree<sup>78</sup>  
Here in this tale, as they should really  
stand;

My wit is short, you well may under-  
stand.

A hearty greeting gave our host to all,  
And to the supper soon he had us fall,  
Where we were served with food of  
every kind. 421

The wine was strong, and drink was to  
our mind.

Our host was quite a fitting man with-  
al

To be appointed marshall in a hall.

A large man he, with eyes both bright  
and deep; 425

A fairer burgess was there none in  
Cheap.<sup>79</sup>

His speech was bold and wise and  
soundly taught.

In manhood's vigor was he lacking  
naught.

And he was also a right merry man,  
And after supper he some jokes began,

And spoke of mirth along with other  
things, 431

When came the time to pay our reckon-  
ings,

And said, "Now, gentlefolk, I truly say  
You are right welcome to me here to-  
day;

For if I speak the truth, in all this year  
No merrier crowd than you has tarried  
here, 436

All in one fellowship, as you are now.  
Fain<sup>80</sup> would I bring you mirth, if I  
knew how,

And of a jest I am just now bethought  
To make you joy, and it shall cost you  
naught. 440

"I pray God speed you Canterbury-  
ward,  
The blissful martyr grant you your re-  
ward!

And well I know, as you go by the way,  
You plan to tell some stories and to  
play.

For truly there is joy nor comfort none  
To ride along as dumbly as a stone. 446  
And therefore will I now a plan recite,  
As I said first, to make you some de-  
light;

And if it pleases all by one consent  
To follow out my judgment and in-  
tent, 450

And in the manner which I now por-  
tray,

Tomorrow, as you ride along the way,  
Now by my father's soul (and he is  
dead)

If you are not made merry, here's my  
head!

Hold up your hands without another  
word." 455

In shortest time we were of one ac-  
cord;

It seemed to us a thing not worth delay;  
We granted him the right to have his  
way,

To speak his verdict forth as did him  
please.

"Good friends," he said, "now hearken  
at your ease, 460

<sup>80</sup> *Fain*, gladly.

<sup>77</sup> *Plato*, a Greek philosopher. The quotation, however, is not from him

<sup>78</sup> *in their degree*, according to their social rank.

<sup>79</sup> *Cheap*, Cheapside, an open square where the merchants gathered; now a London street.

But nothing take, I pray you, in disdain;

This is the point, to speak it short and plain,

That each of you, as you go by the way,  
Shall tell two tales, to make your journey gay

To Canterbury-town. Then each of you,  
When homeward bound, shall tell another two,

Of happenings that erstwhile did befall.  
The one of you that bears him best of all—

That is to say, who tells his story best  
In fitting words, and pleasing to the rest—

Shall have a supper at our common cost,  
Here in this place, and sitting by this post,

When we shall come again from Canterbury.

And so indeed the more to make you merry,

Will I myself among you gladly ride  
At my expense, and I shall be your guide.

And whosoe'er my judgments does  
withsay

Shall pay all that we spend along the way.

And if you have in this with me concurred,

Tell me at once, without another word,  
And I will now prepare me for the morn."

This thing was granted and our oaths  
were sworn

With happy hearts, and then we begged  
him, too,

That he would grant our wishes so to do,  
To go along with us as governor

To judge our tales, as has been said before,

And set a supper at a certain price;

And we would all be ruled by his device

In all respects; and thus with one assent

We yielded to his judgment, well content.

And thereupon more wine was on us  
pressed;

We drank a draft, and each one went to rest,

Without a moment's longer tarrying.

The morrow, when the day began to spring,

Up rose our host, and was our barnyard cock,

Who gathered us together in a flock,

And forth we rode; a gentle pace we took,

Until we all but crossed St. Thomas' brook.<sup>81</sup>

And there our host did rest his horse at ease

And said, "Good friends, now hearken if you please.

You know your pledge; let it remembered be,

If even-song and morning-song agree.

And now let's see who first shall tell his tale.

And as I hope to drink both wine and ale,

Whoe'er shall rebel be to my intent  
Shall pay for all that on the way is spent.

Now draw the cut, before we end this pause;

He shall his tale begin who shortest draws.

Sir Knight," said he, "my master and my lord,

Now draw the cut according to our word.

Come near," he said, "my lady Prioress,  
And you, Sir Clerk, leave off your backwardness,

Do not withhold; lay hand to, every man."

At once to draw each pilgrim there began,

And shortly now to tell you how it went,

Were it by chance, or fate, or accident,  
The truth is this, the cut fell to the knight,

At which each one was filled with great delight.

<sup>81</sup> *St. Thomas' brook*, a brook about two miles from London, where the horses were watered.

That he must tell his tale was clearly  
meant

According to our promise and consent,  
As you have heard; need other words be  
said?

And when this good man saw how  
chance had led,

As he was wise and right obedient  
To keep his promise by his free assent,  
He said, "Since I am to begin the game,  
Well, welcome be the cut, in Heaven's  
name!

Now let us ride, and hear you what I  
say."

And with that word we started on our  
way;

And he began with a right merry smile  
His tale anon, and told it in this style. 530

[Here follows the Knight's tale, a spirited romance about the love of two youths for the fair Emily. Other tales follow in succession, including that of the Nun's Priest about the cock and the hen, with its amusing moral directed against anyone who "jabbers when he ought to hold his tongue." The storytelling is continued by the Pardoner, whose dramatic tale is given on pages 46-51.]

## From the PROLOGUE (in the Original)

GEOFFREY CHAUCER

As pointed out on page 28, Chaucer did much to mold the language in a way that gave us our present-day forms of speech. Yet the "Middle English" that Chaucer employed was in many respects so different from the English of today that we need special training before we can read it with understanding. Now that you have read a modernized version of the *Prologue*, try your skill in getting the meaning of the following passages, which are printed as Chaucer wrote them. If you have trouble, turn back to the modern version on pages 33-35 for comparison.

An important thing to remember is that Chaucer's English was *pronounced* very differently from modern English. After you have heard some of the lines pronounced correctly, try them yourself.<sup>1</sup> One of the most important things to notice is that the final *e* is usually sounded as a separate syllable. In the selection that follows, the final *e*'s to be pronounced are indicated thus: *ë*.

WHAN that Aprillë with his  
shourës sootë  
The droghte of Marche hath percëd to  
the rootë,  
And bathëd every veyne in swich licour,  
Of which vertu engendrëd is the flour;  
Whan Zephirus eek with his swetë  
breeth 5  
Inspirëd hath in every holt and heeth  
The tendrë croppës, and the yongë  
sonnë  
Hath in the Ram his halfë cours y-  
ronnë,  
And smalë fowlës maken melodyë, 9

That slepen al the night with open yë—  
So priketh hem nature in hir corages:  
Than longen folk to goon on pilgrim-  
ages,  
And palmers for to seken straungë  
strondës,  
To fernë halwës, couthe in sondry  
londës;  
And specially, from every shirës endë 15  
Of Engeland, to Caunterbury they  
wendë,  
The holy, blisful martir for to sekë,  
That hem hath holpen whan that they  
were sekë.

<sup>1</sup> An excellent reading of the first forty lines of the *Prologue*, together with an explanation of Chaucerian pronunciation, has been recorded on a phonograph record by Harry Morgan Ayres. This may be obtained from the office of the National Council of Teachers of English, Chicago.

Bifel that, in that sesoun on a day,  
 In Southwerk at the Tabard as I lay, 20  
 Redy to wenden on my pilgrimage  
 To Caunterbury with ful devout coragē,  
 At night were come into that hostel-  
 ryē

Wel nyne and twenty in a compaignyē,  
 Of sondry folk, by aventure y-fallē 25  
 In felawshipe, and pilgrims were they  
 allē,

That toward Caunterbury wolden rydē.  
 The chambrēs and the stablēs weren  
 wydē,

And wel we weren esēd attē bestē.  
 And shortly, whan the sonnē was to  
 restē, 30

So hadde I spoken with hem everychon,  
 That I was of hir felawshipe anon,  
 And madē forward erly for to rysē,  
 To take our wey, ther as I yow devysē.

But natheles, whyl I havē tyme and  
 spacē, 35

Er that I ferther in this talē pacē,  
 Me thinketh it acordaunt to resoun  
 To tellē yow al the condicioun  
 Of ech of hem, so as it semēd me,  
 And whiche they weren, and of what  
 degree; 40

And eek in what array that they were  
 innē;

And at a knyght than wol I first bi-  
 ginnē.

## THE KNIGHT

A Knyght ther was, and that a worthy  
 man,  
 That fro the tymē that he first bigan  
 To riden out, he lovēd chivalryē, 45  
 Trouthe and honour, fredom and cur-  
 teisyē.

Ful worthy was he in his lordes werrē,  
 And therto hadde he ridden, no man  
 ferrē,

As wel in cristendom as in hethenessē,  
 And ever honoured for his worthinessē.  
 At Alisaundre he was, whan it was  
 wonnē; 51

Ful oftē tyme he hadde the bord bi-  
 gonnē

Aboven allē naciouns in Prucē.

In Lettow hadde he reysed and in Rucē,  
 No Cristen man so ofte of his degree. 55  
 In Gernade at the seege eek hadde he be  
 Ot Algezir, and riden in Belmaryē.

At Lylys was he, and at Satalyē,  
 Whan they were wonne; and in the  
 Gretē See

At many a noble armee hadde he be. 60  
 At mortal batailles hadde he been fiftē,  
 And foughten for our feith at Tramys-  
 senē

In lystes thryes, and ay slayn his foo.  
 This ilkē worthy knyght hadde been  
 also

Somtymē with the lord of Palatyē, 65  
 Agayn another hethen in Turkeyē;  
 And evermore he hadde a sovereyn prys.  
 And though that he were worthy, he  
 was wys,

And of his port as meeke as is a maydē.  
 He never yet no vileinyē ne saydē 70  
 In al his lyf, unto no maner wight.

He was a verray, parfit, gentil knyght.  
 But for to tellen yow of his array,  
 His hors weren goodē, but he was nat  
 gay.

Of fustian he werēd a gipoun. 75  
 Al bismotered with his habergeoun.

For he was late y-come from his viagē,  
 And wentē for to doon his pilgrymagē.

## THE YOUNG SQUIRE

With him ther was his sone, a yong  
 Squyer,  
 A lover, and a lusty bachelor, 80  
 With lokkēs crulle, as they were leyd in  
 pressē.

Of twenty yeer of age he was, I gessē.  
 Of his stature he was of evenē lengthē,  
 And wonderly delyvere, and greet of  
 strengthē.

And he hadde been somtyme in chi-  
 vachyē, 85  
 In Flaundrēs, in Artoys, and Picardyē,  
 And born him wel, as of so litel  
 spacē,

In hope to stonden in his lady gracē.



## CLASS DISCUSSIONS

*The Prologue.* 1. At Crécy and Poitiers (see page 23) both knights and yeomen fought. In what way does Chaucer's picture of a knight differ from your former idea of one? What qualities does the yeoman show which would make him a formidable soldier?

2. There were books of etiquette in Chaucer's day, as you may guess from the fullness with which the table manners of the Prioress are described. What features of her manners does Chaucer admire? Would the Prioress be considered well-mannered today?

3. Compare some of the characters with their modern counterparts; for example, the clerk with a college student and the parson with a preacher. In each compari-

son what qualities remain the same? What manners or customs have changed?

4. Name three or four characters in the *Prologue* whom Chaucer particularly admires. Quote the phrases that give you this impression in each case. What is his method of showing disapproval of some of the others?

5. From your point of view, as a student of today, select the following: (a) The most admirable pilgrims. (Limit yourself to two or three, and give your reasons for each choice.) (b) The pilgrim you would like best as a friend. (c) The most villainous pilgrim. In all cases, support your views by quoting from the *Prologue*.

6. Pick out four or five examples of Chaucer's humor to read to the class. (See the discussion on page 28.)

(See page 51 for suggested activities.)

## From THE PARDONER'S TALE

GEOFFREY CHAUCER

(Translated into Modern English Verse by Robert C. Pooley)

*The Pardoner's Tale* is very similar to a modern short story in its construction. It is a single incident, concisely told, and moves rapidly from the opening situation to the conclusion. The sinister mood of the story is suggested in the first scene, and the events which follow are in strict keeping with the characters. With such characters engaged in a congenial enterprise the tragic conclusion is inevitable. From the version below are omitted certain moralizing digressions which Chaucer introduces in the manner common with medieval storytellers.

THESE revelers three,<sup>1</sup> of whom I  
start to tell,  
Long ere the stroke of prime<sup>2</sup> from any  
bell,  
Were seated in a tavern, there to drink,  
And as they sat they heard a handbell<sup>3</sup>  
clink  
Before a corpse men carried to its grave.<sup>4</sup>  
Then one of them began to call his  
knave:<sup>4</sup>  
"Go quickly, lad," he said, "ask where  
you may,

Whose body this that passes here this  
way.

And look that you report his name  
aright."

"Sir," said the boy, "that is a matter  
slight; 10

They told it me ere you were here two  
hours.

He was, pardee,<sup>5</sup> a former friend of  
yours,

And suddenly he met his death tonight,  
Dead-drunk, while on his bench he sat  
upright.

There came a secret thief, whom Death  
they call, 15

<sup>1</sup> These revelers three, the characters of this tale. <sup>2</sup> prime, the first period of the day, between 6 A.M. and 9 A.M.

<sup>3</sup> handbell, a small bell carried before a corpse. <sup>4</sup> knave, boy, servant.

<sup>5</sup> pardee, in truth.

That in this country slays the people  
all,

Who with his spear-point smote his  
heart atwain

And went his way, without a word,  
again.

In time of plague<sup>6</sup> he many thousands  
slays,

And, master, ere you come within his  
gaze, 20

It seems to me to be full necessary  
To have a care for such an adversary.

Be ready now to meet him evermore;

Thus did my mother teach; I'll say no  
more."

"By Mary-Mother," said this rascal  
here, 25

"The child speaks truth, for he hath  
slain this year,

Not hence a mile, nigh every villager,  
Both man and woman, child, and la-  
borer;

I swear his habitation must be there.  
To be forewarned of him great wisdom

were, 30

Ere he should bring a man to any  
harm."

This rioter said, "Yea, now, by God's  
own arm,"<sup>7</sup>

Can it be such a peril him to meet?

I'll seek him out by every lane and  
street.<sup>8</sup>

By God's most holy bones I make my  
vow. 35

Now hearken, men, as one are we three  
now;

Let each hold up his hand before the  
other,

That each of us become the other's  
brother,

And slay this evil traitor Death we will;  
He shall be slain, who does so many

kill, 40

By God's own worthiness, ere it be  
night."

<sup>6</sup> *In time of plague*, a reference to the great plague in the reign of Edward III.

<sup>7</sup> *by God's own arm*. "God" is used in the sense of "Christ." Oaths referring to the body of Christ were very common.

<sup>8</sup> *by every lane and street*, that is, by every country lane and city street.

Together did these three their pledge  
recite

To live and die together, each for other,  
As though he were his true-born natural  
brother.

They sprang up, drunken, raging up  
and down, 45

And forth they staggered to that very  
town

Of which the taverne<sup>9</sup> had told before,  
And many a horrid, grisly oath they  
swore

That did the Savior's holy body tear<sup>10</sup>—  
That Death should die, if they might

find him there. 50

When they had gone not fully half a  
mile

And were on point of stepping o'er a  
stile,

They met a poor and ancient country-  
man,

Who humbly greeted them, and thus  
began

To say, "Now, gentlemen, may God you  
see!" 55

The proudest of these drunken rascals  
three

Made answer, "Lo, you churl,<sup>11</sup> with  
sorry grace,

Why are you wrapped so close, except  
your face?

Why live you thus so long, and do not  
die?"

This ancient man then looked him in  
the eye 60

And said, "Because I cannot find a man,  
Yea, though as far as India I ran,

Though I in city or in country range,  
That would his youth for my great age

exchange,  
And therefore must my age be with me

still 65

As long a time as it is Heaven's will.  
For death, alas, won't take my life away,

<sup>9</sup> *taverner*, the "rascal" mentioned in line 25 above.

<sup>10</sup> *did . . . tear*. It was thought that blasphemy caused suffering to the body of Christ.

<sup>11</sup> *churl*, a man of lowest rank. Its use here is meant to be offensive, as is the following phrase, *with sorry grace*, which is an imprecation without definite meaning.

And thus I like a restless caitiff stay.  
And on the ground, which is my mother's gate,<sup>12</sup>

I knock my staff from break of dawn  
till late 70

And cry, 'Dear inother, please to let me  
in;

Lo, how I waste in flesh and blood and  
skin;

Alas, when shall my bones be put to  
rest?

O mother, would you change my treasure-chest<sup>13</sup>

That in my chamber many years has  
been, 75

Yea, for a winding-sheet<sup>14</sup> to wrap me  
in!

But yet to me she will not do that grace,  
For which full pale and withered is my  
face.

But, sirs, in you it is no courtesy 79

To greet an old man with such villainy  
Unless he give offense in word or deed.

In Holy Writ you may yourselves well  
read,

Before an older man, whose head is  
hoar,

You should arise; this counsel heed  
therefore:

Unto an older man no evil do 85

No more than you would wish men do  
to you

In later years, should you so long abide.  
May God be with you, whether you  
walk or ride.<sup>15</sup>

Now let me go my way, where I must  
go."

"Nay, ancient churl, by God, thou  
shalt not so," 90

Replied the second reveler anon;<sup>16</sup>

"You shall not go so lightly, by Saint  
John.

Of that dread traitor, Death, you just  
now spoke,

That in this country slayeth all the folk.  
Now hear my word: his spy and tool are  
you; 95

Tell where he is, or you this day shall  
rue,

By God, and by the holy sacrament!  
For truly you are joined in his intent  
To slay us younger folk, you thieving  
swine!"

"Now, sirs," he said, "if so your hearts  
incline 100

To find this Death, turn up this crooked  
way,

For in that grove I left him, by my fay,<sup>17</sup>  
Beneath a tree, and there he will abide,  
But from no boast of yours he does him  
hide.

You see that oak? Right there you shall  
him find. 105

May God protect you, that redeemed  
mankind,

And you amend!" Thus said this an-  
cient man.

And then the revelers, each one,  
swiftly ran,

Until he reached that tree, and there  
they found

Of florins<sup>18</sup> fine, of minted gold and  
round, 110

Some seven bushels full, or more, they  
thought.

No longer then the traitor Death they  
sought,

But each of them so reveled in that sight,  
Because the florins were so fair and  
bright,

That down they sat beside this precious  
pile. 115

The worst of them first counseled in this  
style:

"My brothers," said he, "hark to what  
I say;

My wit is large, although I jest and  
play.

This treasure now good Fortune does us  
give,

That we in mirth and jollity may live,<sup>120</sup>

<sup>12</sup> my mother's gate, that is, a gate to her grave.

<sup>13</sup> would . . . treasure-chest I wish you would exchange my worldly possessions.

<sup>14</sup> winding-sheet, a sheet in which a corpse is wrapped. <sup>15</sup> whether you walk or ride, a common phrase in Chaucer's time.

<sup>16</sup> anon, immediately.

<sup>17</sup> fay, faith

<sup>18</sup> florin, a gold coin, first made in Florence, Italy, in 1252, but here an English six-shilling gold piece.

And lightly as it comes so will we  
spend.

I say, in Heaven's name, who would  
pretend

To guess this day would bring so fair a  
grace!

Now if this gold were carried from this  
place

Home to my house, or else to one of  
yours, 125

For well you know that all this gold is  
ours,

Then were we all in high felicity.

But truly, not by daylight can this be,  
For men would call out 'thief' with hue  
and cry

And for our own good treasure hang us  
high. 130

By night this treasure must we put away  
As craftily and slyly as we may,

For which I urge a cut among us all  
Be drawn, to see on whom the chance  
will fall.

And he that draws the cut, with blithe-  
ful heart 135

Shall run to town, and let his pace be  
smart,

To bring us bread and wine full se-  
cretly,

And two of us shall guard here watch-  
fully

This treasure-heap; and if he do not  
tarry,

When it is night we will this treasure  
carry, 140

Whereso we all agree and think it best."

His fist held out the cut before the  
rest;

He bade them draw, to see how it would  
fall.

It fell upon the youngest of them all,  
And forth toward the town he went  
anon; 145

And just as soon as he was surely gone,  
Then one of them spoke thus unto the  
other:

"You know right well you've sworn  
an oath as brother;

A thing to make you profit now I'll  
say.

You know it well our fellow went his  
way, 150

And here is gold in greatest quantity  
That was to be divided 'mongst us  
three;

But none the less, if I a thing can do  
So it were shared alone between us  
two,

Have I not done a friendly turn to-  
day?" 155

The other said, "I cannot see the way.  
He knows the gold is guarded by us  
two;

When he returns, what shall we say or  
do?"

The first to speak inquired, "Is it  
agreed?"

I'll tell you then, with fewest words in-  
deed. 160

What we shall do to bring it well about."

"I grant," the other said, "without a  
doubt,

That ne'er will I a traitor prove to you."

"Now," said the first, "you know that  
we are two,

And two of us shall stronger be than  
one. 165

When he returns, now mark you how  
'tis done:

Arise, as though you wished with him  
to play,

And I shall stab him twice without de-  
lay

While you are struggling with him as  
in game,

And with your dagger see you do the  
same; 170

And then shall all this gold divided be,  
My worthy friend, 'twixt only you and  
me.

Then may we all our needs and joys  
fulfill

And play at dice and cards whene'er we  
will."

So thus agreement found these rascals  
two, 175

To slay the third, as now I tell to you.

The youngest, he that went alone to  
town,

In his imagination now set down



SO DID THEY STAB HIM THERE.

The beauty of these florins, new and bright.

"O Lord," he said, "if so it were I might <sup>180</sup>

Have all this treasure to myself alone,  
There does not live a man beneath the throne

Of God who might live half so merrily!"

Now at this point the Fiend,<sup>19</sup> our enemy,

Put in his mind that he should poison buy <sup>185</sup>

Which he might use to make his fellows die.

The devil found his mood so set withal  
That he might bring about his proper fall,

For this was fully his avowed intent—  
To slay them both and never to repent. <sup>190</sup>

So forth he went, no longer did he tarry,  
Into the town, to an apothecary,

<sup>19</sup> the Fiend, Satan.

And prayed him sell some kind of poison-bane

That all his rats and vermin might be slain;

There was a polecat, too, from hedge or hill, <sup>195</sup>

That did, he said, his finest capons kill,

And he would wreak his vengeance, if he might,

On vermin that did ruin him by night.

The drug-dispenser answered, "Here, my friend,

Is such a stuff (may God my soul defend!) <sup>200</sup>

That in this world there is no living thing

Did eat or drink of it, or even bring  
To mouth a portion small as wheat or rye,

But in the shortest space was made to die.

Yea, death it brings, and that in shorter while <sup>205</sup>

Than you will take in walking but a mile,

This poison is so strong and violent."

This cursèd man did then his hand present

To take the poison in a box, and ran  
Into a near-by street; he found a man <sup>214</sup>  
From whom he borrowed empty bottles  
three,

And into two the poison poured out he;  
The third one, for himself, he didn't  
touch,

For all the night he planned to labor  
much <sup>214</sup>

In carrying the gold from out that place.  
And when this rioter with sorry grace  
Had filled with wine his heavy bottles  
there,

To meet the other two he did repair.<sup>20</sup>

What need is there to sermon of it<sup>21</sup>  
more?

For just as they had planned his death  
before <sup>220</sup>

So did they stab him there, without delay.

When that was done one fellow spoke  
this way:

"Now let us sit and drink and make us  
merry

And afterward we will his body bury."

And with that word, by chance or fate's  
design, <sup>225</sup>

He seized a bottle with the poisoned  
wine

And drank of it, and made his comrade  
share,

By which they straightway died, the  
wicked pair.

<sup>20</sup> repair, return.

<sup>21</sup> to sermon of it. This tale is similar to the parables or *exempla* used by wandering friars to teach a moral or religious truth

What does their treatment of the old man reveal about their character? Why do they give up their search for Death?

3. What facts in the story make the ending seem thoroughly just? Could there be any other satisfactory ending?

## II. INDIVIDUAL AND GROUP ACTIVITIES

*The Prologue* and *The Pardoner's Tale*.

1. In American life today business furnishes the largest number of opportunities for a career. From the complete *Prologue* as given in some modern translation (see "Books for Leisure Reading," page 52) would you judge that in Chaucer's day the best opportunities lay in business, the church, medicine, farming, shipping, or some other field of activity? In a special oral or written report to the class give the evidence for your conclusions.

2. Study one character of the *Prologue* carefully, so that you feel thoroughly acquainted with his mannerisms and peculiar points of view. Then as though you were that character, write an invitation to someone to join the pilgrimage to Canterbury. Give details as to the place and time of meeting, and indicate what pleasure may be gained from the pilgrimage.

3. Putting together all you can learn of Chaucer's London and of English life in the fourteenth century, write a short biography of one of the characters in the *Prologue* from his birth to the time he joined the pilgrims at the Tabard Inn.

4. Prepare an oral report to present before the class on one of the following topics, or any similar topic that has some connection with *The Canterbury Tales*. Consult the books in Section II, page 52, for further information.

(a) The differences between monks and friars.

(b) Travel in fourteenth-century England.

(c) The guilds in the Middle Ages.

(d) The rise of the English yeoman.

5. Turn back to *Beowulf* to find out how the reader of that epic gains a notion of each character. Is it (a) through description of his appearance and manners, (b) through his talk or speeches, (c) through his actions, (d) through the au-

## STUDY AIDS

### I. CLASS DISCUSSIONS

*The Pardoner's Tale*. 1. What is there at the beginning of the tale that prepares you for a tragic story?

2. Why do the gamblers seek Death?

thor's explanation? How many of these four methods does Chaucer employ? Illustrate the difference between Chaucer's method and the Anglo-Saxon bard's by citing passages from *Beowulf*, the *Prologue*, and *The Pardoner's Tale*.

6. As a class project, choose a place where a number of modern travelers might meet—a railroad station, a stalled train, a transcontinental bus, or a similar scene. Then discuss in class the types of people who might be present and how each might act under the circumstances. Finally, let each member of the class choose one of the persons and try to describe him with the fullness of detail and keenness of observation which are found in Chaucer.

7. Show, by references to the *Prologue* and *The Pardoner's Tale*, how Chaucer made use of his wide experience in travel,

books, and daily affairs in writing *The Canterbury Tales*.

8. Find passages that reveal Chaucer's attitude toward the society of his day. Compare his attitude with that of Langland and Wyclif. (See pages 30-31.)

9. Chaucer's original was written in iambic pentameter, rimed in couplets, and the translation printed in the text uses the same form. Turn to the Index of Special Terms (page 809) and read what is said there under "Iambic Pentameter" and "Heroic Couplet." Select a few lines from the *Prologue* (in both the modernized version and the original version) and read them aloud, marking strongly the accented syllables. Your knowledge and enjoyment of poetry will increase as you come to recognize and distinguish the principal verse-forms.

### MORE READING

#### I. BOOKS FOR LEISURE READING

Boas and Hahn, *Social Backgrounds of English Literature*. See especially Chapters III and IV.

Boynton, Percy H., *London in English Literature*. Chapter I is on Chaucer's London.

Chute, Marchette, *Geoffrey Chaucer of England*. A lively account of the man and of the England he knew.

Doyle, Sir Arthur Conan, *The White Company*. A romance of the days of Chaucer and the Black Prince.

Hill, Frank E. (translator), *The Canterbury Tales*. A good modern verse translation. See especially *The Knight's Tale*, *The Man of Law's Tale*, *The Clerk's Tale*, and *The Nun's Priest's Tale*.

Pyle, Howard, *Men of Iron*. A picture of the age of chivalry.

Tatlock and Mackaye, *The Modern Reader's Chaucer*. A very readable prose translation.

edition by Skeat is excellent and is widely used.

*The Encyclopaedia Britannica*. See the articles on Chaucer, Chivalry, London, Thomas à Becket, etc.

Bulfinch, Thomas, *The Age of Chivalry*. Gives an accurate picture of the customs and people of the late Middle Ages.

*Selections from Chaucer*, edited by Edwin Greenlaw. Contains the *Prologue* and the best of the tales in Chaucer's language, with helpful notes.

Coulton, G. G., *Medieval Panorama*. It tells about villages, shepherds, sports, and nearly everything else in that age.

Davis, H. W. C., *Medieval Europe*. A brief and interesting account of the Middle Ages all over Europe.


Jusserand, Jean Jules, *English Wayfaring Life in the Fourteenth Century*. Well illustrated and very readable account of travel in Chaucer's time.

Lowes, John Livingston, *Geoffrey Chaucer*. A recent scholarly treatment of the poet.

Quennell, Marjorie and Charles H. B., *History of Everyday Things in England*. Excellent reading for gaining knowledge of the life and customs of the English people.

#### II. BOOKS FOR STUDY AND REFERENCE

*Chaucer*, edited by F. N. Robinson. The best text of the complete works. The



## CHAPTER III: The End of the Middle Ages

**Preview** During the century following the death of Chaucer England was disrupted by lawless brawls among the nobles, notably the conflicts known as the Wars of the Roses. These were ended in 1485, when the throne came into the possession of the most masterly of all England's royal families. Henry VII (1485-1509), of the House of Tudor, restored peace, gradually built up prosperity, and in general prepared for a fruitful future.

The century was singularly unproductive of authors now recognized as important, but it merits very close study as a period of transition from the medieval age to the modern. One important feature of literature in this century was the rapid development of the native English drama, which will be touched upon in Chapter IV in connection with the rise of the theater before Shakespeare. In your reading of the present chapter, the following questions will guide you:

- (1) What kind of literature did the common people enjoy?
- (2) What was the chief literary work composed for the upper classes?
- (3) What two services to literature did the invention of printing provide?

### THE FOLK BALLAD

#### Aristocratic and folk literature

The literature discussed so far in this book was, except for the work of Langland and Wyclif, intended primarily to entertain the upper classes. The bard who sang in Hrothgar's hall enlivened the feast of the king and his warriors. The Arthurian romances whiled away the long winter evenings for Norman lord and lady in feudal castles. Chaucer expected his poems to be read aloud in various court circles. Even Langland, who expressed the dissatisfaction and deep unrest of the common people, used the forms of composition—the vision and the allegory—that had become conventional among courtly poets.

Yet the common people, who were

prevailingly of Anglo-Saxon origin—the villagers in country districts, the tinkers and bakers and brewsters of the towns—felt the need for amusement. Song in the fields or at the tavern and dancing on the village green as part of recurring festivals lightened their round of toil. They developed literature too. Though reading and writing were unknown to them, they evolved a type of story-telling that has come down to our own day. Their way of telling a story was notably different from that of *Beowulf* or *The Canterbury Tales*. It consisted in *singing* the story. How did this peculiar custom arise? We do not know, but we do know that it developed centuries before the invention of printing and was kept alive among people who could neither read nor write.





ACTING OUT A BALLAD

#### Origin of the folk ballad

The origin of this type of story, called the folk ballad, may be traced to the universal custom of singing. Let us suppose that some extraordinary event has occurred in the hamlet—a lass has eloped with her sweetheart. An excited group assembles. One member recounts the incidents. His voice falls into the rhythm of a familiar tune as he makes up a verse about the girl waiting at a window. The tune is repeated while he describes the arrival of a horseman. As the brief tune is repeated again, he may even seize the hand of the nearest person and act out the flight. At a third repetition of the measure others may join hands and dance out the pursuit. Thus the story is told in a succession of stanzas or stanzas. Narrative and music have been joined. The ballad has been born.

The first ballads were probably sung in the eleventh or twelfth century. No matter how crude they were, they satisfied the universal craving for a story. A tale told in successive stanzas to a simple tune was easy to keep in mind and easy to repeat to others. Women chanted ballads as they went about their chores. Children learned them at their grandmother's knee. Minstrels sang them to groups. These professional entertainers were not the bards mentioned earlier as chanting heroic lays in castle or mansion, but vagabonds who roamed from village to hamlet with a repertory of ballads. These humbler singers gathered the country people about them on market or feast days. An especially successful one might be invited into the house of a well-to-do farmer or the local squire. In other words, the singing of ballads became a popular art. Whatever the audience, it knew most of the bal-

lads and could quickly join in the refrain of any new one that the singer might begin. During the age of Chaucer and for a century or two afterwards the country people everywhere entertained themselves with this form of literature.

**The ballad  
manner of  
telling a story**

The ballad is literature even today when we have lost the art of singing in groups and sit passively listening to the radio. It is a vivid, dramatic tale, quite different from the medieval romance, which was a leisurely recital of event after event drawn out to fill the interminable winter evenings in the castle. In fact, the ballad is a kind of short story in verse, dealing with a single situation, and told in an impersonal manner.

The author never in any way appears in these stories. His feelings or opinions never intrude. He never indicates what he thinks of the characters or their deeds. Sung by generation after generation, parts forgotten, additions made by successive singers, ballads seem never to have had an author. This is not true of other works by unknown writers. We do not know who wrote the romance of *Gawain and the Green Knight*, but we do learn from the poem something of the author: his love of nature and his deep religious feeling. It is different with ballads. In them the situation speaks for itself.

**Robin Hood  
ballads**

The dramatic, impersonal narratives just described formed an important part of the literature of the common people from the thirteenth to the sixteenth century. They reflect for us today the manners and ways of thinking of the simple people who composed them and kept them alive for centuries. Their interests were pretty largely confined to family and friends, to fierce fights and sudden death, to ghosts and fairies and other supernatural mysteries.

The most popular of all the ballad

characters was Robin Hood, the outlaw. The allegorical figure of Sloth in *Piers Plowman* boasts that he knows the Robin Hood ballads, and for long after that period fresh exploits were added to Robin's achievements. During the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries in particular Robin Hood was the ideal of the English yeoman. No archer in the English armies of Chaucer's day could shoot his arrow so straight as Robin. Though he was an outlaw in the forest, no one in his band might attack any peasant or commoner. He was courteous to women, generous to his companions, and stalwart in defense of his rights. In spite of the repeated efforts that his enemy, the sheriff of Nottingham, made to capture him, he roamed the good greenwood at his own sweet will.

PROSE ROMANCE

**Sir Thomas  
Malory**

Literature like the Arthurian metrical romances chanted in the castle and the impersonal ballads sung in the cottage belongs to the age called medieval. Another product of medieval England was the *Morte d'Arthur* (The Death of Arthur) by Sir Thomas Malory. The author had had an adventurous life. As a youth he had served in France for a few years after 1415 and had there been initiated into all the practices and ideals of chivalry. His manhood was uneventful until his fiftieth year brought him into the Wars of the Roses. As the central government could not maintain order, powerful lords did what they pleased. At the instance of the Duke of Buckingham Sir Thomas was confined in a castle near his home in 1451, but he escaped by the extraordinary feat of swimming across the moat and fleeing in the night.

He was soon recaptured, and the records indicate that he spent the remaining twenty years of his life almost continuously in Newgate Gaol in London.

Across the road was London's first library, in the Gray Friars monastery, from which Sir Thomas secured various manuscripts. Using about twenty of them, mostly French, he produced his *Morte d'Arthur*, that "pleasant jumble and summary of the legends about Arthur." In March 1471 he was buried in the Gray Friars monastery whose library had enabled him to build a chivalric dream of the world which had been familiar to him in his youth and with which he solaced the twenty years of his old age in prison.

***Morte d'Arthur*** Malory's book, containing five hundred and seven chapters, is neither a long verse tale nor a succession of ballads. It is a prose romance of the life of King Arthur, in which knights are forever riding through the green forest, tirelessly championing the helpless, faithful always in love, accomplishing wonders of prowess in battle and tournament. The castles are picturesque and the cities splendid. But in these pages one never watches the plowman turning his furrow as in Langland, or becomes acquainted with the merchants among whom Chaucer passed much of his life. *Morte d'Arthur* pictures, not actual life, but a magical world of love and adventure. On account of this romantic quality many generations of readers have known and loved it; it has furnished themes to several of our noblest poems; and it is still a living book in our literature.

#### PRINTING AND THE NEW LEARNING

**William Caxton**  
(1422-1491) The world of chivalry reflected in *Morte d'Arthur* was passing away even before the compilation of that romance. Among the new interests of men that transformed the medieval world, one of the most important may be seen in the life of William Caxton, the first English printer. Born in Kent,

he was at sixteen apprenticed to one of the leading cloth merchants in London. There the youth learned the Mercian or Midland dialect, although he never quite lost the peculiarities of his childhood tongue. Business took him to the territory now called Belgium, where he rose to be governor of the Merchant Adventurers, an organization serving as foreign agents for the cloth merchants of London.

Visiting the German city of Cologne in the summer of 1471, he for the first time saw a printing press at work. The invention, though not over fifty years old at the time, had already spread to nearly every country in Europe. It so excited the interest of Caxton that he learned the whole printing trade, from typesetting to the production of the finished book. Indeed, being by this time a man of wealth and leisure, he set up at Bruges in Belgium a printing press of his own. From it he issued in 1474 or 1475 his translation entitled *The Recuyell (Recital) of the Historyes of Troye*, the first book ever printed in English.

This earliest production was welcomed so heartily that Caxton returned to England and set up a press in the precincts of Westminster Abbey, not far from the house where Chaucer had died. Caxton was wealthy enough to follow his own pleasure. One-third of the books he issued were his own translations, and to the others he contributed prefaces. Among the first of these was Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*, issued in 1478. It was a huge tome, for the early printers made the printed page look as much like a manuscript as possible. Even larger and more imposing was Malory's *Morte d'Arthur* (1485), to which Caxton contributed one of his best prefaces. Of all his hundred printed books these two survivals of medieval literature have enjoyed the longest continued popularity.

**The new learning** The invention of printing performed a much greater service than that of preserving medieval literature. It spread the new learning and new ideas of the Renaissance, with the beginnings of which Chaucer had become acquainted on his visits to Italy. For centuries the highly developed civilizations of Greece and Rome had been sealed up in forgotten manuscripts. When the manuscripts were once more brought to light, they were at length reproduced by the printing press and distributed to all the scholars and other students who were eager to recapture the spirit of the past. Once more men could build upon the experience of earlier generations. The tremendous significance of this fact for human progress will be indicated in the next chapter, which takes up the Renaissance in England.

**Summary** The century following the death of Chaucer, covered in this chapter, saw four important developments in the field of literature:

(1) The native drama, the story of which will be sketched in Chapter IV, developed all over England.

(2) The folk ballad flourished as a universal literary pleasure among the common people.

(3) The romances of the aristocracy were retold in flowing prose in the most famous book of the age, Malory's *Morte d'Arthur*.

(4) Caxton introduced printing just in time to preserve many of the medieval English masterpieces, and to bring the new ideas of the Italian Renaissance into England.

This transition period marked the end of an era. Inventions like printing, discoveries like those of Columbus, and ideas about which we shall learn in the next chapter were bringing England to the close of the Middle Ages and an abandonment of the whole way of life that had been followed for centuries.

## SELECTIONS FOR CHAPTER III

### BALLADS

The ballads in the following group are arranged roughly in the order of age; that is, the earliest in origin are placed first. To get the most pleasure out of these old stories, observe the following matters:

1. In the first three ballads the refrain indicates the tune to which the ballad was sung. In the first two it is printed as the second and fourth lines of the first stanza. Note that in the third ballad it is more elaborate. One way to read the ballads is to choose a student to be minstrel, who will read those lines which tell the story. The class, acting as the group of listeners, will chant aloud the lines of the refrain.

2. Note in each ballad how the repetition of phrases marks the progress of the story. Each stanza makes an advance over the situation revealed in the preceding stanza. It is important to keep clearly in mind what character is speaking, for on this identification depend the clearness of the narrative and the force of the repetition.

#### BABY LON

[In this ballad listen particularly for the repetition of phrases. For example, the first sister, speaking in the fifth stanza (lines 11-12), repeats the words of the robber, but only to reject his offer the more emphatically. The same speeches are repeated in lines 17-20 to mark the second stage in the story. Note how further repetitions advance the story to the very last stanza.]

THERE were three ladies lived in  
a bower,  
*Eh vow bonnie—*  
And they went out to pull a flower,  
*On the bonnie banks o' Fordie.*

They hadna pu'ed a flower but ane<sup>1</sup> 5  
When up started to them a banisht man.

He's taen the first sister by her hand,  
And he's turned her round and made  
her stand.

"It's whether will ye be a rank<sup>2</sup> robber's  
wife,  
Or will ye die by my wee pen-knife?" 10

<sup>1</sup> ane, one.

<sup>2</sup> rank, bold.

"It's I'll not be a rank robber's wife,  
But I'll rather die by your wee pen-  
knife."

He's killed this may,<sup>3</sup> and he's laid her  
by,  
For to bear the red rose company. 14

He's taken the second ane by the hand,  
And he's turned her round and made  
her stand.

"It's whether will ye be a rank robber's  
wife,  
Or will ye die by my wee pen-knife?"

"I'll not be a rank robber's wife,  
But I'll rather die by your wee pen-  
knife." 20

He's killed this may, and he's laid her  
by,  
For to bear the red rose company.

He's taken the youngest ane by the  
hand,  
And he's turned her round and made  
her stand.

<sup>3</sup> may, maid.

Says, "Will ye be a rank robber's wife,  
Or will ye die by my wee pen-knife?" <sup>26</sup>

"I'll not be a rank robber's wife,  
Nor will I die by your wee pen-knife.

"For I hae a brother in this wood,  
And gin<sup>4</sup> ye kill me, it's he'll kill thee." <sup>30</sup>

"What's thy brother's name? come tell  
to me."

"My brother's name is Baby Lon."

"O sister, sister, what have I done!  
O have I done this ill to thee!

"O since I've done this evil deed, <sup>35</sup>  
Good sall<sup>5</sup> never be seen o' me."

He's taken out his wee pen-knife,  
And he's twyned<sup>6</sup> himsel o' his ain sweet  
life.

<sup>4</sup> gin, if  
<sup>5</sup> sall, shall.  
<sup>6</sup> twyned, deprived.

## HIND HORN

[This ballad is based on an incident that has been used time and time again since story-telling began: a lover is recognized by means of a token given him by his sweetheart. In this case we can guess that the ring turned pale because the king's daughter had been compelled, during Hind Horn's absence, to receive the attentions of another suitor. Note the steps by which Hind Horn overcomes the difficulties that stand in the way of winning back his sweetheart.]

**I**N Scotland there was a babie born,  
*Lill lal, etc.*  
And his name it was called young Hind  
Horn.  
*With a fal lal, etc.*

He sent a letter to our king <sup>5</sup>  
That he was in love with his daughter  
Jean.

He's gien<sup>1</sup> to her a silver wand,  
With seven living lavrocks<sup>2</sup> sitting there-  
on.

She's gien to him a diamond ring, <sup>9</sup>  
With seven bright diamonds set therein.

"When this ring grows pale and wan,  
You may know by it my love is gane."

One day as he looked his ring upon,  
He saw the diamonds pale and wan.

He left the sea and came to land, <sup>15</sup>  
And the first that he met was an old  
beggar man.

"What news, what news?" said young  
Hind Horn.

"No news, no news," said the old beggar  
man.

"No news," said the beggar; "no news  
at a', <sup>19</sup>  
But there is a wedding in the king's ha'.

"But there is a wedding in the king's ha',  
That has halden<sup>3</sup> these forty days and  
twa."<sup>4</sup>

"Will ye lend me your begging coat?  
And I'll lend you my scarlet cloak.

"Will you lend me your beggar's rung?<sup>5</sup>  
And I'll gie you my steed to ride upon. <sup>26</sup>

"Will you lend me your wig o' hair,  
To cover mine, because it is fair?"

The auld beggar man was bound for the  
mill,  
But young Hind Horn for the king's  
hall. <sup>30</sup>

The auld beggar man was bound for to  
ride,  
But young Hind Horn was bound for  
the bride.

<sup>1</sup> gien, given. <sup>2</sup> lavrocks, larks.  
<sup>3</sup> halden, lasted. <sup>4</sup> twa, two. <sup>5</sup> rung, staff.



"O GOT YE THIS BY SEA OR LAND?"

When he came to the king's gate,  
He sought a drink for Hind Horn's  
sake.

The bride came down with a glass of  
wine, 35  
When he drank out the glass, and dropt  
in the ring.

"O got ye this by sea or land?  
Or got ye it off a dead man's hand?"

"I got not it by sea, I got it by land,  
And I got it, madam, out of your own  
hand." 40

"O I'll cast off my gowns of brown,  
And beg wi' you frae<sup>6</sup> town to town.

"O I'll cast off my gowns of red,  
And I'll beg wi' you to win my bread."

<sup>6</sup> frae, from.

"Ye needna cast off your gowns of  
brown, 45  
For I'll make you lady o' many a town.

"Ye needna cast off your gowns of red,  
It's only a sham, the begging o' my  
bread."

### THE CRUEL BROTHER

[This very popular Scottish ballad contains two features common to the old ballad: the oversight which caused the tragedy, and the testament or will at the end. No brother in a ballad could be slighted with impunity, and any person who died in the course of the story was almost certain to express his dying wishes.]

**T**HERE were three ladies played at  
the ba',  
*With a hey ho! and a lily gay!*  
By came a knight and he wooed them a'  
*As the primrose spreads so sweetly.*

*Sing Annet, and Marret, and fair  
Maisrie, 5  
As the dew hangs i' the wood, gay  
ladie!*

The first ane she was clad in red:  
"O lady fair, will you be my bride?"

The midmost ane was clad in green:  
"O lady fair, will you be my queen?" 10

The youngest o' them was clad in white:  
"O lady fair, be my heart's delight!"

"Sir knight, ere ye my favor win,  
Ye maun<sup>1</sup> get consent frae a' my kin.

"Ye maun go ask my father, the King; 15  
Sae<sup>2</sup> maun ye ask my mither, the Queen.

"Sae maun ye ask my sister Anne,  
And dinna forget my brother John."

He has sought her from her father, the  
King,  
And sae did he her mither, the Queen. 20

He has sought her from her sister Anne;  
But he has forgot her brither John.

Now when the wedding day was come,  
The knight would take his bonny bride  
home.

And many a lord and many a knight 25  
Came to behold that ladi: bright.

And there was nae man that did her see  
But wished himself bridegroom to be.

Her father led her down the stair,  
And her mither dear she kissed her  
there. 30

Her sister Anne led her through the  
close,<sup>3</sup>  
And her brother John set her on her  
horse.

She leaned her o'er the saddle-bow,  
To give him a kiss ere she did go.

He has ta'en a knife, baith lang and  
sharp, 35  
And stabbed that bonny bride to the  
heart.

She hadna ridden half through the town,  
Until her heart's blude stained her gown.

"Ride softly<sup>4</sup> up," said the best young  
man;  
"I think our bride come hooly<sup>5</sup> on." 40

"Ride up, ride up," said the second man;  
"I think our bride looks pale and wan."

Up then comes the gay bridegroom,  
And straight unto the bride he came.

"Does your side-saddle sit awry? 45  
Or does your steed go heavily?"——

"O lead me gently over yon stile,  
For there would I sit and bleed awhile.

"O lead me gently up yon hill,  
For there would I sit and make my  
will." 50

"O what will you leave to your father  
dear?"

"The milk-white steed that brought me  
here."

"What will you leave to your mother  
dear?"

"My wedding shift that I do wear."

"What will you leave to your sister  
Anne?" 55

"My silken snood<sup>6</sup> and my golden fan."

"What will you leave to your brother  
John?"

*With a hay ho! and a lily gay!*  
"The gallows-tree to hang him on."

<sup>1</sup> maun, must. <sup>2</sup> Sae, also. <sup>3</sup> close, courtyard.

<sup>4</sup> softly, softly. <sup>5</sup> hooly, slowly. <sup>6</sup> snood, a  
band of ribbon worn round the hair.



*And the primrose spreads so sweetly.<sup>60</sup>  
Sing Annet, and Marret, and fair  
Maisrie,  
And the dew hangs i' the wood, gay  
ladie!*

### ROBIN HOOD AND THE BUTCHER

[This ballad, composed later than those you have already read, relates one of the merry stories that sprang up about the ever-popular Robin Hood (page 55). It was sung by the minstrel to entertain some group in a castle. Apparently the aristocratic audience did not join in a refrain.]

COME, all you brave gallants, and  
listen a while,  
That are in the bowers<sup>1</sup> within;  
For of Robin Hood, that archer good,  
A song I intend for to sing.

Upon a time it chanced so 5  
Bold Robin in forrest<sup>2</sup> did spy  
A jolly butch<sup>er</sup>, with a bonny fine mare,  
With his flesh to the market did hye.

"Good morrow, good fellow!" said jolly  
Robin,  
"What food hast? tell unto me; 10  
And thy trade to me tell, and where  
thou dost dwell,  
For I like well thy company."

The butcher he answered jolly Robin:  
"No matter where I dwell;  
For a butcher I am, and to Notting-  
ham 15  
I am going, my flesh to sell."

"What price thy flesh?" said jolly Robin,  
"Come, tell it soon unto me;  
And the price of thy mare, be she never  
so dear,  
For a butcher fain would I be." 20

"The price of my flesh," the butcher re-  
plied,  
"I soon will tell unto thee;  
With my bonny mare, and they are not  
dear,  
Four mark<sup>3</sup> thou must give unto me."

"Four mark I will give thee," saith jolly  
Robin, 25  
"Four mark it shall be thy fee;  
Thy mony come count, and let me  
mount,  
For a butcher I fain would be."

Now Robin he is to Nottingham gone,  
His butcher's trade for to begin; 30  
With good intent, to the Sheriff<sup>4</sup> he  
went,  
And there he took up his inn.<sup>5</sup>

When other butchers they opened their  
meat,  
Bold Robin he then begun;  
But how for to sell he knew not well, 35  
For a butcher he was but young.<sup>6</sup>

When other butchers no meat could sell,  
Robin got both gold and fee;  
For he sold more meat for one peny  
Then others could do for three. 40

But when he sold his meat so fast,  
No butcher by him could thrive;  
For he sold more meat for one peny  
Than others could do for five.

Which made the butchers of Notting-  
ham 45  
To study as they did stand,  
Saying, surely he was some prodigal,  
That had sold his father's land.

The butchers they stepped to jolly Robin,  
Acquainted with fun for to be; 50

<sup>1</sup> *Four mark*, about three dollars.

<sup>2</sup> *forrest*, Sherwood Forest, about ten miles north of Nottingham. Here Robin had his headquarters.

<sup>4</sup> *Sheriff*. The Sheriff of Nottingham was Robin Hood's traditional enemy. In almost every Robin Hood ballad Robin outwits his opponent. <sup>5</sup> *took up his inn*, set up his shop.

<sup>6</sup> *young*, inexperienced. <sup>7</sup> *fee*, "tips."

"Come, brother," one said, "we be all of  
one trade,  
Come, will you go dine with me?"

"Accurst of his heart," said jolly Robin,  
"That a butcher doth deny!

I will go with you, my brethren true, 55  
And as fast as I can hie."

But when to the Sheriff's house they  
came,

To dinner they hied apace,  
And Robin Hood he the man must be  
Before them all to say grace. 60

"Pray God bless us all," said jolly Robin,  
"And our meat within this place;

A cup of sack<sup>8</sup> good, to nourish our  
blood,

And so I do end my grace.

"Come fill us more wine," said jolly  
Robin, 65

"Let us merry be while we do stay;  
For wine and good cheer, be it never so  
dear,

I vow I the reck'ning will pay.

"Come, brothers, be merry," said jolly  
Robin,

"Let us drink, and never give o'er; 70  
For the shot<sup>9</sup> I will pay, ere I go my way,  
If it cost me five pounds and more."

"This is a mad blade," the butchers then  
said;

Says the Sheriff, "He's some prodigal,  
That his land has sold, for silver and  
gold, 75

And meaneth to spend it all."

"Hast thou any horn-beasts," the Sheriff  
inquired,

"Good fellow, to sell unto me?"—

"Yea, a plenty I have, good Master  
Sheriff,

I have hundreds two or three. 80

"And a hundred acre of good free land,  
An it please you go for to see;  
And I'll make you as good assurance  
of it

As ever my father made me."

The Sheriff he saddled a good palfrey, 85  
With three hundred pound in gold,  
And away he went with bold Robin  
Hood,

His hornèd beasts to behold.

Away then the Sheriff and Robin did  
ride,

To the forest of merry Sherwood; 90  
Then the Sheriff did say, "God bless us  
this day

From a man they call Robin Hood!"

But when that a little further they came,  
Bold Robin he chancèd to spy

A hundred head of the good red deer, 95  
Come tripping the Sheriff full nigh.

"How like you my horned beasts, Mas-  
ter Sheriff?

They be fat and fair for to see";

"I tell thee, good fellow, I would I were  
gone,

For I like not thy company." 100

Then Robin he set his horn to his mouth,  
And blew but blastès three;

Then quickly anon there came Little  
John,<sup>10</sup>

And all his company.

"What is your will?" then said Little  
John, 105

"Good master, come tell it to me";

"I have brought hither the Sheriff of  
Nottingham,

This day to dine with thee."

"He is welcome to me," then said Little  
John,

"I hope he will honestly pay; 110

<sup>8</sup> sack, strong wine.

<sup>9</sup> shot, reckoning.

<sup>10</sup> Little John, one of Robin Hood's numer-  
ous followers. He was enormously strong  
and tall.

I know he has gold, if it be but well  
told,<sup>11</sup>  
Will serve us to drink a whole day."

Robin Hood took his mantle from his  
back,  
And laid it upon the ground,  
And out of the Sheriff's portmantle<sup>12</sup> 115  
He told three hundred pound.

Then Robin he brought him thorow<sup>13</sup>  
the wood,  
Set him on his dapple gray;  
"O have me commended, good sir, to  
your wifel!—  
So Robin went laughing away. 120

<sup>11</sup> told, counted. <sup>12</sup> portmantle, pocket of his cloak in which he carried money. <sup>13</sup> thorow, through.

## STUDY AIDS

### I. CLASS DISCUSSIONS

*Baby Lon.* 1. What is the situation or conflict at the end of the fifth stanza? In what stanza does the conflict reach a climax?

2. Does the brother stab himself from fear of the law or from remorse for his mistake? Can you reconstruct the circumstances of his earlier life that led up to this fatal meeting? Do you think that such a tragic misunderstanding might actually have occurred under the conditions of medieval life?

*Hind Horn.* 1. In the first ten stanzas (lines 1-22) what circumstance favors Hind Horn's undertaking? What apparently insuperable obstacle stands in his way? Why does he win in the end?

2. What important incidents in the story are omitted from this ballad? What has happened to Hind Horn that enables him to say at the end, "I'll make you lady o' many a town"?

3. Which ballad—"Baby Lon" or "Hind Horn"—concentrates attention on the climax of the whole story? Which is the more romantic in mood?

*The Cruel Brother.* 1. What do you look forward to after the first seven stanzas

(lines 1-18)? What quality of the bride is displayed in lines 33-50? In lines 50-62?

2. How does this ballad reveal the savage revenge that was considered justified even within a family? The sacredness attached to the last wishes of a dying person?

*Robin Hood and the Butcher.* 1. Why does Robin buy out the butcher whom he meets in the forest? What is the Sheriff's motive in leaving Nottingham with Robin? In the end do you sympathize with him or with Robin?

2. How does the meter of this ballad differ from that of the preceding ballads? Is the effect more somber, lively, or tragic?

### II. INDIVIDUAL AND GROUP ACTIVITIES

1. Make a comparison of the ballad with the medieval tale as a means of telling a story. A contrast of "Baby Lon" and *The Pardoner's Tale* (page 46) will bring out the main points. In which do the events move more swiftly? In which is the setting (time and place) more important? Which presents characters more fully and clearly? Which, on the whole, is the more vivid and memorable? Probably this report should be written out, but if the illustrative passages to be read aloud are clearly numbered, an oral report would be interesting.

2. The difference between the two types of story may also be felt in their meter and stanza form. In addition to reading aloud, you may scan some lines of *The Pardoner's Tale* and of "Baby Lon." Does the meter of the tale or of the ballad seem the livelier to you? Read passages aloud to the class to support the opinions you express in this report.

3. Modern poets often use the ballad form to tell stories. Such poems are called "literary ballads" to distinguish them from the original or folk-ballads. You will find it interesting to compare Kipling's "Ballad of East and West" on page 600 with one of the ballads in this chapter. What features of the original ballad type has Kipling retained? What changes has he made? If the illustrative passages are clearly numbered in your notes, the report may be oral.

SIR LAUNCELOT AND  
THE FALCON<sup>1</sup>[From *Morte d'Arthur*]

SIR THOMAS MALORY

[Malory's collection of the tales of chivalry fills five hundred and seven chapters in the *Morte d'Arthur*. While many of these tales are concerned with the picturesque activities of knights engaged in tournaments, riding on quests, and rescuing fair ladies, some of them treat of more homely and less romantic episodes. The greatest of Arthur's knights is found in such a situation in Book VI, Chapter xvi, which is here reprinted.]

AND so Sir Launcelot rode through many strange countries, over marshes and valleys, till by fortune he came to a fair castle, and as he passed beyond the castle him thought<sup>2</sup> he heard two bells ring. And then was he ware of a falcon came<sup>3</sup> flying over his head toward an high elm, and long lines about her feet, and as she flew unto the elm to take her perch, the lines overcast about a bough. And when she would have taken her flight she hung by the legs fast, and Sir Launcelot saw how she hung, and beheld the fair falcon, and he was sorry for her.

The meanwhile came a lady out of the castle, and cried on high, "O Launcelot, Launcelot, as thou art flower of all knights, help me to get my hawk, for and<sup>4</sup> my hawk be lost, my lord will destroy me; for I kept the hawk and she slipped from me, and if my lord my husband wit it,<sup>5</sup> he is so hasty that he will slay me."

"What is your lord's name?" said Sir Launcelot.

"Sir," she said, "his name is Sir Phelot, a knight that belongeth unto the king of Northgalis."

"Well, fair lady, since that ye know

<sup>1</sup> *falcon*, a kind of hawk, used in hunting.  
<sup>2</sup> *him thought*, it seemed to him. <sup>3</sup> *came*, which came.

<sup>4</sup> *and*, if. <sup>5</sup> *wit it*, should learn about it.

my name, and require me of knight-hood to help you, I will do what I may to get your hawk, and yet truly I am an ill climber, and the tree is passing high, and few boughs to help me withal."

And therewith Sir Launcelot alighted, and tied his horse to the same tree, and prayed the lady to unarm him.<sup>6</sup> And so when he was unarmed, he put off all his clothes unto his shirt and breeches, and with might and force he climbed up to the falcon, and tied the lines to a great rotten branch, and threw the hawk down and it withal.

Anon<sup>7</sup> the lady gat<sup>8</sup> the hawk in her hand, and therewithal came Sir Phelot out of the groves suddenly, that was her husband, all armed, and with his naked sword in his hand, and said, "O knight Launcelot, now have I found thee as I would," and stood at the bole<sup>9</sup> of the tree to slay him.

"Ah, lady," said Sir Launcelot, "why have ye betrayed me?"

"She hath done," said Sir Phelot, "but as I commanded her, and therefore there is none other boot<sup>10</sup> but thine hour is come that thou must die."

"That were shame unto thee," said Sir Launcelot, "thou, an armed knight, to slay a naked man by treason."

"Thou gettest none other grace," said Sir Phelot, "and therefore help thyself and<sup>11</sup> thou canst."

"Truly," said Sir Launcelot, "that shall be thy shame, but since thou wilt do none other, take mine harness<sup>12</sup> with thee, and hang my sword upon a bough that I may get it, and then do thy best to slay me and thou canst."

"Nay, nay," said Sir Phelot, "for I know thee better than thou weenest,<sup>13</sup> therefore thou gettest no weapon and I may keep you therefro."<sup>14</sup>

"Alas," said Sir Launcelot, "that ever knight should die weaponless." And

<sup>6</sup> *unarm him*, remove his armor. <sup>7</sup> *Anon*, at once. <sup>8</sup> *gat*, got. <sup>9</sup> *bole*, trunk.

<sup>10</sup> *boot*, remedy. <sup>11</sup> *and*, if. <sup>12</sup> *harness*, armor, <sup>13</sup> *weenest*, knowest. <sup>14</sup> *therefro*, from it



WITH MIGHT AND FORCE HE CLIMBED UP TO THE FALCON.

therewith he awaited above him and under him, and over his head he saw a rounspik,<sup>15</sup> a big bough leafless, and therewith he brake it off by the body; and then he came lower, and awaited how his own horse stood, and suddenly he leapt on the farther side of the horse from the knight.

And then Sir Phelot lashed at him eagerly, weening to have slain him; but Sir Launcelot put away the stroke with the rounspik, and therewith he smote him on the one side of the head, that he fell down in a swoon to the ground. So then Sir Launcelot took his sword out of his hand, and struck his neck from the body.

Then cried the lady, "Alas, why hast thou slain my husband?"

"I am not causer,"<sup>16</sup> said Sir Launcelot, "for with falsehood ye would have

had slain me with treason, and now it is fallen on you both."

And then she swooned as though she would die. And therewithal<sup>17</sup> Sir Launcelot gat all his armor as well as he might, and put it upon him, for dread of more resort,<sup>18</sup> for he dread that the knight's castle was so nigh. And so soon as he might he took his horse and departed, and thanked God that he had escaped that adventure.

<sup>17</sup> therewithal, after that.

<sup>18</sup> more resort, further attack.

#### CLASS DISCUSSIONS

1. How had the falcon escaped from the lady? What ingenuity does Sir Launcelot display in returning the falcon to the lady? In outwitting her husband? Is he justified in slaying Sir Phelot?

2. What qualities does Sir Launcelot exhibit in this episode that help to explain why he was called the "flower of all knights"?

<sup>15</sup> rounspik, a bough of a tree.

<sup>16</sup> causer, originator of the quarrel.

## A PRINTER'S PERPLEXITY

[From the Preface to *Eneydos*]

WILLIAM CAXTON

[The following passage, translated into modern English, shows the problem that confronted Caxton in the days when the English language was undergoing many changes. After reading the selection, you may wish to compare this modern version with the lines of the original printed on page 69.]

AND when I had made myself familiar with this book<sup>1</sup> I deliberated and concluded to translate it into English. Forthwith I took a pen and ink and wrote a leaf or two, which I glanced over again to correct. And when I saw the odd and strange words therein, I feared that it would not please some gentlemen who lately blamed me, saying that in my translations I had unduly rare words which could not be understood by the common people, and desired me to use old and familiar words in my translations. Indeed, I should like to satisfy every man; with such intent I took an old book and read therein; and certainly the English was so crude and uncouth that I could not well understand it. Also the Lord Abbot of Westminster did show to me lately certain documents written in old English, to have me turn them into the English now used. And certainly they were written in such manner as to be more like Dutch than English; I could not translate them, nor bring them to be understood.

<sup>1</sup> this book, *Eneydos* (Virgil's *Aeneid*).

Truly the language now used varies widely from that which was used and spoken when I was born. For we Englishmen are born under the domination of the moon, which is never steadfast, but always wavering—waxing one season, and waning and decreasing another season. And the common English that is spoken in one county varies from that in another. Insomuch that in my days it happened that certain merchants were in a ship in the Thames, intending to sail over the sea into Zeeland, and for lack of wind they tarried at the foreland, and went to shore to refresh themselves. One of them named Sheffield, a cloth-merchant, came into a house and asked for food, and especially he asked for eggs. And the good wife answered that she could speak no French. The merchant was angry, for he also could speak no French; but he wished to have eggs, and she understood him not. Then at last another said that he would have *eyren*. Then the good wife said that she understood him well. Lo, what should a man in these days write, *eggs* or *eyren*? Certainly it is hard to please every man, because of diversity and change of language.

## CLASS DISCUSSIONS

1. Did Caxton in his translations try to use old words or contemporary words? Was the good wife unable to understand Sheffield because he used old words or because he used words from another province?
2. From this account what service, in your opinion, did Caxton render the English language?

## MORE READING

## I. BOOKS FOR LEISURE READING

Clemens, Samuel (Mark Twain), *A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court*. A humorous story built around

the legends of King Arthur and his Round Table.

*Le Morte d'Arthur* (Everyman edition). It doesn't matter with which one of the twenty-one books you begin. Book vi,

from which the selection in this volume is taken, tells of many adventures of Sir Launcelot; of Books xv and xviii also he is the hero.

Lomax, John A. (collector), *Cowboy Songs and Other Frontier Ballads*. This volume will acquaint you with American ballads that have in many cases grown up in the last half century.

Lomax, John A. and Alan (collectors), *American Ballads and Folk Songs*. Ballads and all kinds of folk poetry are included in this varied and complete collection.

Newell, William W., *Games and Songs of American Children*. You may find that one of your favorite childhood games was based on old English customs and ballads.

Porter, Jane, *Scottish Chiefs*. A romance of events about which many ballads were sung.

Stevenson, Robert Louis, *Black Arrow*. The story is laid in the time of the Wars of the Roses (page 53).

## II. BOOKS FOR STUDY AND REFERENCE

Hart, Walter Morris (editor), *English Popular Ballads*. This collection of fifty-four ballads will acquaint you with the most widely-known specimens. There is also an interesting introduction.

Sargent and Kittredge, *English and Scottish Popular Ballads*. This volume contains most of the ballads that have been collected, and more than one version of many of them.

## A REVIEW OF PART ONE

1. One good way to review the long era covered in Part One is to compare leading figures, either actual people or characters in the literature. Such a comparison will make clear the changes and progress in customs and ideals throughout the period. The following list is suggested: Beowulf; King Alfred; the Monk, the Clerk, and the Parson; Baby Lon and Hind Horn; Sir Launcelot; William Caxton. What changes do you find in (a) ideals of conduct; (b) social customs; (c) purpose in life? A partial report may be based on the history chapters and the selections in Part One. To go into the comparisons thoroughly would take you through a wide range of reading.

2. Another kind of review can be drawn up by answering the following questions for each of the important selections of literature: (a) Why was it written? (b) For what kind of audience was it apparently composed? (c) What kind of satisfaction or reward did the author gain from the production? Your review will

be aided by reference to the history as well as to the selections.

3. Describe the changes in language which took place during this period. (A study of page 69 will form a good basis for this discussion.)

4. The following questions will help make clear the English traits of character in successive periods as well as the influences which molded the people:

(a) What traits of English character revealed in the passage from *Beowulf* still persist? Each of these traits should be illustrated by reading a short passage, or quoting it if your report is written.

(b) What are the pagan elements in *Beowulf*? Again illustrate.

(c) What English qualities appear in Chaucer? Cite particular characters in the *Prologue*.

(d) Which characters in the *Prologue* best illustrate the influence of Christianity?

(e) What characteristics of the ballads show them to be popular or folk literature?

## CHANGES IN OUR LANGUAGE

**700-1000 A.D.** The language in which *Beowulf* was written is sometimes called Anglo-Saxon and sometimes Old English. One dialect of Old English is the ancestor of the English we speak, but so many changes have occurred that the original seems as strange as any foreign language. Below are four lines from the modern printed versions of *Beowulf*; on page 8 you will find an extract from the only existing manuscript.

## THE ORIGINAL

þā wæs on sǣlum      sinceð bryt-  
    ta  
 gamolfeax ond gūþrōf;      gēoce ge-  
    lyfde  
 brego Beorht-Dena;      gehyrde on  
    Bēowulfe  
 folces hyrde      fæstrædne ge-  
    þōht.

## A LITERAL TRANSLATION

Then was in great joy      the  
    Distributor of Treasure,  
 The White-Haired and War-Famed;  
    he awaited help,  
 The Chief of Bright-Danes      he  
    heard from Beowulf,  
 The Herd-of-Folk,      a firm-  
    resolved thought.

**1390-1400 A.D.** While Chaucer's language is a great deal more like modern English than that of *Beowulf*, it is still too different from ours to be read with ease. The following extract will show you what London English of Chaucer's day looks like in print; on page 26 there is an illustration from a Chaucer manuscript.

## AS WRITTEN BY CHAUCER

Whan that Aprille with his shoures  
    soote  
 The droghte of Marche hath perced  
    to the roote,  
 And bathed every veyne in swich  
    licour,  
 Of which vertu engendred is the  
    flour;

## A LITERAL TRANSLATION

When that April with his showers  
    sweet  
 The drought of March has pierced  
    to the root,  
 And bathed every vein in such sap,  
 Of which strength engendered is the  
    flower;

**1450-1485 A.D.** William Caxton began to print English books at a time when there was no accepted standard of written English. You may read of his problems in the selection on page 67. The short extract below is also from his preface to the *Encydos*.

## AS WRITTEN BY CAXTON

And thus betwene playn, rude,  
 and curyous, I stand abasshed. But  
 in my judgement the comyn termes  
 that be dayly used ben Lyghter to be  
 understonde than the olde and  
 auneynt Englysshe.

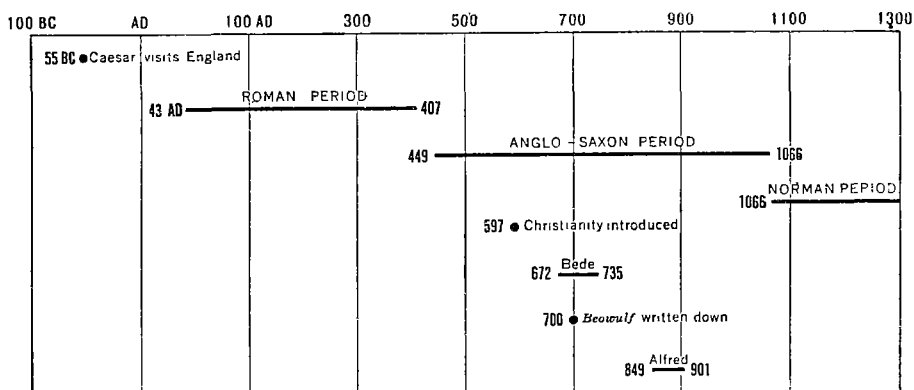
## A LITERAL TRANSLATION

And thus between plain, rude,  
 and curious, I stand abashed. But  
 in my judgment the common words  
 that are daily used are easier to be  
 understood than the old and ancient  
 English.

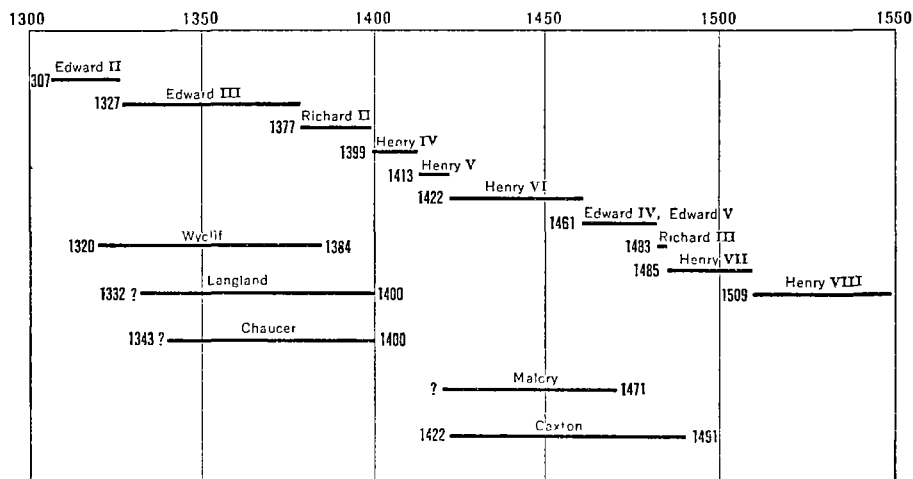


## CHRONOLOGICAL TABLES FOR PART ONE

## I. ROMAN, ANGLO-SAXON, AND NORMAN PERIODS (55 B.C.-1300 A.D.)



## II. CHAUCER AND THE MIDDLE AGES (1300-1500)



## Interesting Dates

- 55 B.C. Caesar visits England.  
 40 A.D. Roman colony founded.  
 410. Last Roman legion withdrawn from England.  
 597. Christianity introduced to England by St. Augustine.  
 700. *Beowulf* written down.  
 1066. Battle of Hastings; England conquered by the Normans.

- 1200-1500. Period when ballads were popular.  
 1380. Parts of the Bible translated into English by Wyclif.  
 1387. *Prologue to Canterbury Tales* written by Chaucer.  
 1470. *Morte d'Arthur* written by Malory.  
 1474. First book in English printed by Caxton.

## PART TWO

# *Beginnings of the Modern World*

1500-1660

### CHAPTER IV: Rise of the English Renaissance

**Preview** This chapter introduces you to the reign of Queen Elizabeth (1558-1603). The granddaughter of Henry VII and the daughter of Henry VIII, she was the last of the Tudors and the glory of her royal line. She inherited a small and relatively feeble kingdom, with bitter religious divisions among her subjects. Through much of her reign England was in constant danger from internal dissension and from the powerful kingdom of Spain. The turning-point was the defeat of the huge naval squadron known as the Spanish Armada in 1588, an event that thrilled Englishmen with patriotic pride. During the remainder of her reign the New Learning, which had been transplanted to England during Henry VII's time and had grown steadily under Henry VIII, reached its full flower and fruit.

Your understanding of this chapter will be helped if you keep the following six questions in mind:

- (1) What was the main difference between the medieval way of looking at life and the new way that was brought in by the Renaissance?
- (2) How did this new spirit affect men of action?
- (3) How did it affect the writing of poetry?
- (4) How is the Renaissance reflected in the work of the first great poet of the age, Edmund Spenser?
- (5) How did the Renaissance change the drama that had grown up in medieval times?
- (6) How do the plays of Christopher Marlowe reflect the Renaissance enthusiasm at the turning-point of Elizabeth's reign?

#### THE WORLD OF IDEAS

##### **The revival of learning**

Even during Caxton's lifetime cultivated Englishmen were beginning to follow a new interest that had come into the world. In the account of Chaucer, mention was made of Petrarch (1304-1374), who burned with a desire to read the manuscripts of the ancient Latin authors. He tried also to

learn Greek, but the treasures of that language were not recovered until the fifteenth century. To those Italians who rediscovered this ancient literature, it revealed a totally new way of looking at time and eternity. Written before the advent of Christianity, the literature of Greece and Rome regarded life beyond the grave as a faint, shadowy existence. Better it were, said Homer,

to be the meanest slave under a hard taskmaster on earth than to mingle with heroes on the flowery fields of the next world. But concerning life in the present world classical authors, particularly the Greek, exhibited the greatest eagerness and curiosity—an interest impossible to the same degree in medieval times, when the thought of man's salvation from sin and the vision of a peace beyond the grave were considered the central facts of earthly existence. In medieval times men asked, "Why be curious about this world, which passes shortly as a dream that is dreamed? Why seek new knowledge when the only true knowledge is the secret of life eternal?"

But after the days of Petrarch the study of Greek and Latin authors had fired all Italy. Traditional ways of thinking and acting were broken through. A thirst for knowledge consumed the best minds. Bold explorers like Columbus discovered new lands. Equally bold thinkers explored fields of thought unvisited since the days of the Greek philosophers. The whole great movement was called the Revival of Learning, or the Renaissance, the Rebirth. Those who studied ancient literature and philosophy were called humanists because these subjects have to do with human interests rather than religious interests.

From Italy the movement spread to France and Germany. Toward the end of the fifteenth century it reached England. When Erasmus, a Dutch scholar and the most famous apostle of the New Learning in his day, visited England in 1497, he found many men of wealth and culture who could converse with him fluently in Latin. They shared his hunger and thirst after knowledge; with less brilliance but equal earnestness they displayed the Renaissance interest in whatever touches life on this earth.



SIR THOMAS MORE

**The *Utopia* of Sir Thomas More**

Among the English gentlemen whom Erasmus met was Sir Thomas More (1478-1535). According to tradition More, as a young man of nineteen, sat opposite Erasmus at the Lord Mayor's table and by his wit and learning astonished this scholar whose fame had filled Europe. They became firm friends. Erasmus later said of More: "What has nature ever created more gentle, more sweet, more happy than the genius of Thomas More?" At thirty-eight More published *Utopia* (1516) in Latin. In the opening pages he tells of meeting at Antwerp in Belgium a philosophical sailor. Their conversation fills the book, which is essentially the account of an ideal commonwealth, on an island named Utopia (meaning Nowhere) discovered by the sailor during his voyagings.

**Its significance** *Utopia* was More's method of criticizing the social system of England as he knew it. For example, he advanced the hitherto unheard-of proposal that education be provided for everybody, men and

women alike—the same system that has grown up in modern America. Even more boldly he advocated tolerance for every form of religion. The nobles, whose quarrels had disrupted England, were not spared, for war and warriors were abolished in Utopia. Kings were likewise attacked; in Utopia, said More, “The people choose the king for their own sakes and not for his.” So many of More’s reforms have been securely built into the modern world and particularly into our own government that we cannot conceive the horror which his proposals struck into the hearts of the conservatives everywhere.

**Its reflection  
of the Renais-  
sance**

More’s criticism of English society was not absolutely original with him. Many ideas were taken from Latin writers, but most of them came from Plato, the Greek philosopher whom humanists most admired. What was original with More was the systematic application of these ideas to the life that he saw about him. For us the book is interesting because it reflects the Renaissance, its learning, its thirst for knowledge, its enthusiasm for new ideas. Naturally *Utopia* was read in Latin by every humanist in Europe. All over the continent More became the most shining example of the New Learning in England. He brought the Renaissance, the modern way of thinking, into English literature. Famous in its own day, his *Utopia* has come down through the centuries as a most suggestive discussion of the ills of human society.

THE WORLD OF ACTION

**Raleigh—the  
Renaissance  
man of action**

Intellectual curiosity and independence of thought were among the first effects of the Renaissance in England. More’s *Utopia* typifies this feature of the movement. But the world of action also showed

the new daring. The career of Sir Walter Raleigh (1552-1618) illustrates in a romantic way the enthusiasm with which men in the days of Queen Elizabeth dreamed of adventure and tried to carry out their dreams.

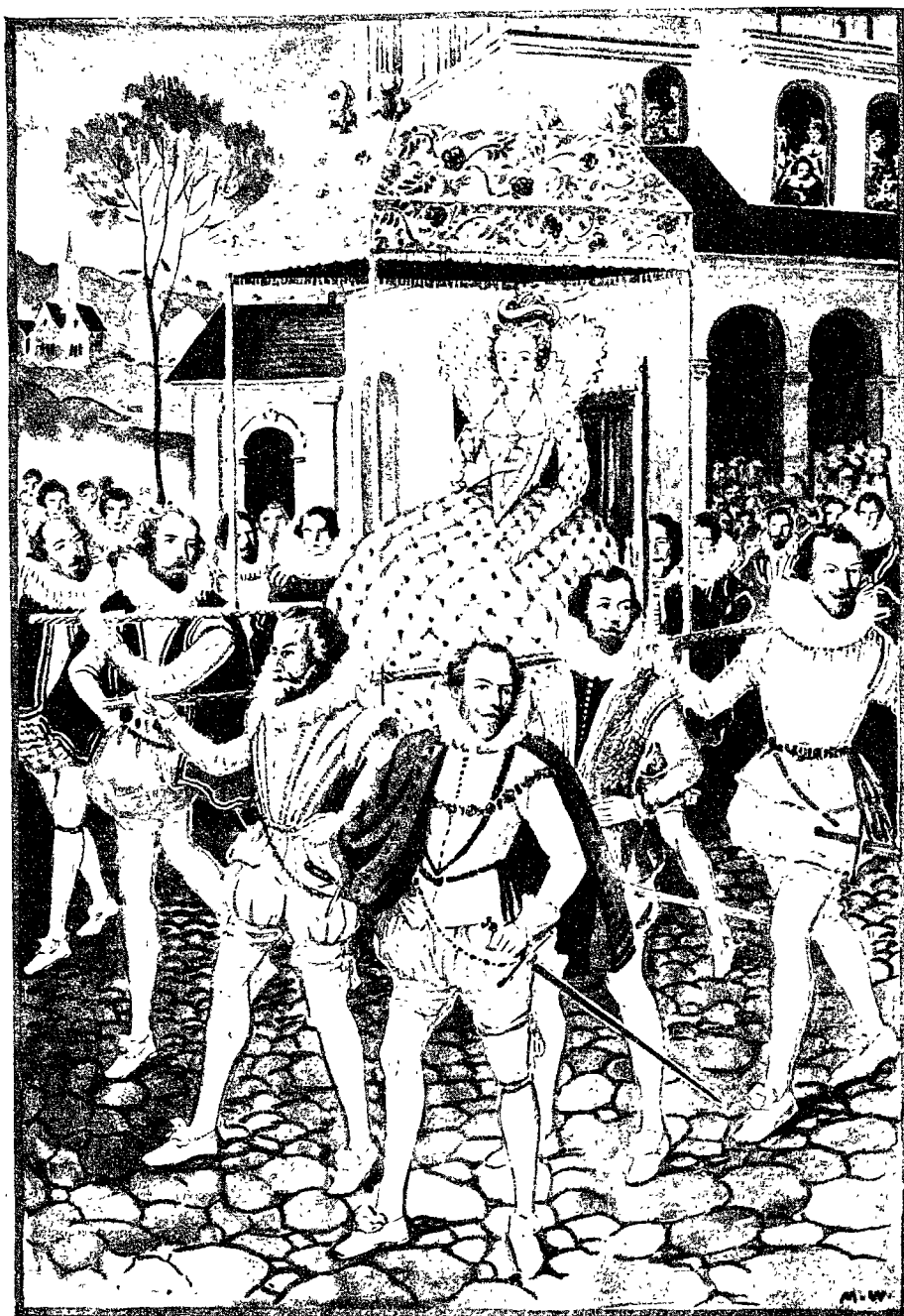
But the dreams and the deeds were no longer those of the Middle Ages. Though Raleigh was knighted, he did not wander off on chivalric quests, but spent much of his time at the court of the Queen and sought to serve the state. One of the aims of the Renaissance was to produce a perfect courtier. The courtier was to be expert in horsemanship and all athletic sports, as the knight had been, but he was also to be schooled in verse and to write poems for circulation in manuscript among his friends.

Raleigh’s distinction is that to these functions of the courtier he added the deeds of the man of action: he founded a colony in America, served as a soldier, and went on voyages of exploration and search for treasure. He enjoyed a romantic rise from obscurity to prominence; he engaged in hazardous patriotic expeditions; he glowed with visions of colonies beyond the sea and treasure ships coming in from distant ports. In all these ways he was typical of the English Renaissance during Elizabeth’s reign.

THE PROGRESS OF POETRY

Both the new world of ideas and the new world of action which had been opened up by the Renaissance provided themes for the poetry of the day. The young gentlemen who tried their hands at verse had been brought up to regard the Italian poet Petrarch as the best model. In particular they sought to express personal emotion in the form of sonnets and other lyric stanzas<sup>1</sup> admired among Renaissance writers.

<sup>1</sup> For a fuller discussion of lyric poetry and the sonnet form, see pages 82 and 88.



QUEEN ELIZABETH AND HER COURTIERS

Time without number Italian poets and the ancient classics were translated and imitated by English courtiers. A man named Tottel collected the best of these efforts in a volume known as *Tottel's Miscellany* (1557). Other collections followed throughout the reign of Elizabeth, with fanciful titles like *A Handful of Pleasant Delights* or *A Paradise of Dainty Devices*.

**Sir Philip Sidney** The finest product of this lyric poetry of the courtiers is to be found in the *Astrophel and Stella* of Sir Philip Sidney (1554-1586). He was the perfect courtier of his time. Of aristocratic family, educated in all the learning of the age, a traveler in Italy like Chaucer, he combined in his own person the ideals of chivalry and the enthusiasm of the Renaissance. Poetry was to him the outpouring of inspiration, the expression of a divine fire. Yet being a courtier of high rank, he did not publish his verse; it circulated in manuscript among the nobles at the court of Elizabeth and raised still higher among them the admiration that his personality aroused.

*Astrophel and Stella* is a cycle or series of sonnets telling of Sidney's love for Lady Rich, whom fate did not permit him to marry. She is Stella, his star; he is Astrophel, whose love aspires to reach his star-like ideal. Many of the sonnets are imitated from Petrarch and other Renaissance poets, yet the voice with which Sidney sings has the accent of sincerity. The knightly sense of honor struggles with his love for Stella; in many a sonnet the conflict finds a phrasing that brings before us the genuine suffering of his heart.

**Elizabethan lyrics** Sidney, known as "the miracle of the age," was followed by many other sonneteers and song writers. It became a fad to produce a cycle of sonnets, the most original cycle of all

being produced by Shakespeare. Songs were in many cases set to music, for singing was as much an accomplishment of the day as writing verse. As a result, Elizabethan lyric verse shows an amazing verbal melody. Here, too, Shakespeare stood supreme. But the "fine frenzy" that he praises in a poet, the inspiration taking form in the right words to convey to the reader the poet's inmost feeling, came sometimes even to undistinguished men. England became "a nest of singing birds."

EDMUND SPENSER (1552-1599)

**Spenser's early life** The first great poet of the century, Edmund Spenser, was born in London about the year 1552. His education initiated him into the spirit of the age. At the Merchant Tailor's School he was trained in Latin and Greek by one of the most enlightened teachers of the English Renaissance. From there he went to Cambridge University, where he remained for seven years, studying the philosophy of Plato and translating the sonnets of Petrarch.

On quitting Cambridge at the age of twenty-four Spenser's ambition was to become a courtier, but as he enjoyed no advantages of birth or wealth, the only path to his goal lay through the favor of some noble. He did, indeed, secure an introduction to Sir Philip Sidney, but his hopes of preferment were dashed. In 1580 he had to accept the office of secretary to Lord Grey, the governor of Ireland. After a few years he was rewarded with the grant of Kilcolman Castle, an Irish estate of three thousand acres.

Such prosperity did not satisfy Spenser. He regarded himself as an exile. He wished to move among courtiers about the throne of Elizabeth, to join in discussions with the scholars of the time, to go on missions to Italy. His whole life was darkened by being shut

out from these activities. We may regard his poetry as the dream of a disappointed man, as the imaginary world where he associated with the beautiful and the chivalrous whom in actual life he could only envy and admire from a distance.



EDMUND SPENSER

**Publication of  
*The Faerie  
Queene*;  
Spenser's death**      Soon after leaving Cambridge Spenser began work on an ambitious narrative poem, *The Faerie Queene*.

The leisure which he enjoyed at Kilcolman Castle enabled him to put the finishing touches to the first three divisions or books. These were ready for the press when Sir Walter Raleigh visited him there in 1589, and the poet readily assented to the brilliant adventurer's proposal that they go to London to publish them. Early in the next year the first three books of *The Faerie Queene* appeared in print, preceded by a dedication to the queen and seventeen sonnets addressed to the most influential members of the court. Spenser left no stone unturned to clear a path to

royal favor after his nine-year "exile" from England.

In 1589 London was aflame with patriotic enthusiasm. The defeat of the Spanish Armada had caused Englishmen to exult in their Queen and in every sort of national activity. Spenser's poem fed that ardor; he explained: "In that Faerie Queene I meane glory in my general intention, but in my particular I conceive the most excellent and glorious person of our souveraine the Queene and her kingdom in Faery land." Everybody read and praised the poem, but the author had to content himself with a pension of fifty pounds.

Giving up all hope of court preferment, he returned to the lonely forests of Ireland. In 1596 the next three books of *The Faerie Queene* were published in London. Two years later Kilcolman Castle was attacked by the Irish and burned, Spenser barely escaping with his life. It is thought that the manuscript for the remainder of his great poem was lost by a servant. A few months later, the poet himself died in London and was buried in Westminster Abbey near Chaucer.

**Plan of *The Faerie Queene***      In his letter of dedication to Raleigh, Spenser explained that there were to be twelve books, each of them devoted to the adventures of a knight representing a cardinal virtue. For example, Guyon stands for temperance in thought and action. Over all twelve knights is the invincible knight-errant, Arthur. He is not the mature king surrounded by the knights of his Table Round familiar to us in Malory; Spenser depicts him as still a prince before his accession to the throne. He is courting Gloriana, the Queen of Fairyland. She holds a feast on twelve successive days, on each of which a knight is sent forth to perform a task which can be achieved only through the power of the virtue attached to his name.



SPENSER READING "THE FAERIE QUEENE" TO RALEIGH

**Poetical quality of *The Faerie Queene***

The story unrolls as in some fanciful moving picture. We are transported to an enchanted land. Glamorous figures enter, travel through sunny landscapes, fight fierce battles with evil knights or monsters, enter upon flowery meads where bewitching music soothes their toil-worn spirits. Then they disappear, sometimes for good, though the story leads us to look for them in further adventures.

No poet has surpassed Spenser in power to suggest to the imagination picture after harmonious picture. The continual music of his verse lulls us from all thought of the harsh world of fact. We surrender ourselves without ques-

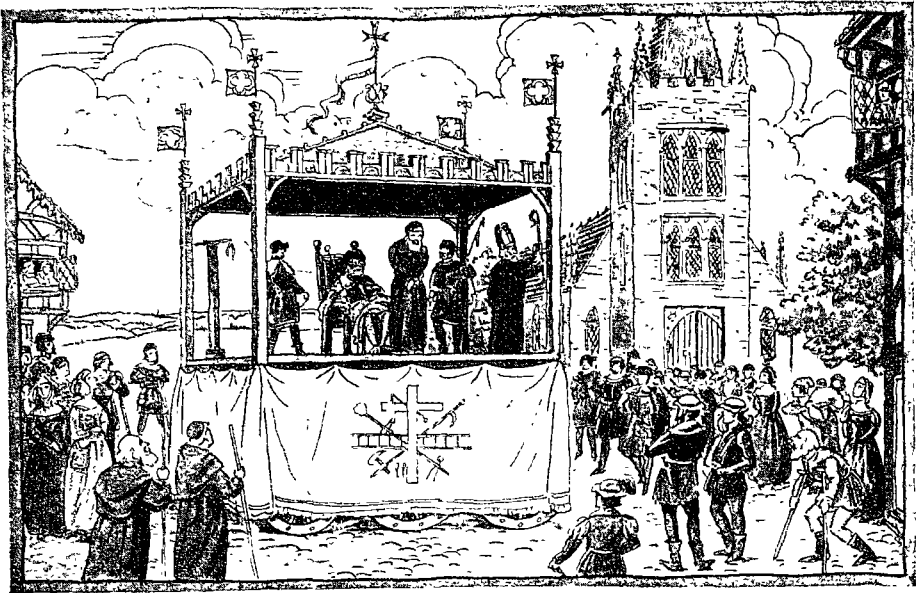
tion to the atmosphere of romance. To create this atmosphere Spenser used old words and spelling, and invented a stanza that lent itself to pictorial and musical effects unknown before. His verse was perfectly suited to the land of faery that it describes.

**THE RISE OF ELIZABETHAN DRAMA**

**The nature of drama**

The effect of the Renaissance on English literature is well illustrated in the rapid rise of drama during the reign of Elizabeth. To understand the changes that took place we must learn something about the nature of drama and its earlier history in England.





A CORPUS CHRISTI PLAY

Medieval plays were presented on pageant wagons in the streets and open squares. When the short play had been acted out at one point, the wagon was drawn to another part of the town, where the play was repeated.

Drama is a form of story-telling—the most interesting form that mankind has yet devised. It consists not in narrating events but in acting them out before an audience. Obviously, then, as a means of giving reality to events the dramatic method is superior to that employed in the leisurely medieval tale or even in the vivid folk ballad. It is an important point to remember, for the rest of this chapter and all of the next deal with the most brilliant period in the history of English drama.

**Beginnings of English drama** English drama began in the early Middle Ages when priests acted out certain parts of the church service. It reached its greatest medieval development when the working people impersonated biblical characters annually to the applause of holiday throngs. From before the birth of Chaucer until the youth of Shakespeare every important English town produced religious plays at the Corpus Christi Festival, which

usually fell in June. But the centuries during which these productions flourished can show very little enduring drama. This long continued activity was nevertheless very important in the history of English literature. All over the land it accustomed the common people to the dramatic method of telling a story.

The Corpus Christi celebrations developed also the art of acting. Having won applause before local audiences, workmen-actors endowed with voice and personality were tempted to extend their triumphs elsewhere. They formed small companies and wandered from town to town. That is, they became professional actors. The best of them were taken into the households of great lords to furnish entertainment at feasts and on state occasions. In the course of time it was inevitable that professional players should try their fortunes in London, where not much attention had been given to Corpus

Christi plays. London had grown since the days of Chaucer to be a city of 100,000. The court was there, and all the noble families maintained mansions where entertainments by professional actors became common.

**Classical models for plays**

At the end of the fifteenth century a new influence began to affect the writing of plays. The Renaissance had come to England. Latin schools were established all over the country. In them Latin plays were memorized and acted by the students, who thus became familiar with artistic specimens of dramatic story-telling. The plays of the Latin authors were examples of artistic story-telling because they had a true beginning, middle, and end. The parts of the action all held together and fitted nicely into each other; from the end one could look back over the story and note how each set of incidents led up to the conclusion. From the Latin plays English students learned to appreciate a sense of unity, the power to center the interest in one course of events. They learned also how to present character, to contrast one kind of person with his direct opposite and thus make both stand out clearly and distinctly.

**Early Elizabethan plays**

The schoolmasters often wrote plays for their students to act, in which they followed the classical models. The first full-length English comedy for performance in London was *Roister Doister*, written in 1553 or 1554 by a schoolmaster, Nicholas Udall, under the obvious influence of Latin writers of comedy. The first English tragedy, *Gorboduc*, acted before Queen Elizabeth in 1562, was likewise a very close following of a Latin playwright. It was produced for the entertainment of her majesty by associations of lawyers and gentlemen called the Inns of Court. The popular audiences preferred the profes-

sional actors who presented plays in the courtyards of inns and later in theaters. The dramatists who were to succeed would have to combine the feeling for form in classical plays with the vigor of popular taste.

**CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE (1564-1593)**

**The "University Wits"**

The combination of the deftness of classical drama with the free vigor demanded by English taste was achieved by a group of young men who came to be known as the "University Wits." A wit then was not so much a person who makes bright and amusing remarks as a person of learning or knowledge. These men had almost without exception completed the course at either Oxford or Cambridge and had therefore been trained in Renaissance studies. Going to London to earn a living, they naturally wrote for the theater, whether they had genuine dramatic ability or not.

**Marlowe's rise to fame**

One of the University Wits, Christopher Marlowe, blazes like a meteor across the sky of Elizabethan drama. While still a student in Cambridge University he was commended by the Queen's Privy Council for government services "in matters touching the benefit of his country." Perhaps it was on this account that he settled in London and moved among men of high standing. He was, for example, a familiar friend of Sir Walter Raleigh.

Marlowe was himself a child of the Renaissance, feeling with passionate intensity the urge of personal ambition. This characteristic Renaissance way of regarding the world he expressed in *Tamburlaine*, a play produced in the winter of 1587-88. *Tamburlaine* tells how a Scythian shepherd, who had conquered a kingdom in the land east of the Caspian Sea, overran in succession different monarchies until he sat en-

throned as emperor of Asia and Africa. Its keynote is in the lines repeated by the hero—

Is it not passing brave to be a King  
And ride in triumph through Persepolis?

It is the Renaissance ideal of surmounting all difficulties to realize one's individual ambition. Tamburlaine rises from his lowly birth, and by the power of his personality becomes conqueror of the world. Elizabethan spectators found a keen pleasure in watching a brave but ruthless hero struggle against titanic forces on his way to the success toward which every youth aspires. The story of Tamburlaine seemed to them an idealization of the lives of adventurers like Raleigh. The play was produced before a popular audience at one of the inns. The title part was impersonated by Edward Alleyn, who soon came to be recognized as the foremost actor of his time.

#### Characteristics of Marlowe's plays

In rapid succession Marlowe composed two additional plays for Alleyn: *Doctor Faustus*, the most powerful scene in which is to be found at the end of this chapter, and *The Jew of Malta*, whose central character, Barabas, gloats over his "infinite riches." In the three rôles of Tamburlaine, Faustus, and Barabas Alleyn rose to fame. A contemporary speaks of his "stalking steps" as he paced up and down the platform stage, and of his "thundering threats" as he turned this way and that to the audience all about him. He was compared with Roscius, the most famous of ancient Roman actors.

The long speeches in flowing blank verse, delivered with such power by the actor, introduced a quite unmedieval conception of romance. The hero no longer fights monsters or relieves heroines shut up in castles. He is



FROM THE TITLE-PAGE OF  
"DR. FAUSTUS"

the world-conqueror Tamburlaine riding in triumph through Persepolis, or the scholar Faustus bold enough to trade with Satan, or the merchant Barabas whose fleets sail the seven seas. These heroes represent the Renaissance interest in strong personalities that combat the hidden forces surrounding us, win through to success, and fall in the end with unconquered spirit before destiny or fate. They are symbols of the fervor of that period of universal enthusiasm when aspirations were infinite and any achievement seemed possible.

#### Marlowe's tragic end

In 1592, on account of the plague, the theaters were closed and remained closed for the rest of Marlowe's brief life. He stayed in the country to avoid the contagion. On May 30, 1593, he spent the day at Deptford, about three miles out of London, with some acquaintances at a tavern. In a quarrel over who should pay the bill he was stabbed through the head. This violent end of a career then at the height of its fame made a deep impression on the Elizabethans. To us it blazons his meteoric achievements even more brightly in our memory, for sudden, tragic death was the one touch needed to make him a typical figure of the English Renaissance.

**Summary** This chapter has traced some of the influences of the Renaissance in England on the literature of two groups, the courtly circles and the common people. Among educated people that great movement brought from Italian and ancient authors a new notion of the importance of man's life on earth. Its intellectual curiosity is illustrated in the *Utopia* of Sir Thomas More. The boundless hopes of its men of action are typified by the career of Sir Walter Raleigh. Its inspiring influence on poets is to be seen in Elizabethan lyrics and particularly in *The Faerie Queene* of Edmund Spenser with its dreamy landscapes and haunting music.

For the common people the Renaissance improved fundamentally the kind of drama to which they had been accustomed. Medieval plays for centuries gave opportunities for impersonation, but they did not tell stories in which the events were effectively knit together. The secret of making the incidents in the narrative contribute to the outcome of the play was learned by Renaissance students from Latin comedies and tragedies. The first man who succeeded in producing powerful dramas for popular English audiences was Christopher Marlowe. He poured into his plays the surging Renaissance spirit of ambition and at the same time provided highly effective rôles for a brilliant actor.

## SELECTIONS FOR CHAPTER IV

### LYRIC POETRY

The poems you have read thus far in this book have been narrative, or "story-telling," poems. In them your interest has no doubt been centered on the characters and on the events of the stories. The songs and sonnets on pages 83-91 belong to a different type of poetry, called "lyric." Before reading them you should get from the next two paragraphs a clear understanding of what lyric poetry is.

Let us suppose that a poet has experienced some deep emotion, such as joy or pain. Perhaps he has come upon a flower glistening with dew, or caught a glimpse of his sweetheart smiling upon a rival; or he may have conceived in a flash some thought which startles him by its profundity, such as that truth and beauty are the same or that death cuts off all our hopes. The keen delight or sorrow that fills him for an instant seems so valuable that he does not wish to lose it. To preserve this unexpected vision of beauty or sadness he writes a poem. If it turns out to be a real poem—if it actually does recall that flash of inspiration in its fullness of meaning—he may publish it in order that others may share his experience.

To share the poet's feelings is not simply a matter of reading what he has written. The words should call up vividly in the reader's mind the same ideas and pictures that were in the poet's mind. That is, the reader ought to live through the same experience that thrilled the poet. This never quite happens, since the true poet is more keenly sensitive to the beauty and sorrow of the world than his readers are. On the other hand, to convey his experiences to others, the poet has a marvelous command over language. Not only does he choose just the right words to picture what he has seen or felt; he also selects words for the music of their sounds. And he arranges all the words in a pattern, with a marked rhythm that indicates his own mood of sadness, gayety, or joy.

To get the most out of a lyric, first of all, read it aloud; as you do so, you will hear the rhythm of the lines and the music of the words. Then pay close attention to the thought. The headnotes and the footnotes will help you grasp the meaning of the lyrics that follow.

Two groups of Elizabethan lyrics have been chosen for your enjoyment—first, some typical songs of the period, and, next, a few outstanding sonnets (page 88).

### ELIZABETHAN SONGS

Of the songs that follow, those by Dekker and Shakespeare were originally sung in plays. The dramatist does not ordinarily reveal himself to the reader directly; his experiences and thoughts are put into the mouths of the characters. But in Elizabethan plays the dramatists often introduced little songs which are genuinely lyric.

Some of the other songs in this group appeared in song books, which were very popular at that time, when singing was a common accomplishment.

THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD  
TO HIS LOVE

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE

[In addition to his dramas Marlowe wrote a number of lyrics. In this one he made use of a convention widespread during the Renaissance. It consisted in converting men and women, even lords and ladies, into shepherds and shepherdesses who did no work but spent their time in singing songs and enjoying the beauties of nature.]

COME live with me and be my  
love,  
And we will all the pleasures prove  
That hills and valleys, dale and fields,  
Woods or steepy mountain yields.

And we will sit upon the rocks, 5  
Seeing the shepherds feed their flocks,  
By shallow rivers, to whose falls  
Melodious birds sing madrigals.<sup>1</sup>

And I will make thee beds of roses,  
And a thousand fragrant posies, 10  
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle<sup>2</sup>  
Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle;

A gown made of the finest wool,  
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;  
Fair-lined slippers for the cold, 15  
With buckles of the purest gold;

A belt of straw and ivy buds  
With coral clasps and amber studs—  
And if these pleasures may thee move,  
Come live with me and be my love. 20

The shepherd swains shall dance and  
sing  
For thy delight each May morning—  
If these delights thy mind may move,  
Then live with me and be my love.

<sup>1</sup> madrigals, love songs.<sup>2</sup> kirtle, gown.

## LULLABY

THOMAS DEKKER

[Thomas Dekker (1572?-1632) was one of the most prolific dramatists of the period, the author of several realistic accounts of London life, and a lyric poet of genius. This "Lullaby" was sung in one of the forty-four plays which he helped to write. It is a cradle song that almost hums itself into our memory. The "wantons" are, of course, infants in their cradles.]

GOLDEN slumbers kiss your eyes,  
Smiles awake you when you rise;  
Sleep, pretty wantons, do not cry,  
And I will sing a lullaby:  
Rock them, rock them, lullaby. 5

Care is heavy, therefore sleep you;  
You are care, and care must keep you;  
Sleep, pretty wantons, do not cry,  
And I will sing a lullaby:  
Rock them, rock them, lullaby. 10

WHEN ICICLES HANG BY  
THE WALL[From *Love's Labor's Lost*]

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

[It would be difficult to find a more vivid picture of winter than Shakespeare presents in this brief song. Note in each stanza the strong contrast between the various items that typify winter and the picture of warmth in the last line of the stanza.]

WHEN icicles hang by the wall,  
And Dick the shepherd blows  
his nail,  
And Tom bears logs into the hall,  
And milk comes frozen home in pail,  
When blood is nipped, and ways be  
foul,<sup>1</sup> 5  
Then nightly sings the staring owl,  
Tu-whit!  
To-who! A merry note!  
While greasy Joan doth keel<sup>2</sup> the pot.

<sup>1</sup> ways be foul, roads are rough with frozen mud. <sup>2</sup> keel, cool by pouring back and forth with a ladle.



JOAN DOETH KEEL THE POT.

When all about the wind doth blow, 10  
 And coughing drowns the parson's  
     saw,<sup>1</sup>  
 And birds sit brooding<sup>2</sup> in the snow,  
 And Marian's nose looks red and raw,  
 When roasted crabs<sup>3</sup> hiss in the bowl—  
 Then nightly sings the staring owl, 15  
     Tu-whit!  
 Tu-who! A merry note!  
 While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

## WHO IS SILVIA?

[From *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*]

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

[In this song and the next two Shakespeare deals with love, a subject especially prominent in Elizabethan verse.]

WHO is Silvia? What is she  
 That all our swains commend  
     her?  
 Holy, fair, and wise is she;

<sup>1</sup> saw, wise remark. <sup>2</sup> brooding, with wings outspread and feathers ruffled in an effort to keep warm. <sup>3</sup> crabs, crab apples.

The heaven such grace did lend her  
 That she might admirèd be. 3

Is she kind as she is fair?  
 For beauty lives with kindness.  
 Love doth to her eyes repair,  
 To help him of his blindness,  
 And, being helped, inhabits there. 10

Then to Silvia let us sing  
 That Silvia is excelling;  
 She excels each mortal thing  
 Upon the dull earth dwelling.  
 To her let us garlands bring. 15

## SIGH NO MORE, LADIES

[From *Much Ado About Nothing*]

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

SIGH no more, ladies, sigh no more,  
 Men were deceivers ever;  
 One foot in sea, and one on shore,  
 To one thing constant never.  
 Then sigh not so,  
 But let them go,

And be you blithe and bonny,  
Converting all your sounds of woe  
Into Hey nonny, nonny.

Sing no more ditties, sing no moe<sup>1</sup> 10  
Of dumps<sup>2</sup> so dull and heavy;  
The fraud of men was ever so,  
Since summer first was leavy.  
Then sigh not so,  
But let them go, 15  
And be you blithe and bonny,  
Converting all your sounds of woe  
Into Hey nonny, nonny.

## O MISTRESS MINE

[From *Twelfth Night*]

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

O MISTRESS mine, where are you  
roaming?  
O stay and hear! your true-love's coming  
That can sing both high and low;  
Trip no further, pretty sweeting,  
Journeys end in lovers meeting— 5  
Every wise man's son doth know.

## FEAR NO MORE

[From *Cymbeline*]

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

[In the play this lament for the dead is  
sung by two young men. Note the sharp  
contrast between the refrain and the first  
four lines of each stanza.]

FEAR no more the heat o' th' sun,  
Nor the furious winter's rages;  
Thou thy worldly task hast done,  
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages.  
Golden lads and girls all must, 5  
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Fear no more the frown o' th' great;  
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke.  
Care no more to clothe and eat;  
To thee the reed is as the oak. 10  
The scepter, learning, physic must  
All follow this, and come to dust.

<sup>1</sup> moe. more. <sup>2</sup> dumps, melancholy tunes.

Fear no more the lightning-flash,  
Nor th' all-dreaded thunder-stone;<sup>1</sup>  
Fear not slander, censure rash; 15  
Thou hast finished joy and moan.  
All lovers young, all lovers must  
Consign to thee,<sup>2</sup> and come to dust.

## TO THE VIRGINIAN VOYAGE

MICHAEL DRAYTON

[Patriotism was one of the strongest  
emotions in England after the defeat of  
the Spanish Armada, and Michael Dray-  
ton (1563-1631) was one of the most pa-  
triotic poets of the age. Raleigh's attempt  
to colonize Virginia therefore appealed  
strongly to Drayton. Note his reference in  
the last stanza to the book that Richard  
Hakluyt wrote in praise of Elizabethan  
explorers.]

YOU brave, heroic minds,  
Worthy your country's name,  
That honor still pursue;  
Go and subdue!  
Whilst loitering hinds 5  
Lurk here at home with shame.

Britons, you stay too long;  
Quickly aboard bestow you!  
And with a merry gale  
Swell your stretched sail, 10  
With vows as strong  
As the winds that blow you!

Your course securely steer,  
West-and-by-south forth keep!  
Rocks, lee-shores, nor shoals, 15  
When Eolus<sup>3</sup> scowls,  
You need not fear,  
So absolute the deep.

And, cheerfully at sea,  
Success you still entice, 20  
To get the pearl and gold;  
And ours to hold

<sup>1</sup> thunder-stone, thunderbolt (which was then thought of as a real stone).<sup>2</sup> Consign to thee, sign their names with yours in the register of death.<sup>3</sup> Eolus, god of the winds.



Virginia,  
Earth's only paradise,

Where nature hath in store  
Fowl, venison, and fish;  
And the fruitful'st soil—  
Without your toil  
Three harvests more,  
All greater than your wish.

And the ambitious vine  
Crowns with his purple mass  
The cedar reaching high  
To kiss the sky,  
The cypress, pine,  
And useful sassafras.

To whom the Golden Age<sup>1</sup>  
Still Nature's laws doth give;  
Nor other cares attend,  
But them to defend  
From winter's rage,  
That long there doth not live.

When as the luscious smell  
Of that delicious land,  
Above the seas that flows,  
The clear wind throws,  
Your hearts to swell,  
Approaching the dear strand,

In kenning of<sup>2</sup> the shore.  
(Thanks to God first given!)  
O you, the happiest men,  
Be frolic then!  
Let cannons roar,  
Frightening the wide heaven!

And in regions far,  
Such heroes bring ye forth  
As those from whom we came!  
And plant our name  
Under that star  
Not known unto our North!

And where in plenty grows  
The laurel everywhere,

<sup>1</sup> *Golden Age*, a period in which, according to Greek mythology, prosperity and happiness reigned.

<sup>2</sup> *In kenning of*, on catching sight of.

Apollo's<sup>1</sup> sacred tree,  
Your days may see  
A poet's brows  
To crown, that may sing there. 65

Thy *Voyages* attend,  
Industrious Hakluyt!  
Whose reading shall inflame  
Men to seek fame; 70  
And much commend  
To after times thy wit.

### CHERRY-RIPE

THOMAS CAMPION

[Though Thomas Campion (1567-1620) was a successful physician, he became famous because of his song books, for which he composed both words and music. In "Cherry-Ripe," which is taken from one of them, the author is thinking of the musical cries of the hucksters of flowers and fruits as they passed along the narrow streets.]

THERE is a garden in her face  
Where roses and white lilies grow;  
A heavenly paradise is that place,  
Wherein all pleasant fruits do flow.  
There cherries grow that none may buy,  
Till "Cherry-ripe" themselves do cry. 6

Those cherries fairly do enclose  
Of orient<sup>2</sup> pearl a double row,  
Which when her lovely laughter shows,  
They look like rosebuds filled with  
snow. 10  
Yet them no peer nor prince may buy,  
Till "Cherry-ripe" themselves do cry.

Her eyes like angels watch them still;  
Her brows like bended bows do stand,  
Threat'ning with piercing frowns to kill  
All that attempt with eye or hand 16  
Those sacred cherries to come nigh,  
Till "Cherry-ripe" themselves do cry!

<sup>1</sup> *Apollo*, the patron of poets. The laurel tree was sacred to him; from it wreaths were made as crowns for successful poets.

<sup>2</sup> *orient*, oriental, the finest pearls then came from the east.

## LOVE'S IMMORTALITY

WILLIAM BYRD

[Unlike Campion, who was equally tuneful as poet and composer, William Byrd (1543-1623) won fame almost exclusively as a musician. But as everybody in that age tried his hand at poetry, Byrd brought out a book of lyrics set to music. Note the witty turn of thought in the two concluding lines.]

CROWNED with flowers I saw fair  
Amaryllis  
By Thyrsis<sup>1</sup> sit, hard by a fount of  
crystal;  
And with her hand, more white than  
snow or lilies,  
On sand she wrote, "My faith shall  
be immortal";  
And suddenly a storm of wind and  
weather  
Blew all her faith and sand away to-  
gether.

THE CHARACTER OF A HAPPY  
LIFE

SIR HENRY WOTTON

[Sir Henry Wotton (1568-1639), who spent most of his life as a diplomat, is often remembered for his definition of an ambassador as "an honest man sent to lie abroad for the good of his country." Two of his poems are among the best known in our language; the one below shows that even philosophizing could be made musical and lyrical in the amazing Elizabethan age.]

HOW happy is he born and taught  
That serveth not another's will;  
Whose armor is his honest thought,  
And simple truth his utmost skill!

Whose passions not his masters are;  
Whose soul is still prepared for death,  
Untied unto the world by care  
Of public fame or private breath;

<sup>1</sup> *Amaryllis* and *Thyrsis*, names commonly used by poets for a shepherdess and a shepherd.

Who envies none that chance doth raise;  
Nor vice hath ever understood  
(How deepest wounds are given by  
praise!)  
Nor rules of State, but rules of good;

Who hath his life from rumors freed;  
Whose conscience is his strong retreat;  
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,  
Nor ruin make oppressors great;

Who God doth late and early pray,  
More of his grace, than gifts, to lend,  
And entertains the harmless day  
With a religious book or friend!

This man is freed from servile bands  
Of hope to rise or fear to fall!  
Lord of himself, though not of lands;  
And having nothing, yet hath all!

## THE CONCLUSION

SIR WALTER RALEIGH

[This poem was written by Raleigh shortly before he was executed. No one knew better than he how time can alter fortune.]

EVEN such is time, that takes in trust  
Our youth, our joys, our all we  
have,  
And pays us with but earth and dust;  
Who in the dark and silent grave,  
When we have wandered all our ways,  
Shuts up the story of our days;  
But from this earth, this grave, this dust,  
My God shall raise me up, I trust.

## CLASS DISCUSSIONS

1. List the titles of the Elizabethan songs under different headings, such as love songs, to show the variety of themes in these lyrics. Which is the most popular theme?

2. Select two or three songs to memorize, and deliver them to the class. Explain why you chose each.

3. A program of Shakespearean songs may be arranged, some of them to be

played on the victrola and others to be read to the class. Shakespeare's plays are rich in these songs. Perhaps you can find some that you prefer to those here printed. A very convenient place to look for these is among the twenty-one plays included in Hardin Craig's *Shakespeare*.

4. You doubtless have your favorite songs from current musical comedies or films. You might compare several of these popular songs of today, as to theme, feeling, and beauty of language, with the lyrics here collected from Shakespeare's time.

## ELIZABETHAN SONNETS

English lyric poets of the Renaissance period greatly admired the Italian poet Petrarch. Most of his lyrics were written in a form called "the sonnet." A sonnet contains fourteen lines, forming two divisions. The octave (first eight lines) is bound together by one set of rimes and develops one phase of a thought; the sestet (last six lines) is bound together by another set of rimes and develops the answering phase of the thought.

The emotion that inspired Petrarch was love, but the poet was not made happy by thinking of his beloved one; on the contrary, he was plunged into despair. He complained that she was hard of heart and could not be moved by his most ardent pleas.

English sonneteers often imitated not only Petrarch's sonnet form but his theme also. In reading the six famous Elizabethan sonnets below, note to what extent they keep to or veer from Petrarch's theme.

### SONNET I

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY

[This opening sonnet in *Astrophel and Stella* shows the influence of Petrarch in two ways: (1) the poet's beloved one is unkind, and (2) the thought changes at the end of the eighth line. The octave tells of the poet's futile efforts to write a poem; the sestet discloses why he had been unsuccessful.]

LOVING in truth, and fain<sup>1</sup> in verse  
 my love to show,  
 That she, dear she, might take some  
 pleasure of my pain—  
 Pleasure might cause her read, reading  
 might make her know,  
 Knowledge might pity win, and pity  
 grace obtain—  
 I sought fit words to paint the blackest  
 face of woe;  
 Studying inventions fine,<sup>2</sup> her wits to en-  
 tertain,

<sup>1</sup> *fain*, desirous.

<sup>2</sup> *inventions fine*, clever ways of expressing his thoughts.

Oft turning others' leaves, to see if  
 thence would flow  
 Some fresh and fruitful showers upon  
 my sunburned brain.  
 But words came halting forth, wanting  
 Invention's stay;<sup>1</sup>  
 Invention, Nature's child, fled step-dame  
 Study's blows;  
 And others' feet still seemed but stran-  
 gers in my way.  
 Thus, great with child to speak, and  
 helpless in my throes,  
 Biting my truant pen, beating myself  
 for spite;  
 "Fool," said my Muse to me, "look in  
 thy heart, and write."

### SONNET XLI

[From *Astrophel and Stella*]

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY

[Sidney here follows the advice of his Muse in Sonnet I to look into his heart and write sincerely. He tells of a personal experience in a tournament. Unlike Pe-

<sup>1</sup> *stay*, support.

trarch, Sidney declares that his sweetheart has been kind to him.]

HAVING<sup>1</sup> this day my horse, my hand, my lance  
Guided so well that I obtained the prize,  
Both by the judgment of the English eyes  
And of some sent from that sweet enemy France,  
Horsemen my skill in horsemanship advance,<sup>2</sup>  
Town folks my strength; a daintier judge applies  
His praise to sleight<sup>3</sup> which from good use<sup>4</sup> doth rise;  
Some lucky wits impute it but to chance;  
Others, because of both sides I do take  
My blood from them who did excel in this,<sup>5</sup>  
Think Nature me a man-at-arms did make.  
How far they shot awry!<sup>6</sup> the true cause is,  
Stella looked on, and from her heavenly face  
Sent forth the beams which made so fair my race.

## SONNET XXXIV

EDMUND SPENSER

[Spenser's sonnets, called the *Amoretti*, related the poet's courtship of the lady whom he afterwards married. In the one printed below he follows Petrarch's theme of unrequited love. His lady Helicé has been cold to him, and he is in despair. But in the sestet hope returns to light up his downcast state.]

LIKE AS<sup>7</sup> a ship, that through the ocean wide  
By conduct<sup>8</sup> of some star doth make her way,

<sup>1</sup> *Having*. This word goes with *Guided*.

<sup>2</sup> *advance*, speak well of.

<sup>3</sup> *sleight*, cunning. <sup>4</sup> *use*, practice.

<sup>5</sup> *Others . . . this*. Others say I won because my ancestors on both sides excelled in tournaments. <sup>6</sup> *shot awry*, missed the mark.

<sup>7</sup> *Like as*, as <sup>8</sup> *conduct*, direction.

Whenas<sup>1</sup> a storm hath dimmed her trusty guide,  
Out of her course doth wander far astray;  
So I, whose star, that wont<sup>2</sup> with her bright ray  
Me to direct, with clouds is overcast,  
Do wander<sup>3</sup> now in darkness and dismay,  
Through hidden perils round about me placed.  
Yet hope I well, that when this storm is past,  
My Helicé, the lodestar<sup>4</sup> of my life,  
Will shine again, and look on me at last,  
With lovely light to clear my cloudy grief;  
Till then I wander careful, comfortless,  
In secret sorrow and sad pensiveness.

## SONNET XXIX

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

[Some of Shakespeare's most beautiful poetry is to be found in his sonnets. Unlike his plays, they are purely personal. One poet declares, "With this key Shakespeare unlocked his heart." The sonnets do not form such a unified cycle as those discussed in the history (page 75), for they are addressed to different persons and express many diverse moods.

The rime-scheme of Shakespeare's sonnets differs from that commonly followed by Petrarch. Instead of separate rimes for octave and sestet, the Shakespearean sonnet is made up of three quatrains (four lines), each with its own rimes, and a concluding couplet. The thought usually runs without break to the end of the twelfth line.

In reading Sonnet xxix remember that Shakespeare was an actor as well as a poet. It is thought that the disgrace he read in "men's eyes" (line 1) was due to the low esteem in which actors were held

<sup>1</sup> *Whenas*, when. <sup>2</sup> *wont*, is accustomed.

<sup>3</sup> *Do wander*. The subject is *I*, line 5.

<sup>4</sup> *lodestar*, a guiding star, usually the North Star.

in his day. In the concluding six lines, corresponding to the Petrarchan sestet, Shakespeare finds joy in thinking of a friend.]

WHEN in disgrace with fortune  
and men's eyes  
I all alone beweep my outcast state,  
And trouble deaf heaven with my boot-  
less<sup>1</sup> cries,  
And look upon myself, and curse my  
fate;  
Wishing me like to one more rich in  
hope,  
Featured like him, like him with friends  
possessed,  
Desiring this man's art, and that man's  
scope,  
With what I most enjoy contented least;  
Yet in these thoughts myself almost  
despising,  
Haply<sup>2</sup> I think on thee—and then my  
state,  
Like to the lark at break of day arising  
From sullen earth, sings hymns at heav-  
en's gate;  
For thy sweet love remembered, such  
wealth brings  
That then I scorn to change my state  
with kings.

### SONNET LXXIII

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

[Although Shakespeare was probably under forty when he wrote this sonnet, he speaks as an aged man. The sonnet is an excellent example of Shakespeare's command over language; he can use words to express perfectly both his thoughts and his emotions. Note that the first break in the thought comes just before the concluding couplet.]

THAT time of year thou may'st in  
me behold  
When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do  
hang  
Upon those boughs which shake against  
the cold,

<sup>1</sup> *bootless*, unrewarded.

<sup>2</sup> *Haply*, by chance.

Bare ruined choirs,<sup>1</sup> where late the sweet  
birds sang.  
In me thou see'st the twilight of such  
day  
As after sunset fadeth in the west,  
Which by and by black night doth take  
away,  
Death's second self, that seals up all in  
rest.  
In me thou see'st the glowing of such  
fire  
That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,  
As the death-bed whereon it must ex-  
pire,  
Consumed with that which it was nour-  
ished by—  
This thou perceiv'st, which makes thy  
love more strong,  
To love that well which thou must  
leave ere long.

### SONNET CXVI

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

[How does the conviction here expressed compare with Petrarch's favorite theme<sup>2</sup>]

LET me not to the marriage of true  
minds  
Admit impediments. Love is not love  
Which alters when it alteration finds,  
Or bends with the remover to remove.<sup>2</sup>  
O no! it is an ever fixed mark  
That looks on tempests, and is never  
shaken;  
It is the star to every wandering bark,  
Whose worth's unknown, although his  
height be taken.<sup>3</sup>  
Love's not Time's fool,<sup>4</sup> though rosy lips  
and cheeks  
Within his bending sickle's<sup>5</sup> compass  
come;

<sup>1</sup> *Bare ruined choirs*. The choir was the east end of the church, where the choir sang. Shakespeare here compares the winter-stripped trees to a ruined church from which the roof and the windows have disappeared.

<sup>2</sup> Or . . . *remove*, or changes when the lovers are separated.

<sup>3</sup> *height be taken*, a figure from navigation; calculating position from a star.

<sup>4</sup> *Time's fool*, the plaything of Time.

<sup>5</sup> *bending sickle*. Father Time is always pictured with a scythe.

Love alters not with his brief hours and  
 weeks,  
 But bears it out ev'n to the edge of  
 doom—  
 If this be error, and upon me proved,  
 I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

## STUDY AIDS

### I. CLASS DISCUSSIONS

*Sonnet I* (Sidney). Show how the thought in the sestet corresponds to and contrasts with the thought of the octave. What is the poet's final feeling?

*Sonnet XLI* (Sidney). Does the first thought end with the eighth or the eleventh line?

*Sonnet XXXIV* (Spenser). What are the most vivid phrases in this account of a ship in a fog? What feeling is uppermost in the poet's mind?

*Sonnet XXIX* (Shakespeare). What are the various reasons for the poet's dejection? What emotion is expressed by the simile of the lark?

*Sonnet LXXIII* (Shakespeare). Explain the state of mind expressed in the three metaphors in lines 1-12.

*Sonnet CXVI* (Shakespeare). How does the second quatrain contrast with the first? What metaphor runs through it? How does the third quatrain advance the thought?

### II. INDIVIDUAL ACTIVITIES

1. Make a list of the different subjects treated in these sonnets. Which are Petrarchan in theme? Do you think them genuine or artificial in feeling? Of all six sonnets, which seems the most sincere? In your talk to the class read passages that bear out your opinions.

2. Memorize the sonnet you like best and be prepared to deliver it before the class. Do you prefer it for the thought, the rhythm, the language, or the imagery?

3. The sonnet form makes an interesting study. (a) The octave of the Italian sonnet followed this rhyme-scheme: *abba, abba*. An example is *Sonnet xli* (page 88). Does any other selection follow this arrangement? (b) The sestet varied its rhymes, but the true Petrarchan form never

ended in a couplet. What is the arrangement followed in the sonnets printed here? (c) The English or Shakespearean sonnet followed this rhyme-scheme: *abab, cdcd, efef, gg*. An example is *Sonnet xxix* (page 89). Is this scheme followed by all the non-Petrarchan sonnets here?

4. Get an anthology of songs and sonnets of this period (a good one is *A Book of Elizabethan Lyrics* by Felix E. Schelling) and pick out those poems that you like best. Your report might emphasize (a) new notions you have gained about certain poets represented in this chapter, or (b) new poems on themes represented in this chapter, or (c) totally new poets and themes. If you wish to begin with some of the best known lyrics, try those listed below:

Barnfield, Richard, "As it fell upon a day."

Breton, Nicholas, "In time of yore when shepherds dwelt" and "In the merry month of May."

Campion, Thomas, "Follow thy fair sun," "Now winter nights enlarge," and "Turn all thy thoughts to eyes."

Daniel, Samuel, "Care-charmer Sleep" (a sonnet).

Dekker, Thomas, "O sweet Content."

Drayton, Michael, "Agincourt," "Good folk, for gold or hire," and "Since there's no help" (a sonnet).

Greene, Robert, "In time we see that silver drops," "Some say love," and "Sweet are the thoughts that savor of content."

Lyly, John, "Cupid and my Campaspe played" and "My Daphne's hair is twisted gold."

Peele, George, "Fair and fair and twice so fair."

Raleigh, Sir Walter, "Pilgrim to Pilgrim."

Shakespeare, William, the following sonnets: "Full many a glorious morning," "Like as the waves," "No longer mourn for me," and "When in the chronicle of wasted time."

Sidney, Sir Philip, the following sonnets: "Come, Sleep, O Sleep," "Highway, since you," and "With how sad steps."

Wotton, Sir Henry, "On His Mistress, Elizabeth of Bohemia."

## THE FAERIE QUEENE

EDMUND SPENSER

GUYON AND THE RED CROSS  
KNIGHT

[From Book II, Canto I]

[To enjoy the following passage from *The Faerie Queene* two things are essential. The first is to read it aloud, so that the music of the verse may be heard; then all that is said in the history (page 77) about the Spenserian stanza will be fully borne out. The second is to picture the events in this incident. At the beginning you must imagine Guyon as a powerful knight on horseback, bearing a shield on which is emblazoned an image of the Faerie Queene, "that heavenly Mayd." By his side walk an old man, Archimage, and a young woman. Don't feel sorry for them; they are deluding Guyon into attacking the Red Cross Knight, the hero of Book I. You can identify him by the bright red cross on his shield, "the sacred badge of my Redeemer's death." Toward the end of the selection appears Guyon's squire, a Palmer dressed in black who had seen the Red Cross Knight rewarded by the Queen of Fairyland for winning his quest.]

SO NOW he<sup>1</sup> Guyon guydes an uncouth way<sup>2</sup>  
Through woods and mountaines, till  
they came at last  
Into a pleasant dale that lowly lay  
Betwixt two hils, whose high heads  
overplast<sup>3</sup>  
The valley did with coole shade over-  
cast:<sup>5</sup>  
Through midst thereof a little river  
rold,<sup>4</sup>  
By which there sate a knight with helme  
unlaste,<sup>5</sup>  
Himselfe refreshing with the liquid  
cold,  
After his travell long and labours mani-  
fold.

<sup>1</sup> he, Archimage. <sup>2</sup> uncouth way, an unknown path. <sup>3</sup> overplast, overhanging. <sup>4</sup> rold, rolled. <sup>5</sup> unlaste, unlaced.

"Lo! yonder he," cryde Archimage  
aloud,<sup>10</sup>  
"That wrought the shamefull fact<sup>6</sup>  
which I did shew;<sup>7</sup>  
And now he doth himselfe in secret  
shrowd,<sup>8</sup>  
To fly the vengeaunce for his outrage  
dew:<sup>9</sup>  
But vaine;<sup>10</sup> for ye shall dearely do him  
rew,<sup>11</sup>  
So God ye speed<sup>12</sup> and send you good  
successe,<sup>15</sup>  
Which we far off will here abide to  
vew,"  
So they him left inflam'd with wrathful-  
nesse,  
That streight against that knight his  
speare he did addresse.  
Who, seeing him from far so fierce to  
pricke,<sup>13</sup>  
His warlike armes about him gan<sup>14</sup> em-  
brace,<sup>20</sup>  
And in the rest<sup>15</sup> his ready speare did  
sticke:  
Tho, when as still he saw him towards  
pace,  
He gan rencounter him in equall race.<sup>16</sup>  
They bene ymett,<sup>17</sup> both ready to af-  
frap,<sup>18</sup>  
When suddainly that warriour gan  
abace<sup>19</sup><sup>25</sup>  
His threatned speare, as if some new  
mishap,  
Had him betide, or hidden danger did  
entrap;

<sup>6</sup> shameful fact, the false story told by Archimage accusing the Red-Cross Knight of villany. <sup>7</sup> shew, show. <sup>8</sup> doth . . . shrowd, hides himself secretly. <sup>9</sup> dew, due <sup>10</sup> But vaine, but in vain. <sup>11</sup> do him rew, wreak vengeance on him. <sup>12</sup> so God ye speed, if God give you success.

<sup>13</sup> to pricke, to spur toward. <sup>14</sup> gan, began. <sup>15</sup> rest, a catch under the knight's right arm into which the spear was lowered to brace it for an attack. <sup>16</sup> rencounter . . . race, approached him at an equal speed. <sup>17</sup> bene ymett, have met. <sup>18</sup> affrap, strike a blow. <sup>19</sup> gan abace, began to lower.



HIMSELF REFRESHING WITH THE LIQUID COLD



And cryde, "Mercie, Sir knight! and  
 mercie, Lord,  
 For mine offence and heedelesse hardi-  
 ment,<sup>20</sup>  
 That had almost committed crime ab-  
 hord,<sup>30</sup>  
 And with reprochfull shame mine hon-  
 our shent,<sup>21</sup>  
 Whiles cursèd steele against that badge<sup>22</sup>  
 I bent,  
 The sacred badge of my Redeemers  
 death,  
 Which on your shield is set for orna-  
 ment!"  
 But his fierce foe his steed could stay  
 uneath,<sup>23</sup><sup>35</sup>  
 Who, prickt with courage kene, did  
 cruell battell breath.<sup>24</sup>

But, when he heard him speake, streight  
 way he knew  
 His error; and, himselfe inclyning,  
 sayd;  
 "Ah! deare Sir Guyon, well becommeth  
 you,  
 But me behoveth rather to upbrayd,<sup>25</sup> 40  
 Whose hastie hand so far from reason  
 strayd,  
 That almost it did haynous<sup>26</sup> violence  
 On that fayre ymage of that heavenly  
 Mayd,<sup>27</sup>  
 That decks and armes your shield with  
 faire defence:  
 Your court'sie takes on you anothers  
 dew offence." 45

So beene they both at one,<sup>28</sup> and doen  
 upreare  
 Their bevers bright<sup>29</sup> each other for to  
 greet;

<sup>20</sup> *hardiment*, rashness. <sup>21</sup> *shent*, disgraced.  
<sup>22</sup> *badge*, the Red Cross on the shield. <sup>23</sup> *stay*  
*uneath*, stop with difficulty. <sup>24</sup> *breath*, breathe  
 (a verb). <sup>25</sup> *well becommeth* . . . *upbrayd*, "it  
 is well enough for you to accuse yourself of  
 error, but it more behooves me to do so." Note  
 the courtesy in this speech.

<sup>26</sup> *haynous*, heinous, ghastly. <sup>27</sup> *ymage of*  
*that heavenly Mayd*, the image of the Faerie  
 Queene on Guyon's shield. <sup>28</sup> *at one*, in agree-  
 ment, reconciled. <sup>29</sup> *doen upreare Their bevers*  
*bright*. They raised the movable part of the  
 helmets which covered their faces.

Goodly comports<sup>30</sup> each to other  
 beare,  
 And entertaine themselves with cour-  
 t'sies meet.<sup>31</sup>  
 Then said the Redcrosse knight: "Now  
 mote I weet,<sup>32</sup> 50  
 Sir Guyon, why with so fierce sali-  
 aunce,<sup>33</sup>  
 And fell intent, ye did at earst<sup>34</sup> me  
 meet;  
 For sith<sup>35</sup> I know your goodly gover-  
 nance,<sup>36</sup>  
 Great cause, I weene,<sup>37</sup> you guided, or  
 some uncouth chaunce."

"Certes,"<sup>38</sup> (said he), "well mote I shame  
 to tell 55  
 The fond encheason<sup>39</sup> that me hither  
 led.  
 A false infamous faitour late befell  
 Me for to meet,<sup>40</sup> that seemed ill bested,<sup>41</sup>  
 And playnd<sup>42</sup> of grievous outrage, which  
 he red<sup>43</sup>  
 A knight had wrought against a Ladie  
 gent;<sup>44</sup> 60  
 Which to avenge he to this place me  
 led,  
 Where you he made the marke of his  
 intent,<sup>45</sup>  
 And now is fled: foule shame him fol-  
 low wher he went!"

So can he turne his earnest unto game,<sup>46</sup>  
 Through goodly handling and wise tem-  
 perance. 65  
 By this his aged Guide in presence  
 came;<sup>47</sup>  
 Who, soone as on that knight his eye  
 did glaunce,

<sup>30</sup> *comports*, manners. <sup>31</sup> *meet*, fitting.  
<sup>32</sup> *mote I weet*, may I know. <sup>33</sup> *saliuance*, at-  
 tack. <sup>34</sup> *earst*, first. <sup>35</sup> *sith*, since. <sup>36</sup> *goodly*  
*governance*, upright conduct. <sup>37</sup> *weene*, judge.  
<sup>38</sup> *Certes*, truly. <sup>39</sup> *fond encheason*, the  
 foolish cause. <sup>40</sup> *A false infamous . . . to*  
*meet*, It happened that I met a false, infa-  
 mous deceiver recently. <sup>41</sup> *ill bested*, in bad  
 circumstances. <sup>42</sup> *playnd*, complained. <sup>43</sup> *red*,  
 declared. <sup>44</sup> *gent*, gentle. <sup>45</sup> *marke of his in-*  
*tent*, subject of his plot.

<sup>46</sup> *So can . . . game*, so can Guyon bring his,  
 Archimage's, plot to naught. <sup>47</sup> *By this . . .*  
*came*, By this time his aged guide, the Pal-  
 mer, came up to them.

Eftsoones<sup>48</sup> of him had perfect cogni-  
zaunce,<sup>49</sup>  
Sith him in Faery court he late avizd;<sup>50</sup>  
And sayd; "Fayre sonne, God give you  
happy chaunce,<sup>51</sup> 70  
And that deare Crosse uppon your shield  
devizd,<sup>52</sup>  
Wherewith above all knights ye goodly  
seeme aguzd!<sup>53</sup>

"Joy may you have, and everlasting  
fame,  
Of late most hard atchiev'ment by you  
donne,  
For which enrollèd is your glorious  
name 75  
In heavenly Regesters above the Sunne,  
Where you a Saint with Saints your  
seat have wonne:  
But wretched we, where ye have left  
your marke,  
Must now anew begin like race to  
ronne,<sup>54</sup>  
God guide thee, Guyon, well to end thy  
warke,<sup>55</sup> 80  
And to the wishèd haven bring thy  
weary barke!"

"Palmer," him answered the Redcrosse  
knight,  
"His be the praise that this atchiev'ment  
wrought,  
Who made my hand the organ of his  
might:  
More then goodwill to me attribute  
nought;<sup>56</sup> 85  
For all I did, I did but as I ought.  
But you, faire Sir, whose pageant next  
ensewes,<sup>57</sup>  
Well mote yee thee, as well can wish  
your thought,

That home ye may report thrise happy  
newes;<sup>58</sup>  
For well ye worthy bene for worth and  
gentle thewes.<sup>59</sup> 90

So courteous conge<sup>60</sup> both did give and  
take,  
With right hands plighted, pledges of  
good will.  
Then Guyon forward gan his voyage  
make  
With his blacke Palmer, that him guided  
still:  
Still he him guided over dale and hill, 95  
And with his steedy staffe did point his  
way;  
His race with reason, and with words  
his will,  
From fowle intemperaunce he ofte did  
stay,<sup>61</sup>  
And suffred not<sup>62</sup> in wrath his hasty  
steps to stray.

<sup>58</sup> Well mote yee . . . newes, May your suc-  
cess equal your highest wishes, so that you  
may carry home thrise happy news. <sup>59</sup> worthy  
bene . . . thewes, you are worthy because of  
your honor and your gentle conduct.

<sup>60</sup> conge, farewell. <sup>61</sup> His race . . . did stay.  
He often controlled Guyon's path with reason,  
and his will with words, from straying into  
hasty action. <sup>62</sup> suffred not, did not permit.

## STUDY AIDS

### I. CLASS DISCUSSIONS

*The Story.* 1. To what knightly virtue  
in Guyon does Archimage appeal? Why  
does Guyon suddenly lower his lance?  
How does the Red Cross Knight exhibit  
his chivalric courtesy?

2. How has Guyon learned the true  
character of Archimage, as he now de-  
scribes that impostor (lines 55-63)? What  
opinion of the Red Cross Knight does  
Guyon's squire or attendant express?

3. What kinds of adventure do you  
think will follow the happy encounter de-  
scribed in this passage?

*The Allegory.* 1. *The Faerie Queene* is  
not primarily a romance but an allegory.  
That is, each character stands for some

<sup>48</sup> Eftsoones, immediately. <sup>49</sup> perfect cogni-  
zaunce, complete recognition. <sup>50</sup> avizd, had  
looked at.

<sup>51</sup> happy chaunce, good luck. <sup>52</sup> devizd, drawn,  
pictured. <sup>53</sup> goodly seeme aguzd, seem properly  
adorned.

<sup>54</sup> like race to ronne, to perform a similar  
deed. <sup>55</sup> warke, work.

<sup>56</sup> More then . . . nought, Do not attribute  
more to me than good will. <sup>57</sup> pageant next  
ensewes, whose turn to act next it is.

quality or abstract idea, and his actions are largely governed by this symbolical meaning. For example, Archimage stands for Hypocrisy; in Spenser's words, "All he did was to deceive good knights." The Red Cross Knight represents the quality of Holiness; in Book I he had slain the dragon, Sin.

2. Sir Guyon represents temperance. How does his temperance here restrain a rash impulse?

3. In the age of chivalry, squires to knights were valiant and deferential youths. But Guyon's squire, the Palmer, is an "aged Guide" who represents Reason. Temperance should, of course, always be guided by reason. True to the

requirements of allegory rather than the customs of chivalry, Spenser makes the Palmer a reverend lecturer. Where does the poet explain the symbolism of the Palmer? How do the Palmer's acts bear out his allegorical qualities?

## II. INDIVIDUAL ACTIVITIES

The passage from *The Faerie Queene* you have just read suggests two starting points for further reading. You may turn to Book I of *The Faerie Queene* and follow the adventures of the Red Cross Knight, or you may proceed with Book II and find out how Guyon wins his quest. It would be interesting to have reports in class upon both books.

## THE TRAGICAL HISTORY OF DR. FAUSTUS

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE

### SCENE XIV

[Marlowe's plays illustrate the Renaissance passion for high and difficult things. In *Dr. Faustus* the hero seeks for infinite knowledge; he sells his soul to Lucifer (Satan) in return for skill in magic. One of Lucifer's spirits, Mephistophilis, does indeed reveal to Faustus even more than he had hoped to learn; but the twenty-four years of the contract at length expire, and Faustus must surrender his immortal spirit to Lucifer.]

The concluding scene of the play, given below, tells the story of Faustus's last hour on earth. The dialogue takes place in a room of his house in Wittenberg, Germany. The scholars, his former companions, think Faustus is out of his mind from some physical illness. Faustus knows better; it is mortal terror that grips him. His mental and spiritual sufferings make this scene one of the most powerful in Elizabethan tragedy. At the close a black-robed actor comes forward as Chorus to pronounce the epilogue.]

*Enter FAUSTUS with the Scholars*

FAUSTUS. Ah, gentlemen!

FIRST SCHOLAR. What ails Faustus?

FAUSTUS. Ah, my sweet chamber-fel-

low, had I lived with thee, then had I lived still!<sup>1</sup> but now I die eternally. Look, comes he not, comes he not?<sup>2</sup>

SECOND SCHOLAR. What means Faustus?<sup>8</sup>

THIRD SCHOLAR. Belike<sup>3</sup> he is grown into some sickness by being over solitary.

FIRST SCHOLAR. If it be so, we'll have physicians to cure him. 'Tis but a surfeit.<sup>4</sup> Never fear, man.

FAUSTUS. A surfeit of deadly sin that hath damned both body and soul. 15

SECOND SCHOLAR. Yet, Faustus, look up to Heaven; remember God's mercies are infinite.

FAUSTUS. But Faustus' offenses can never be pardoned; the serpent that tempted Eve may be saved, but not Faustus. Ah, gentlemen, hear me with patience, and tremble not at my speeches! Though my heart pants and quivers to remember that I have been a student here these thirty years, oh, would I had never seen Wittenberg, never read book! And what wonders I have done, all Germany can witness, yea, the world; for

<sup>1</sup> still, forever. <sup>2</sup> comes he not? Faustus fears the approach of Mephistophilis. <sup>3</sup> Belike, perhaps. <sup>4</sup> surfeit, excess of food.

which Faustus hath lost both Germany and the world, yea Heaven itself, Heaven, the seat of God, the throne of the blessed, the kingdom of joy; and must remain in hell forever, hell, ah, hell, forever! Sweet friends! what shall become of Faustus, being in hell forever? <sup>36</sup>

THIRD SCHOLAR. Yet, Faustus, call on God.

FAUSTUS. On God, whom Faustus hath abjured!<sup>5</sup> on God, whom Faustus hath blasphemed! Ah, my God, I would weep, but the Devil draws in my tears. Gush forth blood instead of tears! Yea, life and soul! Oh, he stays<sup>6</sup> my tongue! I would lift up my hands, but see, they hold them, they hold them!

ALL. Who, Faustus?

FAUSTUS. Lucifer and Mephistophilis. Ah, gentlemen, I gave them my soul for my cunning! <sup>50</sup>

ALL. God forbid!

FAUSTUS. God forbade it indeed; but Faustus hath done it. For vain pleasure of twenty-four years hath Faustus lost eternal joy and felicity. I writ them a bill<sup>7</sup> with mine own blood; the date is expired; the time will come, and he will fetch me. <sup>58</sup>

FIRST SCHOLAR. Why did not Faustus tell us of this before, that divines might have prayed for thee?

FAUSTUS. Oft have I thought to have done so; but the Devil threatened to tear me in pieces if I named God; to fetch both body and soul if I once gave ear to divinity. And now 'tis too late. Gentlemen, away! lest you perish with me.

SECOND SCHOLAR. Oh, what shall we do to save Faustus?

FAUSTUS. Talk not of me, but save yourselves, and depart. <sup>71</sup>

THIRD SCHOLAR. God will strengthen me. I will stay with Faustus.

FIRST SCHOLAR. Tempt not God, sweet friend; but let us into the next room, and there pray for him.

FAUSTUS. Ay, pray for me, pray for me! and what noise soever ye hear, come not unto me, for nothing can rescue me.

SECOND SCHOLAR. Pray thou, and we will pray that God may have mercy upon thee. <sup>82</sup>

FAUSTUS. Gentlemen, farewell! If I live till morning I'll visit you; if not—Faustus is gone to hell. <sup>85</sup>

ALL. Faustus, farewell! [*Exeunt*

Scholars. *The clock strikes eleven*]

FAUSTUS. Ah, Faustus, Now hast thou but one bare hour to live, And then thou must be damned perpetually!

Stand still, you ever-moving spheres<sup>8</sup> of heaven, <sup>90</sup>

That time may cease, and midnight never come;

Fair Nature's eye,<sup>9</sup> rise, rise again and make

Perpetual day; or let this hour be but A year, a month, a week, a natural day, That Faustus may repent and save his soul! <sup>95</sup>

*O lente, lente, currite noctis equi!*<sup>10</sup>

The stars move still, time runs, the clock will strike,

The Devil will come, and Faustus must be damned.

Oh, I'll leap up to my God! Who pulls me down?

See, see where Christ's blood streams in the firmament! <sup>100</sup>

One drop would save my soul—half a drop; ah, my Christ!

Ah, rend not my heart for naming of my Christ!

Yet will I call on him: O spare me, Lucifer!—

Where is it now? 'Tis gone; and see where God

Stretcheth out his arm, and bends his ireful brows! <sup>105</sup>

Mountain and hills come, come and fall on me,

<sup>8</sup> spheres. The stars were supposed to be set in revolving spheres. <sup>9</sup> Nature's eye, the sun. <sup>10</sup> *O lente . . . equi!*, O slowly, slowly run, ye steeds of night!

<sup>5</sup> *abjured*, denied. <sup>6</sup> *stays*, holds. <sup>7</sup> *bill*, contract.

And hide me from the heavy wrath of  
God!

No! no!

Then will I headlong run into the earth;  
Earth gape! O no, it will not harbor  
me!

You stars that reigned at my nativity,<sup>11</sup>  
Whose influence hath allotted death and  
hell,

Now draw up Faustus like a foggy mist  
Into the entrails of yon laboring clouds,  
That when they vomit forth into the air,  
My limbs may issue from their smoky  
mouths,

So that my soul may but ascend to  
Heaven.

[*The watch strikes the half hour*]

Ah, half the hour is past! 'Twill all be  
past anon!

O God! 119

If thou wilt not have mercy on my soul,  
Yet for Christ's sake whose blood hath  
ransomed me,

Impose some end to my incessant pain;  
Let Faustus live in hell a thousand  
years—

A hundred thousand, and at last be  
saved! 124

Oh, no end is limited<sup>12</sup> to damnèd souls!  
Why wert thou not a creature wanting  
soul?

Or why is this immortal that thou hast?  
Ah, Pythagoras' metempsychosis!<sup>13</sup> were  
that true,

This soul should fly from me, and I be  
changed

Unto some brutish beast! All beasts are  
happy, 130

For, when they die,

Their souls are soon dissolved in ele-  
ments;

But mine must live, still to be plagued  
in hell.

<sup>11</sup> *stars . . . nativity.* The stars which were  
ascendant at a person's birth were supposed  
to control his destiny.

<sup>12</sup> *limited, allowed.* <sup>13</sup> *Pythagoras' metem-  
psychosis,* the belief taught by Pythagoras  
(582-507[?] B. C.) that the souls of the dead  
returned to the earth in the bodies of animals  
or of other human beings.

Cursed be the parents that engendered  
me!<sup>14</sup>

No, Faustus; curse thyself; curse Luci-  
fer

That hath deprived thee of the joys of  
Heaven 136

[*The clock strikes twelve*]

Oh, it strikes, it strikes! Now, body,  
turn to air,

Or Lucifer will bear thee quick to hell.

[*Thunder and lightning*]

O soul, be changed into little water-  
drops,

And fall into the ocean—ne'er be found.

My God! my God! look not so fierce  
on me! 141

*Enter Devils*

Adders and serpents, let me breathe  
awhile!

Ugly hell, gape not! come not, Lucifer!  
I'll burn my books!—Ah, Mephistoph-  
ilis! [*Exeunt Devils with FAUSTUS*]

*Enter Chorus*

CHORUS. Cut is the branch that might  
have grown full straight, 145

And burned is Apollo's laurel bough,<sup>15</sup>  
That sometimes grew within this  
learned man.

Faustus is gone; regard his hellish fall,  
Whose fiendful fortune may exhort the  
wise

Only to wonder at unlawful things,  
Whose deepness doth entice such for-  
ward wits<sup>16</sup> 151

To practice more than heavenly power  
permits.

[*Exit*]

*Terminat hora diem, terminat author  
opus.*<sup>17</sup>

<sup>14</sup> *engendered me,* gave birth to me.

<sup>15</sup> *Apollo's laurel bough.* To Apollo, god of  
music and poetry, the laurel tree was sacred.  
Wreaths made from its branches were used  
to crown those who achieved success in any  
of the arts.

<sup>16</sup> *forward wits, daring scholars.* <sup>17</sup> *Termi-  
nat . . . opus,* The hour ends the day, the  
author ends his work.

CLASS DISCUSSIONS

1. What desire or fear is strongest in Faustus in this scene? Why cannot he do what he wishes? In what passage are you most impressed with his sufferings? Which passage contains the most beautiful poetry?

2. Almost every drama tells a story through which runs a conflict or struggle; that is, some person tries to attain his purpose against the opposition of one or more other persons or against difficulties raised by circumstances. In addition, a drama should give opportunity for the actors to

impersonate the characters on the stage before an audience. The following questions are based on these two features—conflict and impersonation—of dramatic story-telling: (a) What parts of this scene would give the best chance for impersonation? Try to read these passages to the class in such a way as to reveal the anguish of Faustus. (b) What conflict runs through the scene? With which side do you sympathize? Which side wins?

3. Have you seen a film or play that depicted the punishment of evil? Describe the scene, comparing it with Marlowe's.

MORE READING

I. BOOKS FOR LEISURE READING

Goudge, Elizabeth, *Towers in the Mist*.

Girls especially will enjoy this story of an English family in Elizabethan times. Kingsley, Charles, *Westward Ho!* The Renaissance as it affected men of action is reflected in this absorbing romance.

Norman, Charles, *The Muses' Darling*. As good a life of Marlowe as can be written until more facts are found.

Sabatini, Rafael, *The Sea Hawk*. This book tells the exploits of one of the Celtic Cornishmen mentioned in the history.

Scott, Sir Walter, *Kenilworth*. Queen Elizabeth appears in a lavish Renaissance entertainment. (See page 449.)

Strachey, Lytton, *Elizabeth and Essex*. A remarkably graphic account of Queen Elizabeth and one of her favorites at the close of her reign.

Waldman, Milton, *Elizabeth and Leicester*. It truly illuminates sixteenth-century England.

Wood, William C. H., *Elizabethan Sea-Dogs*. The great deeds of Elizabethan seamen—Drake, Hawkins, Frobisher, and others—come to life here.

II. BOOKS FOR STUDY AND REFERENCE

Those interested in the drama before Shakespeare will find the most important

plays in three books in the Everyman's Library:

*Everyman with Other Interludes*. This volume will give a fair notion of medieval English drama.

*Minor Elizabethan Drama*. This collection devotes one volume to tragedies and a second to comedies.

Marlowe, Christopher, *Plays and Poems*. Read first the plays listed in the history (pages 79-80).

The following historical works are exceptionally interesting:

Criss, Mildred, *Mary Stuart, Young Queen of Scots*. A stirring life of the young queen.

Green, John Richard, *A Short History of the English People*. The history of England from the beginning of Henry VIII's reign (1509) to the end of the century is entertainingly traced in Chapter VI, Section 4, to Chapter VII, Section 7.

Manning, Anne, *The Household of Sir Thomas More*. After closing this book you will have a much better understanding of the beginning of the Renaissance in England.

Neal, J. E., *Queen Elizabeth*. A modern historian tells the story of her reign in the best all-round biography of Elizabeth that has yet been written.



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WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

## CHAPTER V: Shakespeare

**Preview** This chapter sketches the career of William Shakespeare—the greatest genius in English literature. His activities as a dramatist began about the time when the defeat of the Spanish Armada in 1588 had awakened all England to a fervor of patriotic enthusiasm, and they extended far into the reign of James I (1603-1625). His audiences at first included every rank in Elizabethan society. With the accession of James I to the throne in 1603 unity of national feeling dissolved. Puritan opposition to the theater, which had been active before Marlowe began to write, once more narrowed the theatrical public.

It is important to divide Shakespeare's career into periods. The following questions will guide you toward the meaning of each period:

- (1) How did Shakespeare get his start?
- (2) What is the distinctive feature of each of the five periods in Shakespeare's development?
- (3) How do the five plays that are summarized indicate the stages of this development?
- (4) What qualities in Shakespeare as playwright and poet make him supreme in English literature?

### SHAKESPEARE'S BEGINNINGS

#### **Early life at Stratford**

William Shakespeare was born at Stratford-on-Avon in 1564. John Shakespeare, the poet's father, was at the time a leading citizen, becoming bailiff or mayor when William was four years old. But in later years his fortunes declined. Shortly before William went to London, his father's position had sunk to the point where he did not go to church for fear of being arrested for debt.

The grammar school that William attended is still standing in Stratford. In the early hours he trudged toward it "with shining morning face," and he remained there until late in the afternoon. The whole day was spent on Latin—Latin grammar; Aesop's *Fables* in Latin; the same Caesar's *Gallic Wars* that many American boys and

girls still struggle with; and Latin plays. Whether he acted in Latin school plays we do not know, but he probably saw Corpus Christi plays, for he later referred to them. Companies of strolling players likewise visited the town both while his father was mayor and later.

#### **Early years in London**

In 1582 Shakespeare, eighteen years old, married Anne Hathaway. Three children were born to them. The declining fortunes of Shakespeare's father made it necessary for the young man to earn a living. It is possible that he taught for a time; it is certain that before long he tried his luck in London, just as an American boy today may go to Chicago or New York to make his way in the world.

In London he was drawn to the



theater. Plays were becoming every day more popular. Not only apprentices but grave merchants and gay courtiers flocked to the two playhouses of the day—the Theater and the Curtain, both of them outside the city limits. The more prosperous theater-goers rode out on horseback. According to an old tradition Shakespeare began his theatrical career by taking charge of their horses at the playhouse door. So well did he perform this service, if we may accept the tradition, that he quickly gained a large patronage. When in time he was occupied with higher duties, the youths whom he had employed to care for the horses recommended themselves to their patrons by saying that they were “Shakespeare’s boys.” But his higher duties were in the theater itself. By 1592 he had gained some little reputation both as an actor and as a maker of plays.

FIRST PERIOD: APPRENTICESHIP  
(1590-1594)

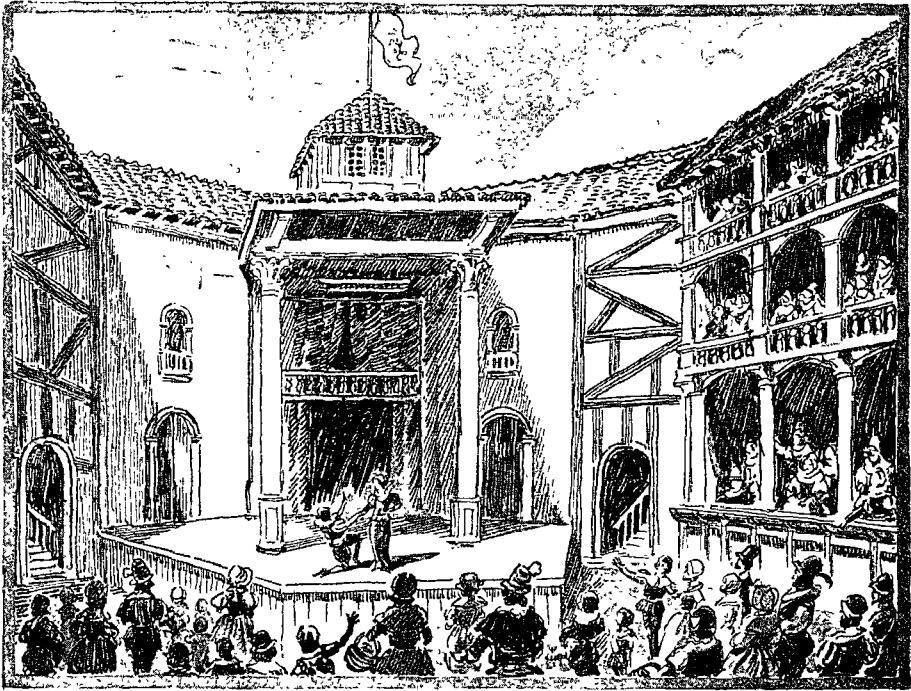
In the days following the defeat of the Spanish Armada there was a surge of patriotism such as follows all successful wars. Englishmen wished to know about their own past; yet only a few could read, and there were no newspapers. The drama provided an unrivaled means of acquainting high and low with English history. The theatrical company which Shakespeare seems to have joined had on hand some old rambling chronicle or historical pieces which, to suit the changing tastes of the day, he revised in three parts or plays covering the long reign of Henry VI. Their immediate popularity excited the jealousy of Robert Greene, a rival playwright, who called Shakespeare a “Shakscene,” “an upstart crow beautified with our feathers.” This was Greene’s metaphorical way of charging that Shakespeare imitated plays by him and other popular playwrights.

**Richard III** As a sequel to these successes Shakespeare wrote a very much better play in the style of Marlowe. He began with the funeral of Henry VI and covered the reign of Henry’s successor. *Richard III* tells how Richard, Duke of Gloucester, rose to power through the murder of all who stood in his way, how he became king for a time, how at length his violence rebounded upon his own head and he was slain at Bosworth Field. The King, who gives unity to the play, is a ruthless conqueror somewhat like Tamburlaine, a true Renaissance figure. His character is better drawn than that of Marlowe’s hero; it is made more human and credible. The conclusion of the play, too, showed that Shakespeare did not accept the earlier ideal of individual achievement; above it he put the welfare of the country.

The play shows equally well that Shakespeare had mastered very quickly the essentials of telling a story on the stage. The part of Richard provided an impressive rôle for a young actor who was becoming famous, Richard Burbage. The scene on Bosworth Field where the actor cried, “My kingdom for a horse” was long regarded as one of the most impressive moments in Elizabethan tragedy. In dramatic effectiveness *Richard III* was much more successful than two other plays of this period in Shakespeare’s development, an extravagant farce, *The Comedy of Errors*, and a romantic comedy, *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*.

SECOND PERIOD: EARLY SUCCESS  
(1594-1596)

**Shakespeare’s company** These early plays determined Shakespeare’s future. In October, 1592, the popular actor Alleyn, whom we met in the account of Marlowe, had married the daughter of Philip Henslowe, who



AN ELIZABETHAN THEATER

served as a kind of banker for players and playwrights. Henslowe's *Diary* or account book is the source of much of our information about the business side of the Elizabethan theater. During the two years (1592-4) that the plague raged almost continuously in London the various dramatic companies had either to disband or to travel, but in the summer of 1594 a new group of the players, returning to London, secured a patron in Lord Hunsdon. He and his son were Queen Elizabeth's nearest cousins. She made them Lords Chamberlain, and from the first she regarded their players as a part of the royal household.

The new group, known as the Lord Chamberlain's men, was therefore not too bold in setting up as a rival company to that which was supported by Alleyn and his wealthy father-in-law. The leaders in the new organization were Richard Burbage the tragedian, a

famous comedian named Will Kempe, and the rising actor-dramatist William Shakespeare. Shakespeare also became a shareholder in the company and thereby enjoyed part of the profits it made. In fact, his plays helped give the organization a continuous run of prosperity. As a result of these circumstances Shakespeare, not yet much over thirty, was launched upon a career of unbroken artistic and financial success.

**Nature of his plays** Shakespeare did not invent the plots of his dramas. He took his tales from a wide range of reading, selected the incidents that would be most effective before an audience, and then told the story in a dialogue that could express every shade of emotion. In planning his plays he kept ever in mind the physical character of the Elizabethan stage. As there was almost no scenery in his playhouse, the action was



FRIAR LAWRENCE ENTERS THE TOMB OF THE "STAR-CROSSED LOVERS"

developed through a series of short scenes with frequent change of place. There were many long speeches, some describing the setting, other expressing the feelings of the characters, all delivered in a declamatory fashion to the spectators who almost surrounded the stage.

Shakespeare's theater was thus in many ways different from ours. We sit looking across the footlights at the complete and often realistic settings, which are changed only a few times during the play. But we should not assume, as some modern readers do, that Shakespeare was trying in a blundering fashion to tell a story for the stage as we know it today. On the contrary, he

worked out the structure of his plays with great skill to suit the conditions of the Elizabethan theater.

### *Romeo and Juliet*

A good illustration of Shakespeare's art in this period is *Romeo and Juliet*. This is a dramatization of one of the most famous stories of the time. Shakespeare selects, alters, and then clothes the story in shining beauty of language. It is the story of a pair of lovers who belong to families at feud with each other in the Italian city of Verona during the Renaissance. Shakespeare calls the lovers "star-crossed" to indicate that fate is against their happiness. They meet by chance and fall in love. So devoted are they to each

other that a priest marries them without the knowledge of their parents. The feud by chance forces Romeo into a duel in which he kills a cousin of Juliet; as a result Romeo is banished from the city. Juliet is ordered by her parents to marry a man she hates; to escape, she takes a potion which produces a trance resembling death. The priest summons Romeo to rescue Juliet from her death-like sleep, but chance again intervenes. Before the priest's messenger arrives Romeo hears a false rumor that Juliet is dead. He returns to the tomb where she lies apparently dead, poisons himself, and is joined in death by Juliet when she awakes and discovers him dead at her side.

This brief outline shows how closely one event leads on to another. Each act of the drama advances toward the tragic conclusion. Momentary relief is afforded by the brilliant speeches of Mercutio, Romeo's friend, and by the homely humor of Juliet's nurse, but the chief emphasis rests always on the approaching doom of the lovers. Accident plays its part, to be sure, but this element only makes sadder the death of these two innocent victims of a fatal feud.

The language of the play is full of a lyrical beauty that often blinds readers to the powerful dramatic value of the story. That is, the characters express their feelings with all the intensity of a poet as he pours his own personal emotion into words. But the many rapturous speeches did not obscure for the first audiences the arresting nature of the action. The tragedy was a more tremendous acting success than *Richard III*, winning Burbage new honors and making him a worthy rival of Alleyn.

The same lyrical quality appears in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. But it is not necessary to learn in this short chapter about all Shakespeare's thirty-seven or thirty-eight plays. It is suffi-

cient to keep in mind the main groups and to note the changes as we pass from one group to the next.

### THIRD PERIOD: MASTERY (1596-1601)

**Romantic comedies** The maturity of Shakespeare's genius in comedy dates from 1596 when at the age of thirty-two he wrote *The Merchant of Venice*, and extends to *Twelfth Night*, first presented in 1601.

As typical of his romantic comedies let us look at *Twelfth Night*. The story is in equal degrees improbable and delightful. The heroine, Viola, and her twin brother are shipwrecked. Disguised as a boy page, Viola enters the service of Duke Orsino, and falls secretly in love with him. The Duke, however, fancies that he loves the beautiful countess Olivia, and sends his new page to pay court to her. Olivia scorns the suit, but falls in love with the messenger. Viola's brother, marvelously like her in appearance, arrives after a while, is at first mistaken for Viola by Olivia, but later marries her. The Duke of course discovers that his page is a charming girl, so that they also are married at the same time. We enjoy these situations so much that we refuse to let reason remind us that the events are too absurd ever to happen. There is also a set of comic characters. Olivia's boisterous uncle, Sir Toby Belch, plays a practical joke on Viola and another on Olivia's puritanical steward. In such combination of the comic and romantic Shakespeare is unsurpassed.

**The characters** Perhaps the chief reason for our enjoyment of Shakespeare's plays is that his people are real. In the old medieval verse romances we are told, and may believe if we like, that the lady was beautiful and witty and that the knight performed deeds of prodigious valor. But in Shakespeare's dramatized romance, *Twelfth Night*, we are made, through



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## SHAKESPEARE'S BIRTHPLACE, STRATFORD-ON-AVON

innumerable speeches, to know Viola's demure, witty, and engagingly feminine personality. Indeed, all the characters, whether comic or romantic, have the reality that comes from behaving in keeping with their own natures.

**Financial prosperity**

During this same period Shakespeare was writing a kind of chronicle play that may be called historical romance. The most important of these are the three plays that deal with the English hero Henry V as prince and king (First and Second Parts of *Henry IV* and *Henry V*). In the same period he wrote a historical tragedy, *Julius Caesar*, which brings vividly before us the conspiracy to assassinate the renowned Roman conqueror and statesman. These and other plays, produced at the rate of two or three a season at the Curtain or the Theater, made Shakespeare's company the foremost in London. Its prosperity demanded a new theater. Alleyn's company had already built one across the

River Thames near the south end of London Bridge. People walked over the bridge to it or they were rowed across the river by boatmen. In the same vicinity Shakespeare's company erected a handsome house called the Globe, more resplendent than its rival. The new playhouse was ready in the fall of 1599. *Julius Caesar* was one of the earliest plays presented there.

Shakespeare's fortunes rose with those of his company. To his income as actor and playwright he now added rent from the Globe, of which he was part owner. To his friends back in Stratford, which he had left as a poor young man not more than a dozen years before, he had become a person of great importance—a man from whom one could borrow money. The accession of James I to the throne in 1603 did not interrupt Shakespeare's prosperity. His company was taken over by the monarch as the King's Men and sworn in as officers of the royal house-

hold. Before 1616 they were called on to enact their plays at court on 187 occasions; thus to the end of his life Shakespeare remained the favorite of the sovereign as well as of the people.

FOURTH PERIOD: HIGHEST ACHIEVEMENT  
(1601-1609)

**Hamlet** Between 1601 and 1609 Shakespeare produced a series of tragedies that have placed him on the pinnacle of English drama. The first of these was *Hamlet*, which furnished Burbage one of the most sensational successes of his career. It was based on a much earlier play, and belonged to a type that had been immensely popular with audiences. The theme of such dramas was revenge. In *Hamlet* a king of Denmark has died suddenly, and his queen has married his brother, who has succeeded to the throne. From college in Germany Prince Hamlet has returned, suspicious of his mother and uncle and indignant that his father seems so soon forgotten. The ghost of his father appears to Hamlet, branding the new king as his murderer and commanding Hamlet to avenge the deed.

Hamlet delays, apparently to get proof. At length, by producing at court a play in which a king is murdered by his brother he secures the necessary proof. But Hamlet still delays, feigning insanity. By chance he kills a fussy old counselor, is banished, rouses himself from his indecision, and plots the death of the companions whom the king has bribed to murder him. On Hamlet's return to Denmark, the king and the counselor's son plan his death in a duel by means of a poisoned drink and a poisoned sword. As a result of this plot the queen, the king, the counselor's son, and Hamlet himself die.

There is a tradition that Shakespeare himself acted the part of the ghost and that of all his rôles it was the best. But the chief reason for the contemporary

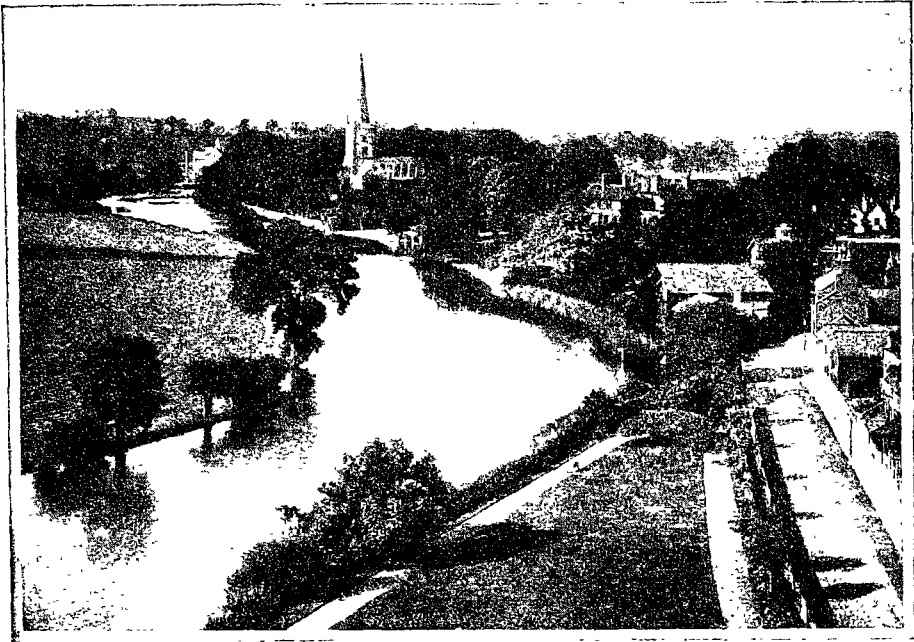
success of the tragedy was that it was and is a superb acting play. The real drama does not lie in Hamlet's struggle with the murderer of his father, but in his own perplexities; he is overcome with a sense that life is not simple but complex; that action, though necessary, is beset with numberless difficulties which the mind must pause to consider. He exclaims,

The time is out of joint; O cursèd spite  
That ever I was born to set it right.

His indecision puts him into one sharp crisis after another. But "the contemplative Dane," irresolute before a plain duty, is a more fascinating dramatic figure than that resolute man of action, Richard III. The acting of Burbage in the rôle was never forgotten, according to a contemporary. Today, more than three hundred years after its creation, the rôle still gives our greatest actors an unrivaled opportunity to display their powers.

With readers the tragedy has enjoyed, if possible, even greater success. Into it Shakespeare put his questionings about the problems of life and its meaning. The musings of Prince Hamlet on the fears and hopes of humanity have a universal quality that has made them familiar quotations. Tennyson, the English poet, pronounced Hamlet the "greatest creation in literature that I know of."

*Hamlet* is lifted far above other revenge plays of its day by this profundity. It is superior to Shakespeare's earlier tragedy, *Romeo and Juliet*, because the story is brought to a conclusion more naturally. The two lovers in the earlier play meet their fate through a series of accidents; a different turn of chance would have left them happy in each other's arms. In the later tragedy it is Hamlet's character that seals his fate; a man of decision like his uncle, placed in Hamlet's circumstances, would



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## STRATFORD-ON-AVON

Shakespeare, who retired to his native town about 1611, lies buried in the church shown in the background.

have carried through his duty of revenge to a triumphant conclusion. The story is much truer to the essential conditions of human life, where a man's personality, his gifts and defects, pretty nearly determine the kind of life he will lead. Since one test of great literature is the profoundness with which it interprets life, *Hamlet* remains one of the masterpieces of the world.

#### Nature of Shakespearean tragedy

Other tremendous plays of the period are *Othello*, *King Lear*, and *Macbeth*. As we look back over them, we gain a notion of the loftiness of Shakespearean tragedy. In each case the catastrophe results from the character of the hero: he must act in accordance with his own nature; that is what persons of strong character do in actual life. Shakespeare places the hero of each tragedy in situations where his innate character shapes his destiny. All these tragedies

are written from a point of view different from Marlowe's. Marlowe gloried in the unlimited achievement of the individual; to him the attainment of one's ambition seemed the essential of a happy life, and the thwarting of one's ambition by outside forces constituted the tragedy. Shakespeare's heroes are likewise ambitious, but the tragedy consists, not in external forces that defeat these ambitions, but in the disastrous flaws in the character of the heroes. The truth of these statements you will learn for yourself when you read *Macbeth*, which begins on page 111.

#### FIFTH PERIOD: DRAMATIC ROMANCE (1610-1613)

#### Change in audiences

*Macbeth*, produced in 1606, was written to flatter King James. For example, it developed the fact that James was descended from the noble Banquo. The three "Weird Sisters," or witches, were



By De Cou from Ewing Galloway

#### THE GRAMMAR SCHOOL AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON

given great prominence in the play partly because James was personally interested in witchcraft.

The play thus illustrates a change that was gradually coming over the drama. It was from now on more and more influenced by the court. Whereas Elizabeth had commanded the companies to enact before her the pieces that had proved most popular with the citizens, it now frequently happened that special types of plays were produced to please the fashionable groups about the king. In particular favor was a species combining tragedy and comedy, which may be called tragi-comedy, or dramatic romance. This type of play was filled with the surprises that story-telling on the stage requires, but it was without any deep interest in character. The usual theme was a love story, sentimental or even flippant in tone.

Toward the end of his life Shakespeare tried his hand at this lighter kind of play. *Cymbeline*, written in 1609 or 1610, has been pronounced the sweetest and tenderest of Shakespeare's writings. *The Winter's Tale* (1610 or 1611) was very popular with the audiences at court. *The Tempest* (1611) reflects the fondness of the court for the mask, a stage entertainment combining spectacle, dancing, and singing.

***The Tempest*** In *The Tempest* nature is distorted to bring about a happy ending. Prospero, former Duke of Milan, has spent many years in exile on an island that is filled with mystery. Skilled in magic, he has learned to control the spirits of the air, and Ariel, their chief, is his devoted servant. With Prospero is his daughter Miranda, who has grown to womanhood on the island without human as-



sociates save her father. When the play opens, Prospero's old enemies, who brought about his banishment many years before, are thrown into his power through shipwreck in a storm raised by the enchanter's art. Among the company is a handsome young prince named Ferdinand, who falls in love with Miranda and she with him. To celebrate their engagement, Prospero creates through his magic a series of dances and spectacular figures. His enemies suddenly repent. He again becomes Duke of Milan, and thereupon breaks his magic wand.

As Prospero waves his wand to disperse the creatures of the mask that he had planned as a delight for Ferdinand and Miranda, he utters these words, which may be interpreted as Shakespeare's personal thought:

Our revels now are ended. These our  
actors,

As I foretold you, were all spirits and  
Are melted into air, into thin air;  
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,

The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous  
palaces,

The solemn temples, the great globe itself,  
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve  
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,  
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff  
As dreams are made on, and our little life  
Is rounded with a sleep.

**Shakespeare's death and his enduring fame** *The Tempest* was probably Shakespeare's last play. One can hardly refrain from taking Prospero's speech, quoted above, as Shakespeare's farewell to the stage. The passage illustrates the serene beauty of much of the poetry in *The Tempest* and, we should like to think, of Shakespeare's last years. About 1611 or 1612 he retired to his native Stratford, where we may picture him mingling with his old friends or walking through the green meadows along the Avon. On April 23, 1616, he died, and was buried under the chancel of Stratford Church. The town and the church are today the most frequented literary shrines in the world.

**Summary** This review of Shakespeare's career can give only a faint notion of the greatest achievement in English literature. Even during his earliest periods, when he was revising other authors' work and making his first independent attempts, he showed that he was a true poet. His period of mastery in comedy, from *The Merchant of Venice* to *Twelfth Night*, exhibits a mingling of comic incident and skill in character portrayal that only a genius could achieve. The period of his great tragedies, beginning with *Hamlet*, offers us dramas unequaled by any other literature since the masterpieces of ancient Greece. The romantic tragi-comedies of his last period contain some of the most beautiful poetry of his career.

The account has also shown that from his admission to the Lord Chamberlain's Men in 1594 Shakespeare's popularity with the public and the court constantly increased. It was his plays that made the company the foremost in London. In 1623, seven years after his death, two of his fellow actors, John Heminge and Henry Condell, collected his works into the first complete edition. This "First Folio" is now one of the most valued books in the world. To this volume Ben Jonson contributed a poem in which Shakespeare's genius is appraised. In it occurs a sentence that has become the judgment of successive generations: "He was not of an age, but for all time!"

# THE TRAGEDY OF MACBETH

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

*Macbeth*, which Shakespeare wrote at the height of his career, is recognized as one of the greatest tragedies in literature. The action of the play develops the effects of ambition. It deals with the common ambition, desire to rule over one's fellows. Macbeth, the dominant character, craves the honor and glory of kingship. In reading the play try to find answers to the following questions: (1) How does Macbeth conceive this ambition? (2) What means does he employ to attain it? (3) What changes does it produce in his character? (4) What are the final results of his pursuing this ambition?

In seeking for the answers you should keep in mind the background of the narrative. The main events Shakespeare found in a kind of history, entitled Holinshed's *Chronicles of England, Scotland, and Ireland*. The legendary Macbeth reigned in Scotland from 1040 to 1057; that is, just before the Norman Conquest, while Edward the Confessor was on the English throne. It was a semi-barbaric age in which many men spent a great part of their time either in army camps or in fighting. Armies were composed in the main of bowmen and spearmen, but the leaders wore rude armor and wielded swords and battle-axes. Physical courage was held the chief virtue. The people respected their leaders for prowess in battle. To understand Macbeth's ambition and many scenes in the play, you must picture these conditions as you read the lines.

Another picture which you should keep before your mind's eye is the stage of the Elizabethan playhouse. The typical theater of the time was built to resemble the inn-yards where the players had been acting for years. A very good notion of it may be gained from the illustration on page 103. Spectators who could afford to do so secured seats in the covered galleries which ran round the yard that was open to the sky. The yard was filled with onlookers or "groundlings" who stood on three sides of the platform stage that extended into their midst. Sometimes young gallants sat upon the stage itself. The furniture and hangings to indicate the setting were very meager, according to our notions, and were kept at the back of the stage, where the actors entered. The light was supplied by the afternoon sun.

At the beginning of a scene the poet put into the mouth of some character the necessary description of the time of day or the surroundings. This practice is one reason why *Macbeth* is full of long speeches. Another reason is that both actor and audience enjoyed the delivery

of a fine speech full of poetry and deep feeling. If you picture each scene as acted upon the platform stage, you will easily follow event after event up to the tragic conclusion.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE<sup>1</sup>

DUNCAN, *King of Scotland*

MALCOLM }  
DONALBAIN } *his sons*

MACBETH }  
BANQUO } *generals of the King's army*

MACDUFF }  
LENNOX }  
ROSS } *noblemen of Scotland*  
MENTEITH }  
ANGUS }  
CAITHNESS }

FLEANCE, *son to Banquo*

SIWARD, *earl of Northumberland, general of the English forces*

YOUNG SIWARD, *his son*

SEYTON, *an officer attending on Macbeth*

Boy, *son to Macduff*

An English Doctor

A Scotch Doctor

A Soldier

A Porter

An Old Man

LADY MACBETH

LADY MACDUFF

Gentlewoman attending on Lady Macbeth

HECATE

Three Witches

Apparitions

Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers, Murderers, Attendants, and  
Messengers

SCENE: *Scotland; England*

<sup>1</sup> *Dramatis Personae*, the persons in the play.

## ACT FIRST

SCENE I. *A desert place*

[The rear of the stage is hung with black. Two or three stunted shrubs indicate a barren spot on the heath. Three female figures in tattered garments are dimly seen huddled together as thunder rolls in the distance. In a flash of lightning they turn to the audience and are seen to be ugly hags with beards. The Elizabethan audience recognized them as witches—and shuddered. Nearly every Englishman in 1606 lived under a fearful conviction that witches met in storms and had attendant devils in such forms as cats and toads. The attendants in this scene are calling away the witches after a night spent in evil incantations. From the stage rises a cloud of smoke in which the weird figures vanish. Even to us, who do not believe in witches, the scene strikes the keynote of the play, suggesting an atmosphere of gloom.]

*Thunder and lightning. Enter three Witches*

FIRST WITCH. When shall we three meet again  
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?

SECOND WITCH. When the hurly-  
burly's<sup>1</sup> done,  
When the battle's lost and won.

THIRD WITCH. That will be ere the  
set of sun. 5

FIRST WITCH. Where the place?

SECOND WITCH. Upon the heath.

THIRD WITCH. There to meet with  
Macbeth.

FIRST WITCH. I come, Graymalkin!<sup>2</sup>

SECOND WITCH. Paddock<sup>3</sup> calls.

THIRD WITCH. Anon.<sup>4</sup> 10

ALL. Fair is foul, and foul is fair;<sup>5</sup>  
Hover through the fog and filthy air.

[*Exeunt*]

<sup>1</sup> *hurlyburly*, confusion, tumult; here, the battle. <sup>2</sup> *Graymalkin*, a gray cat.

<sup>3</sup> *Paddock*, a toad. Cats and toads were supposed to be the familiar companions of witches.

<sup>4</sup> *Anon*, immediately.

<sup>5</sup> *Fair . . . fair*. To the witches good and bad are alike.

SCENE II. *A camp near Forres*<sup>1</sup>

[Rich hangings on the stage represent the royal headquarters at Forres. In the distance can be heard drums and cries of battle. King Duncan, a kindly old man with a white beard, enters in company with Malcolm and Donalbain, his two mild, youthful sons, a lord named Lennox, and other attendants. He is deeply anxious about the battle which may end his reign. One of his personal attendants delivers a report which reveals the best side of Macbeth's character, his personal daring. In one day he has crushed a rebellion of King Duncan's subjects and repelled an invasion by foreign enemies. His success helps to explain his high favor with his cousin the King.]

*Alarum*<sup>2</sup> *within. Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, LENNOX, with Attendants, meeting a bleeding Sergeant*<sup>3</sup>

DUNCAN. What bloody man is that?

He can report,  
As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt  
The newest state.

MALCOLM. This is the sergeant  
Who like a good and hardy soldier  
fought

'Gainst my captivity. Hail, brave friend!  
Say to the King the knowledge of the  
broil 6

As thou didst leave it.

SERGEANT. Doubtful it  
stood,

As two spent swimmers that do cling to-  
gether

And choke their art.<sup>4</sup> The merciless  
Macdonwald—

Worthy to be a rebel, for to that<sup>5</sup> 10  
The multiplying villanies of nature  
Do swarm upon him—from the western  
isles<sup>6</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Forres*, a town in Scotland, 115 miles north of Edinburgh. <sup>2</sup> *Alarum*, noise of battle.

<sup>3</sup> *Sergeant*, an officer of higher rank than now; Malcolm's personal guard.

<sup>4</sup> *art*, skill (in swimming). <sup>5</sup> *for to that*, because to that end—that is, to make him a rebel. <sup>6</sup> *western isles*, the Hebrides and Ireland.

Of kerns and gallowglasses<sup>7</sup> is supplied;  
 And Fortune, on his damnèd quarrel  
     smiling,  
 Showed like a rebel's whore.<sup>8</sup> But all's  
     too weak; 15  
 For brave Macbeth—well he deserves  
     that name—  
 Disdaining Fortune, with his brand-  
     ished steel,  
 Which smoked with bloody execution,  
 Like valor's minion<sup>9</sup> carvèd out his pas-  
     sage  
 Till he faced the slave; 20  
 Which<sup>10</sup> ne'er shook hands, nor bade  
     farewell to him,  
 Till he unseamed him from the navel<sup>11</sup>  
     to the chaps,<sup>12</sup>  
 And fixed his head upon our battle-  
     ments.

DUNCAN. O valiant cousin! worthy  
 gentleman!

SERGEANT. As whence<sup>13</sup> the sun 'gins  
     his reflection 25  
 Shipwrecking storms and direful thun-  
     ders break,  
 So from that spring whence comfort  
     seemed to come  
 Discomfort swells. Mark, King of Scot-  
     land, mark:  
 No sooner justice had, with valor armed,  
 Compelled these skipping kerns to trust  
     their heels, 30  
 But the Norweyan<sup>14</sup> lord, surveying  
     vantage,<sup>15</sup>  
 With furbished<sup>16</sup> arms and new supplies  
     of men,  
 Began a fresh assault.

DUNCAN. Dismayed not this  
 Our captains, Macbeth and Banquo?

SERGEANT. Yes—  
 As sparrows eagles, or the hare the lion.

<sup>7</sup> *kerns and gallowglasses*, light-armed and heavy-armed infantry. <sup>8</sup> *like a rebel's whore*. Fortune was fickle. <sup>9</sup> *minion*, favorite. <sup>10</sup> *Which*, Macbeth.

<sup>11</sup> *navel*, navel. <sup>12</sup> *chaps*, jaws. <sup>13</sup> *whence*—that is, in the east. The sentence means that just as storms sometimes arise in the east (which is usually fair), so victory was immediately followed by the surprising news of a second attack.

<sup>14</sup> *Norweyan*, Norwegian. <sup>15</sup> *surveying vantage*, seeing a good opportunity. <sup>16</sup> *furbished*, polished but unused.

If I say sooth, I must report they were 36  
 As cannons overcharged with double  
     cracks,<sup>17</sup> so they  
 Doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe;  
 Except they meant to bathe in reeking  
     wounds,  
 Or memorize another Golgotha,<sup>18</sup> 40  
 I cannot tell.  
 But I am faint; my gashes cry for help.  
 DUNCAN. So well thy words become  
     thee as thy wounds;  
 They smack of honor both. Go get him  
     surgeons. [*Exit Sergeant, attended*]  
 Who comes here?

*Enter Ross*

MALCOLM. The worthy thane<sup>19</sup>  
     of Ross. 45

LENNOX. What a haste looks through  
     his eyes! So should he look  
 That seems to speak things strange.

Ross. God save the King!

DUNCAN. Whence cam'st thou, worthy  
     thane?

Ross. From Fife,<sup>20</sup> great King,  
 Where the Norweyan banners flout the  
     sky  
 And fan our people cold. Norway him-  
     self, 50

With terrible numbers,  
 Assisted by that most disloyal traitor,  
 The thane of Cawdor,<sup>21</sup> began a dismal  
     conflict,

Till that Bellona's bridegroom,<sup>22</sup> lapped  
     in proof,<sup>23</sup>

Confronted him with self-comparisons,<sup>24</sup>  
 Point against point rebellious, arm  
     'gainst arm, 56

Curbing his lavish spirit; and, to con-  
     clude,

The victory fell on us.

<sup>17</sup> *double cracks*, double charges of powder.

<sup>18</sup> *memorize another Golgotha*, make a scene so bloody that it will recall Golgotha, the scene of Christ's crucifixion. <sup>19</sup> *thane*, a minor nobleman. <sup>20</sup> *Fife*, a county of southeastern Scotland.

<sup>21</sup> *Cawdor*. Cawdor Castle is in north Scotland. <sup>22</sup> *Bellona's bridegroom* Ross speaks of Macbeth as married to a Roman goddess of war. <sup>23</sup> *lapped in proof*, clad in tested armor. <sup>24</sup> *Confronted . . . self-comparisons*, met him on equal terms.

DUNCAN. Great happiness!  
 Ross. That<sup>25</sup> now  
 Sweno, the Norways' King, craves com-  
 position;<sup>26</sup>  
 Nor would we deign him burial of his  
 men 60  
 Till he disbursed, at Saint Colme's  
 Inch,<sup>27</sup>  
 Ten thousand dollars<sup>28</sup> to our general  
 use.  
 DUNCAN. No more that thane of Caw-  
 dor shall deceive  
 Our bosom interest. Go pronounce his  
 present<sup>29</sup> death,  
 And with his former title<sup>30</sup> greet Mac-  
 beth. 65  
 Ross. I'll see it done.  
 DUNCAN. What he hath lost noble  
 Macbeth hath won. [Exeunt]

<sup>25</sup> That, so that. <sup>26</sup> composition, peace terms.  
<sup>27</sup> Saint Colme's Inch, an island in the Firth  
 of Forth, where there was probably a Nor-  
 wegian ship. <sup>28</sup> dollars. An anachronism;  
 dollars were not coined until 1518, nearly five  
 centuries after the events of the play.  
<sup>29</sup> present, immediate. <sup>30</sup> former title—that  
 is, thane of Cawdor.

### SCENE III. A heath near Forres

[On a barren heath later in the after-  
 noon the three witches appear amid thun-  
 der and lightning. They exhibit their  
 spiteful character before Macbeth and  
 Banquo enter in full armor. Macbeth is  
 a warrior of large and powerful frame.  
 The victorious leaders are hastening to the  
 King at Forres. The prophecies of the  
 witches startle Macbeth because they  
 awaken thoughts which he has long har-  
 bored; but in Banquo they arouse only  
 curiosity. After the witches disappear,  
 Macbeth is so deeply moved that he for-  
 gets for the moment where he is. Read  
 this scene closely, for it sets the story of the  
 play in motion.]

Thunder. Enter the three Witches

FIRST WITCH. Where hast thou been,  
 sister?

SECOND WITCH. Killing swine.

THIRD WITCH. Sister, where thou?

FIRST WITCH. A sailor's wife had  
 chestnuts in her lap,

And munched, and munched, and  
 munched—"Give me," quoth I. 5  
 "Aroint thee,<sup>1</sup> witch!" the rump-fed ron-  
 yon<sup>2</sup> cries.

Her husband's to Aleppo<sup>3</sup> gone, master  
 o' the Tiger;

But in a sieve<sup>4</sup> I'll thither sail,  
 And, like a rat without a tail,  
 I'll do,<sup>5</sup> I'll do, and I'll do. 10

SECOND WITCH. I'll give thee a wind.

FIRST WITCH. Thou'rt kind.

THIRD WITCH. And I another.

FIRST WITCH. I myself have all the  
 other,

And the very ports they blow,<sup>6</sup> 15  
 All the quarters that they know  
 I' the shipman's card.<sup>7</sup>

I will drain him dry as hay;  
 Sleep shall neither night nor day  
 Hang upon his penthouse lid;<sup>8</sup> 20

He shall live a man forbid;<sup>9</sup>

Weary se'nights<sup>10</sup> nine times nine

Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine;<sup>11</sup>

Though his bark cannot be lost,  
 Yet it shall be tempest-tossed. 25

Look what I have.

SECOND WITCH. Show me, show me.

FIRST WITCH. Here I have a pilot's  
 thumb,

Wrecked as homeward he did come.

[Drum within]

THIRD WITCH. A drum, a drum! 30  
 Macbeth doth come.

ALL. The weird<sup>12</sup> sisters, hand in  
 hand,

Posters of<sup>13</sup> the sea and land,

Thus do go about, about;

Thrice<sup>14</sup> to thine, and thrice to mine, 35

<sup>1</sup> Aroint thee, get thee gone! <sup>2</sup> rump-fed  
 ronyon, probably an ill-fed, scrawny woman

<sup>3</sup> Aleppo, a city in Asia Minor. <sup>4</sup> sieve, a  
 craft favored by witches. <sup>5</sup> do, gnaw a hole.  
<sup>6</sup> blow, blow to. <sup>7</sup> card, chart or map.

<sup>8</sup> penthouse lid, eyelid, which slopes down  
 like the roof of a lean-to, or penthouse. <sup>9</sup> for-  
 bid, under a curse. <sup>10</sup> se'nights, weeks (seven  
 nights).

<sup>11</sup> dwindle, peak, and pine, to droop and melt  
 away like a wax image before a fire. Witches  
 were supposed to bring death to persons by  
 melting a wax image of the one to die. <sup>12</sup> weird.  
 Anglo-Saxon *wyrd* meant fate.

<sup>13</sup> Posters of, swift travelers over.

<sup>14</sup> Thrice. Three was long considered a  
 magic number.

And thrice again to make up nine.  
Peace! the charm's wound up.

*Enter MACBETH and BANQUO*

MACBETH. So foul and fair<sup>15</sup> a day I  
have not seen.

BANQUO. How far is't called to For-  
res? What are these  
So withered, and so wild in their attire,  
That look not like the inhabitants o' the  
earth, 41

And yet are on't? Live you? Or are  
you aught

That man may question? You seem to  
understand me,

By each at once her choppy finger laying  
Upon her skinny lips. You should be  
women, 45

And yet your beards forbid me to in-  
terpret

That you are so.

MACBETH. Speak, if you can; what  
are you?

FIRST WITCH. All hail, Macbeth! hail  
to thee, thane of Glamis!

SECOND WITCH. All hail, Macbeth!  
hail to thee, thane of Cawdor!

THIRD WITCH. All hail, Macbeth, that  
shalt be king hereafter! 50

BANQUO. Good sir, why do you start,  
and seem to fear

Things that do sound so fair? I' the  
name of truth,

Are ye fantastical,<sup>16</sup> or that indeed

Which outwardly ye show? My noble  
partner

You greet with present grace<sup>17</sup> and great  
prediction 55

Of noble having<sup>18</sup> and of royal hope,<sup>19</sup>

That he seems rapt withal;<sup>20</sup> to me you  
speak not.

If you can look into the seeds of time,

And say which grain will grow and  
which will not,  
Speak then to me, who neither beg nor  
fear 60

Your favors nor your hate.

FIRST WITCH. Hail!

SECOND WITCH. Hail!

THIRD WITCH. Hail!

FIRST WITCH. Lesser than Macbeth,  
and greater. 65

SECOND WITCH. Not so happy, yet  
much happier.

THIRD WITCH. Thou shalt get<sup>21</sup> kings,  
though thou be none.

So all hail, Macbeth and Banquo!

FIRST WITCH. Banquo and Macbeth,  
all hail!

MACBETH. Stay, you imperfect speak-  
ers, tell me more. 70

By Sinel's<sup>22</sup> death I know I am thane of  
Glamis;

But how of Cawdor? The thane of  
Cawdor lives,

A prosperous gentleman. And to be  
king

Stands not within the prospect of be-  
lief,

No more than to be Cawdor. Say from  
whence 75

You owe this strange intelligence?<sup>23</sup> Or  
why

Upon this blasted heath you stop our  
way

With such prophetic greeting? Speak, I  
charge you. [Witches *vanish*]

BANQUO. The earth hath bubbles, as  
the water has,

And these are of them. Whither are  
they vanished? 80

MACBETH. Into the air, and what  
seemed corporal<sup>24</sup> melted

As breath into the wind. Would they  
had stayed!

BANQUO. Were such things here as we  
do speak about?

<sup>15</sup> *foul and fair*, bad weather and success in battle. <sup>16</sup> *fantastical*, imaginary.

<sup>17</sup> *present grace*—that is, as thane of Glamis (line 48). <sup>18</sup> *noble having*—that is, as thane of Cawdor (line 49). <sup>19</sup> *royal hope*—with reference to the witch's prophecy that Macbeth shall "be king hereafter" (line 50). <sup>20</sup> *That . . . withal*, so that he seems lost in thought about it.

<sup>21</sup> *get*, be father of (kings). <sup>22</sup> *Sinel*, Macbeth's father.

<sup>23</sup> *owe . . . intelligence*, have learned this strange news. <sup>24</sup> *corporal*, physical body.



"SO ALL HAIL, MACBETH AND BANQUO!"

Or have we eaten on the insane root<sup>25</sup>  
That takes the reason prisoner? 85

MACBETH. Your children shall be  
kings.

BANQUO. You shall be king.

MACBETH. And thane of Cawdor, too;  
went it not so?

BANQUO. To the selfsame tune and  
words. Who's here?

*Enter Ross and ANGUS*

Ross. The King hath happily re-  
ceived, Macbeth,  
The news of thy success; and when he  
reads 90  
Thy personal venture in the rebels' fight,  
His wonders and his praises do contend  
Which should be thine or his.<sup>26</sup> Silenced  
with that,

<sup>25</sup> on . . . root, of a root (hemlock) caus-  
ing insanity.

<sup>26</sup> His wonders . . . his, he does not know  
whether to express wonder at your deeds or  
to sing your praises.

In viewing o'er the rest o' the selfsame  
day,

He finds thee in the stout Norweyan  
ranks, 95

Nothing afraid of what thyself didst  
make,

Strange images of death. As thick as  
hail

Came post with post, and everyone did  
bear

Thy praises in his kingdom's great de-  
fense,

And poured them down before him.

ANGUS. We are sent 100  
To give thee from our royal master  
thanks;

Only to herald thee into his sight,  
Not pay thee.

Ross. And, for an earnest<sup>27</sup> of a  
greater honor,  
He bade me, from him, call thee thane  
of Cawdor; 105

<sup>27</sup> earnest, pledge.



In which addition,<sup>28</sup> hail, most worthy  
thane!

For it is thine.

BANQUO. What, can the devil speak  
true?

MACBETH. The thane of Cawdor lives;  
why do you dress me

In borrowed robes?

ANGUS. Who was the thane lives  
yet;

But under heavy judgment bears that  
life 110

Which he deserves to lose. Whether he  
was combined

With those of Norway, or did line<sup>29</sup> the  
rebel

With hidden help and vantage, or that  
with both

He labored in his country's wreck, I  
know not;

But treasons capital, confessed and  
proved, 115

Have overthrown him.

MACBETH. [*Aside*] Glamis, and thane  
of Cawdor!

The greatest is behind. [*To Ross and  
ANGUS*] Thanks for your pains.

[*To BANQUO*] Do you not hope your  
children shall be kings,

When those that gave the thane of Caw-  
dor to me

Promised no less to them?

BANQUO. That, trusted home,<sup>30</sup> 120  
Might yet enkindle you unto the crown,

Besides the thane of Cawdor. But 'tis  
strange;

And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,  
The instruments of darkness tell us

truths,  
Win us with honest trifles, to betray 's 125

In deepest consequence.

Cousins,<sup>31</sup> a word, I pray you.

MACBETH. [*Aside*] Two truths are  
told,

As happy prologues to the swelling act

<sup>28</sup> addition, title. <sup>29</sup> line, strengthen. <sup>30</sup> trusted home, if fully believed

<sup>31</sup> Cousins, a form of address common in Shakespeare's day, not necessarily expressing relationship.

Of the imperial theme.<sup>32</sup>—I thank you,  
gentlemen.

[*Aside*] This supernatural soliciting  
Cannot be ill, cannot be good; if ill, 131  
Why hath it given me earnest of success,  
Commencing in a truth? I am thane of  
Cawdor;

If good, why do I yield to that suggestion  
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair  
And make my seated heart knock at my  
ribs, 135

Against the use of nature?<sup>33</sup> Present  
fears

Are less than horrible imaginings;  
My thought, whose murder yet is but  
fantastical,<sup>34</sup>

Shakes so my single state of man<sup>35</sup> that  
function 140

Is smothered in surmise,<sup>36</sup> and nothing is  
But what is not.

BANQUO. Look, how our partner's  
rapt.

MACBETH. [*Aside*] If chance will have  
me king, why, chance may crown  
me,

Without my stir.

BANQUO. New honors come upon  
him,

Like our strange<sup>37</sup> garments, cleave not  
to their mold<sup>38</sup> 145

But with the aid of use.

MACBETH. [*Aside*] Come what come  
may,

Time and the hour runs through the  
roughest day.<sup>39</sup>

BANQUO. Worthy Macbeth, we stay  
upon your leisure.

MACBETH. Give me your favor;<sup>40</sup> my  
dull brain was wrought

<sup>32</sup> Two truths . . . theme, the two honors I have already achieved are only the prologue, or introduction, to the main part of the play (in which I am to become king).

<sup>33</sup> Against . . . nature, contrary to the laws of nature <sup>34</sup> whose . . . fantastical, which has so far only imagined the murder. <sup>35</sup> single state of man, weak human condition

<sup>36</sup> function . . . surmise, physical movements are checked by absorbing thoughts. <sup>37</sup> strange, new. <sup>38</sup> mold, proper shape

<sup>39</sup> Time . . . day, time and the appropriate hour will settle the outcome of "what may come," no matter what its nature is. <sup>40</sup> favor, pardon.

With things forgotten. Kind gentlemen,  
 your pains 150  
 Are registered where every day I turn  
 The leaf to read them. Let us toward  
 the King.  
 Think upon what hath chanced, and, at  
 more time,  
 The interim<sup>41</sup> having weightied it, let us  
 speak  
 Our free hearts each to other.

BANQUO. Very gladly. 155

MACBETH. Till then, enough. Come,  
 friends. [Exeunt]

<sup>41</sup> *The interim, in the meantime*

#### SCENE IV. *Forres. The palace*

[The setting represents the King's palace at Forres. The conversation takes place on the day following the events of the last scene. In the interval Macbeth has dispatched a letter to Lady Macbeth, which she reads in Scene v. Amid the blowing of trumpets the King, his sons, and attendants appear. Duncan names Malcolm as his successor. This act is contrary to the Scotch rule of procedure for the selection of their kings. The designation of the youthful Malcolm stands in the way of Macbeth's well-founded hopes. Macbeth thereupon resolves to satisfy his ambition at all costs. In this purpose he is aided by Duncan's unexpected decision to honor him with a visit.]

*Flourish. Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM,  
 DONALBAIN, LENNOX, and  
 Attendants*

DUNCAN. Is execution done on Caw-  
 dor? Are not  
 Those in commission yet returned?  
 MALCOLM. My liege,  
 They are not yet come back. But I have  
 spoke  
 With one that saw him die; who did re-  
 port  
 That very frankly he confessed his trea-  
 sons, 5  
 Implored your Highness' pardon, and  
 set forth

A deep repentance. Nothing in his life  
 Became him like the leaving it; he died  
 As one that had been studied in his  
 death<sup>1</sup>

To throw away the dearest thing he  
 owed,<sup>2</sup>

As 'twere a careless trifle.

DUNCAN. There's no art 11  
 To find the mind's construction in the  
 face.<sup>3</sup>

He was a gentleman on whom I built  
 An absolute trust.

*Enter MACBETH, BANQUO, ROSS, and  
 ANGUS*

O worthiest cousin!

The sin of my ingratitude even now 15  
 Was heavy on me; thou art so far be-  
 fore

That swiftest wing of recompense is  
 slow

To overtake thee. Would thou hadst  
 less deserved,

That the proportion<sup>4</sup> both of thanks and  
 payment

Might have been mine! Only I have left  
 to say, 20

More is thy due than more than all can  
 pay.

MACBETH. The service and the loyalty  
 I owe,

In doing it, pays itself. Your Highness'  
 part

Is to receive our duties; and our duties  
 Are to your throne and state, children  
 and servants, 25

Which do but what they should, by do-  
 ing everything

Safe toward<sup>5</sup> your love and honor.

DUNCAN. Welcome hither;  
 I have begun to plant thee, and will  
 labor

To make thee full of growing. Noble  
 Banquo,

<sup>1</sup> *had been . . . death*, had so trained him-  
 self that he was able, when he faced death,  
 etc. <sup>2</sup> *owed*, owned. <sup>3</sup> *There's . . . face*, no  
 one can read a man's mind by looking at his  
 face.

<sup>4</sup> *proportion*, greater proportion. <sup>5</sup> *Safe to-  
 ward*, that will preserve.

That hast no less deserved, nor must be  
known 30

No less to have done so, let me enfold  
thee

And hold thee to my heart.

BANQUO. There if I grow,  
The harvest is your own.

DUNCAN. My plenteous joys,  
Wanton in fullness, seek to hide them-  
selves

In drops of sorrow. Sons, kinsmen,  
thanés, 35

And you whose places are the nearest,  
know

We will establish our estate<sup>a</sup> upon

Our eldest, Malcolm, whom we name  
hereafter

The Prince of Cumberland; which  
honor must

Not unaccompanied invest him only, 40  
But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall  
shine

On all deservers. From hence to Inver-  
ness,<sup>7</sup>

And bind us further to you.

MACBETH. The rest is labor which is  
not used for you.<sup>8</sup>

I'll be myself the harbinger,<sup>9</sup> and make  
joyful 45

The hearing of my wife with your ap-  
proach;

So humbly take my leave.

DUNCAN. My worthy Cawdor!

MACBETH. [*Aside*] The Prince of  
Cumberland! that is a step

On which I must fall down, or else o'er-  
leap,

For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your  
fires; 50

Let not light see my black and deep de-  
sires;

The eye wink at the hand; yet let that be  
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to  
see. [*Exit*]

<sup>a</sup> *establish our estate*. Malcolm is to suc-  
ceed his father as king. <sup>7</sup> *Inverness*, a town of  
north Scotland, twenty-five miles from For-  
res. <sup>8</sup> *The rest . . . you*, resting is labor for  
me, since I realize I am doing nothing for  
you. <sup>9</sup> *harbinger*, officer sent ahead to secure  
lodgings for a man of rank.

DUNCAN. True, worthy Banquo; he is  
full so valiant,

And in his commendations<sup>10</sup> I am fed; 55  
It is a banquet to me. Let's after him,  
Whose care is gone before to bid us wel-

come.

It is a peerless kinsman.

[*Flourish. Exeunt*]

<sup>10</sup> *commendations*, praise.

#### SCENE V. *Inverness. MACBETH's castle*

[Scene v takes place in the afternoon of  
the same day as Scene iv. The hanging  
tapestries represent a room in Macbeth's  
castle at Inverness. Lady Macbeth, a small  
but extraordinarily "live" and intense  
woman, enters reading Macbeth's letter.  
Her comments reveal her as a woman of  
iron will. When Macbeth arrives, some-  
what irresolute, he finds that his letter and  
his messenger have roused in his wife a  
fierce courage to achieve their ambition.]

*Enter LADY MACBETH, reading a  
letter*

LADY MACBETH. "They met me in the  
day of success; and I have learned by the  
perfectest report they have more in them  
than mortal knowledge. When I burned  
in desire to question them further, they  
made themselves air, into which they  
vanished. Whiles I stood rapt in the  
wonder of it, came missives from the  
King, who all-hailed me 'Thane of 9  
Cawdor'; by which title, before, these  
weird sisters saluted me, and referred  
me to the coming-on of time, with  
'Hail, king that shalt be!' This have  
I thought good to deliver thee, my  
dearest partner of greatness, that thou  
mightst not lose the dues of rejoicing,  
by being ignorant of what greatness is  
promised thee. Lay it to thy heart, and  
farewell."

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and shalt  
be

What thou art promised. Yet do I fear  
thy nature; 20

It is too full o' the milk of human kindness<sup>1</sup>  
 To catch the nearest way.<sup>2</sup> Thou  
 wouldst be great;  
 Art not without ambition, but without  
 The illness<sup>3</sup> should attend it. What thou  
 wouldst highly,  
 That wouldst thou holily; wouldst not  
 play false,<sup>25</sup>  
 And yet wouldst wrongly win. Thou-  
 'ldst have, great Glamis,  
 That which cries, "Thus thou must do,  
 if thou have it";  
 And that which rather thou dost fear  
 to do  
 Than wishest should be undone. Hie  
 thee hither,<sup>29</sup>  
 That I may pour my spirits in thine ear,  
 And chastise with the valor of my  
 tongue  
 All that impedes thee from the golden  
 round,<sup>4</sup>  
 Which fate and metaphysical<sup>5</sup> aid doth  
 seem  
 To have thee crowned withal.

*Enter a Messenger*

What is your tidings?

MESSENGER. The King comes here to-night.

LADY MACBETH. Thou'rt mad to say it!<sup>35</sup>  
 Is not thy master with him? Who, were't so,  
 Would have informed for preparation.

MESSENGER. So please you, it is true; our thane is coming;  
 One of my fellows had the speed of him,<sup>6</sup>  
 Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely more

Than would make up his message.

LADY MACBETH. Give him tending; He brings great news. [*Exit Messenger*]

<sup>1</sup> *milk of human kindness*, the instinctive tendency to shrink from what is abnormal.

<sup>2</sup> *the nearest way*—that is, the murder of Duncan. <sup>3</sup> *illness*, lack of scruples.

<sup>4</sup> *golden round*, the crown. <sup>5</sup> *metaphysical*, supernatural. <sup>6</sup> *had the speed of him*, outstripped him.

The raven himself is hoarse<sup>7</sup> 42  
 That croaks the fatal entrance<sup>7</sup> of Duncan  
 Under my battlements. Come, you  
 spirits  
 That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me  
 here,<sup>45</sup>  
 And fill me from the crown to the toe  
 top full  
 Of direst cruelty! make thick my blood;  
 Stop up the access and passage to remorse,<sup>8</sup>  
 That no compunctious visitings of nature<sup>9</sup>  
 Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace  
 between<sup>50</sup>  
 The effect and it!<sup>10</sup> Come to my woman's breasts,  
 And take my milk for gall,<sup>11</sup> you murdering ministers,  
 Wherever in your sightless<sup>12</sup> substances  
 You wait on nature's mischief! Come,  
 thick night,  
 And pall thee<sup>13</sup> in the dunkest smoke of  
 hell,<sup>55</sup>  
 That my keen knife see not the wound  
 it makes,  
 Nor heaven peep through the blanket of  
 the dark,  
 To cry, "Hold, hold!"

*Enter MACBETH*

Great Glamis! worthy Cawdor!  
 Greater than both, by the all-hail here-  
 after!<sup>59</sup>  
 Thy letters have transported me beyond  
 This ignorant present,<sup>14</sup> and I feel now  
 The future in the instant.

MACBETH. My dearest love,  
 Duncan comes here tonight.

LADY MACBETH. And when goes  
 hence?

<sup>7</sup> *The raven . . . entrance*, the raven (a bird of ill omen) has grown hoarse with croaking over the fatal entrance, etc.

<sup>8</sup> *remorse*, pity, compassion. <sup>9</sup> *compunctious* . . . *nature*, natural pangs of conscience. <sup>10</sup> *keep . . . it*, let anything prevent my intention from being carried out.

<sup>11</sup> *gall*, a bitter substance. <sup>12</sup> *sightless*, invisible. <sup>13</sup> *pall thee*, wrap thyself. <sup>14</sup> *This ignorant present*, the present time, which is ignorant of the future.

MACBETH. Tomorrow, as he purposes.  
 LADY MACBETH. O never  
 Shall sun that morrow see! <sup>65</sup>  
 Your face, my thane, is as a book where  
 men  
 May read strange matters. To beguile  
 the time,  
 Look like the time;<sup>15</sup> bear welcome in  
 your eye,  
 Your hand, your tongue. Look like the  
 innocent flower,  
 But be the serpent under 't. He that's  
 coming <sup>70</sup>  
 Must be provided for; and you shall put  
 This night's great business into my dis-  
 patch,<sup>16</sup>  
 Which shall to all our nights and days  
 to come  
 Give solely sovereign sway and master-  
 dom. <sup>74</sup>

MACBETH. We will speak further.

LADY MACBETH. Only look up clear;  
 To alter favor ever is to fear<sup>17</sup>—  
 Leave all the rest to me. [Exeunt]

<sup>15</sup> To beguile . . . time, to deceive those about you, you must act as they act. <sup>16</sup> dis-  
 patch, care. <sup>17</sup> To . . . fear, to change coun-  
 tenance always is a sign of fear

#### SCENE VI. Before MACBETH's castle

[At dusk a procession, consisting of Duncan, his two sons, and other royal attendants, enters the gate of Macbeth's castle. With a show of utmost courtesy Lady Macbeth leads the kindly, trustful king into the castle. The quiet atmosphere of this scene is welcome after the tension of the preceding scenes.]

*Hautboys<sup>1</sup> and torches. Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, BANQUO, LENNOX, MACDUFF, ROSS, ANGUS, and Attendants*

DUNCAN. This castle hath a pleasant seat;<sup>2</sup> the air  
 Nimble and sweetly recommends itself  
 Unto our gentle senses.

<sup>1</sup> Hautboys, wind instruments made of wood.

<sup>2</sup> seat, site.

BANQUO. This guest of summer,  
 The temple-haunting martlet,<sup>3</sup> does ap-  
 prove,  
 By his loved mansionry, that the heav-  
 en's breath <sup>5</sup>  
 Smells wooingly here. No jutty,<sup>4</sup> frieze,  
 Buttress, nor coign of vantage<sup>5</sup> but this  
 bird  
 Hath made his pendent bed and pro-  
 creant cradle;<sup>6</sup>  
 Where they most breed and haunt, I  
 have observed,  
 The air is delicate.

*Enter LADY MACBETH*

DUNCAN. See, see, our honored  
 hostess! <sup>10</sup>  
 The love that follows us sometime is  
 our trouble,  
 Which still we thank as love. Herein I  
 teach you  
 How you shall bid God 'ild us<sup>7</sup> for your  
 pains,  
 And thank us for your trouble.

LADY MACBETH. All our service  
 In every point twice done and then done  
 double <sup>15</sup>  
 Were poor and single<sup>8</sup> business to con-  
 tend  
 Against<sup>9</sup> those honors deep and broad  
 wherewith  
 Your Majesty loads our house; for those  
 of old,  
 And the late dignities heaped up to  
 them,  
 We rest your hermits.<sup>10</sup>

DUNCAN. Where's the thane of  
 Cawdor? <sup>20</sup>  
 We coursed him at the heels, and had a  
 purpose  
 To be his purveyor;<sup>11</sup> but he rides well,

<sup>3</sup> martlet, martin. <sup>4</sup> jutty, projection. <sup>5</sup> coign  
 of vantage, a projecting corner.

<sup>6</sup> pendent . . . cradle, overhanging nest in  
 which its young live. <sup>7</sup> God 'ild us, God yield  
 (reward) us. <sup>8</sup> single, slight. <sup>9</sup> contend  
 Against, equal.

<sup>10</sup> We . . . hermits, we shall always pray for  
 you, like hermits. <sup>11</sup> purveyor, forerunner; lit-  
 erally, an officer sent ahead to secure food.

And his great love, sharp as his spur,  
hath help<sup>12</sup> him

To his home before us. Fair and noble  
hostess,

We are your guests tonight.

LADY MACBETH. Your servants ever <sup>25</sup>  
Have theirs, themselves, and what is  
theirs, in compt,<sup>13</sup>

To make their audit at your Highness'  
pleasure,

Still<sup>14</sup> to return your own.

DUNCAN. Give me your hand;  
Conduct me to mine host. We love him  
highly,

And shall continue our graces toward  
him. <sup>30</sup>

By your leave, hostess. [Exeunt]

<sup>12</sup> help, helped. <sup>13</sup> in compt, in readiness for  
examination. <sup>14</sup> Still, always.

#### SCENE VII. MACBETH'S castle

[It is now evening. In a corridor or room adjoining the banquet hall we witness the activity occasioned by the feast in honor of Duncan's visit. Some servants hold torches, while others carry great platters to and from the hall. Macbeth enters, too much agitated by thoughts of the projected murder to remain at the table. He soliloquizes on the reasons for and against the act. Lady Macbeth, understanding his weakness, joins him and by her tenacity of purpose carries the day. With biting scorn and a final confident promise of success she brings him to an almost eager resolution to proceed with their plans. They return to sit at table with their intended victim after the most momentous decision of the play.]

*Hautboys and torches. Enter a Sewer,<sup>1</sup>  
and divers Servants with dishes and  
service, and pass over the stage.  
Then enter MACBETH*

MACBETH. If it were done when 'tis  
done, then 'twere well  
It were done quickly; if the assassination

<sup>1</sup> Sewer, a household officer who arranges  
the dishes on the table.

Could trammel up<sup>2</sup> the consequence,  
and catch

With his surcease<sup>3</sup> success; that but<sup>4</sup> this  
blow

Might be the be-all and the end-all here,<sup>5</sup>  
But<sup>6</sup> here, upon this bank and shoal of  
time,

We'd jump<sup>6</sup> the life to come. But in  
these cases

We still have judgment here; that<sup>7</sup> we  
but teach

Bloody instructions, which, being taught,  
return

To plague the inventor; this even-  
handed<sup>8</sup> justice <sup>10</sup>

Commends<sup>9</sup> the ingredients of our poi-  
soned chalice

To our own lips. He's here in double  
trust:

First, as I am his kinsman and his sub-  
ject,

Strong both against the deed; then, as  
his host,

Who should against his murderer shut  
the door, <sup>15</sup>

Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this  
Duncan

Hath borne his faculties<sup>10</sup> so meek, hath  
been

So clear in his great office, that his vir-  
tues

Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued,  
against <sup>19</sup>

The deep damnation of his taking-off;<sup>11</sup>  
And pity, like a naked, new-born babe,

Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubin,  
horsed

Upon the sightless couriers of the air,<sup>12</sup>  
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,

That tears shall drown the wind. I have  
no spur <sup>25</sup>

To prick the sides of my intent, but only

<sup>2</sup> trammel up, prevent. <sup>3</sup> his surcease, its  
completion. (The pronoun *its* was just com-  
ing into use, but Shakespeare often used the  
older form, *his*.)

<sup>4</sup> that but, if. <sup>5</sup> But, only. <sup>6</sup> jump, take our  
chances with. <sup>7</sup> that, so that. <sup>8</sup> even-handed,  
impartial. <sup>9</sup> Commends, presents.

<sup>10</sup> faculties, kingly powers. <sup>11</sup> taking-off,  
murder. <sup>12</sup> sightless . . . air, invisible winds.

Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself  
And falls on the other.<sup>13</sup>

*Enter* LADY MACBETH

How now! what news?

LADY MACBETH. He has almost sup-  
ped; why have you left the cham-  
ber?

MACBETH. Hath he asked for me?

LADY MACBETH. Know you not he  
has? 30

MACBETH. We will proceed no fur-  
ther in this business.

He hath honored me of late; and I have  
bought<sup>14</sup>

Golden opinions from all sorts of peo-  
ple,

Which would be worn now in their  
newest gloss,

Not cast aside so soon.

LADY MACBETH. Was the hope  
drunk 35

Wherein you dressed yourself? Hath it  
slept since?

And wakes it now, to look so green and  
pale

At what it did so freely? From this  
time

Such I account thy love. Art thou afraid  
To be the same in thine own act and  
valor 40

As thou art in desire? Wouldst thou  
have that

Which thou esteem'st the ornament of  
life,<sup>15</sup>

And live a coward in thine own esteem,  
Letting "I dare not" wait upon "I  
would,"

Like the poor cat i' the adage?<sup>16</sup>

MACBETH. Prithee, peace. 45

I dare do all that may become a man;

Who dares do more is none.

LADY MACBETH. What beast was't,  
then,

That made you break this enterprise to  
me?

When you durst do it, then you were  
a man;

And, to be more than what you were,  
you would 50

Be so much more the man. Nor<sup>17</sup> time  
nor place

Did then adhere,<sup>18</sup> and yet you would  
make both;

They have made themselves, and that  
their fitness now

Does unmake you. I have given suck,  
and know

How tender 'tis to love the babe that  
milks me; 55

I would, while it was smiling in my face,  
Have plucked my nipple from his bone-  
less gums,

And dashed the brains out, had I so  
sworn as you

Have done to this.

MACBETH. If we should fail?

LADY MACBETH. We fail!

But screw your courage to the sticking-  
place, 60

And we'll not fail. When Duncan is  
asleep—

Whereto the rather shall his day's hard  
journey

Soundly invite him—his two chamber-  
lains

Will I with wine and wassail<sup>19</sup> so con-  
vince<sup>20</sup>

That memory, the warder<sup>21</sup> of the brain,  
Shall be a fume, and the receipt of rea-  
son<sup>22</sup> 65

A limbeck<sup>23</sup> only. When in swinish sleep  
Their drenchèd natures lie as in a death,

What cannot you and I perform upon  
The unguarded Duncan? What not put

upon 70

His spongy officers, who shall bear the  
guilt

Of our great quell?<sup>24</sup>

<sup>13</sup> *other*, other side; the figure is that of leaping into a saddle.

<sup>14</sup> *bought*, deservedly obtained. <sup>15</sup> *the ornament of life*, the crown. <sup>16</sup> *adage*. "The cat would eat the fish, but she will not wet her feet."

<sup>17</sup> *Nor*, neither. <sup>18</sup> *adhere*, suit our purpose. <sup>19</sup> *wassail*, revelry. <sup>20</sup> *convince*, overpower.

<sup>21</sup> *warder*, warden, or caretaker. <sup>22</sup> *the receipt of reason*, judgment. <sup>23</sup> *limbeck*, here, an empty vessel. <sup>24</sup> *quell*, murder.

MACBETH. Bring forth men-children only;  
For thy undaunted mettle should compose  
Nothing but males. Will it not be received,<sup>25</sup>  
When we have marked with blood those  
sleepy two 75  
Of his own chamber and used their very  
daggers,  
That they have done 't?

LADY MACBETH. Who dares receive  
it other,<sup>26</sup>  
As we shall make our griefs and clamor  
roar  
Upon his death?

MACBETH. I am settled, and bend up  
Each corporal agent<sup>27</sup> to this terrible  
feat. 80  
Away, and mock the time with fairest  
show;  
False face must hide what the false heart  
doth know. [Exeunt]

<sup>25</sup> received, believed. <sup>26</sup> other, otherwise.  
<sup>27</sup> corporal agent, bodily power.

### CLASS DISCUSSIONS

#### Scene i

1. How do the witches know that Macbeth will survive the battle? Quote or read a line to prove their evil nature.
2. What do you look forward to at the end of the scene?

#### Scene ii

1. Why is Duncan not in the battle with his troops? What characteristics of Macbeth are brought out in the account of the bleeding Sergeant? At the end of the scene what is your opinion of Duncan and Macbeth?

2. How has this scene advanced the story of the play? What do you now look forward to?

#### Scene iii

1. How do the witches show their evil nature here? What is the exact meaning of *weird* (line 32)? What supernatural powers have the witches?

2. Cite specific hints in this scene concerning the future course of events in the play.

#### Scene iv

1. What new features of Duncan's character are prominent in this scene? Quote passages.
2. What terrible resolution does Macbeth form?

#### Scene v

1. What decision does Lady Macbeth make after reading the letter? Name specific qualities in Macbeth which, she fears, will keep him from decisive action. Have previous words or actions of Macbeth given any evidence to show whether she is right or wrong? If so, cite them.

2. What is Lady Macbeth's purpose in the speeches to Macbeth (lines 58-62, 64-74)? Cite particular phrases to support your view.

#### Scene vi

What characteristics of Duncan appear in this scene? How do they make you feel about his entrance into the castle?

#### Scene vii

1. What feelings of Macbeth does Lady Macbeth first play on in her effort to rouse him to his purpose? Do lines 47-52 refer to the letter or to some conversation before the beginning of the play? Consider carefully the evidence for your decision.

2. To what feelings does Lady Macbeth appeal from line 60 on? Is it her plan or her manner of speaking that convinces Macbeth? What would be the weakness of her plot under modern methods of detecting crime?

#### Act I As a Whole

1. What immediate events do you look forward to now? Explain what developments of Act I lead you to expect these events.

2. State briefly what you now know about Macbeth, Lady Macbeth, and Banquo.



## ACT SECOND

SCENE I. *Court of MACBETH's castle*

[The action takes place shortly after midnight. The stage represents a courtyard within the castle, the gloom relieved only by Fleance's torch. The hush is broken by Banquo's low remarks to his young son, his whispered conversation with Macbeth, and the single stroke of the bell announcing the doom of Duncan. The atmosphere of horror will pervade the whole act.]

*Enter BANQUO, and FLEANCE bearing a torch before him*

BANQUO. How goes the night, boy?

FLEANCE. The moon is down; I have not heard the clock.

BANQUO. And she goes down at twelve.

FLEANCE. I take 't, 'tis later, sir.

BANQUO. Hold, take my sword. There's husbandry<sup>1</sup> in heaven;

Their candles are all out. Take thee that, too.<sup>2</sup>

A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,

And yet I would not sleep; merciful powers,

Restrain in me the cursed thoughts that nature

Gives way to in repose!

*Enter MACBETH, and a Servant with a torch*

Give me my sword.

Who's there? 10

MACBETH. A friend,

BANQUO. What, sir, not yet at rest? The King's abed.

He hath been in unusual pleasure, and Sent forth great largess<sup>3</sup> to your offices.<sup>4</sup> This diamond he greets your wife withal, 15

<sup>1</sup> husbandry, economy. <sup>2</sup> Take . . . too. Banquo hands Fleance another weapon. <sup>3</sup> largess, gifts. <sup>4</sup> offices, servants' quarters. (The gifts were to be distributed among Macbeth's servants.)

By the name of most kind hostess; and shut up<sup>5</sup>

In measureless content.

MACBETH. Being unprepared, Our will became the servant to defect, Which else should free have wrought.<sup>6</sup>

BANQUO. All's well. I dreamt last night of the three weird sisters; 20

To you they have showed some truth.

MACBETH. I think not of them; Yet, when we can entreat an hour to serve,

We<sup>7</sup> would spend it in some words upon that business,

If you would grant the time.

BANQUO. At your kind'st leisure.

MACBETH. If you shall cleave to my consent,<sup>8</sup> when 'tis, 25

It shall make honor for you.

BANQUO. So<sup>9</sup> I lose none In seeking to augment it, but still keep My bosom franchised<sup>10</sup> and allegiance clear,

I shall be counseled.

MACBETH. Good repose the while!

BANQUO. Thanks, sir. The like to you! 30

[*Exeunt BANQUO and FLEANCE*]

MACBETH. Go bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready,

She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed. [*Exit Servant*]

Is this a dagger which I see before me, The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee.

I have thee not, and yet I see thee still. 35

Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible<sup>11</sup>

To feeling as to sight? Or art thou but

A dagger of the mind, a false creation, Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?

I see thee yet, in form as palpable 40 As this which now I draw.

<sup>5</sup> shut up, wrapped in. <sup>6</sup> Being . . . wrought, lack of time forced us to provide inadequate entertainment for the King.

<sup>7</sup> when we . . . We, when I can find an hour's time, I, etc. <sup>8</sup> consent, counsel.

<sup>9</sup> So, provided. <sup>10</sup> franchised, free from guilt. <sup>11</sup> sensible, perceptible.

Thou marshal'st<sup>12</sup> me the way that I was  
 going,  
 And such an instrument I was to use.  
 Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other  
 senses,  
 Or else worth all the rest;<sup>13</sup> I see thee  
 still, 45  
 And on thy blade and dudgeon<sup>14</sup> gouts<sup>15</sup>  
 of blood,  
 Which was not so before. There's no  
 such thing;  
 It is the bloody business which informs<sup>16</sup>  
 Thus to mine eyes. Now o'er the one  
 half world  
 Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams  
 abuse 50  
 The curtain'd sleep; witchcraft cele-  
 brates  
 Pale Hecate's<sup>17</sup> offerings, and withered  
 murder,  
 Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,  
 Whose howl's his watch, thus with his  
 stealthy pace,  
 With Tarquin's<sup>18</sup> ravishing strides, to-  
 ward his design 55  
 Moves like a ghost. Thou sure and firm-  
 set earth,  
 Hear not my steps, which way they  
 walk, for fear  
 Thy very stones prate of my where-  
 about,  
 And take the present horror from the  
 time,  
 Which now suits with it. Whiles I  
 threat, he lives; 60  
 Words to the heat of deeds too cold  
 breath gives. [*A bell rings*]  
 I go, and it is done; the bell invites me.  
 Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell  
 That summons thee to heaven or to hell.

[*Exit*]

<sup>12</sup> *marshal'st*, guidest. <sup>13</sup> *Mine eyes . . . rest*. my eyes are deceived by my imagination if they see what doesn't exist, but they are worth all the other senses if they alone perceive a real dagger. <sup>14</sup> *dudgeon*, hilt. <sup>15</sup> *gouts*, drops. <sup>16</sup> *informs*, takes visible form. <sup>17</sup> *Hecate*, the goddess of witchcraft.

<sup>18</sup> *Tarquin*, Sextus, the son of Tarquinius Superbus, a legendary ruler of Rome. The crimes of Sextus caused the entire Tarquin family to be banished from Rome.

## SCENE II. *The same*

[The action occurs in the same courtyard as in the preceding scene. Macbeth has ascended a stairway to the King's bedroom before Lady Macbeth appears. When he descends after the crime, he is totally unnerved. Only the failure of the porter to answer the knocking at the castle gate prevents them from being discovered.]

### *Enter* LADY MACBETH

LADY MACBETH. That which hath  
 made them drunk hath made me  
 bold;  
 What hath quenched them hath given  
 me fire. Hark! Peace!  
 It was the owl that shrieked, the fatal  
 bellman,<sup>1</sup>  
 Which gives the stern'st good-night. He  
 is about it;  
 The doors are open; and the surfeited  
 grooms 5  
 Do mock their charge with snores; I  
 have drugged their possets,<sup>2</sup>  
 That death and nature do contend about  
 them,  
 Whether they live or die.  
 MACBETH. [*Within*] Who's there?  
 What, ho!  
 LADY MACBETH. Alack, I am afraid  
 they have awaked,  
 And 'tis not done. The attempt and not  
 the deed 10  
 Confounds us.<sup>3</sup> Hark! I laid their dag-  
 gers ready;  
 He could not miss 'em. Had he not  
 resembled  
 My father as he slept, I had done 't.

### *Enter* MACBETH

My husband!  
 MACBETH. I have done the deed.  
 Didst thou not hear a noise?

<sup>1</sup> *fatal bellman*. A bellman was sent to notify persons condemned to death that they were to be executed the next day. <sup>2</sup> *possets*, bedtime drinks.

<sup>3</sup> *Confounds us*, ruins us. (To attempt the murder and fail will be ruinous.)

LADY MACBETH. I heard the owl  
scream and the crickets cry. 15  
Did not you speak?

MACBETH. When?

LADY MACBETH. Now.

MACBETH. As I descended?

LADY MACBETH. Aye.

MACBETH. Hark!

Who lies i' the second chamber?

LADY MACBETH. Donalbain.

MACBETH. This is a sorry sight.

[*Looking on his hands*]

LADY MACBETH. A foolish thought, to  
say a sorry sight. 21

MACBETH. There's one did laugh in 's  
sleep, and one cried, "Murder!"

That<sup>4</sup> they did wake each other; I stood  
and heard them;

But they did say their prayers, and ad-  
dressed them

Again to sleep.

LADY MACBETH. There are two lodged  
together.

MACBETH. One cried, "God bless us!"  
and "Amen" the other, 26

As<sup>5</sup> they had seen me with these hang-  
man's hands.

Listening<sup>6</sup> their fear, I could not say,  
"Amen,"

When they did say, "God bless us!"

LADY MACBETH. Consider it not so  
deeply. 30

MACBETH. But wherefore could not I  
pronounce "Amen"?

I had most need of blessing, and  
"Amen"

Stuck in my throat.

LADY MACBETH. These deeds must not  
be thought

After these ways; so, it will make us  
mad.

MACBETH. Methought I heard a voice  
cry, "Sleep no more!" 35

Macbeth does murder sleep," the inno-  
cent sleep,

Sleep that knits up the raveled sleeve of  
care,

The death of each day's life, sore labor's  
bath,

Balm of hurt minds, great nature's sec-  
ond course,

Chief nourisher in life's feast—

LADY MACBETH. What do you mean?

MACBETH. Still it cried, "Sleep no  
more!" to all the house; 41

"Glamis hath murdered sleep, and there-  
fore Cawdor

Shall sleep no more; Macbeth shall sleep  
no more."

LADY MACBETH. Who was it that thus  
cried? Why, worthythane,

You do unbend your noble strength, to  
think 45

So brainsickly of things. Go get some  
water,

And wash this filthy witness from your  
hand.

Why did you bring these daggers from  
the place?

They must lie there. Go carry them,  
and smear

The sleepy grooms with blood.

MACBETH. I'll go no more; 50

I am afraid to think what I have done;  
Look on 't again I dare not.

LADY MACBETH. Infirm of purpose!  
Give me the daggers. The sleeping and  
the dead

Are but as pictures; 'tis the eye of child-  
hood

That fears a painted devil.<sup>7</sup> If he do  
bleed, 55

I'll gild<sup>8</sup> the faces of the grooms with-  
al.

For it must seem their guilt.

[*Exit. Knocking within*]

MACBETH. Whence is that knock-  
ing?

How is 't with me, when every noise  
appals me?

What hands are here? Ha! they pluck  
out mine eyes.

Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this  
blood 60

<sup>4</sup> That, so that. <sup>5</sup> As, as though. <sup>6</sup> Listen-  
ing, listening to.

<sup>7</sup> a painted devil, the picture of a devil.  
<sup>8</sup> gild, smear with blood.

Clean from my hand? No, this my  
hand will rather  
The multitudinous seas incarnadine,<sup>9</sup>  
Making the green one red.<sup>10</sup>

*Re-enter LADY MACBETH*

LADY MACBETH. My hands are of your  
color; but I shame  
To wear a heart so white. [*Knocking  
within*] I hear a knocking <sup>65</sup>  
At the south entry; retire we to our  
chamber;  
A little water clears us of this deed.  
How easy is it, then! Your constancy  
Hath left you unattended.<sup>11</sup> [*Knocking  
within*] Hark! more knocking.  
Get on your nightgown,<sup>12</sup> lest occasion  
call us, <sup>70</sup>  
And show us to be watchers. Be not lost  
So poorly in your thoughts.

MACBETH. To know my deed, 'twere  
best not know myself.<sup>13</sup> [*Knock-  
ing within*]  
Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I  
would thou couldst! [*Exeunt*]

<sup>9</sup> incarnadine, redden. <sup>10</sup> green one red, the green water altogether red.

<sup>11</sup> Your constancy . . . unattended, your firmness has deserted you. <sup>12</sup> nightgown, dressing gown. <sup>13</sup> To know . . . myself, it would be better for me to be lost in my thoughts than to have consciousness of my deed.

### SCENE III. *The same*

[The place is the same courtyard. The porter's speech reveals why he has been slow; he is too drunk to comprehend what the knocking means. His delay is necessary to allow Macbeth and Lady Macbeth time to get ready to appear after the discovery of the crime. It also provides comic relief to the spectators from the high tension of the preceding scene and the excitement of the remainder of this scene. Macduff and Lennox, who are knocking for entrance, have lodged in an outer part of the castle. Macbeth conducts Macduff up the stairway to the chamber door and, without opening it, returns at once to Lennox. Two incidents prove fortunate for the attainment of Macbeth's ambition:

(1) his unpremeditated killing of the grooms and (2) the unexpected flight of the King's two sons.]

*Knocking within. Enter a Porter*

PORTER. Here's a knocking indeed! If a man were porter of hell-gate, he should have old<sup>1</sup> turning the key. [*Knocking within*] Knock, knock, knock! Who's there, i' the name of Beelzebub? Here's a farmer, that <sup>6</sup> hanged himself on the expectation of plenty;<sup>2</sup> come in time; have napkins enow<sup>3</sup> about you; here you'll sweat for't. [*Knocking within*] Knock, knock? Who's there, in the other devil's name? Faith, here's an equivocator,<sup>4</sup> that could swear in both the scales against either scale; who committed treason enough for God's sake, yet could not equivo- <sup>15</sup> cate to heaven. O come in, equivocator. [*Knocking within*] Knock, knock, knock! Who's there? Faith, here's an English tailor come hither, for stealing out of a French hose.<sup>5</sup> Come in, tailor; here you may roast your goose.<sup>6</sup> [*Knock-  
ing within*] Knock, knock; never at quiet. What are you? But this place is too cold for hell. I'll devil-porter it no further. I had thought to have let in some of all professions, that go the primrose way to the everlasting bonfire. [*Knocking within*] Anon,<sup>7</sup> anon! I pray you, remember the porter. <sup>20</sup>

[*Opens the gate*]

*Enter MACDUFF and LENNOX*

MACDUFF. Was it so late, friend, ere  
you went to bed,  
That you do lie so late?

<sup>1</sup> old, plenty. <sup>2</sup> Here's . . . plenty. The porter imagines a long line of people knocking at the gates of hell. The first of these he pictures as a farmer who had hoarded his grain, expecting the price to rise when the price went down instead, he hanged himself.

<sup>3</sup> napkins enow, enough handkerchiefs. <sup>4</sup> equivocator, deceiver. <sup>5</sup> French hose, French breeches; tailors were often accused of stealing some of the cloth provided for making clothes.

<sup>6</sup> goose, a tailor's pressing-iron. <sup>7</sup> Anon, immediately.



"KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK! WHO'S THERE!"

PORTER. 'Faith, sir, we were carousing  
till the second cock.<sup>8</sup>

MACDUFF. Is thy master stirring?

*Enter MACBETH*

Our knocking has awakened him; here  
he comes. 35

LENNOX. Good-morrow, noble sir.

MACBETH. Good-morrow, both.

MACDUFF. Is the King stirring, worthy  
thane?

MACBETH. Not yet.

MACDUFF. He did command me to  
call timely<sup>9</sup> on him;

I have almost slipped the hour.

MACBETH. I'll bring you to  
him.

MACDUFF. I know this is a joyful trou-  
ble to you; 40

But yet 'tis one.

MACBETH. The labor we delight in  
physics<sup>10</sup> pain.

This is the door.

MACDUFF. I'll make so bold to  
call,

For 'tis my limited<sup>11</sup> service.

*[Exit]*

LENNOX. Goes the King hence today?

MACBETH. He does; he did  
appoint so. 45

LENNOX. The night has been unruly;  
where we lay,

Our chimneys were blown down; and,  
as they say,

Lamentings heard i' the air; strange  
screams of death,

And prophesying with accents terrible  
Of dire combustion<sup>12</sup> and confused  
events 50

New hatched to the woeful time; the  
obscure bird<sup>13</sup>

<sup>8</sup> second cock, about three o'clock.

<sup>9</sup> timely, betimes, early.

<sup>10</sup> physics, cures. <sup>11</sup> limited, appointed <sup>12</sup> com-  
bustion, tumult. <sup>13</sup> obscure bird, the owl.

Clamored the livelong night. Some say  
the earth

Was feverous and did shake.

MACBETH. 'Twas a rough night.

LENNOX. My young remembrance  
cannot parallel

A fellow to it. 55

*Re-enter MACDUFF*

MACDUFF. O horror, horror, horror!  
Tongue nor heart  
Cannot conceive nor name thee!

MACBETH } What's the matter?  
LENNOX }

MACDUFF. Confusion now hath made  
his masterpiece!  
Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope  
The Lord's anointed temple,<sup>11</sup> and stole  
thence 60

The life o' the building!

MACBETH. What is 't you say? The  
life?

LENNOX. Mean you his Majesty?

MACDUFF. Approach the chamber, and  
destroy your sight  
With a new Gorgon.<sup>12</sup> Do not bid me  
speak;  
See, and then speak yourselves.

[*Exeunt MACBETH and LENNOX*]

Awake, awake! 65

Ring the alarum-bell. Murder and trea-  
son!

Banquo and Donalbain! Malcolm!  
awake!

Shake off this downy sleep, death's  
counterfeit,

And look on death itself! Up, up, and  
see

The great doom's image!<sup>16</sup> Malcolm!  
Banquo! 70

As from your graves rise up, and walk  
like sprites,

To countenance this horror!<sup>17</sup> Ring the  
bell. [Bell rings]

<sup>11</sup> *Lord's anointed temple*, a reference to the king as God's anointed representative.  
<sup>12</sup> *Gorgon*, the snaky-headed Medusa, whose look turned beholders to stone. <sup>16</sup> *The . . . image*, a sight like that of the Last Judgment.

<sup>17</sup> *As from . . . horror*, walk like ghosts so that you may be in keeping with this horror.

*Enter LADY MACBETH*

LADY MACBETH. What's the business,  
That such a hideous trumpet calls to  
parley

The sleepers of the house? Speak,  
speak!

MACDUFF. O gentle lady, 'Tis not for you to hear what I can  
speak;

The repetition, in a woman's ear,  
Would murder as it fell.

*Enter BANQUO*

O Banquo, Banquo,  
Our royal master's murdered!

LADY MACBETH. Woe, alas!  
What, in our house?

BANQUO. Too cruel anywhere. 80  
Dear Duff, I prithee, contradict thyself,  
And say it is not so.

*Re-enter MACBETH and LENNOX, with  
Ross*

MACBETH. Had I but died an hour  
before this chance,<sup>18</sup>  
I had lived a blessed time; for, from this  
instant, 84

There's nothing serious in mortality;<sup>19</sup>  
All is but toys; renown and grace is  
dead;

The wine of life is drawn, and the mere  
lees<sup>20</sup>

Is left this vault to brag of.

*Enter MALCOLM and DONALBAIN*

DONALBAIN. What is amiss?

MACBETH. You are, and do not  
know 't.

The spring, the head, the fountain of  
your blood 90

Is stopped; the very source of it is  
stopped.

MACDUFF. Your royal father's mur-  
dered.

MALCOLM. Oh, by whom?

LENNOX. Those of his chamber, as it  
seemed, had done 't;

<sup>18</sup> *chance*, ill-fortune. <sup>19</sup> *mortality*, life.  
<sup>20</sup> *lees*, worthless residue

Their hands and faces were all badged  
with blood;  
So were their daggers, which unwiped  
we found 95

Upon their pillows.  
They stared, and were distracted; no  
man's life  
Was to be trusted with them.

MACBETH. Oh, yet I do repent me of  
my fury,  
That I did kill them.

MACDUFF. Wherefore did you  
so?

MACBETH. Who can be wise, amazed,  
temperate and furious, 101  
Loyal and neutral, in a moment? No  
man.

The expedition of my violent love  
Outrun the pauser, reason. Here lay  
Duncan,

His silver skin laced with his golden  
blood;

And his gashed stabs looked like a  
breach in nature 106

For ruin's wasteful entrance; there, the  
murderers,

Steeped in the colors of their trade, their  
daggers

Unmannerly breeched<sup>21</sup> with gore. Who  
could refrain,

That had a heart to love, and in that  
heart 110

Courage to make 's love known?

LADY MACBETH. Help me hence, ho!  
MACDUFF. Look to the lady.

MALCOLM. [*Aside to DONALBAIN*]  
Why do we hold our tongues,  
That most may claim this argument for  
ours?

DONALBAIN. [*Aside to MALCOLM*]  
What should be spoken here, where  
our fate,

Hid in an auger-hole,<sup>22</sup> may rush, and  
seize us? 115

Let's away;  
Our tears are not yet brewed.

<sup>21</sup> *breeched*, covered.

<sup>22</sup> *auger-hole*, any small obscure hiding-place.

MALCOLM. [*Aside to DONALBAIN*]  
Nor our strong sorrow  
Upon the foot of motion.<sup>23</sup>

BANQUO. Look to the lady;  
[*LADY MACBETH is carried out*]  
And when we have our naked frailties<sup>24</sup>  
hid, 119

That suffer in exposure, let us meet,  
And question this most bloody piece of  
work,

To know it further. Fears and scruples  
shake us;

In the great hand of God I stand, and  
thence 123

Against the undivulged pretense I fight  
Of treasonous malice.<sup>25</sup>

MACDUFF. And so do I.  
ALL. So all.

MACBETH. Let's briefly put on manly  
readiness,<sup>26</sup>

And meet i' the hall together.

ALL. Well contented.

[*Exeunt all but MALCOLM and  
DONALBAIN*]

MALCOLM. What will you do? Let's  
not consort with them.

To show an unfelt sorrow is an office  
Which the false man does easy. I'll to  
England. 130

DONALBAIN. To Ireland, I; our sepa-  
rated fortune

Shall keep us both the safer; where we  
are,

There's daggers in men's smiles; the  
near in blood,

The nearer bloody.<sup>27</sup>

MALCOLM. This murderous shaft  
that's shot

Hath not yet lighted,<sup>28</sup> and our safest  
way 135

<sup>23</sup> *Nor . . . motion*, our strong sorrow has not yet been expressed. <sup>24</sup> *naked frailties*. The guests have rushed out in their night clothes.

<sup>25</sup> *In . . . malice*. Banquo takes oath that he will fight to the last against the concealed purpose of those who have murdered Duncan. <sup>26</sup> *manly readiness*, armor.

<sup>27</sup> *The near . . . bloody*, the nearer in relationship to Duncan, the greater the danger of being murdered. <sup>28</sup> *Hath . . . lighted*—that is, there will be more murder.

Is to avoid the aim. Therefore, to horse;  
And let us not be dainty of leave-taking,  
But shift away; there's warrant<sup>29</sup> in that  
theft

Which steals itself, when there's no  
mercy left. [Exeunt]

<sup>29</sup> warrant, justification.

SCENE IV. *Outside MACBETH'S castle*

[The action takes place late on the day following the murder. The old man represents the common people of the kingdom waiting outside the castle for developments. The owl and the horses symbolically represent Macbeth. His great military prestige and his kinship to Duncan make him the natural successor after the flight of the sons. Ross, unlike honest Macduff, joins the Macbeth party.]

*Enter Ross and an Old Man*

OLD MAN. Threescore and ten I can  
remember well;  
Within the volume of which time I have  
seen

Hours dreadful and things strange; but  
this sore night  
Hath trifled former knowings.<sup>1</sup>

Ross. Ah, good father,  
Thou seest, the heavens, as troubled with  
man's act, 5  
Threaten his bloody stage; by the clock,  
'tis day,  
And yet dark night strangles the traveling  
lamp.<sup>2</sup>

Is 't night's predominance, or the day's  
shame,  
That darkness does the face of earth  
entomb,

When living light should kiss it?

OLD MAN. 'Tis unnatural, 10  
Even like the deed that's done. On  
Tuesday last

A falcon, towering in her pride of place,<sup>3</sup>  
Was by a mousing owl hawked at and  
killed.

<sup>1</sup> *Hath . . . knowings*, hath made insignificant my former experiences <sup>2</sup> *traveling lamp*, the sun. <sup>3</sup> *towering . . . place*, flying proudly at great height.

Ross. And Duncan's horses—a thing  
most strange and certain—  
Beauteous and swift, the minions of their  
race, 15

Turned wild in nature—broke their  
stalls, flung out,  
Contending 'gainst obedience, as they  
would make

War with mankind.

OLD MAN. 'Tis said they eat each  
other.

Ross. They did so, to the amazement  
of mine eyes,  
That looked upon it.

*Enter MACDUFF*

Here comes the good Macduff. 20  
How goes the world, sir, now?

MACDUFF. Why, see you not?

Ross. Is 't known who did this more  
than bloody deed?

MACDUFF. Those that Macbeth hath  
slain.

Ross. Alas, the day!  
What good<sup>4</sup> could they pretend?<sup>5</sup>

MACDUFF. They were suborned.<sup>6</sup>  
Malcolm and Donalbain, the King's two  
sons, 25

Are stol'n away and fled; which puts  
upon them  
Suspicion of the deed.

Ross. 'Gainst nature still!  
Thrifless ambition, that will ravin up<sup>7</sup>  
Thine own life's means! Then 'tis most  
like

The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth.

MACDUFF. He is already named, and  
gone to Scone<sup>8</sup> 31  
To be invested.

Ross. Where is Duncan's body?

MACDUFF. Carried to Colmekill,<sup>9</sup>  
The sacred storehouse of his predecessors,  
And guardian of their bones.

Ross. Will you go to Scone? 35

<sup>4</sup> *good*, profit. <sup>5</sup> *pretend*, aim at.

<sup>6</sup> *suborned*, bribed. <sup>7</sup> *ravin up*, eat greedily.

<sup>8</sup> *Scone*, ancient residence of Scotch kings.  
<sup>9</sup> *Colmekill*, Iona Island, where Scottish  
kings were buried.



MACDUFF. No, cousin, I'll to Fife.<sup>10</sup>

ROSS. Well, I will thither.

MACDUFF. Well, may you see things well done there; adieu!

Lest our old robes sit easier than our new!

ROSS. Farewell, father.

OLD MAN. God's benison<sup>11</sup> go with you; and with those

That would make good of bad, and friends of foes! [Exeunt]

<sup>10</sup> Fife, Macduff's castle.

<sup>11</sup> benison, blessing

### CLASS DISCUSSIONS

#### Scene i

1. Find two indications that Banquo may harbor suspicion of Macbeth. Quote the lines.

2. Why does Macbeth see the dagger? How does it affect him? Where before has Macbeth shown that he is a prey to horrible visions?

#### Scene ii

1. How does the owl's shriek affect Lady Macbeth? Why has she not committed the deed? Have we seen this side of her character before?

2. What effect has the owl's scream had on Macbeth? Quote lines. What effect does the knocking have on Macbeth? On Lady Macbeth? What difference in character is thus revealed?

#### Scene iii

1. Why does Macbeth add, "he did appoint so" (line 45)? After Macduff's discovery of the murder, does Macbeth's conduct give the impression that he is an innocent man?

2. Is Lady Macbeth's exclamation, "What, in our house?" spoken for a purpose or by accident? Does she faint or merely pretend to faint? Gather all the evidence you can on both sides.

3. Why does Macduff demand, "Wherefore did you so" (line 100)? Of whom is Banquo thinking in the expression "treasonous malice" (line 125)?

4. Do Malcolm and Donalbain exhibit grief over their loss? Why do they flee? What do you suppose would have been the outcome if they had not fled?

#### Scene iv

1. What does scene iv add to the story?

2. In Macduff's mind, what is the prospect for the future?

#### Act II As a Whole

1. Is your eagerness to see what will happen next greater or less than it was at the end of Act I? Give reasons for your answer.

2. Sum up the circumstances which lead Macbeth to take the life of Duncan and to become king.

## ACT THIRD

### SCENE I. Forres. The palace

[Several weeks have intervened since the close of Act II. Macbeth is now secure on his throne; he is surrounded by his court in the palace at Forres. When he enters in the scarlet robes of kingship, his face betrays the weariness that comes from sleepless nights. Lady Macbeth marching by his side seems wretched. Macbeth has concluded that he cannot count on the support of Banquo, whose descendants, according to the witches, were to succeed him. To gain the peace of mind that comes from a sense of security, Macbeth now plots to destroy all who stand in his way. The second crime is planned with a coolness that comes only from the success of the first murder.]

#### Enter BANQUO

BANQUO. Thou hast it now—king,  
Cawdor, Glamis, all—  
As the weird women promised; and, I fear,  
Thou play'st most foully for 't. Yet it was said

It should not stand<sup>1</sup> in thy posterity,  
But that myself should be the root and father

5

<sup>1</sup> stand, continue.

Of many kings. If there come truth  
from them—

As upon thee, Macbeth, their speeches  
shine—

Why, by the verities on thee made good,  
May they not be my oracles as well,  
And set me up in hope? But hush! no  
more.

*Sennet<sup>2</sup> sounded Enter MACBETH, as  
king, LADY MACBETH, as queen, LEN-  
NOX, Ross, Lords, Ladies, and Attend-  
ants.*

MACBETH. Here's our chief guest.

LADY MACBETH. If he had been for-  
gotten, 11

It had been as a gap in our great feast,  
And all-thing<sup>3</sup> unbecoming.

MACBETH. Tonight we hold a solemn<sup>4</sup>  
supper, sir,

And I'll request your presence.

BANQUO. Let your Highness 15  
Command upon me; to the which my  
duties

Are with a most indissoluble tie  
Forever knit.

MACBETH. Ride you this afternoon?

BANQUO. Aye, my good lord. 20

MACBETH. We should have else de-  
sired your good advice,  
Which still<sup>5</sup> hath been both grave and  
prosperous,<sup>6</sup>

In this day's council; but we'll take to-  
morrow.

Is't far you ride?

BANQUO. As far, my lord, as will fill  
up the time 25

'Twixt this and supper. Go not my  
horse the better,

I must become a borrower of the night  
For a dark hour or twain.<sup>7</sup>

MACBETH. Fail not our feast.

BANQUO. My lord, I will not.

<sup>2</sup> *Sennet*, trumpet notes announcing the ar-  
rival of an important person. <sup>3</sup> *all-thing*, alto-  
gether. <sup>4</sup> *solemn*, formal. <sup>5</sup> *still*, always. <sup>6</sup> *pros-  
perous*, resulting in good.

<sup>7</sup> *Go . . . twain*, if my horse does not go  
fast enough, I must continue riding an hour or  
two after dark.

MACBETH. We hear our bloody cous-  
ins are bestowed 30

In England and in Ireland, not confess-  
ing

Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers  
With strange invention;<sup>8</sup> but of that to-  
morrow,

When therewithal we shall have cause  
of state 34

Craving us jointly.<sup>9</sup> Hie you to horse;  
adieu,

Till you return at night. Goes Fleance  
with you?

BANQUO. Aye, my good lord; our time  
does call upon 's.

MACBETH. I wish your horses swift  
and sure of foot;

And so I do commend you to their  
backs.

Farewell. [*Exit BANQUO*] 40

Let every man be master of his time  
Till seven at night. To make society  
The sweeter welcome, we will keep our-  
self

Till supper-time alone; while<sup>10</sup> then,  
God be with you.

[*Exeunt all but MACBETH and an  
Attendant*]

Sirrah, a word with you; attend those  
men

Our pleasure? 46

ATTENDANT. They are, my lord, with-  
out the palace gate.

MACBETH. Bring them before us.

[*Exit Attendant*]

To be thus<sup>11</sup> is nothing,

But to be safely thus.—Our fears in  
Banquo

Stick deep; and in his royalty of nature  
Reigns that which would be feared. 'Tis  
much he dares; 51

And, to that dauntless temper of his  
mind,

He hath a wisdom that doth guide his  
valor

To act in safety. There is none but he

<sup>8</sup> *invention*, false statements. <sup>9</sup> *When . . .  
jointly*, at which time we shall discuss state  
affairs that need our attention.

<sup>10</sup> *while*, until. <sup>11</sup> *thus*, on the throne.

Whose being I do fear; and, under  
him,  
My Genius is rebuked; as, it is said, 56  
Mark Antony's was by Caesar.<sup>12</sup> He  
chid the sisters  
When first they put the name of king  
upon me,  
And bade them speak to him; then  
prophet-like  
They hailed him father to a line of  
kings.  
Upon my head they placed a fruitless  
crown, 61  
And put a barren scepter in my gripe,<sup>13</sup>  
Thence to be wrenched with an unlineal  
hand,  
No son of mine succeeding. If't be so,  
For Banquo's issue have I filed<sup>14</sup> my  
mind;  
For them the gracious Duncan have I  
murdered; 66  
Put rancors<sup>15</sup> in the vessel of my peace  
Only for them; and mine eternal jewel<sup>16</sup>  
Given to the common enemy of man,<sup>17</sup>  
To make them kings, the seed of Ban-  
quo kings! 70  
Rather than so, come fate into the list,  
And champion me to the utterance!<sup>18</sup>  
Who's there?

*Re-enter Attendant, with two  
Murderers*

Now go to the door, and stay there till  
we call. [*Exit Attendant*]

Was it not yesterday we spoke together?

FIRST MURDERER. It was, so please your  
Highness.

MACBETH. Well, then, now 75  
Have you considered of my speeches?  
Know

That it was he in the times past which  
held you

So under fortune,<sup>19</sup> which you thought  
had been

Our innocent self; this I made good to  
you

In our last conference, passed in proba-  
tion<sup>20</sup> with you, 80

How you were borne in hand,<sup>21</sup> how  
crossed, the instruments,

Who wrought with them, and all things  
else that might

To half a soul and to a notion<sup>22</sup> crazed  
Say, "Thus did Banquo."

FIRST MURDERER. You made it  
known to us.

MACBETH. I did so, and went further,  
which is now 85

Our point of second meeting. Do you  
find

Your patience so predominant in your  
nature

That you can let this go? Are you so  
gospel<sup>23</sup>

To pray for this good man and for his  
issue

Whose heavy hand hath bowed you to  
the grave 90

And beggared yours forever?

FIRST MURDERER. We are men,  
my liege.

MACBETH. Aye, in the catalogue ye  
go for men;

As hounds and greyhounds, mongrels,  
spaniels, curs,

Shoughs, water-rugs, and demi-wolves<sup>24</sup>  
are clept<sup>25</sup>

All by the name of dogs. The valued  
file<sup>26</sup> 95

Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the  
subtle,

The housekeeper,<sup>27</sup> the hunter, every  
one

<sup>12</sup> *Genius* . . . *Caesar*. Plutarch says that Antony's good angel, or guiding spirit, was abashed before that of Caesar.

<sup>13</sup> *gripe*, grip.

<sup>14</sup> *filed*, deluded.

<sup>15</sup> *rancors*, bitterness.

<sup>16</sup> *eternal jewel*, immortal soul.

<sup>17</sup> *the* . . . *man*, the devil.

<sup>18</sup> *come* . . . *utterance*, let fate fight against me, as in a tournament, to the death.

<sup>19</sup> *which* . . . *fortune*, who kept you from gaining your just deserts. <sup>20</sup> *passed in probation*, proved in detail, point after point.

<sup>21</sup> *borne in hand*, deluded. <sup>22</sup> *notion*, mind.

<sup>23</sup> *gospel*, filled with the spirit of forgiveness as. <sup>24</sup> *Shoughs*, shaggy dogs; *water-rugs*, a kind of poodle; *demi-wolves*, mongrel dogs.

<sup>25</sup> *clept*, called. <sup>26</sup> *valued file*, list which estimates the value of different kinds of dogs. <sup>27</sup> *housekeeper*, watchdog.

According to the gift which bounteous  
nature

Hath in him closed, whereby he does  
receive

Particular addition,<sup>28</sup> from the bill 100  
That writes them all alike; and so of  
men.

Now if you have a station in the file,  
Not i' the worst rank of manhood, say 't;  
And I will put that business in your  
bosoms

Whose execution takes your enemy off,  
Grapples you to the heart and love of  
us, 106

Who wear our health but sickly in his  
life,<sup>29</sup>

Which in his death were perfect.

SECOND MURDERER. I am one, my  
liege,  
Whom the vile blows and buffets of the  
world

Have so incensed that I am reckless  
what

I do to spite the world.

FIRST MURDERER. And I another 111  
So weary with disasters, tugged with  
fortune,<sup>30</sup>

That I would set my life on any chance,  
To mend it, or be rid on 't.

MACBETH. Both of you  
Know Banquo was your enemy.

BOTH MURDERERS. True, my lord. 115

MACBETH. So is he mine; and in such  
bloody distance<sup>31</sup>

That every minute of his being thrusts  
Against my near'st of life,<sup>32</sup> and though  
I could

With barefaced power sweep him from  
my sight

And bid my will avouch it,<sup>33</sup> yet I must  
not,

For<sup>34</sup> certain friends that are both his  
and mine, 121

<sup>28</sup> addition. title. <sup>29</sup> Who . . . life, our lives  
are insecure while he lives.

<sup>30</sup> tugged with fortune, buffeted by misfor-  
tune. <sup>31</sup> bloody distance, deadly hostility.

<sup>32</sup> near'st of life, very heart.

<sup>33</sup> bid . . . it, let merely my wish be reason  
enough.

<sup>34</sup> For, on account of.

Whose loves I may not drop, but wail<sup>35</sup>  
his fall

Who I myself struck down; and thence  
it is

That I to your assistance do make love,  
Masking the business from the common  
eye 125

For sundry weighty reasons.

SECOND MURDERER. We shall, my  
lord,

Perform what you command us.

FIRST MURDERER. Though our  
lives—

MACBETH. Your spirits shine through  
you. Within this hour at most

I will advise you where to plant your-  
selves;

Acquaint you with the perfect spy o' the  
time,<sup>36</sup> 130

The moment on 't; for 't must be done  
tonight,

And something<sup>37</sup> from the palace; al-  
ways thought<sup>38</sup>

That I require a clearness.<sup>39</sup> And with  
him—

To leave no rubs<sup>40</sup> nor botches in the  
work—

Fleance his son, that keeps him com-  
pany, 135

Whose absence is no less material to me  
Than is his father's, must embrace the  
fate

Of that dark hour. Resolve yourselves<sup>41</sup>  
apart;

I'll come to you anon.

BOTH MURDERERS. We are resolved,  
my lord.

MACBETH. I'll call upon you straight;  
abide within. 140

[Exeunt Murderers]

It is concluded. Banquo, thy soul's  
flight,

If it find heaven, must find it out to-  
night. [Exit]

<sup>35</sup> wail, I must bewail. <sup>36</sup> Acquaint . . . time,  
I will let you know the exact time to act.

<sup>37</sup> something, a distance away

<sup>38</sup> thought, remember. <sup>39</sup> a clearness, freedom  
from suspicion. <sup>40</sup> rubs, obstacles. <sup>41</sup> Resolve  
yourselves, make up your minds.

SCENE II. *The palace*

[The stage represents another room in the palace, to which Lady Macbeth has just come in her royal robes.]

*Enter* LADY MACBETH *and a Servant*

LADY MACBETH. Is Banquo gone from court?

SERVANT. Aye, madam, but returns again tonight.

LADY MACBETH. Say to the King I would attend his leisure  
For a few words.

SERVANT. Madam, I will. [*Exit*]

LADY MACBETH. Naught's had, all's spent,  
Where our desire is got without content.  
'Tis safer to be that which we destroy <sup>6</sup>  
Than by destruction dwell in doubtful joy.

*Enter* MACBETH

How now, my lord! why do you keep alone,  
Of sorriest fancies your companions making,  
Using<sup>1</sup> those thoughts which should indeed have died <sup>10</sup>  
With them they think on? Things without<sup>2</sup> all remedy  
Should be without regard; what's done is done.

MACBETH. We have scotched<sup>3</sup> the snake, not killed it;  
She'll close<sup>4</sup> and be herself, whilst our poor malice  
Remains in danger of her former tooth.  
But let the frame of things<sup>5</sup> disjoint,  
both the worlds<sup>6</sup> suffer, <sup>16</sup>  
Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep  
In the affliction of these terrible dreams  
That shake us nightly; better be with the dead,

<sup>1</sup> *Using*, keeping company with. <sup>2</sup> *without*, beyond. <sup>3</sup> *scotched*, hacked. <sup>4</sup> *close*, heal.

<sup>5</sup> *frame of things*, the universe. <sup>6</sup> *worlds*, heaven and earth.

Whom we, to gain our peace, have sent to peace, <sup>20</sup>

Than on the torture of the mind to lie  
In restless ecstasy.<sup>7</sup> Duncan is in his grave;

After life's fitful fever he sleeps well.  
Treason has done his worst; nor steel,  
nor poison,  
Malice domestic, foreign levy,<sup>8</sup> nothing,  
Can touch him further.

LADY MACBETH. Come on; <sup>26</sup>  
Gentle my lord,<sup>9</sup> sleek o'er your rugged looks;

Be bright and jovial among your guests tonight.

MACBETH. So shall I, love; and so, I pray, be you.

Let your remembrance apply to Banquo;

Present him eminence,<sup>10</sup> both with eye and tongue;

Unsafe the while, that we  
Must lave our honors in these flattering streams,

And make our faces vizards to our hearts,

Disguising what they are.<sup>11</sup>

LADY MACBETH. You must leave this. <sup>35</sup>

MACBETH. Oh, full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife!

Thou know'st that Banquo, and his Fleance, lives.

LADY MACBETH. But in them nature's copy's not eterne.<sup>12</sup>

MACBETH. There's comfort yet; they are assailable;

Then be thou jocund. Ere the bat hath flown <sup>40</sup>

His cloistered flight, ere to black Hecate's summons

<sup>7</sup> *ecstasy*, here, suffering.

<sup>8</sup> *levy*, invasion.

<sup>9</sup> *Gentle my lord*, my dear lord.

<sup>10</sup> *Present him eminence*, treat him with high honor.

<sup>11</sup> *Unsafe . . . are*, while we are for a time unsafe, we must use flattery, making our faces disguise our true feelings.

<sup>12</sup> *nature's . . . eterne*, their lease of life, granted by nature, is not everlasting (that is, they will not live forever).

The shard-borne<sup>13</sup> beetle with his drowsy hums

Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be done

A deed of dreadful note.

LADY MACBETH. What's to be done?

MACBETH. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck,<sup>14</sup>

Till thou applaud the deed. Come, seeling<sup>15</sup> night,

Scarf up<sup>16</sup> the tender eye of pitiful day; And with thy bloody and invisible hand Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond<sup>17</sup>

Which keeps me pale! Light thickens, and the crow

Makes wing to the rooky<sup>18</sup> wood;

Good things of day begin to droop and drowse,

Whiles night's black agents to their preys do rouse.

Thou marvel'st at my words; but hold thee still;

Things bad begun make strong themselves by ill.

So, prithee, go with me. [Exeunt]

<sup>13</sup> *shard-borne*, carried on scaly wing-cases. <sup>14</sup> *chuck*, a term of endearment. <sup>15</sup> *seeling*, eye-closing.

<sup>16</sup> *Scarf up*, blindfold. <sup>17</sup> *bond*, the witches' prophecy that Banquo's descendants would be kings. <sup>18</sup> *rooky*, full of rooks (crows).

SCENE III. *A park near the palace*

[Imagine the stage darkened to represent twilight.]

*Enter three Murderers*

FIRST MURDERER. But who did bid thee join with us?

THIRD MURDERER. Macbeth.

SECOND MURDERER. He needs not our mistrust, since he delivers

Our offices and what we have to do To the direction just.<sup>1</sup>

FIRST MURDERER. Then stand with us.

<sup>1</sup> *He needs . . . just*, we need not distrust him since he reports upon our business according to the exact directions.

The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day;

Now spurs the lated traveler apace To gain the timely inn; and near approaches

The subject of our watch.

THIRD MURDERER. Hark! I hear horses.

BANQUO. [Within] Give us a light there, ho!

SECOND MURDERER. Then 'tis he; the rest

That are within the note of expectation<sup>2</sup> Already are 'i' the court.

FIRST MURDERER. His horses go about.<sup>3</sup>

THIRD MURDERER. Almost a mile; but he does usually,

So all men do, from hence to the palace gate

Make it their walk.

SECOND MURDERER. A light, a light!

*Enter BANQUO, and FLEANCE with a torch*

THIRD MURDERER. 'Tis he.

FIRST MURDERER. Stand to't.

BANQUO. It will be rain tonight.

FIRST MURDERER. Let it come down. [They set upon BANQUO]

BANQUO. Oh, treachery! Fly, good Fleance, fly, fly, fly!

Thou mayest revenge. O slave!

[Dies. FLEANCE escapes]

THIRD MURDERER. Who did strike out the light?

FIRST MURDERER. Was't not the way?

THIRD MURDERER. There's but one down; the son is fled.

SECOND MURDERER. We have lost 20 Best half of our affair.

FIRST MURDERER. Well, let's away, and say how much is done.

[Exeunt]

<sup>2</sup> *note of expectation*, list of expected guests.

<sup>3</sup> *horses go about*. Shakespeare wants to avoid bringing horses on the stage, so he has the men dismount to walk the remaining distance.

SCENE IV. *Hall in the palace*

[The stage represents the great hall of the palace prepared for a banquet. On a platform at the rear, under a regal canopy, is a small table at which Lady Macbeth sits. Near the front is a long table set for the noblemen of the realm. A chair is left vacant there for Macbeth, but he moves among the guests, that he may attract no attention when the time comes to receive the murderer. This man appears at a curtained doorway, where the conversation between him and Macbeth takes place unobserved. When Macbeth returns to the table to offer the first toast, he imagines that he beholds Banquo, covered with blood, sitting in his chair. Lady Macbeth, seeing her husband unnerved, descends from her platform, draws him aside, and shames him into momentary self-control. But he sees the ghost again, this time as if it had come from the grave; he now becomes so violent that she is obliged to ask the guests to leave.]

*A banquet prepared. Enter MACBETH, LADY MACBETH, ROSS, LENNOX, Lords, and Attendants*

MACBETH. You know your own degrees;<sup>1</sup> sit down. At first  
And last<sup>2</sup> the hearty welcome.

LORDS. Thanks to your Majesty.

MACBETH. Ourselves will mingle with society

And play the humble host.

Our hostess keeps her state;<sup>3</sup> but in best time

We will require her welcome.

LADY MACBETH. Pronounce it for me, sir, to all our friends;

For my heart speaks they are welcome.

First Murderer *appears at the door*

MACBETH. See, they encounter thee with their hearts' thanks.

Both sides are even. Here I'll sit i' the midst.

Be large in mirth; anon we'll drink a measure

The table round. [*Approaching the door*] There's blood upon thy face.

MURDERER. 'Tis Banquo's then.

MACBETH. 'Tis better thee without than he within.<sup>4</sup>

Is he dispatched?

MURDERER. My lord, his throat is cut; that I did for him.

MACBETH. Thou art the best o' the cut-throats; yet he's good

That did the like for Fleance. If thou didst it,

Thou art the nonpareil.<sup>5</sup>

MURDERER. Most royal sir, Fleance is 'scaped.

MACBETH. [*Aside*] Then comes my fit again; I had else been perfect, Whole as the marble, founded as the rock,

As broad and general as the casing<sup>6</sup> air.

But now I am cabined, cribbed, confined, bound in

To saucy doubts and fears.<sup>7</sup> But Banquo's safe?

MURDERER. Aye, my good lord; safe in a ditch he bides,

With twenty trenchèd<sup>8</sup> gashes on his head,

The least a death to nature.

MACBETH. Thanks for that; There the grown serpent lies. The worm<sup>9</sup> that's fled

Hath nature that in time will venom breed,

No teeth for the present. Get thee gone; tomorrow

We'll hear ourselves<sup>10</sup> again.

[*Exit Murderer*]

LADY MACBETH. My royal lord,

<sup>4</sup> 'Tis . . . *within*, it is better for it (the blood) to be outside thee than inside him.

<sup>5</sup> *nonpareil*, one without equal.

<sup>6</sup> *casing*, enveloping.

<sup>7</sup> *bound* . . . *fears*, shut up, as in a prison, with insolent doubts and fears.

<sup>8</sup> *trenchèd*, deep-cut.

<sup>9</sup> *worm*, serpent.

<sup>10</sup> *hear ourselves*, talk together.

<sup>1</sup> *degrees*, rank. <sup>2</sup> *At* . . . *last*, from the beginning to the end (of the banquet). <sup>3</sup> *keeps her state*, remains in her chair of state.

You do not give the cheer; the feast is sold  
That is not often vouched, while 'tis a-making,  
'Tis given with welcome;<sup>11</sup> to feed were best at home; <sup>35</sup>  
From thence<sup>12</sup> the sauce to meat is ceremony;  
Meeting were bare without it.

MACBETH. Sweet remembrancer!  
Now good digestion wait on appetite,  
And health on both!

LENNOX. May't please your Highness sit.

*The Ghost of Banquo enters, and sits in MACBETH's place*

MACBETH. Here had we now our country's honor roofed,<sup>13</sup> <sup>40</sup>  
Were the graced person of our Banquo present;  
Who may I rather challenge for unkindness  
Than pity for mischance!

ROSS. His absence, sir,  
Lays blame upon his promise. Please't your Highness

To grace us with your royal company.  
MACBETH. The table's full.

LENNOX. Here is a place reserved, sir. <sup>46</sup>

MACBETH. Where?

LENNOX. Here, my good lord. What is 't that moves your Highness?

MACBETH. Which of you have done this?

LORDS. What, my good lord?

MACBETH. Thou canst not say I did it; never shake <sup>50</sup>  
Thy gory locks at me.

ROSS. Gentlemen, rise; his Highness is not well.

LADY MACBETH. Sit, worthy friends.  
My lord is often thus,

And hath been from his youth. Pray you, keep seat;

The fit is momentary; upon a thought<sup>14</sup>  
He will again be well. If much you note him, <sup>50</sup>

You shall offend him and extend his passion;

Feed, and regard him not. Are you a man?<sup>15</sup>

MACBETH. Aye, and a bold one, that dare look on that

Which might appal the devil.

LADY MACBETH. O proper stuff!<sup>16</sup> <sup>60</sup>  
This is the very painting of your fear;  
This is the air-drawn<sup>17</sup> dagger which, you said,

Led you to Duncan. Oh, these flaws<sup>18</sup> and starts,

Impostors to<sup>19</sup> true fear, would well become

A woman's story at a winter's fire, <sup>65</sup>  
Authorized<sup>20</sup> by her grandam. Shame itself!

Why do you make such faces? When all's done,

You look but on a stool.<sup>21</sup>

MACBETH. Prithee, see there! behold! look! lo! how say you?

Why, what care I? If thou canst nod, speak, too. <sup>70</sup>

If charnel-houses and our graves must send

Those that we bury back, our monuments

Shall be the maws of kites.<sup>22</sup>

[Ghost vanishes]

LADY MACBETH. What, quite unmanned in folly?

MACBETH. If I stand here, I saw him.

LADY MACBETH. Fie, for shame!

MACBETH. Blood hath been shed ere now, i' the olden time, <sup>75</sup>

<sup>11</sup> the feast . . . welcome, the feast is like a meal bought at an inn unless a hearty welcome accompany it. <sup>12</sup> From thence, away from home.

<sup>13</sup> our . . . roofed, all the most eminent persons of our country under one roof.

<sup>14</sup> upon a thought, in a moment. <sup>15</sup> Are you a man? Lady Macbeth leaves her seat and addresses Macbeth apart. <sup>16</sup> proper stuff, mere nonsense. <sup>17</sup> air-drawn, imaginary. <sup>18</sup> flaws, fits of passion.

<sup>19</sup> Impostors to, mere imitations in comparison with. <sup>20</sup> Authorized, vouched for. <sup>21</sup> stool, chair. <sup>22</sup> monuments . . . kites, the dead must be given to vultures to be devoured.





"MY WORTHY LORD, YOUR NOBLE FRIENDS DO LACK YOU."

Ere humane statute purged the gentle  
weal;<sup>23</sup>

Aye, and since, too, murders have been  
performed

Too terrible for the ear. The time has  
been,

That, when the brains were out, the  
man would die,

And there an end; but now they rise  
again, 80

With twenty mortal murders<sup>24</sup> on their  
crowns,

And push us from our stools; this is  
more strange

Than such a murder is.

LADY MACBETH. My worthy lord,  
Your noble friends do lack<sup>25</sup> you.

MACBETH. I do forget.  
Do not muse<sup>26</sup> at me, my most worthy  
friends; 85

<sup>23</sup> Ere . . . weal, before the law against murder cleansed the nation of violence and made it gentle. <sup>24</sup> murders, wounds. <sup>25</sup> lack, miss. <sup>26</sup> muse, wonder.

I have a strange infirmity, which is  
nothing

To those that know me. Come, love  
and health to all;

Then I'll sit down. Give me some  
wine; fill full.

I drink to the general joy o' the whole  
table,

And to our dear friend Banquo, whom  
we miss; 90

Would he were here! To all, and him,  
we thirst,<sup>27</sup>

And all to all.

LORDS.

pledge.

Our duties, and the

*Re-enter Ghost*

MACBETH. Avaunt!<sup>28</sup> and quit my  
sight! Let the earth hide thee!  
Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is  
cold;

<sup>27</sup> thirst, desire to drink.

<sup>28</sup> Avaunt, away.

Thou hast no speculation<sup>29</sup> in those  
eyes 95

Which thou dost glare with!

LADY MACBETH. Think of this,  
good peers,  
But as a thing of custom; 'tis no other;  
Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.

MACBETH. What man dare, I dare.  
Approach thou like the rugged Russian  
bear,  
The armed rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan<sup>30</sup>  
tiger; 101  
Take any shape but that, and my firm  
nerves

Shall never tremble. Or be alive again,  
And dare me to the desert with thy  
sword;

If trembling I inhabit<sup>31</sup> then, protest  
me<sup>32</sup> 105

The baby of a girl.<sup>33</sup> Hence, horrible  
shadow!

Unreal mockery, hence!

[Ghost *vanishes*]

Why, so; being gone,  
I am a man again. Pray you, sit still.

LADY MACBETH. You have displaced  
the mirth, broke the good meeting,  
With most admired<sup>34</sup> disorder.

MACBETH. Can such things be, 110  
And overcome<sup>35</sup> us like a summer's  
cloud,

Without our special wonder? You  
make me strange

Even to the disposition that I owe,  
When now I think you can behold such  
sights,

And keep the natural ruby of your  
cheeks,

When mine is blanched with fear.<sup>36</sup>

Ross. What sights, my lord? 116

LADY MACBETH. I pray you, speak  
not; he grows worse and worse;  
Question enrages him. At once, good-  
night;

Stand not upon the order of your go-  
ing,<sup>37</sup>

But go at once.

LENNOX. Good-night; and better  
health 120

Attend his Majesty!

LADY MACBETH. A kind good-  
night to all!

[*Exeunt all but MACBETH and LADY  
MACBETH*]

MACBETH. It will have blood; they  
say blood will have blood.

Stones have been known to move and  
trees to speak;<sup>38</sup>

Augurs and understood relations have  
By magot-pies and choughs and rooks  
brought forth 125

The secret'st man of blood.<sup>39</sup> What is  
the night?<sup>40</sup>

LADY MACBETH. Almost at odds with  
morning, which is which.

MACBETH. How say'st thou,<sup>41</sup> that  
Macduff denies his person  
At our great bidding?

LADY MACBETH. Did you send to  
him, sir?

MACBETH. I hear it by the way; but  
I will send. 130

There's not a one of them but in his  
house

I keep a servant feed.<sup>42</sup> I will tomor-  
row,

And betimes<sup>43</sup> I will, to the weird sis-  
ters.

More shall they speak; for now I am  
bent to know,

<sup>29</sup> speculation, intelligence. <sup>30</sup> Hyrcan, from Hyrcania, the region south of the Caspian Sea.

<sup>31</sup> If . . . inhabit. This passage may mean, "If fear dwells in me," or "If I remain in my castle trembling with fear."

<sup>32</sup> protest me, announce publicly that I am. <sup>33</sup> The . . . girl, a doll-baby. <sup>34</sup> admired, wondered-at.

<sup>35</sup> overcome, come over. <sup>36</sup> You make . . . fear, I do not understand my own character, when I see you unmoved by what has terrified me.

<sup>37</sup> Stand . . . going, do not waste time by filing out in the order of your rank.

<sup>38</sup> Stones . . . speak. A reference to old stories in which stones moved away from graves, disclosing murdered corpses, and trees whispered of murders. <sup>39</sup> Augurs . . . blood, prophecies and secret matters have been disclosed by magpies, jackdaws, and rooks (birds that can be trained to talk).

<sup>40</sup> the night, the time of night. <sup>41</sup> How say'st thou, what do you think of the fact. <sup>42</sup> feed, hired as a spy. <sup>43</sup> betimes, early.

By the worst means, the worst. For  
mine own good, 135  
All causes shall give way; I am in blood  
Stepped in so far that, should I wade  
no more,  
Returning were as tedious as go o'er.  
Strange things I have in head, that will  
to hand;  
Which must be acted ere they may be  
scanned.<sup>44</sup> 140

LADY MACBETH. You lack the season  
of all natures, sleep.

MACBETH. Come, we'll to sleep. My  
strange and self-abuse  
Is the initiate fear that wants hard use;<sup>45</sup>  
We are yet but young in deed.

[*Exeunt*]

<sup>44</sup> scanned, examined. <sup>45</sup> My . . . use, my  
strange self-delusion is the fear of a beginner  
before his conscience is hardened.

#### SCENE V. *A heath*

[The scene is an open heath. Thunder  
rumbles in the distance. The action evi-  
dently takes place during the banquet in  
Scene iv. Some scholars think that this  
scene was not written by Shakespeare but  
was supplied by another dramatist for a  
production not supervised by Shakespeare.  
It is out of keeping with the rest of the  
play, and may be omitted in reading.]

*Thunder. Enter the three Witches,  
meeting HECATE*

FIRST WITCH. Why, how now, He-  
cate! you look angrily.

HECATE. Have I not reason, beldams<sup>1</sup>  
as you are,

Saucy and over-bold? How did you  
dare

To trade and traffic with Macbeth  
In riddles and affairs of death; 5  
And I, the mistress of your charms,  
The close<sup>2</sup> contriver of all harms,  
Was never called to bear my part,  
Or show the glory of our art?  
And, which is worse, all you have done  
Hath been but for a wayward son, 11

<sup>1</sup> beldams, hags. <sup>2</sup> close, secret.

Spiteful and wrathful, who, as others  
do,

Loves for his own ends, not for you.  
But make amends now. Get you gone,  
And at the pit of Acheron<sup>3</sup> 15

Meet me i' the morning. Thither he  
Will come to know his destiny.

Your vessels and your spells provide,  
Your charms and everything beside.

I am for the air; this night I'll spend 20  
Unto a dismal and a fatal end;

Great business must be wrought ere  
noon.

Upon the corner of the moon  
There hangs a vaporous drop pro-  
found;<sup>4</sup>

I'll catch it ere it come to ground; 25  
And that, distilled by magic sleights,

Shall raise such artificial sprites  
As by the strength of their illusion

Shall draw him on to his confusion. 30  
He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and

bear  
His hopes 'bove wisdom, grace, and  
fear;

And you all know security<sup>5</sup>  
Is mortals' chiefest enemy.

[*Music and a song within, "Come  
away, come away," etc.*]

Hark! I am called; my little spirit, see,  
Sits in a foggy cloud, and stays for me. 35

[*Exit*]

FIRST WITCH. Come, let's make haste;  
she'll soon be back again. [*Exeunt*]

<sup>3</sup> Acheron, one of the rivers of Hades.

<sup>4</sup> profound, full of magic qualities.

<sup>5</sup> security, over-confidence.

#### SCENE VI. *Forres. The palace*

[Lennox meets in the palace an un-  
named lord who has come from Fife.  
Lennox ironically voices the suspicions  
excited among the nobles by Banquo's  
murder. The other lord gives evidence of  
the hatred which Macbeth's tyranny has  
aroused. In particular he mentions the  
meeting between Macduff and a messen-  
ger sent by Macbeth apparently summon-  
ing Macduff to court to explain his absence

from the state feast. The time of this scene is determined by Act IV, Scene i, in which Lennox, riding away from the colloquy, meets Macbeth leaving the cave of the witches, on the day following the banquet. Some scholars think this scene, like the preceding, was not written by Shakespeare.]

*Enter LENNOX and another Lord*

LENNOX. My former speeches have  
but hit<sup>1</sup> your thoughts,  
Which can interpret further; only, I say,  
Things have been strangely borne.<sup>2</sup> The  
gracious Duncan  
Was pitied of<sup>3</sup> Macbeth; marry,<sup>4</sup> he was  
dead.<sup>5</sup>  
And the right-valiant Banquo walked  
too late;  
Whom, you may say, if 't please you,  
Fleance killed,  
For Fleance fled; men must not walk  
too late.  
Who cannot want the thought<sup>6</sup> how  
monstrous  
It was for Malcolm and for Donalbain  
To kill their gracious father? Damnèd  
fact!  
How it did grieve Macbeth! Did he  
not straight  
In pious rage the two delinquents tear,  
That were the slaves of drink and  
thralls of sleep?  
Was not that nobly done? Aye, and  
wisely too;  
For 'twould have angered any heart  
alive  
To hear the men deny 't. So that, I say,  
He has borne all things well. And I do  
think  
That had he Duncan's sons under his  
key—  
As, an 't<sup>7</sup> please heaven, he shall not—  
they should find  
What 'twere to kill a father; so should  
Fleance.

20

<sup>1</sup> but hit, only agreed with. <sup>2</sup> borne, carried on. <sup>3</sup> of, by. <sup>4</sup> marry, in truth. <sup>5</sup> was dead—that is, when he was pitied by Macbeth. <sup>6</sup> cannot . . . thought, can fail to think. <sup>7</sup> an't, if it.

But, peace! for from broad words<sup>8</sup> and  
'cause he failed

His presence at the tyrant's feast, I  
hear

Macduff lives in disgrace; sir, can you  
tell

Where he bestows himself?

LORD. The son of Duncan,  
From whom this tyrant holds<sup>9</sup> the due  
of birth,

25

Lives in the English court, and is re-  
ceived

Of the most pious Edward<sup>10</sup> with such  
grace

That the malevolence of fortune noth-  
ing

Takes from his high respect. Thither  
Macduff

Is gone to pray the holy King, upon his  
aid

30

To wake Northumberland and warlike  
Siward;

That by the help of these—with Him  
above

To ratify the work—we may again

Give to our tables meat, sleep to our  
nights,

Free from our feasts and banquets  
bloody knives,

35

Do faithful homage and receive free  
honors,<sup>11</sup>

All which we pine for now; and this  
report

Hath so exasperate<sup>12</sup> the King that he

Prepares for some attempt of war.

LENNOX. Sent he to Macduff?

LORD. He did; and with an absolute

"Sir, not I,"

40

The cloudy<sup>13</sup> messenger turns me<sup>14</sup> his  
back,

And hums, as who should say, "You'll  
rue the time

That clogs<sup>15</sup> me with this answer."

<sup>8</sup> from broad words, on account of plain speaking. <sup>9</sup> holds, withholds.

<sup>10</sup> Edward, Edward the Confessor (1004-1066), King of the West Saxons. <sup>11</sup> free honors, honors not given as bribes. <sup>12</sup> exasperate, exasperated. <sup>13</sup> cloudy, gloomy, sullen. <sup>14</sup> me, an old dative, now omitted. <sup>15</sup> clogs, burdens.

LENNOX. And that well might  
Advise him<sup>16</sup> to a caution, to hold what  
distance  
His wisdom can provide. Some holy  
angel<sup>45</sup>  
Fly to the court of England and unfold  
His message ere he come, that a swift  
blessing  
May soon return to this our suffering  
country  
Under a hand accursed!

LORD. I'll send my prayers with  
him. [Exeunt]

<sup>16</sup> him, Macduff.

### CLASS DISCUSSIONS

#### Scene i

1. What ground does Banquo have for suspecting Macbeth?

2. Why does Macbeth fear Banquo? By what questions does Macbeth under guise of friendly interest artfully secure information needed for his plan? Why is Fleance included in the plot?

#### Scene ii

1. What has been the effect of the crime on Lady Macbeth? Cite phrases. What change do you discover in her?

2. Why doesn't the kingship make Macbeth happy? Why does he only hint to Lady Macbeth of the coming murder?

#### Scene iii

Why, in letting Fleance escape, have the murderers lost the "best half" of the affair?

#### Scene iv

1. How does Macbeth receive the announcement of Banquo's death? Of Fleance's escape? What vivid, gruesome picture of Banquo does the murderer leave on Macbeth's imagination?

2. In his chair at the long table exactly what does Macbeth see? Why don't the guests see it? How does Lady Macbeth attempt to restore her husband's courage?

3. What occasions the return of the ghost? How has its appearance changed?

Is Macbeth calmer, or more violent, at this second apparition?

4. After the guests leave, what is Macbeth's chief fear? Why do his suspicions fasten on Macduff? What do you learn of his state of mind when he mentions his spy system?

5. What purpose does Macbeth have in visiting the Weird Sisters? What plan of action do you think he has for the future?

#### Scene v

Of what does Hecate accuse Macbeth? Does she have in mind greater punishment or less for him?

#### Scene vi

Draw up a list of the grievances which the country has against Macbeth. What retribution seems to be in preparation?

### Act III As a Whole

1. When does the first break in Macbeth's success come—at the banquet or when Fleance escapes? Give the reasons for your answer.

2. In what speeches or actions is Lady Macbeth the same as in earlier acts? In what other speeches do you note changes?

3. Is Macbeth the same man as in earlier acts, or has he changed for the worse?

4. What immediate events do you look forward to now? Why?

## ACT FOUR

SCENE I. *A cavern. In the middle, a boiling caldron. Thunder*

[The meeting of the witches presumably takes place on the day after the banquet. The dark cave is lighted occasionally by flashes of lightning, but the chief light comes from the fire under the boiling caldron in the middle of the cavern. Macbeth bursts in with a rudeness quite unlike his polished manners at the beginning of the play. The apparitions which the witches summon at the demand of Macbeth rise in a cloud of smoke. They repre-

sent the future truthfully, but he interprets them in accordance with his own thoughts and desires.]

*Enter the three Witches*

FIRST WITCH. Thrice the brinded<sup>1</sup> cat hath mewed.

SECOND WITCH. Thrice and once the hedge-pig<sup>2</sup> whined.

THIRD WITCH. Harpier<sup>3</sup> cries, "'Tis time, 'tis time."

FIRST WITCH. Round about the caldron go;

In the poisoned entrails throw. 5

Toad, that under cold stone

Days and nights has thirty-one

Sweltered venom<sup>4</sup> sleeping got,

Boil thou first i' the charmed pot.

ALL. Double, double toil and trouble;

Fire burn and caldron bubble. 11

SECOND WITCH. Fillet of a fenny snake,

In the caldron boil and bake;

Eye of newt and toe of frog,

Wool of bat and tongue of dog. 15

Adder's fork and blind-worm's<sup>5</sup> sting,

Lizard's leg and howlet's<sup>6</sup> wing,

For a charm of powerful trouble,

Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.

ALL. Double, double toil and trouble;

Fire burn and caldron bubble. 21

THIRD WITCH. Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf,

Witches' mummy, maw and gulf<sup>7</sup>

Of the ravined<sup>8</sup> salt-sea shark,

Root of hemlock digged i' the dark, 25

Liver of blaspheming Jew,

Gall of goat, and slips of yew

Slivered in the moon's eclipse.

Nose of Turk and Tartar's lips,

Finger of birth-strangled babe 30

Ditch-delivered by a drab,<sup>9</sup>

<sup>1</sup> brinded, streaked <sup>2</sup> hedge-pig, hedgehog, which was supposed to be an animal of evil tendencies. <sup>3</sup> Harpier, a coined word, probably from "harp."

<sup>4</sup> Sweltered venom, exuded poison. <sup>5</sup> blind-worm, a small, poisonous variety of snake. <sup>6</sup> howlet, young owl.

<sup>7</sup> maw and gulf, mouth and stomach. <sup>8</sup> ravined, stuffed with food. <sup>9</sup> drab, an outcast woman.

Make the gruel thick and slab;<sup>10</sup>

Add thereto a tiger's chaudron,<sup>11</sup>

For the ingredients of our caldron.

ALL. Double, double toil and trouble;

Fire burn and caldron bubble. 36

SECOND WITCH. Cool it with a baboon's blood,

Then the charm is firm and good.

*Enter HECATE to the other three Witches*

HECATE. Oh, well done! I commend your pains;

And everyone shall share i' the gains. 40

And now about the caldron sing,

Like elves and fairies in a ring,

Enchanting all that you put in.

[*Music and a song, "Black spirits," etc.*]

[*HECATE retires*]

SECOND WITCH. By the pricking of my thumbs,

Something wicked this way comes. 45

Open, locks,

Whoever knocks!

*Enter MACBETH*

MACBETH. How now, you secret, black, and midnight hags!

What is't you do?

ALL. A deed without a name.

MACBETH. I conjure you, by that which you profess, 50

Howe'er you come to know it, answer me.

Though you untie the winds and let them fight

Against the churches; though the yesty<sup>12</sup> waves

Confound and swallow navigation up;

Though bladed corn be lodged<sup>13</sup> and trees blown down; 55

Though castles topple on their warders' heads;

Though palaces and pyramids do slope

<sup>10</sup> slab, slimy.

<sup>11</sup> chaudron, entrails.

<sup>12</sup> yesty, frothy, like yeast.

<sup>13</sup> bladed . . . lodged, wheat, still green, blown flat on the ground.

Their heads to their foundations;  
 though the treasure  
 Of nature's germens<sup>14</sup> tumble all to-  
 gether, 50  
 Even till destruction sicken; answer me  
 To what I ask you.

FIRST WITCH. Speak.

SECOND WITCH. Demand.

THIRD WITCH. We'll answer.

FIRST WITCH. Say, if thou'dst rather  
 hear it from our mouths,  
 Or from our masters?

MACBETH. Call 'em; let me see 'em.

FIRST WITCH. Pour in sow's blood,  
 that hath eaten  
 Her nine farrow;<sup>15</sup> grease that's sweaten  
 From the murderer's gibbet throw 60  
 Into the flame.

ALL. Come, high or low;  
 Thysself and office deftly show!

*Thunder.* First Apparition: *an armed  
 Head*<sup>16</sup>

MACBETH. Tell me, thou unknown  
 power—

FIRST WITCH. He knows thy  
 thought;

Hear his speech, but say thou naught. 70

FIRST APPARITION. Macbeth! Mac-  
 beth! Macbeth! beware Macduff;  
 Beware the thane of Fife. Dismiss me.  
 Enough. [*Descends*]

MACBETH. Whate'er thou art, for thy  
 good caution, thanks;  
 Thou hast harped<sup>17</sup> my fear aright; but  
 one word more—

FIRST WITCH. He will not be com-  
 manded; here's another, 75  
 More potent than the first.

*Thunder.* Second Apparition: *a bloody  
 Child*<sup>18</sup>

SECOND APPARITION. Macbeth! Mac-  
 beth! Macbeth!

MACBETH. Had I three<sup>19</sup> ears, I 'ld  
 hear thee.

SECOND APPARITION. Be bloody, bold,  
 and resolute; laugh to scorn  
 The power of man, for none of woman  
 born 80

Shall harm Macbeth. [*Descends*]

MACBETH. Then live, Macduff; what  
 need I fear of thee?

But yet I'll make assurance double sure,  
 And take a bond of fate;<sup>20</sup> thou shalt  
 not live; 84

That I may tell pale-hearted fear it lies,  
 And sleep in spite of thunder.

*Thunder.* Third Apparition: *a Child  
 crowned*,<sup>21</sup> *with a tree in his hand*

What is this,  
 That rises like the issue of a king,  
 And wears upon his baby-brow the  
 round

And top<sup>22</sup> of sovereignty?

ALL. Listen, but speak not to 't.

THIRD APPARITION. Be lion-mettled,  
 proud, and take no care 90

Who chafes, who frets, or where con-  
 spirers are.

Macbeth shall never vanquished be un-  
 til

Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane  
 hill

Shall come against him. [*Descends*]

MACBETH. That will never be;  
 Who can impress<sup>23</sup> the forest, bid the  
 tree 95

Unfix his earth-bound root? Sweet  
 bodements! good!

Rebellion's head, rise never till the wood  
 Of Birnam rise, and our high-placed  
 Macbeth

Shall live the lease of nature,<sup>24</sup> pay his  
 breath

<sup>19</sup> *three*. Used by Macbeth in response to the triple cry of the apparition. <sup>20</sup> *take . . . fate*. make the promise binding (that is, by killing Macduff).

<sup>21</sup> *a Child crowned*, Malcolm, who later becomes king. The tree represents the boughs carried by Malcolm's soldiers (Act V, sc. vi, page 164). <sup>22</sup> *round And top*, crown. <sup>23</sup> *impress*, press into military service. <sup>24</sup> *lease of nature*, natural term, or period of life.

<sup>14</sup> *germens*, seeds. <sup>15</sup> *farrow*, litter.

<sup>16</sup> *an armed Head*. This stands for Macbeth's head. (See Act V, sc. viii, lines 54-55, page 167.) <sup>17</sup> *harped*, struck the note of.

<sup>18</sup> *a bloody Child*. This stands for Macduff as an infant.

To time and mortal custom.<sup>25</sup> Yet my  
heart 100  
Throbs to know one thing; tell me, if  
your art  
Can tell so much—shall Banquo's issue  
ever  
Reign in this kingdom?

ALL. Seek to know no  
more.

MACBETH. I will be satisfied; deny me  
this,  
And an eternal curse fall on you! Let  
me know. 105  
Why sinks that caldron? and what  
noise is this? [Hautboys]

FIRST WITCH. Show!

SECOND WITCH. Show!

THIRD WITCH. Show!

ALL. Show his eyes, and grieve his  
heart; 110  
Come like shadows, so depart!

*A show of Eight Kings,<sup>26</sup> the last with  
a glass<sup>27</sup> in his hand; Banquo's Ghost  
following*

MACBETH. Thou art too like the spirit  
of Banquo; down!  
Thy crown does sear mine eyeballs.  
And thy hair,  
Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the  
first.  
A third is like the former. Filthy hags!  
Why do you show me this? A fourth!  
Start, eyes!<sup>28</sup> 115  
What, will the line stretch out to the  
crack of doom?  
Another yet! A seventh! I'll see no  
more;  
And yet the eighth appears, who bears  
a glass  
Which shows me many more; and some  
I see 120

That twofold balls and treble scepters<sup>29</sup>  
carry.

Horrible sight! Now, I see, 'tis true;  
For the blood-boltered<sup>30</sup> Banquo smiles  
upon me,

And points at them for his. [Appari-  
tions *vanish*] What, is this so?

FIRST WITCH. Aye, sir, all this is so;  
but why 125

Stands Macbeth thus amazedly?

Come, sisters, cheer we up his sprites,<sup>31</sup>  
And show the best of our delights.

I'll charm the air to give a sound,  
While you perform your antic round;<sup>32</sup>  
That this great King may kindly say 131  
Our duties did his welcome pay.

[*Music. The Witches dance, and  
then vanish, with HECATE*]

MACBETH. Where are they? Gone?  
Let this pernicious hour  
Stand aye accursèd in the calendar!  
Come in, without there!

*Enter LENNOX*

LENNOX. What's your grace's  
will?

MACBETH. Saw you the weird sisters?

LENNOX. No, my lord. 135

MACBETH. Came they not by you?

LENNOX. No, indeed, my lord.

MACBETH. Infected be the air where-  
on they ride;

And damned all those that trust them!  
I did hear

The galloping of horse; who was't  
came by? 140

LENNOX. 'Tis two or three, my lord,  
that bring you word  
Macduff is fled to England.

MACBETH. Fled to England!

LENNOX. Aye, my good lord.

<sup>25</sup> *pay . . . custom*, die only when he has  
lived the days customarily allotted to man.

<sup>26</sup> *Eight Kings*, the Stuart kings of Scot-  
land, Robert II, Robert III, and the six  
Jameses.

<sup>27</sup> *glass*, magic mirror showing the future.

<sup>28</sup> *Start, eyes*—that is, out of your sockets.

<sup>29</sup> *twofold balls and treble scepters*. This is  
a compliment to James I, who first united the  
two crowns of England and Scotland, and  
the three scepters of the kingdoms of Eng-  
land, Scotland, and Ireland. According to one  
tradition, he was descended from Banquo.

<sup>30</sup> *blood-boltered*, with blood-matted hair.  
<sup>31</sup> *sprites*, spirits. <sup>32</sup> *antic round*, fantastic  
dance.



MACBETH. Time, thou anticipatest my  
dread exploits;  
The flighty<sup>1</sup> purpose never is o'ertook<sup>2</sup>  
Unless the deed go with it; from this  
moment<sup>3</sup> 146  
The very firstlings of my heart shall be  
The firstlings of my hand.<sup>4</sup> And even  
now,  
To crown my thoughts with acts, be it  
thought and done.  
The castle of Macduff I will surprise;  
Seize upon Fife; give to the edge o' the  
sword 151  
His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate  
souls  
That trace<sup>5</sup> him in his line. No boast-  
ing like a fool;  
This deed I'll do before this purpose  
cool.  
But no more sights!<sup>6</sup>—Where are these  
gentlemen? 155  
Come, bring me where they are.

[*Exeunt*]

<sup>1</sup> flighty, fleeting. <sup>2</sup> o'ertook, accomplished.  
<sup>3</sup> from this moment . . . hand, from now on  
I will act as soon as I plan.  
<sup>4</sup> trace, follow. <sup>5</sup> sights, visions.

#### SCENE II. *Fife. MACDUFF's castle*

[As Macbeth probably sent the murderers at once to Macduff's castle, this scene must take place a day or so after the consultation with the witches. In it is represented Macbeth's third crime, the most cruel and fiendish of his career.]

*Enter* LADY MACDUFF, her Son, and

ROSS

LADY MACDUFF. What had he done,  
to make him fly the land?

ROSS. You must have patience, madam.

LADY MACDUFF. He had none;  
His flight was madness. When our ac-  
tions do not,

Our fears do make us traitors.

ROSS. You know not  
Whether it was his wisdom or his fear.

LADY MACDUFF. Wisdom! to leave his  
wife, to leave his babes, 6

His mansion and his titles in a place  
From whence himself does fly? He  
loves us not;

He wants the natural touch<sup>1</sup> for the  
poor wren,

The most diminutive of birds, will fight,  
Her young ones in her nest, against the  
owl. 11

All is the fear and nothing is the love;<sup>2</sup>  
As little is the wisdom, where the flight  
So runs against all reason.

ROSS. My dearest coz,<sup>3</sup>

I pray you, school yourself; but, for  
your husband, 15

He is noble, wise, judicious, and best  
knows

The fits o' the season.<sup>4</sup> I dare not speak  
much further;

But cruel are the times, when we are  
traitors

And do not know ourselves,<sup>5</sup> when we  
hold rumor

From what we fear,<sup>6</sup> yet know not what  
we fear, 20

But float upon a wild and violent sea  
Each way and move. I take my leave  
of you;

Shall not be long but I'll be here again;  
Things at the worst will cease, or else  
climb upward

To what they were before. My pretty  
cousin,<sup>7</sup> 25

Blessing upon you!

LADY MACDUFF. Fathered he is, and  
yet he's fatherless.

ROSS. I am so much a fool, should I  
stay longer,

It would be my disgrace and your dis-  
comfort;<sup>8</sup>

I take my leave at once.

[*Exit*]

<sup>1</sup> wants the natural touch, lacks family affec-  
tion. <sup>2</sup> All . . . love, fear is everything to  
Macduff, love nothing.

<sup>3</sup> coz, cousin, a term freely used. <sup>4</sup> fits o' the  
season, disorders of the time. <sup>5</sup> know our-  
selves, know ourselves to be traitors.

<sup>6</sup> hold . . . fear, accept as true rumors that  
arise from our fears.

<sup>7</sup> cousin, addressed to Lady Macduff's son.

<sup>8</sup> It . . . discomfort. I should break down weep-  
ing and thus make you uncomfortable.

LADY MACDUFF. Sirrah, your father's  
dead; 30  
And what will you do now? How will  
you live?

SON. As birds do, mother.

LADY MACDUFF. What, with worms  
and flies?

SON. With what I get, I mean; and  
so do they.

LADY MACDUFF. Poor bird! thou'ldst  
never fear the net nor lime,<sup>9</sup>  
The pitfall nor the gin.<sup>10</sup> 35

SON. Why should I, mother? Poor  
birds they are not set for.  
My father is not dead, for all your say-  
ing.

LADY MACDUFF. Yes, he is dead; how  
wilt thou do for a father?

SON. Nay, how will you do for a hus-  
band?

LADY MACDUFF. Why, I can buy me  
twenty at any market. 40

SON. Then you'll buy 'em to sell  
again.

LADY MACDUFF. Thou speak'st with  
all thy wit; and yet, i' faith,  
With wit enough for thee.

SON. Was my father a traitor, mother?

LADY MACDUFF. Aye, that he was. 45

SON. What is a traitor?

LADY MACDUFF. Why, one that swears  
and lies.

SON. And be all traitors that do so?

LADY MACDUFF. Every one that does  
so is a traitor, and must be hanged. 50

SON. And must they all be hanged  
that swear and lie?

LADY MACDUFF. Every one.

SON. Who must hang them?

LADY MACDUFF. Why, the honest  
men. 55

SON. Then the liars and swearers are  
fools, for there are liars and swearers  
enow<sup>11</sup> to beat the honest men and hang  
up them. 60

LADY MACDUFF. Now, God help thee,

poor monkey! But how wilt thou do  
for a father?

SON. If he were dead, you'd weep for  
him; if you would not, it were a good  
sign that I should quickly have a new  
father. 67

LADY MACDUFF. Poor prattler, how  
thou talk'st!

*Enter a Messenger*

MESSENGER. Bless you, fair dame! I  
am not to you known, 70  
Though in<sup>12</sup> your state of honor I am  
perfect.<sup>13</sup>

I doubt<sup>14</sup> some danger does approach  
you nearly.

If you will take a homely<sup>15</sup> man's ad-  
vice,

Be not found here; hence, with your  
little ones.

To fright you thus, methinks I am too  
savage; 75

To do worse to you were fell cruelty,  
Which is too nigh your person. Heaven  
preserve you!

I dare abide no longer. [Exit]

LADY MACDUFF. Whither should  
I fly?

I have done no harm. But I remember  
now

I am in this earthly world, where to do  
harm 80

Is often laudable, to do good sometime  
Accounted dangerous folly; why, then,  
alas,

Do I put up that womanly defense,  
To say I have done no harm?

*Enter Murderers*

What are these faces?

FIRST MURDERER. Where is your hus-  
band? 85

LADY MACDUFF. I hope in no place  
so unsanctified

Where such as thou mayst find him.

FIRST MURDERER. He's a traitor.

<sup>9</sup> *lime*, a sticky substance smeared on trees  
to catch birds.

<sup>10</sup> *gin*, trap. <sup>11</sup> *enow*, enough.

<sup>12</sup> *in*, with. <sup>13</sup> *perfect*, thoroughly informed.  
<sup>14</sup> *doubt*, suspect. <sup>15</sup> *homely*, simple, not of high  
rank.

SON. Thou liest, thou shag-haired villain!

FIRST MURDERER. What, you egg!  
[*Stabbing him*]

Young fry of treachery!

SON. He has killed me, mother;  
Run away, I pray you! [*Dies*] 20  
[*Exit LADY MACDUFF, crying "Murder!" Exeunt Murderers, following her*]

SCENE III. *England. Before the King's palace.*

[The meeting of Malcolm and Macduff occurs several days after the third crime. The forces of retribution are gathering to overwhelm Macbeth. The extent of his tyranny is brought home to us by glimpses of the many plots he has laid to capture Malcolm. Down to line 114 Malcolm suspects Macduff of being an emissary from the tyrant. In testing Macduff's sincerity he alienates this upright compatriot, who is not won back until he learns of Macbeth's last crime. The reference to Edward the Confessor's alleged curing of the scrofula by touch was introduced as a compliment to James I, who believed that he could cure in the same way. It serves also, by its picture of peaceful England, to throw into relief the pitiable condition of Scotland.]

*Enter MALCOLM and MACDUFF*

MALCOLM. Let us seek out some desolate shade, and there  
Weep our sad bosoms empty.

MACDUFF. Let us rather  
Hold fast the mortal sword and, like  
good men,  
Bestride our downfall'n birthdom.<sup>1</sup>  
Each new morn  
New widows howl, new orphans cry,  
new sorrows 5  
Strike heaven on the face, that it re-  
sounds

<sup>1</sup> *Bestride . . . birthdom*, bravely defend our fallen native land

As if it felt with Scotland and yelled  
out

Like<sup>2</sup> syllable of dolor.

MALCOLM. What I believe,  
I'll wail;

What know, believe, and what I can  
redress,

As I shall find the time to friend,<sup>3</sup> I  
will. 10

What you have spoke, it may be so  
perchance,

This tyrant, whose sole<sup>4</sup> name blisters  
our tongues,

Was once thought honest; you have  
loved him well.

He hath not touched you yet. I am  
young; but something

You may deserve of him<sup>5</sup> through me,  
and wisdom 15

To offer up a weak poor innocent lamb  
To appease an angry god.

MACDUFF. I am not treacherous.

MALCOLM. But Macbeth is.  
A good and virtuous nature may recoil  
In an imperial charge.<sup>6</sup> But I shall  
crave your pardon; 20

That which you are my thoughts can-  
not transpose;<sup>7</sup>

Angels are bright still, though the  
brightest fell;

Though all things foul would wear the  
brows of grace,

Yet grace must still look so.<sup>8</sup>

MACDUFF. I have lost my hopes.

MALCOLM. Perchance even there  
where I did find my doubts. 25

Why in that rawness<sup>9</sup> left you wife and  
child,

Those precious motives, those strong  
knots of love,

Without leave-taking? I pray you,  
Let not my jealousies be your dishon-  
ors,

<sup>2</sup> *Like*, similar. <sup>3</sup> *to friend*, suitable. <sup>4</sup> *sole*, mere.

<sup>5</sup> *deserve of him*—that is, by betraying Malcolm. <sup>6</sup> *recoil . . . charge*, change for the worse in obeying the King's orders. <sup>7</sup> *transpose*, change.

<sup>8</sup> *so*—that is, lovely and beautiful, like itself. <sup>9</sup> *rawness*, haste.

But mine own safeties.<sup>10</sup> You may be  
rightly just, 30  
Whatever I shall think.

MACDUFF. Bleed, bleed, poor  
country!

Great tyranny! lay thou thy basis sure,  
For goodness dare not check thee; wear  
thou thy wrongs;  
The title is affeered!<sup>11</sup> Fare thee well,  
lord.

I would not be the villain that thou  
think'st 35

For the whole space that's in the tyrant's  
grasp,

And the rich East to boot.

MALCOLM. Be not  
offended;

I speak not as in absolute fear of you.

I think our country sinks beneath the  
yoke;

It weeps, it bleeds; and each new day a  
gash 40

Is added to her wounds. I think  
withal!<sup>12</sup>

There would be hands uplifted in my  
right;

And here from gracious England!<sup>13</sup> have  
I offer

Of goodly thousands; but, for all this,  
When I shall tread upon the tyrant's  
head, 45

Or wear it on my sword, yet my poor  
country

Shall have more vices than it had be-  
fore,

More suffer, and more sundry ways  
than ever,

By him that shall succeed.

MACDUFF. What should he be?

MALCOLM. It is myself I mean; in  
whom I know 50

All the particulars of vice so grafted

That, when they shall be opened, black  
Macbeth

Will seem as pure as snow, and the  
poor state

Esteem him as a lamb, being compared  
With my confineless harms.<sup>14</sup>

MACDUFF. Not in the legions 55  
Of horrid hell can come a devil more  
damned

In evils to top Macbeth.

MALCOLM. I grant him bloody,  
Luxurious,<sup>15</sup> avaricious, false, deceitful,  
Sudden,<sup>16</sup> malicious, smacking of every  
sin

That has a name; but there's no bot-  
tom, none, 60

In my voluptuousness Your wives,  
your daughters,

Your matrons and your maids, could  
not fill up

The cistern of my lust and my desire.

All continent impediments<sup>17</sup> would o'er-  
bear

That did oppose my will. Better Mac-  
beth 65

Than such an one to reign.

MACDUFF. Boundless intemperance  
In nature is a tyranny; it hath been  
The untimely emptying of the happy  
throne

And fall of many kings. But fear not  
yet

To take upon you what is yours; you  
may 70

Convey<sup>18</sup> your pleasures in a spacious  
plenty,

And yet seem cold, the time you may  
so hoodwink.<sup>19</sup>

We have willing dames enough; there  
cannot be 73

That vulture in you, to devour so many  
As will to greatness dedicate themselves,  
Finding it so inclined.

MALCOLM. With this there grows  
In my most ill-composed affection<sup>20</sup>  
such

A stanchless avarice that, were I king,

<sup>14</sup> my . . . harms, the boundless injuries I shall inflict. <sup>15</sup> Luxurious, licentious. <sup>16</sup> Sudden, violent.

<sup>17</sup> continent impediments, restraining motives. <sup>18</sup> Convey, obtain in secret. <sup>19</sup> the time . . . hoodwink, you may thus deceive those about you. <sup>20</sup> ill-composed affection, evil inclination

<sup>10</sup> Let not . . . safeties, do not regard my suspicions as insults, but as precautions. <sup>11</sup> affeered, confirmed. <sup>12</sup> withal, though.

<sup>13</sup> England, King Edward of England.

I should cut off the nobles for their  
lands,  
Desire his jewels and this other's house;  
And my more-having would be as a  
sauce 81  
To make me hunger more; that I  
should forge  
Quarrels unjust against the good and  
loyal,  
Destroying them for wealth.

MACDUFF. This avarice  
Sticks deeper, grows with more per-  
nicious root 85  
Than summer-seeming<sup>21</sup> lust, and it  
hath been  
The sword of our slain kings. Yet do  
not fear;  
Scotland hath foisons<sup>22</sup> to fill up your  
will,  
Of your mere own. All these are port-  
able,<sup>23</sup>

With other graces weighed. 90

MALCOLM. But I have none; the king-  
becoming graces,  
As justice, verity, temperance, stable-  
ness,  
Bounty, perseverance, mercy, lowliness,  
Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude,  
I have no relish<sup>24</sup> of them, but abound 95  
In the division<sup>25</sup> of each several crime,  
Acting it many ways. Nay, had I power,  
I should

Pour the sweet milk of concord into  
hell,

Uproar the universal peace, confound  
All unity on earth.

MACDUFF. O Scotland, Scotland! 100

MALCOLM. If such a one be fit to gov-  
ern, speak;

I am as I have spoken.

MACDUFF. Fit to govern!  
No, not to live. O nation miserable,  
With an untitled tyrant bloody-scep-  
tered,

When shalt thou see thy wholesome  
days again, 105  
Since that<sup>26</sup> the truest issue of thy throne

By his own interdiction<sup>27</sup> stands ac-  
cursed,

And does blaspheme his breed? Thy  
royal father

Was a most sainted king. The queen  
that bore thee,

Oftener upon her knees than on her  
feet, 110

Died<sup>28</sup> every day she lived. Fare thee  
well!

These evils thou repeat'st upon thyself  
Have banished me from Scotland. O  
my breast,

Thy hope ends here!

MALCOLM. Macduff, this noble  
passion,

Child of integrity, hath from my soul 115  
Wiped the black scruples, reconciled my  
thoughts

To thy good truth and honor. Devilish  
Macbeth

By many of these trains<sup>29</sup> hath sought  
to win me

Into his power, and modest wisdom  
plucks<sup>30</sup> me

From over-credulous haste. But God  
above 120

Deal between thee and me! For even  
now

I put myself to thy direction, and  
Unspeak mine own detraction, here ab-  
jure

The taints and blames I laid upon my-  
self,

For strangers to my nature. I am yet 125  
Unknown to woman, never was for-  
sworn,

Scarcely have coveted what was mine  
own,

At no time broke my faith, would not  
betray

The devil to his fellow, and delight  
No less in truth than life; my first false  
speaking 130

Was this upon myself. What I am truly  
Is thine and my poor country's to com-  
mand;

<sup>21</sup> *summer-seeming*, youthful. <sup>22</sup> *foisons*, rich harvests. <sup>23</sup> *portable*, bearable. <sup>24</sup> *relish*, trace. <sup>25</sup> *the division*, every form. <sup>26</sup> *Since that*, since.

<sup>27</sup> *interdiction*, decree. <sup>28</sup> *Died*, prepared for death by prayers.

<sup>29</sup> *trains*, tricks. <sup>30</sup> *plucks*, keeps.

Whither indeed, before thy here-ap-  
proach,  
Old Siward, with ten thousand warlike  
men,  
Already at a point,<sup>31</sup> was setting forth.  
Now we'll together; and the chance of  
goodness 136  
Be like our warranted quarrel!<sup>32</sup> Why  
are you silent?

MACDUFF. Such welcome and unwel-  
come things at once  
'Tis hard to reconcile.

*Enter a Doctor*

MALCOLM. Well, more anon.—Comes  
the King forth, I pray you? 140  
DOCTOR. Aye, sir; there are a crew  
of wretched souls  
That stay<sup>33</sup> his cure. Their malady con-  
vinces  
The great assay of art;<sup>34</sup> but at his  
touch—  
Such sanctity hath Heaven given his  
hand—  
They presently amend.

MALCOLM. I thank you, doctor. 145  
[*Exit Doctor*]

MACDUFF. What's the disease he  
means?

MALCOLM. 'Tis called the evil:<sup>35</sup>  
A most miraculous work in this good  
King;  
Which often, since my here-remain in  
England,  
I have seen him do. How he solicits  
Heaven,  
Himself best knows; but strangely-vis-  
ited<sup>36</sup> people, 150  
All swoln and ulcerous, pitiful to the  
eye,  
The mere<sup>37</sup> despair of surgery, he cures,  
Hanging a golden stamp<sup>38</sup> about their  
necks,

<sup>31</sup> *at a point*, prepared. <sup>32</sup> *the chance* . . . *quarrel*, may the chance of success be as cer-  
tain as our cause is just.

<sup>33</sup> *stay*, await. <sup>34</sup> *convince* . . . *art*, defies  
cure by the aid of medicine.

<sup>35</sup> *evil*, scrofula, a glandular disease.  
<sup>36</sup> *strangely-visited*, afflicted by strange dis-  
eases. <sup>37</sup> *mere*, complete. <sup>38</sup> *stamp*, coin.

Put on with holy prayers. And 'tis  
spoken,  
To the succeeding royalty he leaves 155  
The healing benediction. With this  
strange virtue,  
He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy,  
And sundry blessings hang about his  
throne,  
That speak him<sup>39</sup> full of grace.

*Enter Ross*

MACDUFF. See, who comes here?  
MALCOLM. My countryman; but yet  
I know him not. 160

MACDUFF. My ever-gentle cousin, wel-  
come hither.

MALCOLM. I know him now. Good  
God, betimes remove  
The means that makes us strangers!

ROSS. Sir, amen.

MACDUFF. Stands Scotland where it  
did?

ROSS. Alas, poor country!  
Almost afraid to know itself. It cannot  
Be called our mother, but our grave;  
where nothing, 166  
But who knows nothing, is once seen  
to smile;

Where sighs and groans and shrieks  
that rend the air  
Are made, not marked; where violent  
sorrow seems  
A modern ecstasy.<sup>40</sup> The dead man's  
knell 170

Is there scarce asked for who; and good  
men's lives  
Expire before the flowers in their caps,  
Dying or ere<sup>41</sup> they sicken.

MACDUFF. Oh, relation  
Too nice,<sup>42</sup> and yet too true!

MALCOLM. What's the newest grief?

ROSS. That of an hour's age doth  
hiss<sup>43</sup> the speaker; 175  
Each minute teems<sup>44</sup> a new one.

MACDUFF. How does my wife?

ROSS. Why, well.

<sup>39</sup> *speak him*, show him to be.

<sup>40</sup> *modern ecstasy*, commonplace emotion.  
<sup>41</sup> *or ere*, before. <sup>42</sup> *relation Too nice*, account  
too exact. <sup>43</sup> *hiss*—because his news is old.  
<sup>44</sup> *teems*, brings forth.

MACDUFF. And all my children?  
 ROSS. Well, too.  
 MACDUFF. The tyrant has not battered at their peace?  
 ROSS. No; they were well at peace when I did leave 'em.  
 MACDUFF. Be not a niggard of your speech; how goes 't? 180  
 ROSS. When I came hither to transport the tidings,  
 Which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumor  
 Of many worthy fellows that were out;<sup>45</sup>  
 Which was to my belief witnessed the rather,  
 For that I saw the tyrant's power<sup>46</sup> afoot. 185  
 Now is the time of help; your eye in Scotland  
 Would create soldiers, make our women fight,  
 To doff their dire distresses.  
 MALCOLM. Be 't their comfort  
 We are coming thither. Gracious England hath  
 Lent us good Siward and ten thousand men; 190  
 An older and a better soldier none  
 That Christendom gives out.<sup>47</sup>  
 ROSS. Would I could answer  
 This comfort with the like! But I have words  
 That would be howled out in the desert air,  
 Where hearing should not latch<sup>48</sup> them.  
 MACDUFF. What concern they? 195  
 The general cause? Or is it a fee-grief<sup>49</sup>  
 Due to some single breast?  
 ROSS. No mind that's honest  
 But in it shares some woe; though the main part  
 Pertains to you alone.  
 MACDUFF. If it be mine,  
 Keep it not from me; quickly let me have it. 200

<sup>45</sup> out, in arms. <sup>46</sup> power, army <sup>47</sup> gives out, proclaims. <sup>48</sup> latch, catch. <sup>49</sup> fee-grief, private grief.

ROSS. Let not your ears despise my tongue forever,  
 Which shall possess them with the heaviest sound  
 That ever yet they heard.  
 MACDUFF. Hum! I guess at it.  
 ROSS. Your castle is surprised; your wife and babes  
 Savagely slaughtered. To relate the manner 205  
 Were, on the quarry<sup>50</sup> of these murdered deer,<sup>51</sup>  
 To add the death of you.  
 MALCOLM. Merciful heaven!  
 What, man! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows;  
 Give sorrow words: the grief that does not speak  
 Whispers<sup>52</sup> the o'er-fraught<sup>53</sup> heart, and bids it break. 210  
 MACDUFF. My children, too?  
 ROSS. Wife, children, servants, all  
 That could be found.  
 MACDUFF. And I must be from thence!  
 My wife killed, too?  
 ROSS. I have said.  
 MALCOLM. Be comforted;  
 Let's make us medicines of our great revenge,  
 To cure this deadly grief. 215  
 MACDUFF. He has no children.<sup>54</sup> All my pretty ones?  
 Did you say all? O hell-kite! All?  
 What, all my pretty chickens and their dam  
 At one fell swoop?  
 MALCOLM. Dispute it<sup>55</sup> like a man.  
 MACDUFF. I shall do so; 220  
 But I must also feel it as a man.  
 I cannot but remember such things were,

<sup>50</sup> quarry, dead bodies. <sup>51</sup> deer, a figure from the hunt; he means Macduff's wife and children.

<sup>52</sup> Whispers, whispers to. <sup>53</sup> o'er-fraught, overburdened.

<sup>54</sup> He . . . children, because Malcolm has no children, he cannot understand my grief. <sup>55</sup> Dispute it, fight on the issue.

That were most precious to me. Did Heaven look on And would not take their part? Sinful Macduff, They were all struck for thee! Naught,<sup>56</sup> that I am,<sup>225</sup> Not for their own demerits, but for mine, Fell slaughter on their souls. Heaven rest them now!

MALCOLM. Be this the whetstone of your sword; let grief Convert to anger; blunt not the heart, enrage it.

MACDUFF. Oh, I could play the woman with mine eyes<sup>230</sup> And braggart with my tongue! But, gentle Heavens

Cut short all intermission;<sup>57</sup> front to front

Bring thou this fiend of Scotland and myself;

Within my sword's length set him; if he 'scape, Heaven forgive him, too!

MALCOLM. This tune goes manly. Come, go we to the King; our power is ready;<sup>236</sup>

Our lack is nothing but our leave.<sup>58</sup> Macbeth

Is ripe for shaking, and the powers above

Put on their instruments.<sup>59</sup> Receive what cheer you may;

The night is long that never finds the day. [Exeunt]

<sup>56</sup> Naught, worthless. <sup>57</sup> intermission, delay.  
<sup>58</sup> Our lack . . . leave, we need only to take our leave of King Edward. <sup>59</sup> Put . . . instruments, urge us on as their instruments, or tools.

## CLASS DISCUSSIONS

### Scene i

1. What effect do the witches' spells and the loathesome ingredients of the caldron have on you? How does the armed head speak Macbeth's thought? How does

the bloody child only half represent Macbeth's mind? How does the child crowned represent Malcolm?

2. What is Macbeth's purpose in visiting the witches? Why doesn't he see the true meaning of the first three apparitions? What is his frame of mind as he leaves? Has he accomplished his purpose?

3. Are the newly planned murders really necessary? What do they indicate regarding the state of Macbeth's character?

### Scene ii

1. Do you agree with Lady Macduff's charge that her husband does not love her? Why had he left her unguarded?

2. What feelings have you toward Macbeth as a result of this scene?

### Scene iii

1. Why is Malcolm so wary of Macduff's offers? How does he test Macduff's patriotism? What in the end determines Macduff to join the forces of Old Siward?

2. Why does Ross put off the news about Macduff's family? Explain the reason for Macduff's repeated inquiries as to the fate of his wife and children.

## Act IV As a Whole

1. Which deed of Macbeth in this act is most influential in bringing together the forces opposed to him? Show clearly the connection between the murders and the merging of the English and Scottish forces. What events do you now look forward to and why?

2. State specifically the changes that you find in Macbeth's character in this act as compared with his character in earlier acts.

## ACT FIFTH

### SCENE I. Dunsinane. Anteroom in the castle

[The sleep-walking of Lady Macbeth occurs some time after the last scene of Act IV. Macbeth has taken the field against various rebel bands in Scotland. The retribution which has long been gathering begins with Lady Macbeth. During





"UPON MY LIFE, FAST ASLEEP. OBSERVE HER; STAND CLOSE."

her sleep the vigilance of her will relaxes, and we are allowed to see how she really feels about the crimes of the past. The setting is an anteroom opening from her bed-chamber. In this scene, one of the most tragic in all drama, prose is used, perhaps because it seems more natural for the disconnected speech of sleep-walking.]

*Enter a Doctor of Physic<sup>1</sup> and a Waiting-gentlewoman*

DOCTOR. I have two nights watched with you, but can perceive no truth in your report. When was it she last walked? <sup>4</sup>

GENTLEWOMAN. Since his Majesty went into the field, I have seen her rise from her bed, throw her nightgown upon her, unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon't, read it, afterwards seal it, and again return to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleep. <sup>12</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Physic*, medicine.

DOCTOR. A great perturbation in nature, to receive at once the benefit of sleep, and do the effects of watching!<sup>2</sup> In this slumbry agitation, besides her walking and other actual performances, what, at any time, have you heard her say? <sup>19</sup>

GENTLEWOMAN. That, sir, which I will not report after her.

DOCTOR. You may to me; and 'tis most meet<sup>3</sup> you should.

GENTLEWOMAN. Neither to you nor anyone, having no witness to confirm my speech. <sup>26</sup>

*Enter LADY MACBETH, with a taper*

Lo, you, here she comes! This is her very guise; and, upon my life, fast asleep. Observe her; stand close.<sup>4</sup> <sup>29</sup>

DOCTOR. How came she by that light?

<sup>2</sup> *effects of watching*, actions of a person awake.

<sup>3</sup> *meet*, fitting. <sup>4</sup> *close*, concealed.

GENTLEWOMAN. Why, it stood by her; she has light by her continually; 'tis her command.

DOCTOR. You see, her eyes are open.

GENTLEWOMAN. Aye, but their sense is shut. 36

DOCTOR. What is it she does now? Look how she rubs her hands.

GENTLEWOMAN. It is an accustomed action with her, to seem thus washing her hands. I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour. 42

LADY MACBETH. Yet here's a spot.

DOCTOR. Hark! she speaks. I will set down what comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly.

LADY MACBETH. Out, damned spot! out, I say!—One; two. Why, then 'tis time to do't.—Hell is murky!—Fie, my lord, fie! a soldier, and afeard? What need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account?—Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him? 55

DOCTOR. Do you mark that?

LADY MACBETH. The thane of Fife had a wife; where is she now?—What, will these hands ne'er be clean?—No more o' that, my lord, no more o' that; you mar all with this starting. 61

DOCTOR. Go to, go to; you have known what you should not.

GENTLEWOMAN. She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that. Heaven knows what she has known. 66

LADY MACBETH. Here's the smell of the blood still; all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh, oh, oh! 70

DOCTOR. What a sigh is there! The heart is sorely charged.

GENTLEWOMAN. I would not have such a heart in my bosom for the dignity of the whole body. 75

DOCTOR. Well, well, well—

GENTLEWOMAN. Pray God it be, sir.

DOCTOR. This disease is beyond my practice; yet I have known those which

have walked in their sleep who have died holily in their beds. 81

LADY MACBETH. Wash your hands, put on your nightgown; look not so pale.—I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried; he cannot come out on 's' grave.

DOCTOR. Even so? 86

LADY MACBETH. To bed, to bed! There's knocking at the gate. Come, come, come, give me your hand. What's done cannot be undone.—To bed, to bed, to bed! [Exit] 91

DOCTOR. Will she go now to bed?

GENTLEWOMAN. Directly.

DOCTOR. Foul whisperings are abroad; unnatural deeds  
Do breed unnatural troubles; infected  
minds 95

To their deaf pillows will discharge  
their secrets.

More needs she the divine<sup>6</sup> than the  
physician.

God, God forgive us all! Look after  
her;

Remove from her the means of all an-  
noyance,<sup>7</sup>

And still<sup>8</sup> keep eyes upon her. So, good-  
night. 100

My mind she has mated,<sup>9</sup> and amazed  
my sight.

I think, but dare not speak.

GENTLEWOMAN. Good-night, good  
doctor. [Exeunt]

<sup>5</sup> on's, of his.

<sup>6</sup> divine, priest.

<sup>7</sup> annoyance, violence to herself.

<sup>8</sup> still, continually.

<sup>9</sup> mated, deprived of action, checkmated.

## SCENE II. *The country near Dunsinane*

[The scene goes on in the open country near the castle. From the conversation it is apparent that the Scottish noblemen have revolted against Macbeth. Since Lennox has been one of Macbeth's closest friends, retribution seems near at hand. The mention of Birnam makes us feel that Fate has something to do with the way things are coming to pass.]

*Drum and colors. Enter MENTEITH, CAITHNESS, ANGUS, LENNOX, and Soldiers*

MENTEITH. The English power<sup>1</sup> is near, led on by Malcolm, His uncle Siward, and the good Macduff.

Revenues burn in them; for their dear causes

Would to the bleeding and the grim alarm

Excite the mortified man.<sup>2</sup>

ANGUS. Near Birnam wood 5  
Shall we well meet them; that way are they coming.

CAITHNESS. Who knows if Donalbain be with his brother?

LENNOX. For certain, sir, he is not. I have a file  
Of all the gentry: there is Siward's son,  
And many unrough<sup>3</sup> youths that even  
now 10

Protest their first of manhood.<sup>4</sup>

MENTEITH. What does the tyrant?

CAITHNESS. Great Dunsinane he strongly fortifies.

Some say he's mad; others that lesser hate him

Do call it valiant fury; but, for certain,

He cannot buckle his distempered cause Within the belt of rule.<sup>5</sup>

ANGUS. Now does he feel 16  
His secret murders sticking on his hands;

Now minutely<sup>6</sup> revolts upbraid his faithbreach;

Those he commands move only in command,

Nothing in love; now does he feel his title 20

<sup>1</sup> power, army. <sup>2</sup> their . . . man, their deep, personal causes would incite a hermit (mortified man) to bloodshed and the horrors of war. <sup>3</sup> unrough, beardless.

<sup>4</sup> Protest . . . manhood, now for the first time call themselves men. <sup>5</sup> He cannot . . . rule—that is, his disorganized party (distempered cause) is getting beyond his control.

<sup>6</sup> minutely, every minute.

Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe

Upon a dwarfish thief.

MENTEITH. Who then shall blame His pestered senses to recoil and start, When all that is within him does condemn

Itself for being there?

CAITHNESS. Well, march we on, 25  
To give obedience where 'tis truly owed. Meet we the medicine<sup>7</sup> of the sickly weal,

And with him pour we in our country's purge<sup>8</sup>

Each drop of us.

LENNOX. Or so much as it needs, To dew the sovereign flower and drown the weeds. 30

Make we our march toward Birnam.

[*Exeunt, marching*]

<sup>7</sup> medicine—that is, Malcolm. <sup>8</sup> purge, process of being cured.

SCENE III. *Dunsinane. A room in the castle*

[Macbeth betrays his demoralization in two ways: his rudeness to everyone reveals a loss of self-control; his reliance on supernatural aid, rather than on active preparations of his own, can come only from a weakening of moral fiber.]

*Enter MACBETH, Doctor, and Attendants*

MACBETH. Bring me no more reports; let them fly all.

Till Birnam wood remove to Dunsinane,

I cannot taint<sup>1</sup> with fear. What's the boy Malcolm?

Was he not born of woman? The spirits that know

All mortal consequences have pronounced me thus: 5

"Fear not, Macbeth; no man that's born of woman

Shall e'er have power upon thee." Then fly, false thanes,

<sup>1</sup> taint, be infected.

And mingle with the English epicures.<sup>2</sup>  
 The mind I sway by<sup>3</sup> and the heart I  
 bear  
 Shall never sag with doubt nor shake  
 with fear. 10

*Enter a Servant*

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-  
 faced loon!  
 Where got'st thou that goose look?  
 SERVANT. There is ten thousand—  
 MACBETH. Geese, villain?  
 SERVANT. Soldiers, sir.  
 MACBETH. Go prick thy face, and  
 over-red<sup>4</sup> thy fear,  
 Thou lily-livered boy. What soldiers,  
 patch?<sup>5</sup> 15  
 Death of thy soul! those linen cheeks of  
 thine  
 Are counselors to fear. What soldiers,  
 whey-face?  
 SERVANT. The English force, so please  
 you.  
 MACBETH. Take thy face hence.

[Exit Servant]

Seyton!—I am sick  
 at heart,  
 When I behold—Seyton, I say!—this  
 push<sup>6</sup> 20  
 Will cheer me ever, or disseat me now.  
 I have lived long enough; my way of  
 life  
 Is fall'n into the sear, the yellow leaf;  
 And that which should accompany old  
 age,  
 As honor, love, obedience, troops of  
 friends, 25  
 I must not look to have; but, in their  
 stead,  
 Curses, not loud but deep, mouth-  
 honor, breath,  
 Which the poor heart would fain deny,  
 and dare not.  
 Seyton!

<sup>2</sup> *epicures*, lovers of luxury; here used in contempt.

<sup>3</sup> *I sway by*, I am ruled by.

<sup>4</sup> *over-red*, smear with red.

<sup>5</sup> *patch*, fool.

<sup>6</sup> *push*, attack.

*Enter SEYTON*

SEYTON. What is your gracious pleas-  
 ure?  
 MACBETH. What news more? 30  
 SEYTON. All is confirmed, my lord,  
 which was reported.  
 MACBETH. I'll fight till from my bones  
 my flesh be hacked.  
 Give me my armor.  
 SEYTON. 'Tis not needed yet.  
 MACBETH. I'll put it on.  
 Send out moe<sup>7</sup> horses, skirr<sup>8</sup> the coun-  
 try round; 35  
 Hang those that talk of fear. Give me  
 mine armor.  
 How does your patient, doctor?  
 DOCTOR. Not so sick, my lord,  
 As she is troubled with thick-coming  
 fancies,  
 That keep her from her rest.  
 MACBETH. Cure her of that.  
 Canst thou not minister to a mind dis-  
 eased, 40  
 Pluck from the memory a rooted sor-  
 row,  
 Raze out the written troubles of the  
 brain,  
 And with some sweet oblivious<sup>9</sup> anti-  
 dote  
 Cleanse the stuffed bosom of that peril-  
 ous stuff  
 Which weighs upon the heart?  
 DOCTOR. Therein the patient 45  
 Must minister to himself.  
 MACBETH. Throw physic<sup>10</sup> to the  
 dogs; I'll none of it.  
 Come, put mine armor on; give me my  
 staff.<sup>11</sup> 11  
 Seyton, send out. Doctor, the thanes fly  
 from me.  
 Come sir, dispatch. If thou couldst,  
 doctor, cast 50  
 The water of my land, find her disease  
 And purge it to a sound and pristine  
 health,<sup>12</sup>

<sup>7</sup> *moe*, more. <sup>8</sup> *skirr*, scour. <sup>9</sup> *oblivious*, causing forgetfulness. <sup>10</sup> *physic*, medicine. <sup>11</sup> *staff*, lance. <sup>12</sup> *cast* . . . *health*, diagnose the ailments of my country and restore it to its former health.

I would applaud thee to the very echo,  
That should applaud again.—Pull 't  
off<sup>12</sup>, I say.—

What rhubarb, cyme,<sup>14</sup> or what purga-  
tive drug, 55

Would scour these English hence?  
Hear'st thou of them?

DOCTOR. Aye, my good lord: your  
royal preparation

Makes us hear something.

MACBETH. Bring it<sup>15</sup> after me.  
I will not be afraid of death and bane<sup>16</sup>  
Till Birnam forest come to Dunsinane.

DOCTOR. [*Aside*] Were I from Dun-  
sinane away and clear, 61  
Profit again should hardly draw me  
here. [*Exeunt*]

<sup>12</sup> Pull't off, pull off the armor. <sup>14</sup> cyme, senna, an herb. <sup>15</sup> it, my armor. <sup>16</sup> bane, ruin.

#### SCENE IV. *Country near Birnam wood*

[Seeing a few soldiers on the stage, we must conjure up a vision of the combined English and Scottish armies in battle array, and a few trees in tubs must lead us to imagine the whole forest of Birnam Wood.]

*Drum and colors. Enter MALCOLM, old SIWARD and his SON, MACDUFF, MENTEITH, CAITHNESS, ANGUS, LENNOX, ROSS, and Soldiers, marching*

MALCOLM. Cousins, I hope the days  
are near at hand  
That chambers will be safe.<sup>1</sup>

MENTEITH. We doubt it nothing.

SIWARD. What wood is this before us?

MENTEITH. The wood of Birnam.

MALCOLM. Let every soldier hew him  
down a bough,

And bear't before him; thereby shall  
we shadow 5

The numbers of our host, and make dis-  
covery<sup>2</sup>

Err in report of us.

<sup>1</sup> chambers . . . safe - that is, men may sleep safely in their bedchambers. <sup>2</sup> discovery, Macbeth's spies.

SOLDIERS. It shall be done.

SIWARD. We learn no other but the  
confident tyrant

Keeps still in Dunsinane, and will en-  
dure

Our setting down before 't.<sup>3</sup>

MALCOLM. 'Tis his main hope; 10  
For where there is advantage to be  
given,<sup>4</sup>

Both more and less have given him the  
revolt,<sup>5</sup>

And none serve with him but con-  
strained things

Whose hearts are absent, too.

MACDUFF. Let our just censures  
Attend the true event,<sup>6</sup> and put we on  
Industrious soldiership.

SIWARD. The time approaches 15  
That will with due decision make us  
know

What we shall say we have and what  
we owe.

Thoughts speculative their unsure hopes  
relate,

But certain issue strokes must arbitrate;<sup>7</sup>  
Toward which advance the war. 21

[*Exeunt, marching*]

<sup>3</sup> setting down before 't, laying siege to it.  
<sup>4</sup> given, gained.

<sup>5</sup> Both . . . revolt, both nobles and com-  
mons have revolted against him. <sup>6</sup> censures  
. . . event, opinion await the final outcome.

<sup>7</sup> Thoughts . . . arbitrate, attempts to fore-  
see the future are hopeless; action alone can  
determine what will happen.

#### SCENE V. *Dunsinane. Within the castle*

[Into the courtyard of the castle Macbeth, in full armor, leads the small band of guards who remain faithful to him. The messenger who enters later is really a sentinel set to watch for the enemy.]

*Enter MACBETH, SEYTON, and Soldiers, with drum and colors*

MACBETH. Hang out our banners on  
the outward walls;

The cry is still "They come!" Our cas-  
tle's strength

Will laugh a siege to scorn; here let  
them lie

Till famine and the ague eat them up.  
Were they not forced<sup>1</sup> with those that  
should be ours,

We might have met them dareful, beard  
to beard,

And beat them backward home. [*A  
cry of women within*] What is that  
noise?

SEYTON. It is the cry of women, my  
good lord. [*Exit*]

MACBETH. I have almost forgot the  
taste of fears.

The time has been my senses would  
have cooled

To hear a night-shriek, and my fell<sup>2</sup> of  
hair

Would at a dismal treatise<sup>3</sup> rouse and  
stir

As life were in't. I have supped full  
with horrors;

Direness, familiar to my slaughterous  
thoughts,<sup>4</sup>

Cannot once start<sup>5</sup> me.

*Re-enter SEYTON*

Wherefore was that cry? 15

SEYTON. The Queen, my lord, is dead.

MACBETH. She should<sup>6</sup> have died here-  
after;

There would have been a time for such  
a word.

Tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomor-  
row,

Creeps in this petty pace from day to  
day

To the last syllable of recorded time,  
And all our yesterdays have lighted  
fools

The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief  
candle!

Life's but a walking shadow, a poor  
player

That struts and frets his hour upon the  
stage

And then is heard no more; it is a tale

<sup>1</sup> forced, strengthened. <sup>2</sup> fell, scalp. <sup>3</sup> treat-  
ise, story. <sup>4</sup> slaughterous thoughts, thoughts  
of murder.

<sup>5</sup> start, startle. <sup>6</sup> should, would certainly.

Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,  
Signifying nothing.

*Enter a Messenger*

Thou comest to use thy tongue; thy  
story quickly.

MESSENGER. Gracious my lord, 30  
I should report that which I say I saw,  
But know not how to do it.

MACBETH. Well, say, sir.

MESSENGER. As I did stand my watch  
upon the hill,

I looked toward Birnam, and anon, me-  
thought,

The wood began to move.

MACBETH. Liar and slave! 35

MESSENGER. Let me endure your  
wrath, if't be not so.

Within this three mile may you see it  
coming;

I say, a moving grove.

MACBETH. If thou speak'st false,  
Upon the next tree shalt thou hang  
alive,

Till famine cling thee;<sup>7</sup> if thy speech be  
sooth,<sup>8</sup>

I care not if thou dost for me as much. 40

I pull in<sup>9</sup> resolution, and begin

To doubt the equivocation<sup>10</sup> of the fiend  
That lies like truth: "Fear not, till Bir-  
nam wood

Do come to Dunsinane"; and now a  
wood

Comes toward Dunsinane. Arm, arm,  
and out! 45

If this which he avouches does appear,  
There is nor<sup>11</sup> flying hence nor tarrying  
here.

I 'gin to be aweary of the sun,  
And wish the estate<sup>12</sup> o' the world were  
now undone. 50

Ring the alarum-bell! Blow, wind!  
come, wrack!<sup>13</sup>

At least we'll die with harness<sup>14</sup> on our  
back. [*Exeunt*]

<sup>7</sup> cling thee, shrivel thee up. <sup>8</sup> sooth, truth.  
<sup>9</sup> pull in, pall, or weaken, in.

<sup>10</sup> doubt the equivocation, suspect the lie  
that seemed to be truth, <sup>11</sup> nor, neither. <sup>12</sup> estate,  
normal condition.

<sup>13</sup> wrack, disaster. <sup>14</sup> harness, armor.

SCENE VI. *Dunsinane. Before the castle*

[Malcolm's army, which had expected to make a sudden attack on Macbeth's castle, now prepares to meet his forces in battle outside the castle walls.]

*Drum and colors. Enter MALCOLM, old SIWARD, MACDUFF, and their Army, with boughs*

MALCOLM. Now near enough; your leavy screens throw down,  
And show<sup>1</sup> like those you are. You, worthy uncle,  
Shall, with my cousin, your right noble son,  
Lead our first battle;<sup>2</sup> worthy Macduff and we  
Shall take upon's what else remains to do, 5  
According to our order.

SIWARD. Fare you well.  
Do we but find the tyrant's power to-night,  
Let us be beaten, if we cannot fight.

MACDUFF. Make all our trumpets speak; give them all breath, 9  
Those clamorous harbingers of blood and death.

[*Exeunt*]

<sup>1</sup> *show*, appear. <sup>2</sup> *battle*, division of our army.

SCENE VII. *Another part of the field*

[The part of the battle here presented takes place near one of the entrances in the castle walls. Macbeth seems to prove the truth of the prediction of the witches that he bears a charmed life. He overcomes easily a warrior who has the advantage of youth. Flushed with this victory, he rushes on to other parts of the field, slaying everyone he meets. We wonder how Macduff, who seeks him, can overcome such an invincible foe. Yet Macbeth's plight is growing worse. The castle has been surrendered. He has no refuge for retreat in case of defeat.]

*Alarums. Enter MACBETH*

MACBETH. They have tied me to a stake; I cannot fly,  
But, bear-like,<sup>1</sup> I must fight the course.  
What's he  
That was not born of woman? Such a one  
Am I to fear, or none.

*Enter young SIWARD*

YOUNG SIWARD. What is thy name?

MACBETH. Thou'lt be afraid to hear it.

YOUNG SIWARD. No; though thou call'st thyself a hotter name 6  
Than any is in hell.

MACBETH. My name's Macbeth.

YOUNG SIWARD. The devil himself could not pronounce a title  
More hateful to mine ear.

MACBETH. No, nor more fearful.

YOUNG SIWARD. Thou liest, abhorred tyrant; with my sword 10  
I'll prove the lie thou speak'st.

[*They fight, and young SIWARD is slain*]

MACBETH. Thou wast born of woman.

But swords I smile at, weapons laugh to scorn,  
Brandished by man that's of a woman born. [Exit]

*Alarums. Enter MACDUFF*

MACDUFF. That way the noise is. Tyrant, show thy face!  
If thou be'st slain and with no stroke of mine, 15  
My wife and children's ghosts will haunt me still.<sup>2</sup>

I cannot strike at wretched kerns, whose arms  
Are hired to bear their staves; either thou, Macbeth,  
Or else my sword with an unbattered edge

<sup>1</sup> *bear-like*. In bear-baiting, the bear was tied to a stake, and dogs were released in relays to attack him.

<sup>2</sup> *still*, forever.

I sheathe again undeeded. There thou  
shouldst be; 20  
By this great clatter, one of greatest note  
Seems bruited.<sup>3</sup> Let me find him, for-  
tune!  
And more I beg not. [*Exit. Alarums*]

*Enter MALCOLM and old SIWARD*

SIWARD. This way, my lord; the cas-  
tle's gently rendered;<sup>4</sup>  
The tyrant's people on both sides do  
fight; 25  
The noble thanes do bravely in the war;  
The day almost itself professes yours,  
And little is to do.

MALCOLM. We have met the foes  
That strike beside us.<sup>5</sup>

SIWARD. Enter, sir, the castle. 20  
[*Exeunt. Alarums*]

<sup>3</sup> *bruited*, announced noisily.

<sup>4</sup> *gently rendered*, surrendered without an assault. <sup>5</sup> *strike beside us*, deliberately miss us (that is, they are our friends).

SCENE VIII. *Another part of the field*

[When Macduff and Macbeth meet, Macbeth apparently puts forth little effort because of his confidence in the witches' prophecy. After a long encounter, the two enemies rest. Macbeth then tells his adversary of the charm, only to have this last supernatural support wrenched from him. The encounter renewed, they leave the stage with Macbeth still valiantly fighting. Malcolm enters with banners flying. Macduff returns with the head of Macbeth on the top of a sharp pike, which he drives into the floor so that it stands upright on the stage. The stage is crowded with the soldiers of the victorious army and the leaders of the new reign.]

*Enter MACBETH*

MACBETH. Why should I play the  
Roman fool and die  
On mine own sword?<sup>1</sup> Whiles I see  
lives, the gashes  
Do better upon them.

<sup>1</sup> *Why . . . sword?* The Romans considered suicide, in certain cases, an honorable death.

*Enter MACDUFF*

MACDUFF. Turn, hell-hound, turn!

MACBETH. Of all men else I have  
avoided thee.

But get thee back; my soul is too much  
charged 5

With blood of thine already.

MACDUFF. I have no words;  
My voice is in my sword, thou bloodier  
villain

Than terms can give thee out!<sup>2</sup>

[*They fight*]

MACBETH. Thou lovest labor;  
As easy mayst thou the intrenchant<sup>3</sup>  
air

With thy keen sword impress as make  
me bleed. 10

Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests;  
I bear a charmed life, which must not  
yield

To one of woman born.

MACDUFF. Despair thy charm;  
And let the angel<sup>4</sup> whom thou still hast  
served

Tell thee Macduff was from his moth-  
er's womb 15

Untimely ripped.

MACBETH. Accursèd be that tongue  
that tells me so,  
For it hath cowed my better part of  
man!

And be these juggling fiends no more  
believed

That palter<sup>5</sup> with us in a double sense;  
That keep the word of promise to our  
ear, 21

And break it to our hope. I'll not fight  
with thee.

MACDUFF. Then yield thee, coward,  
And live to be the show and gaze o' the  
time.

We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters  
are, 25

Painted upon a pole,<sup>6</sup> and underwrit,  
"Here may you see the tyrant."

<sup>2</sup> *terms* . . . out, mere words can proclaim you. <sup>3</sup> *intrenchant*, indivisible. <sup>4</sup> *angel*, evil angel, fiend. <sup>5</sup> *palter*, equivocate. <sup>6</sup> *Painted . . . pole*—that is, painted on a cloth that is hung on a pole for all to see.





"LAY ON, MACDUFF."

MACBETH. I will not yield,  
To kiss the ground before young Mal-  
colm's feet,  
And to be baited<sup>7</sup> with the rabble's  
curse.

Though Birnam wood be come to Dun-  
sinane, 30

And thou opposed, being of no woman  
born,

Yet I will try the last. Before my body  
I throw my warlike shield. Lay on,  
Macduff,

And damned be him that first cries,  
"Hold, enough!"

[*Exeunt, fighting. Alarums*]

*Retreat. Flourish. Enter, with drum  
and colors, MALCOLM, old SIWARD,  
Ross, the other Thanes, and Soldiers*

MALCOLM. I would the friends we  
miss were safe arrived. 35

<sup>7</sup> baited, harassed, like the tied bear.

SIWARD. Some must go off;<sup>8</sup> and yet,  
by these I see,

So great a day as this is cheaply bought.

MALCOLM. Macduff is missing, and  
your noble son.

Ross. Your son, my lord, has paid a  
soldier's debt;

He only lived but till he was a man; 40

The which no sooner had his prowess  
confirmed<sup>9</sup>

In the unshrinking station where he  
fought,<sup>10</sup>

But like a man he died.

SIWARD. Then he is dead?

Ross. Aye, and brought off the field;  
your cause of sorrow

Must not be measured by his worth, for  
then 45

It hath no end.

SIWARD. Had he his hurts before?

<sup>8</sup> go off, die. <sup>9</sup> had . . . confirmed, had  
proved his valor.

<sup>10</sup> unshrinking . . . fought, place where he  
had fought unshrinkingly.

ROSS. Aye, on the front.

SIWARD. Why then, God's soldier  
be he!

HAD I as many sons as I have hairs,  
I would not wish them to a fairer death;  
And so, his knell is knolled.

MALCOLM. He's worth more sorrow,  
And that I'll spend for him.

SIWARD. He's worth no more. 51  
They say he parted<sup>11</sup> well, and paid his  
score;  
And so, God be with him! Here comes  
newer comfort.

*Re-enter MACDUFF, with MACBETH'S  
head*

MACDUFF. Hail, King! for so thou art.  
Behold, where stands<sup>12</sup>  
The usurper's cursed head. The time is  
free; 55

I see thee compassed with thy king-  
dom's pearl,<sup>13</sup>

That speak my salutation in their  
minds;

Whose voices I desire aloud with  
mine—

Hail, King of Scotland!

ALL. Hail, King of Scotland!  
[*Flourish*]

MALCOLM. We shall not spend a large  
expense of time 60  
Before we reckon with your several  
loves,

And make us even with you. My thanes  
and kinsmen,

Henceforth be earls, the first that ever  
Scotland

In such an honor named. What's more  
to do,

Which would be planted newly with  
the time, 65

As calling home our exiled friends  
abroad

That fled the snares of watchful tyr-  
anny;

Producing forth the cruel ministers

<sup>11</sup> parted, died.

<sup>12</sup> stands. Probably on a pike

<sup>13</sup> pearl, the nobles, ornament of their coun-  
try.

Of this dead butcher and his fiend-like  
queen,

Who, as 'tis thought, by self and vio-  
lent<sup>14</sup> hands 70

Took off her life; this, and what need-  
ful else

That calls upon us, by the grace of  
Grace

We will perform in measure, time, and  
place;

So, thanks to all at once and to each  
one,

Whom we invite to see us crowned at  
Scone.

[*Flourish. Exeunt*]

<sup>14</sup> self and violent, her own violent.

## CLASS DISCUSSIONS

### Scene i

Lady Macbeth's speeches in this scene reflect disconnected visions of the past as her mind flits from one incident to another. For example, washing her hands recalls to us her earlier declaration, "A little water clears us of this deed." Identify the scenes to which her other phrases refer, show what her feeling toward them is, and suggest what "business" (actions) an actress might use in interpreting this scene.

### Scene ii

1. Do any of Macbeth's earlier speeches in the play bear out the truth of lines 20-22? When have we seen Macbeth "recoil and start" (line 23)?

2. What dramatic effect does the last line of the scene have?

### Scene iii

1. What evidence can you find here that Macbeth still recognizes the value of goodness and nobility and still loves his wife? How do these passages affect your opinion of him?

2. Where does Macbeth display callousness and brutality? What opinion of him do you form from these passages?

*Scene iv*

What was the prediction of the witches concerning Birnam Wood? Could it apply to the action in this scene? What is your feeling about the remaining predictions?

*Scene v*

1. How does the state of mind expressed in lines 9-15 compare with that brought about by the shriek of an owl in II, ii, 14-40? How do you account for the difference?

2. Do lines 19-28, occasioned by the suicide of Lady Macbeth, indicate callous indifference or deep desolation?

3. Why does Macbeth forsake his castle, which could "laugh a siege to scorn"?

*Scene vi*

What part of the prophecies is fulfilled in this scene?

*Scene vii*

What do you look forward to at the end of this scene?

*Scene viii*

1. What astonishing surprise for the audience is contained in this scene?

2. What is the first effect upon Macbeth of Macduff's revelation? Why does he fight Macduff? What is your feeling for Macbeth at the end?

*Act V As a Whole*

1. Show how each of the prophecies has come true in this act. What might have happened if Macbeth had not tried to make them come true by murdering Macduff's family?

2. Is Lady Macbeth more to be blamed or pitied? Why?

## THE PLAY AS A WHOLE

1. *Dramatic Structure.* The history (page 110) has made clear that *Macbeth* was written, not to be read, but to be played. You should, therefore, review some of the methods by which Shakespeare tells the story in action so that it will interest an audience in the theater.

(a) The story is of a murder and its consequences. How do we get a notion of who the chief characters are to be and what they may do? Where does the action itself really begin, i.e., where do we learn that Macbeth contemplates murder?

(b) Drama thrives on opposition and conflict. How are the obstacles to the first murder overcome? Detail them. What human opponents to his security as king does Macbeth encounter? Is there a higher conflict running through the play, such as that between a man and destiny or justice?

(c) In a good plot the events are carefully arranged. Up to what point is Macbeth successful in his career—to the escape of Fleance or to the banquet scene? What have the witches had to do with his rise? What have they had to do with his fall? In what sense does the conclusion bring Scotland back to its state at the beginning of the play?

(d) In tragedy the outcome or catastrophe ought to be inevitable; that is, it should not seem forced by the author, but should result naturally from the events and the characters. How does the first crime lead to the second? The second to the third? The third to the catastrophe, or conclusion? Do these steps seem to follow each other necessarily?

(e) In any drama some scenes are likely to stand out because of their peculiar vividness or significance. As you look back over the play, which scenes stand out most prominently in your memory? Try to find the reason. Is it because some human being is very powerfully stirred? Is it the clash of wills? Is it some sudden turn of events or some surprising revelation? The class by vote may select the most dramatic scene in each act.

2. *The Poetry.* Not only is *Macbeth* a profound dramatic tragedy; it is also notable poetry. For most of the play Shakespeare uses blank verse; that is, iambic pentameter without rime (see Index of Special Terms, page 809). But he writes this verse with a marvelous variety to fit the many different shades of emotion that he wishes to convey.

Select a passage of five lines from one of the longer speeches to study as follows:

(a) Mark the accented and unaccented syllables thus:

Ī dōubt sōme dānġer dōēs āpprōach yōu nēārly.

(b) Divide the lines into feet, or measures:

Ī dōubt / sōme dān/ġer dōēs / āpprōach / yōu nēar/ly.

(c) Count the syllables of each line. How many lines contain more or fewer than ten syllables?

(d) Count the number of feet in each line. Do any lines contain fewer than five feet? More than five feet?

(e) What is the effect of the lines which differ from the regular five-foot, ten-syllable lines?

(f) What passages in the play are in prose? What is the effect of the change to prose?

#### INDIVIDUAL AND GROUP ACTIVITIES

1. *Acting.* (a) By scenes in classroom: Under the direction of the teacher, groups of three or more students may select passages from the play to present before the class. The passages should be chosen for their importance in the advancement of the plot, or for their insight into the nature and motives of one or more characters. After careful silent study the group should rehearse so that each one may interpret his character with feeling and understanding.

(b) In school assembly: In *The Players' Shakespeare* the tragedy is arranged and condensed for Little Theater production with stage directions, notes, and designs for scenery and costumes.

2. *Dramatic Reading.* There are many very fine speeches in this play for interpretative reading. The class may hold a

reading contest, each student choosing a separate passage to present orally to the class. Or several students may present the same passage. In either case the class may discuss the different interpretations and point out the merits of each.

3. *Memory Work.* There are many famous and often-quoted passages in *Macbeth* which may be memorized. The following are suggestions: Act I, Sc. v, lines 19-34 and lines 42-58; Act I, Sc. vii, lines 1-28; Act II, Sc. i, lines 33-41; Act V, Sc. iii, lines 1-10; Act V, Sc. v, lines 17-28; Act V, Sc. viii, lines 27-34.

4. *Composition.* The following problems and topics connected with *Macbeth* will furnish interesting subjects for class discussion and written reports:

(a) What is the influence of the witches on the play as a whole? Are there other supernatural elements in the play? Do they actually exist, or does Macbeth only imagine them?

(b) Which of the two, Macbeth or Lady Macbeth, is the more responsible for the tragedy? Quote lines and episodes to prove your point.

(c) In what fundamental traits of character do Macbeth and Banquo differ from each other? How are these traits shown?

(d) Select the events of the play which are the result of Fate or Chance, and compare them with the events brought about by the deeds of the characters.

5. *Macbeth* would make a strong moving picture. You might find it interesting to prepare a particular scene from the play in the form of a scenario, indicating the setting and writing a synopsis of the action. The class might enjoy preparing a scenario for the entire play, each member being assigned a small section to prepare.

#### MORE READING

##### I. OTHER PLAYS BY SHAKESPEARE

Each member of the class might read one other play of Shakespeare and make a report to the class. The reports might be distributed among the students so that all the following plays receive consideration:

*Romeo and Juliet.* First recall what was

said about this play in the history (page 104). It presents the tragedy of youthful love and is too famous a play not to be known by all high-school seniors. Is there any conflict within the mind of either Romeo or Juliet? To what stage in Shakespeare's development does the play belong?

*Richard III.* This play, which is treated in the history (page 102), deals with the struggles of an English king. It was written before *Macbeth* and presents a simpler kind of tragedy. To what period of Shakespeare's career does it belong?

*Hamlet.* First recall what was said in the history (page 107). *Hamlet* has been the most popular of all Shakespeare's plays. What internal conflict rules in Hamlet's mind? How does the tragedy of the conclusion differ from that of *Macbeth*?

*The Merchant of Venice* contains the unforgettable figure of Shylock and the memorable scene where Portia, a young woman disguised as a lawyer, secures the conviction of Shylock. The play is called a comedy. Your report should make clear why it is so called. To what period of Shakespeare's career does it belong?

*Twelfth Night* is also a comedy, with many romantic and laughable incidents. Contrast it with *Macbeth* as to the kind of story and types of character. To what period of Shakespeare's career does it belong? (See the discussion of this play on page 105.)

*A Winter's Tale* is one of the last plays completed by Shakespeare. In your report show how the romantic atmosphere of this story differs from the tragic atmosphere of *Macbeth*. Contrast also the court scenes and characters with the court of Macbeth.

*The Tempest.* First recall what was said in the history (page 109). This was probably the last play completed by Shakespeare. Bring out the romance in this story. Contrast the supernatural here with the supernatural in *Macbeth*.

## II. BOOKS FOR LEISURE READING

Bennett, John, *Master Skylark*. A boy sings his way to London and into the hearts of the people, including Shakespeare.  
 Clemens, Samuel (Mark Twain), *The Prince and the Pauper*. A story set in London some years before Shakespeare's birth.

Comstock, Harriet T., *The Queen's Hostage*. This story includes as characters Queen Elizabeth, Ben Jonson, and Shakespeare.

Dane, Clemence, *Will Shakespeare*. A play beginning in Stratford and taking Shakespeare to the height of his career.

Stephens, Robert N., *Gentleman Player*. An imaginary story of Shakespeare as an actor.

## III. BOOKS FOR STUDY AND REFERENCE

Adams, Joseph Q., *A Life of William Shakespeare*. One of the best Shakespeare biographies. It is not too long to read through.

Adams, J. Q., *Shakespearian Playhouses*, and Thorndike, A. H., *Shakespeare's Theatre*. Either of these books will give you accurate information about the theater in Shakespeare's day.

Curtis, Mary I., *England of Song and Story*. See Chapter VIII for an interesting account of Elizabethan plays, masks, and pageants.

Davis, William Stearns, *Life in Elizabethan Days*. Covers such subjects as dress, food, schools, witchcraft, sports, stage plays and players.

Hapgood, Norman, *Why Janet Should Read Shakespeare*. This book answers a question many high-school students ask.


Masefield, John, *Shakespeare*. In a brief volume a leading contemporary English poet gives an interesting view of England's greatest poet.

Neilson and Thorndike, *The Facts about Shakespeare*. A brief but trustworthy account of Shakespeare's life and works.

Stephenson, H. T., *Shakespeare's London*. A full account of London life in Shakespeare's time.

Williams, Charles, *A Short Life of Shakespeare*. An abridgment of the two-volume biography by the foremost Shakespearean scholar in England, E. K. Chambers.

*The Works of Shakespeare*, Cambridge Edition. This is considered the best text of Shakespeare's complete works.



## CHAPTER VI: The Decline of the Renaissance

**Preview** In the days of Elizabeth the self-confidence and exultation of the nation were recorded in poetry and drama of lasting beauty. The productions of that age have given pleasure during the subsequent centuries partly because models brought in by the Renaissance taught aspiring authors some of the secrets of artistic form in literature. In the reigns of James I (1603-1625) and his son Charles I (1625-1649), who was beheaded in 1649, classical models were even better understood, but the inspiration gradually failed. One reason was that the hostile elements of the population which had been held together by the patriotic fervor of Elizabethan England now resumed their separate tendencies. The strong middle-class party known as Puritans fought tenaciously for the rights of Englishmen. James I alarmed them by declaring his "divine right" to do as he pleased, and Charles I actually brought on a revolt by attempting to set aside long-established rights. The true nature of this conflict will be taken up in the next chapter, but here it should be recalled that in 1642 a Civil War broke out which ended in the execution of Charles I and the establishment of the Puritan dictator Cromwell, and that the Puritans remained in power till 1660.

The present chapter will indicate a few ways in which literature reflected the change in national spirit. The following questions will aid your reading:

- (1) In what respects did drama decline in value as literature?
- (2) What changes come over the spirit of lyric poetry in this period?
- (3) How did Bacon contribute to the advancement of science?
- (4) What advance may be found in the prose of the period?

### DECLINE OF THE DRAMA

The works of Shakespeare stand at the summit of the English Renaissance. Many other poets and playwrights added to the glories of English literature during his lifetime, but none of them possessed his insight into human nature or his ability to express thought in language. Only one of the contemporary dramatists need be taken up here, and he is included partly because he represents a different conception of drama.

#### **Early life of Ben Jonson (1573-1637)**

Ben Jonson, second only to Shakespeare in English drama, received the beginnings of an education in the classics at the famous Westminster School. The headmaster wished him to enter a university, but his stepfather, who was a bricklayer and did not approve of education, set him to laying bricks. Not liking the work, he enlisted as a soldier in the Netherlands. When the campaigning became too slow, the tall, athletic youth of seven-



Courtesy of National Portrait Gallery

BEN JONSON

teen challenged a member of the opposite force to single combat. They met "in the face of both the camps." Jonson slew his opponent and stripped him of his arms, which he called *spolia opima* (Latin for "rich spoils").

This military episode and his Latin comment on it are emblematic of his whole life. He loved a fight, quarreling with his friends because he liked to, and forgiving them just as easily. He also loved learning. In his contributions to English literature he did not exhibit the rich creativeness of Shakespeare, but studiously followed the ancient authors as models.

**His dramatic activity**

On leaving the army to make a living Jonson, like many another young man, turned to the theater. He acted; he devised plays; in time he wrote a play of his own. It was performed by Shakespeare's company, and Shakespeare himself assumed one of the most important parts. *Everyman in His Humor*, produced in September of 1598, gained Jonson a reputation both with

the common playgoers and the young "wits" of the day. His fortunes rose with the accession of James I, for whose court he devised a number of masks—mixtures of gorgeous scenery, beautiful costumes, delightful singing and dancing. To the end of the reign each new mask of his became the rage of the hour at court. In addition to these elaborate and outrageously expensive royal entertainments Jonson wrote several successful plays for the regular theater. Those which have added most to his permanent fame are *Volpone or the Fox* (1605) and *The Alchemist* (1610).

**Jonson's type of comedy** As a dramatist Jonson was in several ways the opposite of Shakespeare.

In any of Shakespeare's romantic comedies we watch extraordinary and heroic personalities moving through highly improbable stories that are full of both serious and comic scenes. Jonson was realistic, not romantic. He preferred to take figures from the everyday life around him and to weave about them stories that would be comic yet natural. For example, the plot of *Everyman in His Humor* was cunningly devised to put the different characters into one ridiculous situation after another. Moreover, Jonson, unlike Shakespeare, imitated the classical manner of telling a story, in which all the events happen at one place and in a brief period of time. In this play the scenes follow each other during a single day in London.

An equally conspicuous difference is revealed in the way the two authors conceived character. Shakespeare's men and women have much of the complexity of people we know in actual life. Jonson's are not individuals, but types. All of them are "humors," that is, persons in whom a single trait predominates. This fact tends to rob them of "aliveness" or reality; we never admire

or sympathize with them as we do with Shakespeare's creations. Jonson observed shrewdly the London life of his time, its fashions of dress, its mannerisms in language, its ridiculous pretensions, but his enjoyment seems to have been confined to laughing at its knaves and fools. Shakespeare loved to present all kinds of human beings, whereas Jonson selected those whom he could satirize. This aspect of his drama may be traced to the classical theory that the play should reform the audience by making vice ridiculous. To sum up, in both the realistic nature of his stories and the satiric treatment of his characters Jonson was classical rather than romantic, and in both respects he preserved much less of the beauty and truth of human life than did Shakespeare.

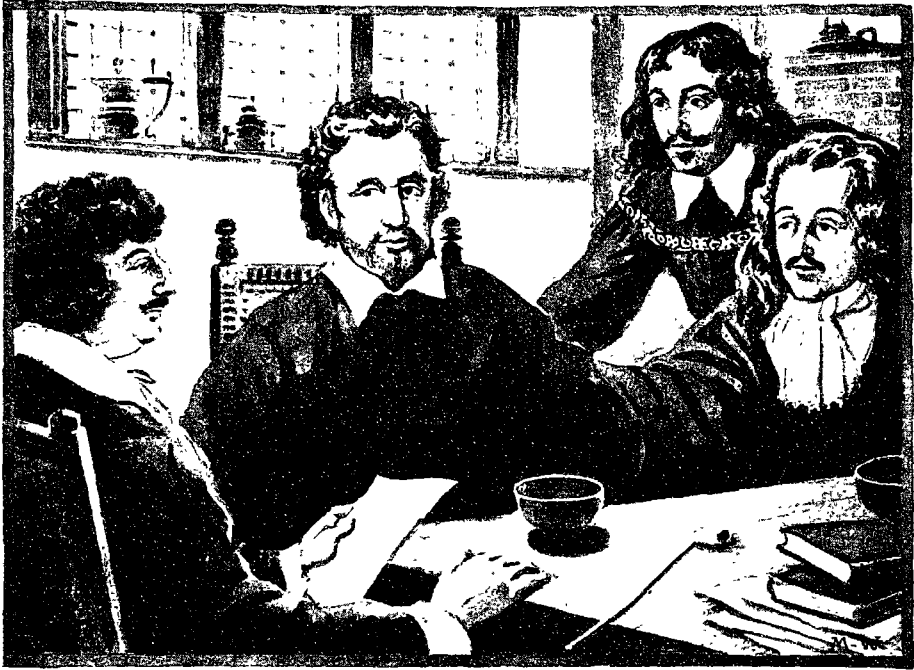
**End of the drama** Jonson's influence increased the closeness with which the stage mirrored the life of the day, but he did not prevent the drama from declining steadily in permanent value. During all his later life the theater was drawing within its doors fewer of the earnest and upright elements of the population. Instead of the crowds of people of every rank that composed the audiences in Shakespeare's prime, gallants at court and jaded men of fashion dominated theatrical taste. The plays they enjoyed were written to provide mere amusement rather than to express the authors' interpretation of the strength and weakness of his fellow human beings. In such a pass, audiences required stronger and stronger "shocks" to maintain their interest. By meeting this demand managers succeeded in filling the houses; but there was little loss to literature when the Puritans, who were carried into power with the Long Parliament, closed the theaters in 1642 and thus brought to an end the most glorious chapter in the history of English drama.

#### CHANGES IN POETRY

**Jonson's lyrics** Ben Jonson was as familiar with other classical authors as he was with Roman playwrights. Partly on this account the lyrics that were sung in his masks were influenced by Latin poets rather than by models provided in Petrarch and lesser Renaissance writers. Another reason for the restraint and purity of his poetic language may be found in his inborn love of clearness in statement and smoothness in meter. His nature was too deliberate to be thrilled by the sudden discoveries that inspire the true lyric poet, but in half a dozen poems he does attain a supreme loveliness in both diction and rhythm. Accordingly his influence on the rising literary men who gathered round him in his later years as "the Tribe of Ben" was entirely wholesome.

**John Donne (1573-1631)** Another strong personality during this era of declining inspiration was John Donne. He was precocious, being admitted to Oxford at the age of eleven. His love poetry, most of it written before his twenty-fifth year, differed fundamentally from that of Sidney and other sonneteers whose model was Petrarch. They pictured the lady as a hard-hearted beauty who took pleasure in the sufferings of her lovers. Donne, essentially a rebel, ridiculed this style of writing at the very time when it was in highest favor. Instead of wooing disconsolately in verse, he railed at the sex, cynically exclaiming, "Hope not for mind in woman." Love and hate, joy and sorrow, surged discordantly in his breast, but in many lyrics his feeling is both deep and true. Donne, according to Ben Jonson, deserved hanging for his disregard of the laws of verse. Nevertheless, he exercised a wide influence on his own times and has excited in our century a renewed and lively interest.





HERRICK, JONSON, SUCKLING, AND LOVELACE AT THE DEVIL TAVERN

**Robert Herrick** (1591-1674) Of "the Tribe of Ben," who listened to the master in the Apollo Room of the Devil Tavern, the most famous was Robert Herrick. He was born in London, and it was in London that he spent his happiest years. The meetings with Ben Jonson were thoroughly congenial, and so were the festivities at the court of Charles I, where some of his songs were set to music. The greater part of his life he spent as a parish priest in a village far from the metropolis. He is not, however, to be counted in that important group of poets who turned from the troubles of the times to a contemplation of the soul. For an understanding of them and the truly great religious poetry of the age we shall have to wait until the next chapter.

By nature Herrick was not a priest at all but a light-hearted singer, as we can see from the large number of lyrics,

some twelve hundred, that he polished with loving care during the winter evenings. Being a bachelor, he enjoyed abundant leisure for study of the Latin poets who were the favorites of Jonson. He could pay a delicate compliment to a lady at court or sing of summer flowers and country maidens in simple but truly musical language.

**The Cavalier Poets** Another of "the Tribe of Ben" has been called the laureate of the Cavalier Poets, a group who took special pride in serving their king. Thomas Carew (1595-1645) spent all his life as a courtier. Sharing Jonson's admiration of Latin verse, he put his poems neatly together to produce an artistic unity of impression, but only in a dozen of them does he show enough emotion to awaken in the reader a poetic response.

Sir John Suckling (1609-1642) had more sympathy with the early poetry

of Donne than with Jonson's ideals. He was a man of great wealth whose ready wit kept the court of Charles I laughing with him and talking about him to the end of the reign. With gayety and impudence his verse made fun of faithful and constant lovers. Most of these poems are almost slovenly in meter, but in his dramas, which he produced at his own expense, appear a few which run in regular rhythms, partly because they were set to music. Though his poetry was realistic, his life was romantic. As a soldier he fought on many fields with Gustavus Adolphus in Germany and for Charles I in England, but when King Charles was overthrown, he fled to France and poisoned himself at the age of thirty-four.

The life of Richard Lovelace (1618-1658) was romantic in another way. While he was still a student at Oxford a court lady is said to have fallen in love with him for his "most amiable and beautiful person." When the Puritans threw him into prison in 1642, he wrote one of his finest poems, "To Althea from Prison." His last days were spent in rags and misery. Only two of his poems, which are reprinted on page 182, have won a place among cherished lyrics in English, but they are well-nigh perfect. Indeed, they have been pronounced "the finest expression of honor and chivalry in all the Cavalier poetry of the century."

#### SIR FRANCIS BACON

The father of Sir Francis Bacon (1561-1626) was the keeper of the Great Seal for Queen Elizabeth. One day he took little Francis to see the Queen, who asked him how old he was. "I am three years younger than your Majesty's happy reign," he said. Her majesty laughed and called him "her young Lord Keeper." There was no reason why he should not aspire to the highest

offices, for his was the most piercing intellect of his generation, as Shakespeare's was the most creative imagination. Yet Shakespeare had made a fortune and bought New Place at Stratford before Francis Bacon attained success.

**Bacon's brilliant mind** His intellectual brilliance was exhibited at Cambridge. One of the chief studies there was Aristotle, a Greek philosopher who tried to reduce all knowledge to generalizations or statements that would be universally true. At sixteen Bacon not merely understood Aristotle—he disagreed with him. He thought his philosophy led to endless argument and was "barren of the production of works for the benefit of the life of man." What Bacon longed to do was to get at the facts, to learn the truth.

When his father sent him to the English Embassy at Paris, he was taken to Pont-Charanton, where a remarkable echo returned his voice thirteen times. An old Parisian told him that the echo was the work of good spirits, for if one says *Satan* "the echo will not deliver back the devil's name, but will say 'go away.'" In French "go away" sounds like "Satan" with the "S" left off. The explanation by the old Parisian was Aristotelian reasoning, for the general principle that God intervenes to protect men was used to explain this particular phenomenon. Bacon tried echoes in different places with different words and found that an echo always leaves off "s." Thus early in life Francis Bacon displayed that original and analytical intellect which was to start modern science on its path.

**His ambition** The brilliant worldly career to which Bacon looked forward was long deferred. At times he lost patience—but never his politeness. To his uncle, the Lord Treasurer of the realm, he wrote in



SIR FRANCIS BACON

1592, "One and thirty years is a great deal of sand in the hour-glass. . . . The greater parts of my thoughts are to deserve well of your Lordship. . . . Lastly, I confess that I have as vast contemplative ends as I have moderate civil ends [worldly ambitions]; for I have taken all knowledge to be my province." There spake the true Elizabethan. Raleigh was no more daring in driving his tiny vessels across the Atlantic to seek El Dorado, the fabulous Golden City of South America, than was Bacon in his desire, as he says in this letter, to "bring in industrious observations, grounded conclusions, and profitable inventions and discoveries"—in other words, to add new worlds to the province of the mind.

**His tragic fall** Success in his public career began to come to Bacon in his forty-seventh year, at an age when Shakespeare was retiring to his native Stratford. A few days after his sixtieth birthday he was invested as Viscount St. Albans with all "ceremonies of robe and coronet." In an

eloquent speech on that occasion he recounted the steps of his worldly progress: Solicitor, Attorney, Privy Councillor, Keeper of the Seal, Chancellor, Baron Verulam, Viscount St. Albans. Then came one of those sudden changes of fortune that furnished themes for Greek tragedy. Bacon was imprisoned in the Tower and stripped of all offices and honors for taking bribes as the chief judge of the Kingdom. Bacon's opinion of this punishment was: "I was the justest judge in England these fifty years, but it was the justest sentence these two hundred years."

As soon as he was set at liberty, he retired to his estates. His death came in furtherance of the true ambition of his life. In January of 1626 he was riding in his coach after a snowfall. It occurred to him to conduct a scientific experiment to determine whether cold would preserve food. Stopping the coach at a cottage, he secured a hen and stuffed it with snow. The cold which he caught developed into a bronchitis that carried him away from the world of earthly ambition and the experimental discovery of truth.

#### *The Advancement of Learning*

Of the works in which Bacon, with true Renaissance enthusiasm, "took all knowledge to be his province," little need be said in this history of literature. In 1605, just before he began that steady climb in public office, he published *The Advancement of Learning*. After pointing out how learning had come to be disregarded by practical men, he shows what ought to be done to make knowledge an effective aid to better living. The advancement of learning can come only through investigation, which means asking questions, "for a faculty of wise interrogating is half a knowledge."

The common procedure in Bacon's day, illustrated in the incident of the

echo at Pont-Charenton, was for men to theorize about nature on the basis of a very superficial acquaintance with facts. Naturally, few discoveries and inventions were made. For ages everyone mistakenly supposed the earth to be the center of the universe. Bacon, as may be seen in the case of the echo or of the fowl stuffed with snow, believed in giving up theory in order to discover the true laws of the physical world. This belief was in keeping with a change coming over man's attitude toward nature. In the sixteenth century the Polish astronomer Copernicus had reasoned out his explanation of the observed motions of the heavenly bodies: that our planet revolves with several others about the sun as a center. Bacon's own physician, Harvey, discovered one of the most important facts about the human body, namely, the circulation of the blood.

In harmony with these advances Bacon stressed the need for collecting and interpreting the facts of nature. This he urged partly because of his zeal for learning, and partly because he believed that the resulting inventions and discoveries, like the earlier inventions of the compass and printing, would greatly increase the comforts, conveniences, and happiness of human life. One step in investigation that Bacon did not emphasize was the necessity of an hypothesis to guide one's questions; that is, of a guess which is proved or disproved by the facts that are discovered. It is by a series of hypotheses that modern science has achieved Bacon's supreme ambition of bringing nature under control for the benefit of human beings.

**Bacon's** *Advancement of Learning* dealt with purely intellectual concerns of the time. His *Essays*, on the other hand, is one of the most important books in English literature. It was the work of a lifetime. The first edition appeared in 1597, his

thirty-sixth year. For nearly a score of years he had been applying that brilliant mind of his to the problem of how to get on in the world. His conclusions were set down in the form of aphorisms—brief, pointed maxims—on such subjects as "Of Studies" and "Of Discourse" or speech-making. The ideas were not grouped into sections, nor were the separate thoughts explained or illustrated from current events or his own experience. The sentences were like marbles in a bag rather than links in a chain.

After publishing this first edition, Bacon seems to have become acquainted with the essays of the Frenchman Montaigne, the first man in history to think that his personal memories, opinions, and reveries might be of interest to other people. His *Essays* (1580, 1588) is one of the most significant books of the Renaissance in any country, and the origin of a new type of literature,

## Effayes.

Religious Meditations.

Places of perfwasion and  
diffwasion.

Scene and allowed.

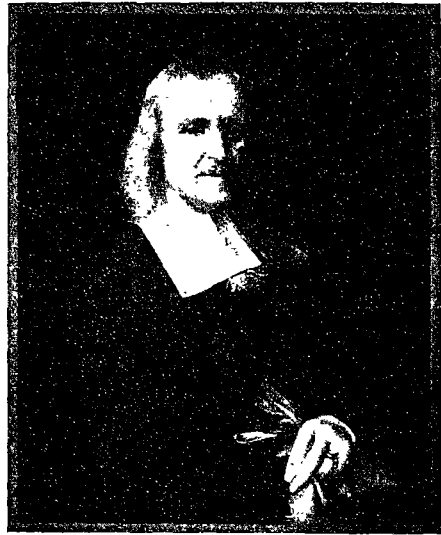


AT LONDON,  
Printed for Humfrey Hooper, and are  
to be sold at the blacke Beare  
in Chauncery Lane.  
1597.

the personal essay. Just as Elizabethan lyrics sang of the individual feelings of the poet, and Elizabethan drama revealed in the superb achievements of individual heroes, so the famous Frenchman's *Essays* revealed in prose the highly original and charming personality of the author. Apparently taking hints from Montaigne, Bacon expanded his essays in 1612 and again in 1625, increasing the number from ten in 1597 to fifty-eight in 1625. Old ones were revised, and the new ones were developed more fully. The style became more picturesque; examples were taken from history; illustrations were found in Bacon's own experience; in some cases he stated his opinions in the first person. The original collection of epigrams had grown into essays that developed a chain of thought according to a plan.

#### THE ADVANCE OF PROSE

Though in this chapter we have seen drama descend into the sensational and lyric poetry lose much of its freshness of feeling, there was no decline in prose. Over a wide range of subjects Bacon's *Essays* displays his acuteness and breadth of view in prose of marked terseness and force. To be sure, Bacon's insight is intellectual, not spiritual or imaginative. It is here that Shakespeare towers above his contemporary, that is, in the power to pierce to the innermost recesses of the soul. Yet the *Essays* remains one of three outstanding books of the reign of James I. The Authorized Version of the Bible in 1611, about which we shall learn in the next chapter, provided the earnest common people with a whole literature in language of enduring beauty. The *First Folio* of Shakespeare's plays (1623) preserved the most imaginative drama ever produced on the English stage. The *Essays* of 1625 reflects the brilliant intellect of a man who made a genuine contribution to the advancement of science and human progress.



Courtesy of National Portrait Gallery

IZAACK WALTON

**Izaak Walton**  
(1593-1683)

A much less intellectual man than Bacon but a much more engaging personality was Izaak Walton. Born in an English village, he received little education before going to London as a youth. There he remained till his fiftieth year, when he retired from business. But even in his London period he would spend his holidays in wandering about the country and carrying on his favorite sport—fishing. The English love of nature has nowhere found a more homely and smiling expression than in *The Complete Angler*. It is a dialogue in which Walton teaches a follower how to fish, but it pictures also the brooks and fields of the English countryside, and best of all it gives a portrait of the man. The tremendous political events of his day never shook his faith that real happiness may be found with a fish line on the banks of a brook.

Besides this book he produced the first notable biographies in our literature, among them the life of John Donne. He wrote only about men whom he knew intimately and admired. He is

himself one of the best loved of English writers. His motto was "Learn to be quiet." Something of the simplicity and directness of the style of the King James Bible is to be seen in his character and his writings.

**Summary** This chapter has traced changes in three fields: drama, poetry, and prose. The drama lost its healthy romantic glow and became realistic or exaggerated. In lyric poetry spontaneous freshness of feeling faded away; some poets spent much time in polishing the form of their verse while others were witty and impudent in their refusal to take life too seriously. In both drama and poetry there was therefore a distinct decline from the beauty and richness of Elizabethan literature. But there were two developments of much promise. In literature prose was coming into use to record the more ordinary concerns of man, as in Walton's book on fishing. In the realm of thought Bacon directed the Renaissance eagerness for knowledge into channels that were to become of the very greatest moment for modern times. The earlier ardent curiosity about the world he turned toward the pursuit of science, announcing that purpose to control nature for the benefit of man which has during three hundred years become more and more the effort of our civilization.

## SELECTIONS FOR CHAPTER VI

### LYRICS

#### TO CELIA

BEN JONSON

[Picture the poet and his sweetheart sitting at a table, with wine-glasses by each plate. It is of course customary to drink a toast by raising the glass as one expresses some sentiment, such as, "To our Friends!" The poet proposes a toast to his sweetheart; but, as you will see, his toast is very different from the conventional ones. One of the surprises of literature is the fact that burly Ben Jonson wrote this fanciful and beautiful lyric.]

**D**RINK to me only with thine eyes,  
And I will pledge with mine;  
Or leave a kiss but in the cup  
And I'll not look for wine.  
The thirst that from the soul doth rise 5  
Doth ask a drink divine;  
But might I of Jove's nectar sup,  
I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,  
Not so much honoring thee 10  
As giving it a hope that there  
It could not withered be;  
But thou thereon didst only breathe,  
And sent'st it back to me;  
Since when it grows, and smells, I  
swear, 15  
Not of itself but thee!

#### THE MESSAGE

JOHN DONNE

[Donne thought the love poetry current in his youth quite absurd; instead of picturing hopeless love, he scoffed at women. In the first two stanzas of "The Message" he contrasts his own honorable nature with his sweetheart's deceitfulness and inconstancy. In the third stanza he changes

front, saying that he in turn will humiliate her by proving false.]

**S**END home my long-strayed eyes to me,  
Which, O! too long have dwelt on thee;  
But if from you they've learned such ill,  
To sweetly smile,  
And then beguile, 5  
Keep the deceivers, keep them still.

Send home my harmless heart again,  
Which no unworthy thought could stain;  
But if it has been taught by thine  
To forfeit both 10  
Its word and oath,  
Keep it, for then 'tis none of mine.

Yet send me back my heart and eyes,  
For I'll know all thy falsities;  
That I one day may laugh, when thou  
Shalt grieve and mourn— 16  
Of one the scorn,  
Who proves as false as thou art now.

#### SWEETEST LOVE, I DO NOT GO

JOHN DONNE

[This poem, in a totally different strain from the preceding one, Donne addressed to his wife as he was on the point of leaving for France.]

**S**WEETEST love, I do not go  
For weariness of thee,  
Nor in hope the world can show  
A fitter love for me;  
But since that I 5  
At the last must part, 'tis best  
Thus to use myself in jest,  
By feignèd deaths to die.

Yesternight the sun went hence,  
 And yet is here today;  
 He hath no desire nor sense,  
 Nor half so short a way;  
 Then fear not me,  
 But believe that I shall make  
 Speedier journeys, since I take  
 More wings and spurs than he.

O how feeble is man's power,  
 That, if good fortune fall,  
 Cannot add another hour,  
 Nor a lost hour recall;  
 But come bad chance,  
 And we join to it our strength,  
 And we teach it art and length,  
 Itself o'er us to advance.

When thou sigh'st, thou sigh'st not  
 wind,  
 But sigh'st my soul away;  
 When thou weep'st, unkindly kind,  
 My life's blood doth decay:  
 It cannot be  
 That thou lovest me as thou say'st,  
 If in thine my life thou waste,  
 Thou art the best of me.

Let not thy divining heart  
 Forethink me any ill;  
 Destiny may take thy part  
 And may thy fears fulfill.  
 But think that we  
 Are but turned aside to sleep:  
 They who one another keep  
 Alive, ne'er parted be.

## TO DAFFODILS

ROBERT HERRICK

FAIR daffodils, we weep to see  
 You haste away so soon;  
 As yet the early-rising sun  
 Has not attained his noon.  
 Stay, stay,  
 Until the hasting day  
 Has run  
 But to the evensong;<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> But . . . evensong, only to the time of vespers (early evening church service).

And, having prayed together, we  
 Will go with you along.

We have short time to stay, as you,  
 We have as short a spring;  
 As quick a growth to meet decay  
 As you, or anything.  
 We die,  
 As your hours do, and dry  
 Away  
 Like to the summer's rain;  
 Or as the pearls of morning's dew  
 Ne'er to be found again.

TO THE VIRGINS, TO MAKE  
MUCH OF TIME

ROBERT HERRICK

GATHER ye rosebuds while ye  
 may,  
 Old time is still a-flying,  
 And this same flower that smiles today,  
 Tomorrow will be dying.

The glorious lamp of heaven, the sun, 5  
 The higher he's a-getting,  
 The sooner will his race be run,  
 And nearer he's to setting.

That age is best which is the first,  
 When youth and blood are warmer; 10  
 But being spent, the worse, and worst  
 Times still succeed the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time,  
 And while ye may, go marry;  
 For having lost but once your prime,<sup>1</sup>  
 You may forever tarry.

ENCOURAGEMENTS TO A  
LOVER

SIR JOHN SUCKLING

WHY so pale and wan, fond  
 lover?  
 Prithee, why so pale?  
 Will, if looking well can't move her,

<sup>1</sup> prime, youth.



Looking ill prevail?  
Prithee, why so pale?

5

Why so dull and mute, young sinner?  
Prithee, why so mute?

Will, when speaking well can't win her,  
Saying nothing do 't?  
Prithee, why so mute?

10

Quit, quit, for shame! this will not  
move;

This cannot take her.  
If of herself she will not love,  
Nothing can make her—  
The devil take her!

15

### THE CONSTANT LOVER

SIR JOHN SUCKLING

OUT upon it, I have loved  
Three whole days together!  
And am like to love three more,  
If it prove fair weather.

Time shall molt away his wings  
Ere he shall discover  
In the whole wide world again  
Such a constant lover.

5

But the spite on 't<sup>1</sup> is, no praise  
Is due at all to me;  
Love with me had made no stays,<sup>2</sup>  
Had it any been but she.

10

Had it any been but she,  
And that very face,  
There had been at least ere this  
A dozen dozen in her place.

15

### TO ALTHEA, FROM PRISON

RICHARD LOVELACE

[The author, a staunch supporter of King Charles, was thrown into the Gatehouse Prison in 1642 for presenting to the Commons a Royalist petition in favor of the King. During his confinement he composed this, the most famous of his poems.]

<sup>1</sup> *the spite on't*, the mischief of it.

<sup>2</sup> *stays*, delays.

WHEN Love with unconfinèd  
wings

Hovers within my gates,  
And my divine Althea brings  
To whisper at the grates;  
When I lie tangled in her hair  
And fettered to her eye,  
The birds that wanton in the air  
Know no such liberty.

5

When flowing cups run swiftly round  
With no allaying Thames,<sup>1</sup>  
Our careless heads with roses bound,  
Our hearts with loyal flames;  
When thirsty grief in wine we steep,  
When healths and drafts go free—  
Fishes that tipples in the deep  
Know no such liberty.

10

When—like committed linnets<sup>2</sup>—I  
With shriller throat shall sing  
The sweetness, mercy, majesty  
And glories of my King;  
When I shall voice aloud how good  
He is, how great should be,  
Enlargèd<sup>3</sup> winds, that curl the flood,  
Know no such liberty.

20

Stone walls do not a prison make,  
Nor iron bars a cage;  
Minds innocent and quiet take  
That for an hermitage;  
If I have freedom in my love,  
And in my soul am free,  
Angels alone, that soar above,  
Enjoy such liberty.

30

### TO LUCASTA, ON GOING TO THE WARS

RICHARD LOVELACE

[Lovelace was a prisoner on parole during the Civil Wars (1642-1648), but in 1645 he raised a regiment for service in France. His departure was the occasion for the following poem, but it is said that

<sup>1</sup> *allaying Thames*, diluting water.

<sup>2</sup> *committed linnets*, caged birds.

<sup>3</sup> *Enlargèd*, at liberty, free.

the lady married another because she received word that Lovelace had died of his wounds.]

TELL me not, Sweet, I am unkind  
That from the nunnery  
Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind,  
To war and arms I fly.

True, a new mistress now I chase, 5  
The first foe in the field;  
And with a stronger faith embrace  
A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such 10  
As you too shall adore;  
I could not love thee, dear, so much,  
Loved I not honor more.

### BERMUDAS

ANDREW MARVELL

[The Bermuda Islands, southeast of our Cape Hatteras, seemed far from England in the early seventeenth century. Marvell (1621-1678), a leading Puritan poet, lived for a time in the home of John Oxenbridge (1608-1674), whose conversation furnished the basis for this poem. Oxenbridge, who had been dismissed from the ministry because he departed from the established forms of the Church, went to Bermuda, where he preached for several years. In 1641 he returned to England.]

WHERE the remote Bermudas  
ride,  
In the ocean's bosom unespied,  
From a small boat, that rowed along,  
The listening winds received this song:

"What should we<sup>1</sup> do but sing His  
praise, 5  
That led us through the watery maze  
Where He the huge sea-monsters  
wracks,<sup>2</sup>  
That lift the deep upon their backs,

<sup>1</sup> we, the party of Oxenbridge. <sup>2</sup> Where . . . wracks, where He destroys the huge sea-monsters.

Unto an isle so long unknown,  
And yet far kinder<sup>1</sup> than our own? 10  
He lands us on a grassy stage,  
Safe from the storms, and prelate's rage.  
He gave us this eternal spring,  
Which here enamels<sup>2</sup> everything,  
And sends the fowls to us in care, 15  
On daily visits through the air;  
He hangs in shades the orange bright,  
Like golden lamps in a green night,  
And does in the pomegranates close  
Jewels more rich than Ormus<sup>3</sup> shows; 20  
He makes the figs our mouths to meet,  
And throws the melons at our feet,  
But apples plants of such a price,  
No tree could ever bear them twice;  
With cedars chosen by His hand, 25  
From Lebanon,<sup>4</sup> He stores the land,  
And makes the hollow seas, that roar,  
Proclaim the ambergrease<sup>5</sup> on shore;  
He cast—of which we rather boast—  
The Gospel's pearl upon our coast, 30  
And in these rocks for us did frame  
A temple where to sound His name.  
Oh! let our voice His praise exalt,  
Till it arrive at heaven's vault,  
Which, thence—perhaps—rebounding,  
may 35  
Echo beyond the Mexique Bay."<sup>6</sup>

Thus sang they, in the English boat,  
An holy and a cheerful note,  
And all the way, to guide their chime,  
With falling oars they kept the time. 40

<sup>1</sup> kinder, because free from religious tyranny.

<sup>2</sup> enamels, makes beautiful. <sup>3</sup> Ormus, an ancient city of fabulous wealth on the Persian Gulf.

<sup>4</sup> Lebanon. The cedars of Lebanon are frequently mentioned in the Bible. <sup>5</sup> ambergrease, ambergris, a valuable waxy substance gathered on the shore, used in perfumes.

<sup>6</sup> Mexique Bay, the Gulf of Mexico.

### CLASS DISCUSSIONS

1. Contrast the attitude of Ben Jonson and John Donne toward women, citing particular lines from their poems.

2. In "The Message" which lines best express Donne's opinion of the lady? In

"Sweetest Love" which stanza would give his wife the most comfort? Which poem shows that he was a kind of philosopher? Which is the more sincere poem?

3. "Sweetest Love" is one of the smoothest poems by Donne. Read aloud lines which seem to you musical. Do you find others for which Ben Jonson might have wished Donne hanged (page 173)?

4. Describe each of Herrick's poems by an appropriate adjective, such as *gay*, *pensive*, etc. From each poem quote lines that aptly express its mood. Do you think these poems typical of Herrick (see page 174)?

5. How does Lovelace's attitude toward his sweetheart differ from that of the other Cavalier Poets here represented? Which of his stanzas express a tender gallantry?

6. In Marvell's "Bermudas" what parts of the picture of the islands would no longer be true? Contrast Marvell as a poet with Suckling.

7. Reviewing these seventeenth-century lyrics, do you find any themes carried on from Elizabethan times (pages 83-91)? What are the chief changes in the spirit of poetry? Illustrate by quoting stanzas from both periods.

## PROSE OF THE PERIOD

### DE SHAKESPEARE NOSTRATI<sup>1</sup>

BEN JONSON

[Shortly after Jonson's death appeared his prose work entitled *Timber* (1641). It contained passages from his readings in classical authors during his closing years and also several keen judgments on his contemporaries. Of these the most interesting deals with his friend Shakespeare.]

I REMEMBER the players have often mentioned it as an honor to Shakespeare, that in his writing (whatsoever he penned) he never blotted out<sup>2</sup> a line. My answer hath been, "Would he had blotted a thousand," which they thought a malevolent speech. I had not told posterity this but for their ignorance who chose that circumstance to commend their friend by wherein<sup>3</sup> he most faulted; and to justify mine own candor, for I loved the man, and do honor his memory on this side idolatry as much as any. He was, indeed, honest, and of an open and free nature; had an excellent phantasy,<sup>4</sup> brave notions,<sup>5</sup> and

gentle expressions, wherein he flowed with that facility that sometimes it was necessary he should be stopped. *Sufflaminandus erat*,<sup>6</sup> as Augustus<sup>7</sup> said of Haterius.<sup>8</sup> His wit was in his own power; would the rule<sup>9</sup> of it had been so, too! Many times he fell into those things, could<sup>10</sup> not escape laughter, as when he said in person of Caesar, one speaking to him, "Caesar, thou dost me wrong." He replied, "Caesar did never wrong but with just cause"; and such like, which were ridiculous. But he redeemed his vices with his virtues. There was ever more in him to be praised than to be pardoned.

<sup>6</sup> *Sufflaminandus erat*, he should have been checked. <sup>7</sup> *Augustus* (63 B.C.-14 A.D.), the first Roman emperor. <sup>8</sup> *Haterius*, a Roman jurist. <sup>9</sup> *rule*, control. <sup>10</sup> *things, could*, things which could.

### OF DISPATCH

FRANCIS BACON

[The advice Bacon gives in this essay is the fruit of his long service in the English Parliament. For years he was the most efficient member it contained, serving as chairman of many important committees. His reports or speeches before Parliament clarified the subject under dis-

<sup>1</sup> *De Shakespeare Nostrati*, Concerning Shakespeare of Our Country. <sup>2</sup> *blotted out*, erased or changed. <sup>3</sup> *by wherein*, by the thing in which. <sup>4</sup> *phantasy*, creative imagination.

<sup>5</sup> *brave notions*, excellent ideas.

cussion so thoroughly that the members were sorry when he sat down. A more exact title for the essay would therefore be: "Counsel concerning the most efficient way to conduct committee meetings and parliamentary discussions." Wherever you find the word "business" here, it has reference to conferences and debates.

If you look for the following topics as you read, the meaning of this condensed essay will become clear: (a) the true test of efficiency in conferences; (b) the importance of not wasting time; (c) the best way to conduct a discussion and to make a speech; (d) the best way to plan a speech and to manage a debate.]

**A**FFECTED<sup>1</sup> dispatch is one of the most dangerous things to business that can be. It is like that which the physicians call pre-digestion, or hasty digestion, which is sure to fill the body full of crudities<sup>2</sup> and secret seeds of diseases. Therefore measure not dispatch by the times of sitting, but by the advancement of the business. And as in races it is not the large stride or high lift that makes the speed, so in business, the keeping close to the matter, and not taking of it too much at once, procureth dispatch. It is the care of some only to come off speedily for the time, or to contrive some false periods<sup>3</sup> of business, because<sup>4</sup> they may seem men of dispatch. But it is one thing to abbreviate by contracting, another by cutting off; and business so handled at several sittings or meetings goeth commonly backward and forward in an unsteady manner. I knew a wise man that had it for a by-word, when he saw men hasten to a conclusion: *Stay a little, that we may make an end the sooner.*

On the other side, true dispatch is a rich thing. For time is the measure of business, as money is of wares; and business is bought at a dear hand where

there is small dispatch. The Spartans and Spaniards have been noted to be of small dispatch: *Mi venga la muerte de Spagna: Let my death come from Spain*; for then it will be sure to be long in coming.

Give good hearing to those that give the first information in business; and rather direct them in the beginning than interrupt them in the continuance of their speeches, for he that is put out of his own order will go forward and backward, and be more tedious while he waits upon his memory than he could have been if he had gone on in his own course. But sometimes it is seen that the moderator<sup>5</sup> is more troublesome than the actor.<sup>6</sup>

Iterations are commonly loss of time; but there is no such gain of time as to iterate often the state of the question; for it chaseth away many a frivolous speech as it is coming forth. Long and curious<sup>7</sup> speeches are as fit for dispatch as a robe or mantle with a long train is for race. Prefaces, and passages,<sup>8</sup> and excusations,<sup>9</sup> and other speeches of reference to the person are great wastes of time; and though they seem to proceed of modesty, they are bravery.<sup>10</sup> Yet beware of being too material<sup>11</sup> when there is any impediment or obstruction in men's wills; for preoccupation of mind ever requireth preface of speech, like a fomentation<sup>12</sup> to make the unguent enter.

Above all things, order, and distribution, and singling out of parts is the life of dispatch—so as the distribution be not too subtle; for he that does not divide will never enter well into business, and he that divideth too much will never come out of it clearly. To choose time is to save time; and an unseason-

<sup>5</sup> moderator, presiding officer. <sup>6</sup> actor, the person making a report.

<sup>7</sup> curious, elaborate. <sup>8</sup> passages, quotations. <sup>9</sup> excusations, apologies. <sup>10</sup> bravery, evidences of "showing off." <sup>11</sup> being too material, sticking too closely to essentials. <sup>12</sup> a fomentation, an application of hot towels.

<sup>1</sup> Affected, excessively desired. <sup>2</sup> crudities, indigestion. <sup>3</sup> false periods, transactions that seem to be finished, but which in reality are not. <sup>4</sup> because, so that.

able motion is but beating the air. There be three parts of business: the preparation, the debate or examination, and the perfection. Whereof, if you look for dispatch, let the middle only be the work of many, and the first and last the work of few. The proceeding upon somewhat<sup>12</sup> conceived in writing doth for the most part facilitate dispatch; for though it should be wholly rejected, yet that negative is more pregnant of direction than an indefinite, as ashes are more generative than dust.

<sup>12</sup> *somewhat*, something.

## OF STUDIES

FRANCIS BACON

[This is probably the most frequently quoted of all Bacon's essays. It treats four subjects: (1) the uses of studies; (2) studies and natural (untrained) ability; (3) rules for studies; (4) studies as medicines or gymnastic exercises. The version here given is from the edition of 1625.]

**S**TUDIES serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability. Their chief use for delight is in privateness<sup>1</sup> and retiring; for ornament, is in discourse; and for ability, is in the judgment and disposition of business. For expert men can execute and perhaps judge of particulars, one by one; but the general counsels and the plots<sup>2</sup> and marshaling of affairs come best from those that are learned. To spend too much time in studies is sloth; to use them too much for ornament is affectation; to make judgment wholly by their rules is the humor<sup>3</sup> of a scholar.

They perfect nature, and are perfected by experience; for natural abilities are like natural plants, that need proyning<sup>4</sup> by study; and studies themselves do give forth directions too much at large, except they be bounded in by experience.

Crafty men contemn studies, simple<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *privateness*, privacy. <sup>2</sup> *plots*, plans <sup>3</sup> *humor*, characteristic.

<sup>4</sup> *proyning*, pruning. <sup>5</sup> *simple*, foolish.

men admire<sup>6</sup> them, and wise men use them; for they teach not their own use; but that<sup>7</sup> is a wisdom without<sup>8</sup> them and above them, won by observation. Read not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider. Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested; that is, some books are to be read only in parts, others to be read, but not curiously,<sup>9</sup> and some few to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention. Some books also may be read by deputy,<sup>10</sup> and extracts made of them by others; but that would be only in the less important arguments,<sup>11</sup> and the meaner sort of books; else distilled books are like common distilled waters, flashy<sup>12</sup> things. Reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man. And therefore, if a man write little, he had need have a great memory; if he confer little, he had need have a present wit;<sup>13</sup> and if he read little, he had need have much cunning, to seem to know that he doth not.

Histories make men wise; poets, witty;<sup>14</sup> the mathematics, subtle; natural philosophy,<sup>15</sup> deep; moral,<sup>16</sup> grave; logic and rhetoric, able to contend. *Abeunt studia in mores.*<sup>17</sup> Nay, there is no stond<sup>18</sup> or impediment in the wit but may be wrought out by fit studies; like as diseases of the body may have appropriate exercises. Bowling is good for the stone and reins,<sup>19</sup> shooting for the lungs and breast, gentle walking for the stomach, riding for the head, and the like. So if a man's wit be wandering,

<sup>6</sup> *admire*, wonder at. <sup>7</sup> *that*, the use of them.

<sup>8</sup> *without*, beyond.

<sup>9</sup> *curiously*, with minute attention. <sup>10</sup> *by deputy*, by an assistant.

<sup>11</sup> *arguments*, contents or subject-matter.

<sup>12</sup> *flashy*, tasteless. <sup>13</sup> *present wit*, quick mind.

<sup>14</sup> *poets*, witty, poetry makes men fanciful.

<sup>15</sup> *natural philosophy*, physics.

<sup>16</sup> *moral*, moral philosophy. <sup>17</sup> *Abeunt studia in mores*, studies become habits. <sup>18</sup> *stond*, hindrance. <sup>19</sup> *the stone and reins*, diseases of the bladder and kidneys.

let him study the mathematics; for in demonstrations, if his wit be called away never so little, he must begin again; if his wit be not apt to distinguish or find differences, let him study the schoolmen;<sup>20</sup> for they are *cymini sectores*;<sup>21</sup> if he be not apt to beat over matters, and to call one thing to prove and illustrate another, let him study the lawyers' cases. So every defect of the mind may have a special receipt.

<sup>20</sup> *schoolmen*, medieval university teachers.

<sup>21</sup> *cymini sectores*, splitters of cummin seed; hair-splitters.

## THE NEED FOR EXPERIMENTS

FRANCIS BACON

[Bacon's final statement of his scientific theories was in the Latin work, *Novum Organum* (The New Instrument [of Learning]), 1620. The central feature of his system, experimentation, is stated in the following passage, which has been translated from the Latin by a high-school student, Ruth Mary Dudley, especially for this volume.]

### XCIX

HOPE for further progress in scientific matters will be well founded only when many experiments are brought together for the study of Natural History.<sup>1</sup> These, though not useful in themselves, add much to the discovery of causes and fundamental facts. Such experiments we are accustomed to call "enlightening experiments" to distinguish them from those of profit. They are, however, of great advantage, as we may easily see, in that they neither deceive nor disappoint us. Since they are not used to reach a specific conclusion, but to bring to light the natural causes in some way or other—no matter how they turn out, they are equally satisfying in deciding the question.

<sup>1</sup> *Natural History*, the physical sciences, including chemistry, physics, and biology.

### C

A larger supply of experiments should be sought and obtained, of even a different kind than have been conducted up to this time. Also another method, order, and process of performing and continuing experiments should be introduced. For vague experimentation, and that which merely follows a beaten track, as I have said before, is fruitless labor—it dulls the minds of men rather than enlightens them. But when experimentation proceeds along methodical lines, smoothly and continuously, better scientific results can be hoped for.

### CI

Even after a supply of subject-matter is gained, in itself necessary for thorough understanding and advance in Natural History and experimentation, the understanding in no way is sufficient to act upon this material by the aid of memory alone. No more could one hope to memorize the contents of a calendar. And after all, the part played by letting the mind dwell on the facts gathered has been more productive of discovery than writing. Up to this time no written records of experimentation have been made; nevertheless, no discovery should be approved of except that which has been recorded. Through the employment of written records more is to be hoped for from experimentation.

### CII

A great body of details, when scattered and separated like an army in flight, disturbs and confuses the intellect. Nor can much be hoped for from disputes, shallow opinions, or loose facts unless well-written, tabulated results of experimentation bring about understanding and co-ordination. Moreover, the mind must use these aids, properly prepared and assimilated.

## CIII

After a supply of details is placed under our observation in some sort of order, we should not immediately proceed to the search and discovery of new particulars. At least, results so obtained should not be accepted. We do not deny that the written records of experimentation in one science, when collected and studied, often present facts useful to other sciences, to human life, or to general conditions. Comparatively small benefits may come about this way. But larger benefits can be expected from the new interpretation of principles deduced from these details by a certain procedure and method which in turn points out and shows new details. For our road does not lie on a level, but in ups and downs, ascending first to general principles, then descending to specific facts.

## CIV

Nor should the mind be allowed to leap from particulars to remote and general truths, which we call the principles of arts and facts. For the invariable truth of these things, one should examine and approve the intermediate principles. This has been done up to the present time from the natural bent of the understanding, long educated and accustomed to this very method through demonstrations which are arrived at through deductive reasoning. But much is to be expected from scientific pursuits, when rising with continuous steps without interruption, from particular to minor principles, thence to intermediate, to higher, and so on to the most general. For the primary facts differ little from bare experimentation. Those highest and most general (as they are considered) are abstract and without solid foundation. But the intermediate principles are true, solid, and living: in these human affairs and fortune are concerned. These are even above the most general, of

which, naturally, they are particular cases. Wings ought not to be added to man's understanding, but rather, lead and ballast, so that they may prevent all jumping to conclusions. Up to this time this has not been done; surely when this is done, more can be hoped for from scientific investigation.

## CV

In establishing a principle, however, a form of inductive reasoning other than that which has been in use up to the present time should be thought out. This pertains not merely to proving and discovering the general principles (as they are called) but also to the primary principles, then intermediate, and finally all. For inductive reasoning which merely proceeds through simple enumeration of facts is childish and comes to its conclusion with hazard. It is exposed to danger by instant contradiction and generally it proclaims fewer facts than are proper, and merely the most evident ones. But inductive reasoning which is to be useful for the discovery and demonstration of the sciences and arts ought to distinguish the natural quality through rejection and due exclusion. Finally, after as many denials as are sufficient, it ought to come to affirmative conclusion. This has not been accomplished up to the present time, nor even attempted unless by Plato, who has used somewhat this same method of inductive reasoning for carrying out certain definitions and ideas. But for the well-grounded and legitimate development of this inductive reasoning or demonstration, many things ought to be used which up to the time have entered the heads of no mortals. Greater effort ought to be exerted than has been up to the present in deductive reasoning. And the aim of this should be not only for discovering principles but for defining ideas. In this inductive reasoning our greatest hope lies.

## THE COMPLETE ANGLER

IZAAK WALTON

[The best talker is full of enthusiasm. Even when the subject is not among our hobbies, we listen because the speaker's interest kindles our own. Exactly this situation is found in the following selection from a writer who has been loved for nearly three centuries (see page 178). "Piscator" is of course Walton himself, and "Venator" is his young disciple, who becomes so eager to learn more about a despised fish that he asks questions repeatedly.]

This selection is taken from Chapter III of *The Complete Angler*.]

HOW TO FISH FOR THE CHAVENDER,  
OR CHUB

PISCATOR.<sup>1</sup> Well, Scholar, you see what pains I have taken to recover the lost credit of the poor despised chub. And now I will give you some rules how to catch him; and I am glad to enter<sup>2</sup> you into the art of fishing by catching a chub, for there is no fish better to enter a young angler, he is so easily caught, but then it must be this particular way:

Go to the same hole in which I caught my chub, where in most hot days you will find a dozen or twenty chavenders floating near the top of the water; get two or three grasshoppers as you go over the meadow, and get secretly behind the tree, and stand as free from motion as is possible; then put a grasshopper on your hook, and let your hook hang a quarter of a yard short of the water, to which end you must rest your rod on some bough of the tree, but it is likely the chubs will sink down toward the bottom of the water at the first shadow of your rod, for a chub is the fearfulest of fishes, and will do so if but a bird flies over him, and makes the least shadow on the water; but they will presently rise up to the

top again, and there lie soaring till some shadow affrights them again. I say when they lie upon the top of the water, look out the best chub, which you, setting yourself in a fit place, may very easily see, and move your rod, as softly as a snail moves, to that chub you intend to catch; let your bait fall gently upon the water three or four inches before him, and he will infallibly take the bait, and you will be as sure to catch him; for he is one of the leather-mouthed fishes, of which a hook does scarcely ever lose its hold; and therefore give him play enough before you offer to take him out of the water. Go your way presently, take my rod, and do as I bid you, and I will sit down and mend my tackling till you return back.

VENATOR.<sup>3</sup> Truly, my loving master, you have offered me as fair as I could wish. I'll go and observe your directions.

Look you, master, what I have done! that which joys my heart, caught just such another chub as yours was.

PISCATOR. Marry,<sup>4</sup> and I am glad of it; I am like to have a towardly<sup>5</sup> scholar of you. I now see that, with advice and practice, you will make an angler in a short time. Have but a love to it, and I'll warrant you.

VENATOR. But master, what if I could not have found a grasshopper?

PISCATOR. Then I may tell you that a black snail, with his belly slit, to show his white, or a piece of soft cheese, will usually do as well; nay, sometimes a worm, or any kind of fly, as the ant-fly, the flesh-fly, or wall-fly, or the dor or beetle, or a Bob (which is a short white worm, like to and bigger than a gentle) or a cod-worm, or a case-worm, any of these will do very well to fish in such a manner. And after this manner you may catch a trout in a hot evening: when as you walk by a brook, and shall see or hear him leap at flies,

<sup>1</sup> *Piscator*, the angler or fisherman (from Latin *piscis*, a fish). <sup>2</sup> *enter*, initiate.

<sup>3</sup> *Venator*, the hunter (from Latin *venatorius*). <sup>4</sup> *Marry*, in truth. <sup>5</sup> *towardly*, apt.





"HE WILL INFALLIBLY TAKE THE BAIT.

then if you get a grasshopper, put it on your hook, with your line about two yards long, standing behind a bush or tree where his hole is, and make your bait stir up and down on the top of the water. You may, if you stand close, be sure of a bite, but not sure to catch him, for he is not a leather-mouthed fish; and after this manner you may fish for him with almost any kind of live fly, but especially with a grasshopper.

VENATOR. But before you go further, I pray, good Master, what mean you by a leather-mouthed fish?

PISCATOR. By a leather-mouthed fish I mean such as have their teeth in their throat, as the chub, and so the barbel, the gudgeon, and carp, and divers other have; and the hook, being stuck into the leather or skin of the mouth of such fish, does very seldom or never lose its hold; but on the contrary, a pike, a perch, or trout, and so some other fish—which have not their teeth in their throats, but in their mouths,

which you shall observe to be very full of bones, and the skin very thin, and little of it—I say, of these fish the hook never takes so sure hold, but you often lose your fish, unless he have gorged it.

VENATOR. I thank you, good Master, for this observation; but now what shall be done with my chub that I have caught?

PISCATOR. Marry, sir, it shall be given away to some poor body, for I'll warrant you I'll give you a trout for your supper; and it is a good beginning of your art to offer your first-fruits to the poor, who will both thank God and you for it, which I see by your silence you seem to consent to. And for your willingness to part with it so charitably, I will also teach you more concerning chub-fishing: you are to note that in March and April he is usually taken with worms; in May, June, and July he will bite at any fly, or at cherries, or at beetles with their legs and wings cut off, or at any kind of snail, or at the black bee that breeds in clay

walls; and he never refuses a grasshopper on the top of a swift stream, nor at the bottom the young humblebee that breeds in long grass, and is ordinarily found by the mower of it. In August, and in the cooler months, a yellow paste, made of the strongest cheese, and pounded in a mortar with a little butter and saffron, so much of it as being beaten small will turn it to a lemon-color. And some make a paste for the winter months—at which time the chub is accounted best, for then it is observed that the forked bones are lost or turned into a kind of gristle, especially if he be baked—of cheese and turpentine; he will bite also at a minnow or penk, as a trout will; of which I shall tell you more hereafter, and of divers other baits. But take this for a rule, that in hot weather he is to be fished for toward the mid-water, or near the top, and in colder weather nearer the bottom. And if you fish for him on the top, with a beetle or any fly, then be sure to let your line be very long, and to keep out of sight. And having told you that his spawn<sup>6</sup> is excellent meat, and that the head of a large chub, the throat being well washed, is the best part of him, I will say no more of this fish at the present, but wish you may catch the next you fish for.

But lest you may judge me too nice<sup>7</sup> in urging to have the chub dressed so presently after he is taken, I will commend to your consideration how curious former times have been in the like kind.

You shall read in Seneca<sup>8</sup> his *Natural Questions*, Book III, Chapter 17, that the ancients were so curious in<sup>9</sup> the newness of their fish that that seemed not new enough that was not put alive into the guest's hand; and he says that to

that end they did usually keep them living in glass bottles in their dining-rooms; and they did glory much in their entertaining of friends, to have that fish taken from under their table alive, that was instantly to be fed upon. And he says they took great pleasure to see their mullets<sup>10</sup> change to several colors, when they were dying. But enough of this, for I doubt<sup>11</sup> I have stayed too long from giving you some observations of the trout, and how to fish for him, which shall take up the next of my spare time.

<sup>10</sup> mullet, a freshwater fish greatly esteemed by the Romans.

<sup>11</sup> doubt, fear.

#### CLASS DISCUSSIONS

*De Shakespeare Nostrati.* 1. What is the point that Jonson makes about Shakespeare's writing? Did you find any line or passage in *Macbeth* that would bear out Jonson's belief concerning parts of Shakespeare's writing?

2. What was Jonson's opinion of Shakespeare as a man?

*Of Dispatch.* 1. The advice that Bacon gives is as practical today as it was in 1625, when this essay was published. Apply his test of efficiency to committee meetings and debates in your school or club. What part of his advice is most valuable for a presiding officer? For a speaker or debater? For the class or club president who is trying to get some question settled by group discussion? Illustrate by telling of meetings at which you have been present.

2. What qualities of Bacon revealed in this essay explain why he became a trusted adviser of King James I?

*Of Studies.* 1. What three words are used by Bacon to explain the province of studies? Explain the points that he makes about each use of learning.

2. What, according to Bacon, is the relation between the education given in school and the ability shown in everyday life?

<sup>6</sup> spawn, roe, or eggs.

<sup>7</sup> nice, exacting.

<sup>8</sup> Seneca, a Roman writer (4 B.C.-65 A.D.).

<sup>9</sup> curious in, scrupulous about.

3. What rules for studies does Bacon give? Illustrate these rules from your own experience in reading books.

4. What kinds of gymnastic exercise for the mind may be found in books? Illustrate some of them by the studies you are carrying on at the present time.

*The Need for Experiment.* 1 (xcix). What is the purpose of experimentation?

2 (c). What reform in experimentation does Bacon propose?

3 (ci, cii). Why should the results of an experiment be written down and preserved?

4 (ciii). How should the conclusions reached in an experiment be used?

5 (civ). How should a general principle be established?

6 (cv). What value does Bacon find in inductive reasoning?

7. Talk over with one of your science teachers Bacon's views as expressed in this selection. How far do modern scientists agree with Bacon? How do they differ from him?

*The Complete Angler.* 1. What passages impressed you chiefly with the knowledge and expertness of Walton as a fisherman?

2. What passage reveals best his enthusiasm about fishing? The charm of his personality?

#### BOOKS FOR LEISURE READING

Marryat, Frederick, *Children of the New Forest*. The Cavaliers are here seen in open conflict with the Puritans.

Noyes, Alfred, *Tales of the Mermaid Tavern*. Ben Jonson, Bacon, and Shakespeare appear in these verse-tales by a modern poet.

Quiller-Couch, A. T., *The Blue Pavilions*. An interesting account of the days of Charles I.

Scott, Walter, *Woodstock*. A romance of England under Cromwell.

Williams, Charles, *Bacon*. A biography that explains both Bacon's theories and his public life.



## CHAPTER VII: Milton and Puritanism

**Preview** The present chapter will explain briefly why the loyal and enthusiastic devotion of the English people to their rulers waned in the half century following the death of Elizabeth in 1603 and the succession of James I to the throne. A new force which had long been gathering became dominant with the rise of the Puritans to power in 1640. What their spirit meant for literature may be seen in the lives of their two greatest writers, John Milton and John Bunyan.

The following questions will guide your reading:

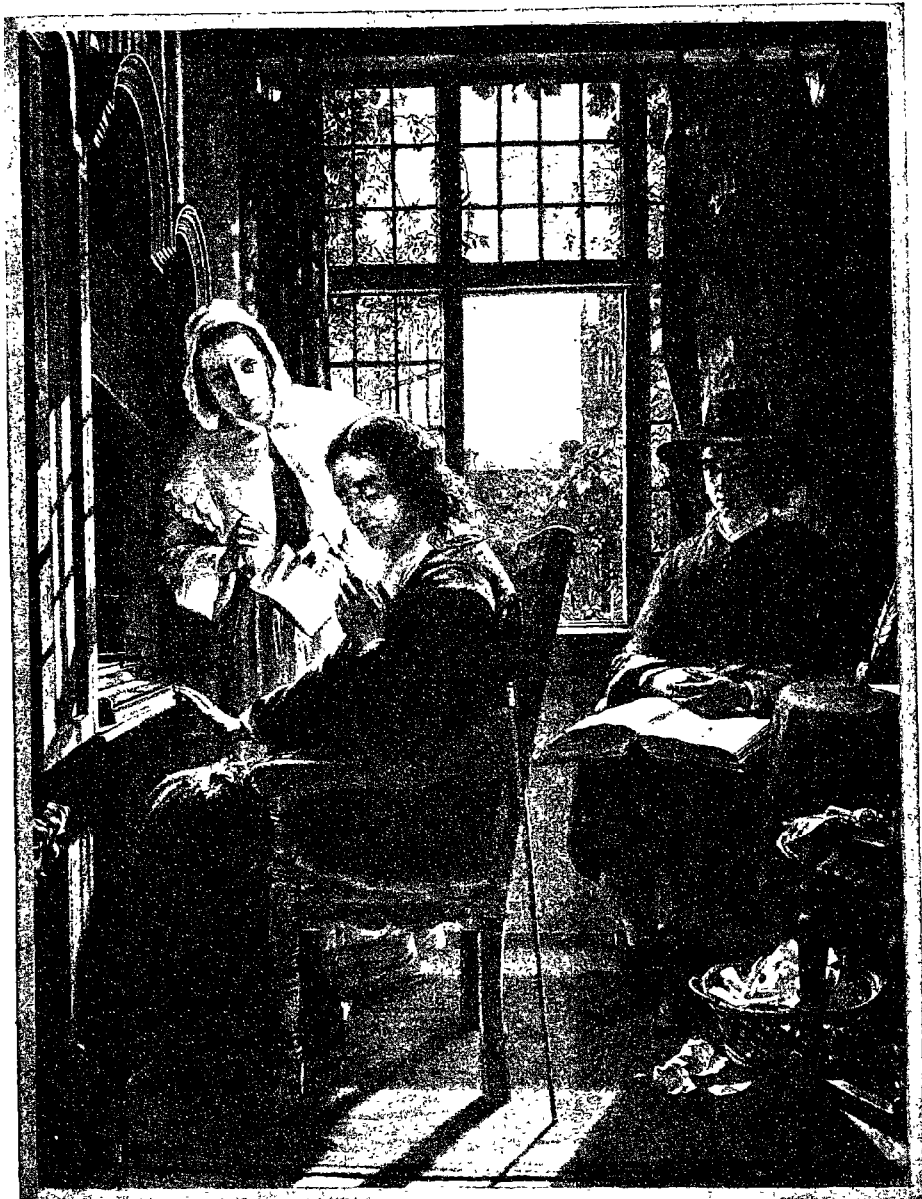
- (1) Why did the Puritans oppose the royal power?
- (2) What Renaissance training did Milton receive?
- (3) What Puritan ideals did Milton exhibit in his own life?
- (4) How do Milton's chief poems reflect his character?
- (5) How did Milton differ from John Bunyan?

### THE POLITICAL REVOLUTION

The Renaissance, as we saw in connection with the *Utopia* of Sir Thomas More, set men to thinking for themselves. The new-found confidence in one's intelligence, when opposed to tradition or authority, appeared in Bacon's ambition to discover the secrets of nature. Its influence was felt in religion too. Ever since the days of Wyclif there had been a desire among reformers to provide the common people with an English translation of the Bible, so that they might learn the will of God for themselves. The culmination of many efforts was the Authorized Version of 1611, sometimes spoken of as the King James Bible. To all who could read, it offered a literature of wonderful variety. History was there in the opening books, and poetry in the Psalms, and eloquence in the books of the prophets.

The Puritan tradesmen and workmen and farmers read these pages not merely for their solace and hope. The

earnestness of the scriptures deepened their dissatisfaction with the excesses of the court, the lavish sums spent on masks, the wild lives of favorites about the throne. From considering the evils of upper-class conduct it was but a step for these middle and lower class citizens to ask about their own liberties under the government. James I intensified their concern by declaring that "it is presumption and high contempt in a subject to dispute what a king can do." His son, Charles I, heightened this concern to alarm when he tried to govern without Parliament. In the end he had to convene the Long Parliament (1640-1653), which came to its task in a strong patriotic spirit determined to preserve the rights of the private citizen. In 1642 Civil War broke out between Charles and Parliament. Intense devotion to the cause fired the Parliamentary party. As one of their leaders said, "The greatest princes will seem to thee but as grasshoppers, and the busy, contentious, covetous world but as a



From a painting by J. C. Horsley

The Rischgitz Collection, London

### MILTON COMPOSING A POEM

He became totally blind in 1652.

heap of ants." Such a mood is dangerous to oppressors. King Charles was beheaded in 1649.

Oliver Cromwell, the leader of the Parliamentary army, was made Lord Protector of the Commonwealth. Under him the country was to have a new start, a rebirth of greatness based on stern self-control and rigorous discipline. Honesty and justice were to reign. Vain amusements were not to be tolerated. The Puritans, now in complete control, ruled with an absolutism never before seen in England. Almost overnight "Merrie England" disappeared. But after Cromwell died in 1658, the rule of the Parliamentary army could not long be maintained. When the monarchy was restored in 1660 under Charles II, the country went wild with joy at its release from the iron restraint of Parliament and the Commonwealth. A new era had indeed begun.

#### MILTON'S ACTIVE LIFE

##### Milton's early education

The rapid changes outlined above are reflected in the life of John Milton (1608-1674), one of the three greatest poets in English literature. Like Chaucer, he was London born. His father was a law stationer, whose leisure was devoted to books and music. He encouraged his son from his earliest years to absorb the learning of the Renaissance. Latin and Greek the boy learned to read as easily as English, an achievement common enough in that age, but in addition he mastered the French, Italian, and Hebrew languages. Moreover, he was taught music, became familiar with *The Faerie Queene*, and studied Bacon's *Advancement of Learning*. Though he was precocious, these acquirements demanded intense application. We are told that "he sat up very late, commonly till twelve or one o'clock at night, and his father or-

dered the maid to sit up for him, and in those years he composed many copies of verses which might well become a riper age."

##### His literary ambition

At sixteen he proceeded from St. Paul's School to Cambridge University, where he was at first not popular. He had read Bacon's *Novum Organum*, and employed its ideas to criticize the kind of education he was given. Even in his 'teens he was thus marked with something of the self-confidence that genius gives, a self-confidence reinforced by the spirit of independence instilled by Puritanism. By his twenty-first birthday he seems to have cherished the inspiring ambition to become an epic poet. This self-dedication is beautifully expressed in the sonnet "On His Having Arrived at the Age of Twenty-Three" (page 208), written shortly before he left Cambridge in 1632.

While Milton was at Cambridge, his father had retired to his country place at Horton, near London. There the young man went in 1632 and remained for five years in studious retirement, unwilling to enter the church or study law. Probably the first products of his Horton period were the flawless masterpieces, "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso," which are given on pages 201-206. Next he composed a mask, *Comus*, one of the last specimens of this type of entertainment and the most poetic of all. Milton's strong Puritan bent led him to fashion it as an allegory teaching that a virtuous mind can never be harmed.

*Lycidas* Milton's father was apparently getting impatient about his son's long delay in settling upon any career in life. The poet himself, wearied by his studies, was wondering when he would win that fame which had for years been his ambition. He was meditating a trip to Italy as a final preparation for some supreme poetical

achievement when one of his Cambridge classmates was drowned at sea. Milton was asked to contribute to a volume of memorial verses. He did contribute the greatest of English pastorals, "Lycidas."

The pastoral was a form of poetry much admired throughout the Renaissance, but for us the real interest of "Lycidas" lies in its reflection of Milton's own feelings—his longing for fame, his discontent with religious conditions in England, and the serene thought at the end that he will be rewarded in heaven if death should cut him off from success on earth. It is a poem of alternating moods, in the expression of which Milton displays a delicacy and a power that have won the critical judgment: "Lycidas" is "the highwater mark of English poetry."

#### **His plans for an epic**

The months in Italy were a happy period for Milton. He set out in 1638 with letters of introduction that put him in touch with important men in Paris and later in Italy. On the Italian trip he expressed the long cherished ambition that he "might perhaps leave something so written to after-times, as they should not willingly let it die." He now apparently reached a decision to compose in English an epic poem which would, he believed, mold his countrymen into virtuous citizens. The project had to be long deferred. His studies were interrupted by the news of the approach of civil war at home. He promptly returned to England, thinking it ignoble to be traveling at ease in foreign lands while his countrymen were striking a blow for freedom.

#### **Liberty of the press**

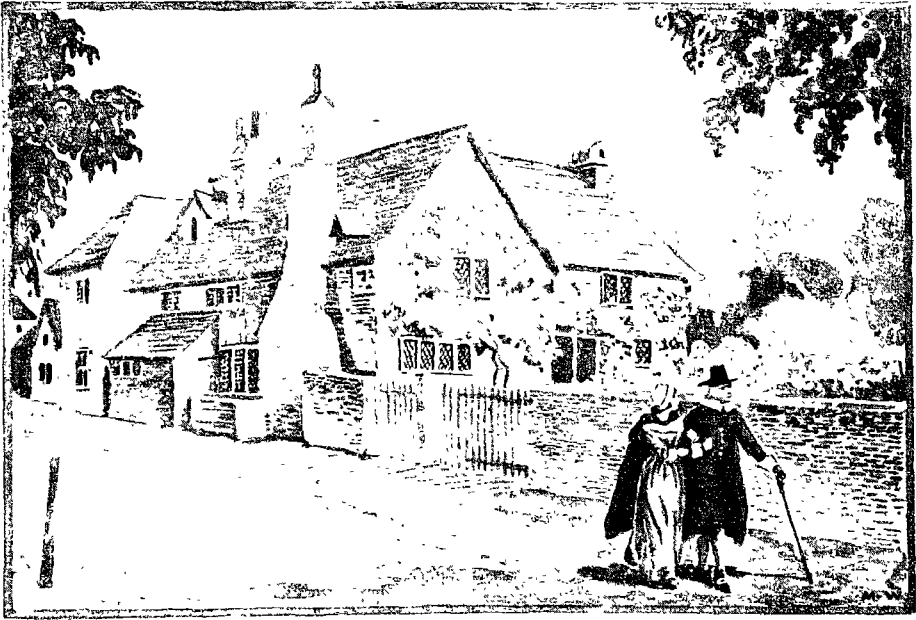
On returning from Italy in 1639 Milton settled in London and began teaching a few pupils. The actions of the Long Parliament filled him with a great hope. For a time he felt that man-

kind was to be made over and that England would become Utopia. He himself joined in the effort to make society perfect by issuing a number of pamphlets on topics under discussion. When Parliament ordained that books should be licensed before publication, he issued a protest, his greatest prose work, called *Areopagitica* (1644). It is an extraordinarily eloquent oration upholding the ideal of liberty. In it Milton maintained that the intellectual activity of the time, shown in the printing of many pamphlets and books, was to be encouraged, for it would ensure the discovery of truth. Error would of course be published, but truth is mighty and will in the end prevail. *Areopagitica* was thus a lofty statement of the convictions held by English Puritans and retained by lovers of liberty down to our own times.

#### **Latin Secretary**

While Charles I was on trial in 1649, Milton wrote a defense of the procedure, arguing from many historical instances that any people has a right to put a tyrant to death. Charles excited a great deal of sympathy in his last days; Milton's pamphlet was therefore of great use to the new government. Within a month he was made Secretary for Foreign Tongues. His chief function was to carry on the diplomatic correspondence of Cromwell, this correspondence being in Latin, but he had also to reply to pamphlets attacking the government. Under the strain of this exacting work his eyes began to fail. When he lost the sight of one eye, he was warned that a continuance of his work meant total blindness.

It is characteristic of the man that he should declare: "Were it the meanest underservice, if God by His secretary, conscience, should enjoin it, it were sad for me if I should draw back." He did not draw back. In 1652 he became totally blind.



MILTON'S HOME AT CHALFONT ST. GILES

## PARADISE LOST

**Its composition** It might be thought that Milton's blindness would prevent him from composing the great poem which he had long planned to write. It did cause delay. Beginning some time after 1655, however, his ordinary duties as Latin Secretary were performed by an assistant. In the leisure thus gained Milton began work on his epic, *Paradise Lost*. It was his custom to rise at four o'clock in the morning, to compose a section of the poem in his mind, and to dictate it as soon as a secretary came in. Thus he worked each year from September to May. This progress was interrupted for a while in 1660 when the monarchy was restored. Milton had to be kept in hiding by friends until his support of Cromwell and the Commonwealth was lost sight of in the revelry of the new reign. By the autumn of 1665 the ambition of a lifetime was achieved, and two years later *Paradise Lost* was published. For the copyright of this im-

mortal work the author received ten pounds (about fifty dollars).

**Its theme** Thus at the age of fifty-nine Milton brought to fruition the project to which he had dedicated himself in early manhood. Before leaving Cambridge he had conceived the hope of writing a poem to compare with the Greek epics, the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*. While traveling in Italy he had considered as a possible subject "those great-hearted champions found in the society of the Round Table," but he came soon to doubt "whether ever any such king as Arthur reigned in Britain." Then he sketched several plans for a drama on the fall of man. His high hopes of the Commonwealth and his service with Cromwell consumed his energies, but at the same time they led him to ponder even more deeply upon the lot of man on this earth. The Golden Age that the Commonwealth was to establish did not come. The Restoration swept away the last hope. Milton faced these disappointments courageously and from his



broodings over the fundamental mystery of God's dealings with his children on earth produced *Paradise Lost*.

**The story** Milton's great epic differs from both *Beowulf* and *The Faerie Queene*. *Beowulf* voices the primitive delight in battle; it joins together loosely and inartistically three great conflicts. *The Faerie Queene* is an allegory rather than an epic; the incidents and characters are all so presented as to bring out their symbolical meaning. The course of events is more than once completely forgotten in pursuit of the allegory. *Paradise Lost* is a complete work of art, in which every part is related to every other part in such a way as to fill out a carefully considered design. The action, which conducts us through vast aeons of time, begins with Lucifer wallowing in the fires of hell, and closes with the banishment of Adam and Eve from Paradise. As "they, hand in hand, with wandering steps and slow," pass into this world of trial, the sadness of their punishment is tempered with the hope that they may be able to build a new Paradise within themselves.

**The characters** The grandeur of the story, moving from one point to another in incalculable space and leading step by step to the banishment of our first parents from Paradise, is matched by the impressive conception of the characters. Adam and Eve stand forth with great vividness and truth; but even more vivid is Satan, who by general consent is Milton's greatest achievement in developing character. The spirit of evil is personified on so vast a scale that he seems to fill the universe, yet he is so human that we may become as well acquainted with him as with Macbeth. The conception reveals an imaginative power beyond the reach of all but the highest genius.

In some ways Satan speaks Milton's own soul. Thrown into Hell, he does



Gustave Doré

A SCENE FROM "PARADISE LOST"

not suffer in silence. With heroic courage he acts to improve the condition of his fellows and with titanic energy carries the task to completion. Milton too was a rebel who did not bow to the might of opposing circumstances. But if Satan's undaunted spirit and unflinching endurance reflect qualities that Milton exhibited in his own life, they also give to the Devil a grandeur larger than the author intended. As a result he is often taken for the hero of the epic.

Satan is the last, and in some respects the greatest, of the long list of Renaissance figures. Marlowe's Tamburlaine is an early example—a Scythian shepherd who rises to world dominion. Shakespeare treated the theme of unbounded personal ambition much more truly and profoundly in *Macbeth*, showing how crime brings its own punishment. Milton's Satan is also an embodiment of the unconquerable will. Like Macbeth, he is tortured by his thoughts, but with admirable heroism he holds that the mind creates its own place and can "make a hell of heaven, a heaven of hell." This delight in the

indomitable force of the individual is one of the central features of the Renaissance way of looking on the world.

**Meaning of the poem** *Paradise Lost* was once described as "the dream of a Puritan fallen asleep over the first pages of his Bible." It does indeed reflect the seriousness with which the Puritan looked upon life. Milton's hopes of a Golden Age in the England of his own day were swept away. He lived to see the frivolity of Charles II's reign and its denial of all Puritan ideals. But he found comfort. Passion may overturn reason, but after all, life is a battle. Man's will is free; he can still work out his destiny if he can regain self-mastery. Success awaits anyone who refuses to be discouraged. Milton was not permitted to enter the paradise for which he worked during the Commonwealth, but he was not embittered. He created a paradise within his mind. His doctrine and his life are as significant today as they were in the seventeenth century.

#### MILTON'S LAST YEARS: HIS CHARACTER

**His last poems and death** *Paradise Lost* appeared in 1667. Four years later Milton published his last poems, *Paradise Regained* and *Samson Agonistes*. The first of these is more a debate than an epic, and though it possesses great merits, it will never have the imaginative and emotional appeal of *Paradise Lost*.

The last of Milton's works was *Samson Agonistes*, retelling the story of Samson in the Old Testament in the form of a Greek tragedy. The poem very clearly reflects Milton's situation after the Restoration. Like Samson, he was of heroic mold; he had lost his sight and was in the house of his enemies; he lived in poverty and disease. But unlike Samson, Milton never despaired.

After preparing these two poems for publication in 1671, he made a few

alterations in *Paradise Lost* for the second edition. In 1674 he died of the gout on November eighth and was buried beside his father.

**Comparison with Spenser** It is natural to compare the foremost poet of the Puritan movement with the great Elizabethan epic poet, Edmund Spenser. Spenser, as we have seen, looked upon his poetry as a refuge from life. Milton made no distinction between life and literature. From the first he believed that

he who would not be frustrate of his hope to write well hereafter in laudable things, ought himself to be a true poem; that is, a composition and pattern of the best and honorablest things; not presuming to sing high praises of heroic men, or famous cities, unless he have in himself the experience and the practice of all that which is praiseworthy.

His writings, both in prose and verse, reflect his heroic life. His thinking is of the same fine quality whether he is serving as Latin Secretary or penning an epic poem. He is not merely a lofty poet but a noble character. In one of the most famous tributes to him in the nineteenth century another great poet, Wordsworth, made visible the essential quality of both his life and his poetry:

Thy soul was like a Star, and dwelt apart;  
Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like  
the sea;

Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free,  
So didst thou travel on life's common way,  
In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart  
The lowliest duties on herself did lay.

JOHN BUNYAN (1628-1688)

The Puritan concern with the salvation of the soul that was so strong in Milton appears also in a work that has found infinitely more readers than *Paradise Lost*. It is *The Pilgrim's Progress* by John Bunyan. The author, unlike Milton, was of humble origin and received almost no education. While Milton was preparing to write his great



Century Photos

JOHN BUNYAN

epic, Bunyan was mending pots and pans, and at the time Milton was active as Latin Secretary, Bunyan was serving as a private in Cromwell's army. The one book that he knew well was the Bible, and it convinced him that his soul was lost. He tells us that his youth was wild and wayward, but after his conversion his one desire was to save others. He began to preach to rural congregations with a power to be compared with that of Wyclif.

When Charles II was restored to the throne, an old statute against those who refused to conform to the Church of England was invoked against Bunyan.

The judge was willing to release him if he would promise to give up preaching. He refused, and continued to refuse. As a result he spent twelve years in Bedford jail. Here he was well treated; he was given a few books, some writing materials, and an opportunity to make tagged laces for the support of his family. During his final year in jail he wrote *The Pilgrim's Progress*, which was published in 1678.

The book is an allegory, the most dramatic in our language. One reason for its vividness is that it is essentially the story of Bunyan's own life. Christian, who asks in the opening pages, "What shall I do to be saved?", represents the author's early conviction of sin. The other characters he had observed closely and truly among the common people of his acquaintance. The scenes have their origin in places near Bedford familiar to Bunyan. This reality makes us forget the symbolism; we become absorbed in the story. Christian's struggles at the Slough of Despond, Vanity Fair, and Doubting Castle are as engrossing as our own experiences. Besides, Bunyan's simple words and the pleasing cadence of his sentences cause us to turn page after page without pausing once to puzzle over the hidden meaning. Before his death the book passed through many editions, and was translated into several languages. Ever since that time it has provided entertainment for the young and religious comfort for their elders.

**Summary** This, the closing chapter on the Renaissance in English literature, has brought out one of the enduring qualities of the race. England has developed into one of the truly democratic peoples because Englishmen have in nearly every crisis stood stanchly for their rights. The grandeur of that devotion is to be found in both the life and the works of John Milton. His poetry forms one of the imposing summits of English literature, from which later poets and leaders of thought have drawn inspiration. Below his lofty poetry stretches the plain of *The Pilgrim's Progress* over which for generations countless humble readers have wandered in contentment.

## SELECTIONS FOR CHAPTER VII

### JOHN MILTON

#### L'ALLEGRO and IL PENSEROSO

You have doubtless more than once planned an ideal day in the woods or by the seashore or perhaps a house party in your own home. The following two poems, "L'Allegro" (The Cheerful Man) and "Il Penseroso" (The Thoughtful Man), describe Milton's ideal for two such days shortly after leaving college at Cambridge. In the first poem are presented the pleasures of life as they would appeal to an active man, and in the second as they would appeal to a rather meditative man. Each man is Milton himself, who felt the attraction of both kinds of pleasure. There is no sharp contrast between these different moods. As you read "L'Allegro," you will see that the gayety of the man in good spirits has no recklessness about it. Likewise in "Il Penseroso" the melancholy of the man occupying his time in serious thought is merely the soberness, the tinge of sadness, natural in one who studies or muses much.

If you read the two poems through rapidly, you will observe the great charm and beauty with which Milton draws the contrast between these two temperaments. Note that each poem begins by banishing the opposing spirit. They proceed by describing with great freshness the scenes that would delight each type of man. It is not strictly true that these scenes are to be thought of as filling a single day. On the contrary, they occur at different times and places. But as you read, you will see how the events in each poem belong together as various reflections of a consistent mood.

These poems, being among the most beautiful in all English literature, merit much more than a rapid reading. The language requires close study. From childhood Milton had gone through the Greek and Latin poets time and time again; he was consequently as familiar with their gods and goddesses as with English scenery. Indeed, he felt quite free to alter their mythology to carry out his ideas. For example, the parentage of Mirth ("L'Allegro," lines 18-24) is his own invention; he adds it because he likes to think of Mirth as descended from the bright and beautiful influences of nature—the Dawn, as she might go forth on May Day seeking flowers, and the West Wind, the harbinger of spring. The footnotes will help you get full enjoyment from such hidden features of the poems.

#### L'ALLEGRO

HENCE, loathèd Melancholy,<sup>1</sup>  
Of Cerberus<sup>2</sup> and blackest Mid-  
night born  
In Stygian<sup>3</sup> cave forlorn  
'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks,  
and sights unholy!

<sup>1</sup> *Melancholy*, quiet contemplation. To Milton the word was not so sad as it seems to us.

<sup>2</sup> *Cerberus*, a three-headed dog, guarding the entrance to the underworld. <sup>3</sup> *Stygian*, pertaining to the Styx, one of the four rivers of Hades.

Find out some uncouth<sup>4</sup> cell,  
Where brooding Darkness spreads his  
jealous wings,  
And the night-raven<sup>5</sup> sings;  
There, under ebon shades and low-  
browed rocks,  
As ragged as thy locks,  
In dark Cimmerian<sup>6</sup> desert ever dwell,

<sup>4</sup> *uncouth*, unknown. <sup>5</sup> *night-raven*, a bird of ill-omen.

<sup>6</sup> *Cimmerian*, in fabled Cimmeria "never does the shining sun look down" (*Odyssey*, Book XI).

But come, thou Goddess fair and free, 11  
 In heaven yclept<sup>7</sup> Euphrosyne,  
 And by men heart-easing Mirth,  
 Whom lovely Venus, at a birth,  
 With two sister Graces<sup>8</sup> more, 15  
 To ivy-crownèd Bacchus<sup>9</sup> bore;  
 Or whether—as some sager sing—  
 The frolic wind that breathes the spring,  
 Zephyr, with Aurora playing,  
 As he met her once a-Maying, 20  
 There, on beds of violets blue,  
 And fresh-blown roses washed in dew,  
 Filled her with thee, a daughter fair,  
 So buxom,<sup>10</sup> blithe, and debonair.<sup>11</sup>  
 Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with  
 thee 23  
 Jest and youthful Jollity,  
 Quips<sup>12</sup> and cranks<sup>13</sup> and wanton  
 wiles,<sup>14</sup>  
 Nods and becks<sup>15</sup> and wreathèd smiles,  
 Such as hang on Hebe's<sup>16</sup> cheek  
 And love to live in dimple sleek, 30  
 Sport that wrinkled Care derides,  
 And Laughter holding both his sides.  
 Come, and trip it, as you go,  
 On the light, fantastic<sup>17</sup> toe;  
 And in thy right hand lead with thee 35  
 The mountain-nymph,<sup>18</sup> sweet Liberty;  
 And, if I give thee honor due,  
 Mirth, admit me of thy crew,  
 To live with her, and live with thee,  
 In unprovèd<sup>19</sup> pleasures free; 40  
 To hear the lark begin his flight,  
 And, singing, startle the dull night,  
 From his watch-tower in the skies,  
 Till the dappled dawn doth rise;  
 Then to come, in spite of<sup>20</sup> sorrow, 45  
 And at my window bid good-morrow,  
 Through the sweet-brier or the vine  
 Or the twisted eglantine;<sup>21</sup>

While the cock, with lively din,  
 Scatters the rear of darkness thin, 50  
 And to the stack, or the barn-door,  
 Stoutly struts his dames before;  
 Oft listening how the hounds and horn  
 Cheerly rouse the slumbering morn,  
 From the side of some hoar hill, 55  
 Through the high wood echoing shrill;  
 Sometime walking, not unseen,  
 By hedgerow elms, on hillocks green,  
 Right against the eastern gate,  
 Where the great Sun begins his state,<sup>22</sup>  
 Robed in flames and amber light, 61  
 The clouds in thousand liveries dight;<sup>23</sup>  
 While the plowman, near at hand,  
 Whistles o'er the furrowed land,  
 And the milkmaid singeth blithe, 65  
 And the mower whets his scythe,  
 And every shepherd tells his tale<sup>24</sup>  
 Under the hawthorn in the dale.  
 Straight mine eye hath caught new  
 pleasures,  
 Whilst the landskip<sup>25</sup> round it measures:  
 Russet lawns,<sup>26</sup> and fallows<sup>27</sup> gray, 71  
 Where the nibbling flocks do stray;  
 Mountains on whose barren breast  
 The laboring clouds do often rest;  
 Meadows trim, with daisies pied;<sup>28</sup> 75  
 Shallow brooks and rivers wide;  
 Towers and battlements it sees  
 Bosomed high in tufted<sup>29</sup> trees,  
 Where perhaps some beauty lies,  
 The cynosure<sup>30</sup> of neighboring eyes. 80  
 Hard by a cottage chimney smokes  
 From betwixt two aged oaks,  
 Where Corydon and Thyrsis<sup>31</sup> met  
 Are at their savory dinner set  
 Of herbs and other country messes,<sup>32</sup> 85  
 Which the neat-handed Phyllis dresses;  
 And then in haste her bower<sup>33</sup> she leaves  
 With Thestylis<sup>34</sup> to bind the sheaves;

<sup>7</sup> *yclept*, called. <sup>8</sup> *sister Graces*, Aglaia and Thalia, goddesses of festive joy. <sup>9</sup> *Bacchus*, god of wine. <sup>10</sup> *buxom*, lively. <sup>11</sup> *debonair*, attractive, gay.

<sup>12</sup> *Quips*, jests. <sup>13</sup> *cranks*, twists or turns of speech. <sup>14</sup> *wanton wiles*, playful tricks.

<sup>15</sup> *becks*, signs, beckonings. <sup>16</sup> *Hebe*, goddess of youth. <sup>17</sup> *fantastic*, the dance is to be fanciful or capricious.

<sup>18</sup> *mountain-nymph*, mountain-dwellers are usually liberty-loving people. <sup>19</sup> *unprovèd*, innocent. <sup>20</sup> *in spite of*, with spite toward. <sup>21</sup> *eglantine*, honeysuckle.

<sup>22</sup> *state*, stately progress, like that of a monarch. <sup>23</sup> *dight*, clothed. <sup>24</sup> *tells his tale*, makes his count (of sheep).

<sup>25</sup> *landskip*, landscape. <sup>26</sup> *Russet lawns*, reddish-brown fields. <sup>27</sup> *fallows*, uncultivated land. <sup>28</sup> *pied* spangled. <sup>29</sup> *tufted*, in clumps. <sup>30</sup> *cynosure*, center of attraction.

<sup>31</sup> *Corydon and Thyrsis*, in pastoral poetry, names for shepherds; here applied to simple country folk. <sup>32</sup> *messes*, dishes. <sup>33</sup> *bower*, cottage. <sup>34</sup> *Phyllis and Thestylis*, names for shepherdesses.

Or, if the earlier season lead,  
 To the tanned haycock in the mead. 90  
 Sometimes, with secure<sup>35</sup> delight,  
 The upland hamlets will invite,  
 When the merry bells ring round,  
 And the jocund rebecks<sup>36</sup> sound  
 To many a youth and many a maid 95  
 Dancing in the checkered shade,  
 And young and old come forth to play  
 On a sunshine holiday,  
 Till the livelong daylight fail;  
 Then to the spicy nut-brown ale, 100  
 With stories told of many a feat,  
 How Faery Mab<sup>37</sup> the junkets<sup>38</sup> eat.  
 She<sup>39</sup> was pinched and pulled, she said;  
 And he,<sup>40</sup> by Friar's lantern<sup>41</sup> led,  
 Tells how the drudging goblin<sup>42</sup> sweat  
 To earn his cream-bowl duly set, 106  
 When in one night, ere glimpse of  
 morn,  
 His shadowy flail hath threshed the  
 corn  
 That ten day-laborers could not end;  
 Then lies him down, the lubber-fiend,<sup>43</sup>  
 And, stretched out all the chimney's<sup>44</sup>  
 length, 111  
 Basks at the fire his hairy strength,  
 And crop-full<sup>45</sup> out of doors he flings,  
 Ere the first cock his matin rings. 114  
 Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,  
 By whispering winds soon lulled asleep.  
 Towered cities please us then,<sup>46</sup>  
 And the busy hum of men,  
 Where throngs of knights and barons  
 bold,  
 In weeds<sup>47</sup> of peace, high triumphs<sup>48</sup>  
 hold, 120  
 With store of ladies, whose bright eyes  
 Rain influence,<sup>49</sup> and judge the prize

<sup>35</sup> *secure*, carefree. <sup>36</sup> *jocund rebecks*, jolly fiddles; the rebeck is similar to the violin.

<sup>37</sup> *Mab*, Queen Mab, a mischievous, tantalizing fairy in English folk-lore. <sup>38</sup> *junkets*, cream cheese. <sup>39</sup> *She*, one of the maids. <sup>40</sup> *he*, one of the youths.

<sup>41</sup> *Friar's lantern*, the will o' the wisp. <sup>42</sup> *drudging goblin*, Robin Goodfellow, a household, whose help was solicited by placing a bowl of cream at the door. <sup>43</sup> *lubber-fiend*, clumsy goblin. <sup>44</sup> *chimney*, fireplace. <sup>45</sup> *crop-full*, with full stomach. <sup>46</sup> *then*, at some other time.

<sup>47</sup> *weeds*, garments. <sup>48</sup> *triumphs*, tournaments.

<sup>49</sup> *eyes Rain influence*, their eyes, like stars, sway the fate of men.

Of wit or arms, while both contend  
 To win her<sup>50</sup> grace whom all commend.  
 There let Hymen<sup>51</sup> oft appear 125  
 In saffron<sup>52</sup> robe, with taper clear,  
 And pomp, and feast, and revelry,  
 With mask<sup>53</sup> and antique pageantry;  
 Such sights as youthful poets dream  
 On summer eves by haunted stream. 130  
 Then to the well-trod stage anon,  
 If Jonson's<sup>54</sup> learned sock<sup>55</sup> be on,  
 Or sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's<sup>56</sup>  
 child,  
 Warble his native wood-notes wild.  
 And ever, against eating cares, 135  
 Lap me in soft Lydian<sup>57</sup> airs,  
 Married to immortal verse,  
 Such as the meeting soul<sup>58</sup> may pierce,  
 In notes with many a winding bout<sup>59</sup>  
 Of linked sweetness long drawn out 140  
 With wanton heed and giddy cunning,<sup>60</sup>  
 The melting voice through mazes run-  
 ning,  
 Untwisting all the chains that tie  
 The hidden soul of harmony;  
 That Orpheus<sup>61</sup> self may heave his head  
 From golden slumber on a bed 146  
 Of heaped Elysian flowers, and hear  
 Such strains as would have won the ear  
 Of Pluto to have quite set free  
 His half-regained Eurydice. 150  
 These delights if thou canst give,  
 Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

<sup>50</sup> *her*, the chief lady, who was selected, as girls are today, to be queen of the occasion.

<sup>51</sup> *Hymen*, god of marriage, who was represented at marriage festivities. <sup>52</sup> *saffron*, orange-yellow.

<sup>53</sup> *mask*, an elaborate entertainment of the time, consisting of masked dancing, songs, speeches, and dialogue, sometimes spelled *masque*.

<sup>54</sup> *Jonson*, Ben Jonson. <sup>55</sup> *sock*, the *soccus*, or low-heeled slipper, worn by actors in Greek and Roman comedy. <sup>56</sup> *Fancy*, imagination.

<sup>57</sup> *Lydian*, the softest of the three Greek modes or styles of music. <sup>58</sup> *meeting soul*, soul that they meet or affect. <sup>59</sup> *bout*, turn. <sup>60</sup> *cunning*. This line refers to the skill with which great art is made to appear spontaneous.

<sup>61</sup> *Orpheus*, a Greek musician whose playing on the lyre lured animals and even inanimate objects to follow him. On the death of his wife, Eurydice, he descended to the lower regions and gained Pluto's permission to lead her back to the upper world—but only on condition that he would not look back. He did look back, and Eurydice vanished.

## IL PENSEROSO

HENCE, vain, deluding Joys,  
 The brood of Folly without father bred!  
 How little you bestèd,<sup>1</sup>  
 Or fill the fixèd<sup>2</sup> mind with all your toys!  
 Dwell in some idle brain,<sup>5</sup>  
 And fancies fond<sup>3</sup> with gaudy shapes possess,  
 As thick and numberless  
 As the gay motes that people the sun-beams,  
 Or likest hovering dreams,  
 The fickle pensioners<sup>4</sup> of Morpheus'<sup>5</sup>  
 train.<sup>10</sup>  
 But, hail! thou Goddess, sage and holy!  
 Hail, divinest Melancholy!  
 Whose saintly visage is too bright  
 To hit the sense of<sup>6</sup> human sight,  
 And therefore to our weaker view,<sup>15</sup>  
 O'erlaid with black, staid Wisdom's hue;  
 Black, but such as in esteem  
 Prince Memnon's<sup>7</sup> sister might beseem,  
 Or that starred Ethiop queen<sup>8</sup> that strove  
 To set her beauty's praise above<sup>20</sup>  
 The Sea-nymphs, and their powers offended.  
 Yet thou art higher far descended;  
 Thee bright-haired Vesta<sup>9</sup> long of yore  
 To solitary Saturn<sup>10</sup> bore;  
 His daughter she; in Saturn's reign<sup>25</sup>  
 Such mixture was not held a stain.  
 Oft in glimmering bowers and glades  
 He met her, and in secret shades  
 Of woody Ida's<sup>11</sup> inmost grove,  
 Whilst yet there was no fear of Jove.<sup>12</sup> 30

<sup>1</sup> bestèd, bestead, avail. <sup>2</sup> fixèd, firm. <sup>3</sup> fond, foolish. <sup>4</sup> pensioners, attendants forming a train.

<sup>5</sup> Morpheus, god of sleep. <sup>6</sup> hit the sense of, be visible to. <sup>7</sup> Memnon, King of the Ethiopians. He was dark-skinned and famous for his beauty. Of course black would be appropriate for a sister of his.

<sup>8</sup> Ethiop queen, Cassiopeia, who offended the Nereids, or sea-nymphs. <sup>9</sup> Vesta, goddess of the hearth; Milton intends her as a symbol of purity. <sup>10</sup> Saturn, an ancient god; a symbol of solitude. <sup>11</sup> Ida, a mountain in Crete.

<sup>12</sup> Jove, Saturn's son, who later overthrew his father.

Come, pensive Nun, devout and pure,  
 Sober, steadfast, and demure,  
 All in a robe of darkest grain,<sup>13</sup>  
 Flowing with majestic train,  
 And sable stole<sup>14</sup> of cypress lawn<sup>15</sup> 35  
 Over thy decent<sup>16</sup> shoulders drawn.  
 Come; but keep thy wonted state  
 With even step, and musing gait,  
 And looks commercing<sup>17</sup> with the skies,  
 Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes; 40  
 There, held in holy passion still,  
 Forget thyself to marble, till  
 With a sad,<sup>18</sup> leaden, downward cast  
 Thou fix them on the earth as fast.  
 And join with thee calm Peace and  
 Quiet, 45  
 Spare Fast, that oft with gods doth diet,  
 And hears the Muses in a ring  
 Aye round about Jove's altar sing;  
 And add to these retirèd Leisure,  
 That in trim gardens takes his pleasure;  
 But, first and chiefest, with thee bring 51  
 Him that yon soars on golden wing,  
 Guiding the fiery-wheelèd throne,  
 The cherub<sup>19</sup> Contemplation;<sup>20</sup>  
 And the mute Silence hist<sup>21</sup> along, 55  
 'Less Philomel<sup>22</sup> will deign a song,  
 In her sweetest, saddest plight,<sup>23</sup>  
 Smoothing the rugged brow of Night,  
 While Cynthia<sup>24</sup> checks her dragon  
 yoke  
 Gently o'er the accustomed<sup>25</sup> oak. 60  
 Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of  
 folly,  
 Most musical, most melancholy!  
 Thee, chauntress, oft the woods among  
 I woo, to hear thy even-song;  
 And, missing thee, I walk unseen 65  
 On the dry, smooth-shaven green,

<sup>13</sup> grain, dye, probably dark purple. <sup>14</sup> stole, hood. <sup>15</sup> cypress lawn, crape that is like thin lawn. <sup>16</sup> decent, comely.

<sup>17</sup> commercing, in communication with. <sup>18</sup> sad, serious.

<sup>19</sup> cherub. The Cherubim were given, by medieval theologians, the attributes of wisdom and divine things. <sup>20</sup> Contemplation. Pronounce in five syllables.

<sup>21</sup> hist, to summon by whispering hist. <sup>22</sup> Philomel, the nightingale, corresponding to the lark in *L'Allegro*.

<sup>23</sup> plight, mood. <sup>24</sup> Cynthia, Diana, goddess of the moon. It was not her car but that of Ceres which was drawn by dragons. <sup>25</sup> accustomed, where the bird usually sings.

To behold the wandering moon  
 Riding near her highest noon,  
 Like one that had been led astray  
 Through the heaven's wide, pathless  
     way, 70  
 And oft, as if her head she bowed,  
 Stooping through a fleecy cloud.  
 Oft, on a plat of rising ground,  
 I hear the far-off curfew<sup>26</sup> sound,  
 Over some wide-watered shore, 75  
 Swinging slow with sullen roar;  
 Or, if the air will not permit,  
 Some still, removèd<sup>27</sup> place will fit,  
 Where glowing embers through the  
     room  
 Teach light to counterfeit a gloom, 80  
 Far from all resort of mirth,  
 Save the cricket on the hearth,  
 Or the bellman's<sup>28</sup> drowsy charm  
 To bless the doors from nightly<sup>29</sup> harm.  
 Or let my lamp, at midnight hour, 85  
 Be seen in some high, lonely tower,  
 Where I may oft outwatch the Bear,<sup>30</sup>  
 With thrice-great Hermes,<sup>31</sup> or un-  
     sphere<sup>32</sup> 90  
 The spirit of Plato, to unfold  
 What worlds or what vast regions hold  
 The immortal mind that hath forsook 91  
 Her mansion in this fleshly nook;  
 And of those demons<sup>33</sup> that are found  
 In fire, air, flood, or underground,  
 Whose power hath a true consent<sup>34</sup> 95  
 With planet or with element.  
 Sometime let gorgeous Tragedy  
 In scepterèd pall<sup>35</sup> come sweeping by,<sup>36</sup>  
 Presenting Thebes, or Pelops' line,  
 Or the tale of Troy<sup>37</sup> divine. 100

<sup>26</sup> *curfew*, usually rung at eight or nine o'clock. <sup>27</sup> *removèd*, remote. <sup>28</sup> *bellman*, the night watchman. His call (charm) frequently ended with a blessing. <sup>29</sup> *nightly*, during the night.

<sup>30</sup> *outwatch the Bear*, sit up all night; the constellation of the Bear (Big Dipper) never sets. <sup>31</sup> *Hermes*, a mythological Egyptian king, called Trismegistus (Thrice-Great). He was the reputed author of a number of learned books.

<sup>32</sup> *unsphere*, call from its sphere in the heavens; that is, to find out by close study what he means. <sup>33</sup> *demons*, spirits. <sup>34</sup> *consent*, agreement. <sup>35</sup> *scepterèd pall*, royal robes. <sup>36</sup> *sweeping by*, in imagination as he reads.

<sup>37</sup> *Thebes, Pelops' line, tale of Troy*. These are references to the subject-matter of Greek plays by Sophocles and Euripides.

Or what<sup>38</sup>—though rare—of later age  
 Ennobled hath the buskined<sup>39</sup> stage.  
 But, O sad Virgin! that thy power  
 Might raise Musaeus<sup>40</sup> from his bower;  
 Or bid the soul of Orpheus<sup>41</sup> sing 105  
 Such notes as, warbled to the string,  
 Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,  
 And made Hell grant what love did  
     seek;  
 Or call up him<sup>42</sup> that left half told  
 The story of Cambuscan bold, 110  
 Of Camball, and of Algarsife,  
 And who had Canace to wife,  
 That owned the virtuous<sup>43</sup> ring and  
     glass,  
 And of the wondrous horse of brass  
 On which the Tartar king did ride; 115  
 And if aught else great bards beside  
 In sage and solemn tunes have sung,  
 Of tourneys, and of trophies hung,  
 Of forests, and enchantments drear,  
 Where more is meant than meets the  
     ear.<sup>44</sup> 120  
 Thus, Night, oft see me in thy pale  
     career,  
 Till civil-suited<sup>45</sup> Morn appear,  
 Not tricked<sup>46</sup> and frounced,<sup>47</sup> as she was  
     wont  
 With the Attic boy<sup>48</sup> to hunt,  
 But kerchiefed in a comely cloud, 125  
 While rocking winds are piping loud,  
 Or ushered with a shower still,<sup>49</sup>  
 When the gust hath blown his fill,  
 Ending on the rustling leaves,  
 With minute-drops<sup>50</sup> from off the eaves.  
 And, when the sun begins to fling 131  
 His flaring beams, me, Goddess, bring  
 To archèd walks of twilight groves,

<sup>38</sup> *what*, probably a reference to Shakespeare.

<sup>39</sup> *buskined*. The buskin was the high-heeled boot worn by ancient tragic actors.

<sup>40</sup> *Musaeus*, a mythical Greek poet, the pupil or son of Orpheus. <sup>41</sup> *Orpheus*. See note 61, page 203. <sup>42</sup> *him*, Chaucer, who in the *Squires Tale*, began, but left unfinished, the story of Cambuscan, his sons Camball and Algarsife, and his daughter Canace.

<sup>43</sup> *virtuous*, having magic powers. <sup>44</sup> *ear*. Lines 116-120 seem to refer to Spenser's *Faerie Queene*. <sup>45</sup> *civil-suited*, in quiet garb.

<sup>46</sup> *tricked*, adorned. <sup>47</sup> *frounced*, with hair curled. <sup>48</sup> *Attic boy*, Cephalus, beloved of Aurora, goddess of the dawn. <sup>49</sup> *still*, gentle.

<sup>50</sup> *minute-drops*, drops slowly falling, at intervals of a minute.



And shadows brown,<sup>51</sup> that Sylvan<sup>52</sup>  
loves,  
Of pine, or monumental<sup>53</sup> oak, 135  
Where the rude ax with heavèd stroke  
Was never heard the nymphs to daunt,  
Or fright them from their hallowed  
haunt.

There in close covert, by some brook,  
Where no profaner eye may look, 140  
Hide me from day's garish<sup>54</sup> eye,  
While the bee with honeyed thigh,  
That at her flowery work doth sing,  
And the waters murmuring,  
With such consort<sup>55</sup> as they keep, 145  
Entice the dewy-feathered Sleep.  
And let some strange, mysterious dream  
Wave at his wings, in airy stream  
Of lively portraiture displayed,  
Softly on my eyelids laid; 150  
And, as I wake, sweet music breathe  
Above, about, or underneath,  
Sent by some Spirit to mortals good,<sup>56</sup>  
Or the unseen Genius<sup>57</sup> of the wood.  
But let my due feet<sup>58</sup> never fail 155  
To walk the studious cloister's pale,<sup>59</sup>  
And love<sup>60</sup> the high embowèd<sup>61</sup> roof,  
With antique pillars massy-proof,<sup>62</sup>  
And storied windows<sup>63</sup> richly dight,  
Casting a dim, religious light. 160  
There let the pealing organ blow,  
To the full-voiced choir below,  
In service high and anthems clear,  
As may with sweetness, through mine  
ear,

Dissolve me into ecstasies,<sup>64</sup> 165  
And bring all heaven before mine eyes.  
And may at last my weary age  
Find out the peaceful hermitage,  
The hairy gown<sup>65</sup> and mossy cell,

Where I may sit and rightly spell<sup>66</sup> 170  
Of every star that heaven doth shew,  
And every herb that sips the dew,  
Till old experience do attain  
To something like prophetic strain.  
These pleasures, Melancholy, give, 175  
And I with thee will choose to live.

<sup>66</sup> *spell*, examine carefully.

## STUDY AIDS

### I. CLASS DISCUSSIONS

*Plan and Meaning.* 1. In "L'Allegro" how many different unpleasant associations does the poet suggest for Melancholy? How does he make Mirth and her companions attractive? Which of the different country pleasures does he describe most alluringly? Which city pleasure is most beautifully pictured? Do you think Milton took more delight in country or city activities? How does the reference to Pluto's realm at the end remind you of the beginning? Sum up in a few words the nature of the pleasures Mirth gives.

2. In "Il Penseroso" is Melancholy the same figure that was dismissed in "L'Allegro"? How does the coming of Melancholy and her train differ from that of Mirth? To what in the earlier poem does the nightingale here correspond? How does the reference to Orpheus here differ from that in "L'Allegro"? Compare also the difference in the books, mornings, and music. Why does this poem look into the future whereas "L'Allegro" did not?

*Poetic Beauty.* 1. The language of these poems is justly famous for its suggestiveness and beauty. For example, in "L'Allegro" appear "uncouth cell," "jealous wings," "light, fantastic toe," and numerous other phrases that suggest much in both feeling and thought. Pick out from both poems the phrases of this sort that you like best. Does Milton use such expressions more vividly when he is describing commonplace objects (like a rooster) or when he treats glorious sights (like a sunrise)?

2. In the two poems find descriptions of corresponding scenes. For example, the moon ("Il Penseroso," lines 65-72) corre-

<sup>51</sup> *brown*, dark. <sup>52</sup> *Sylvan*, god of fields and woods. <sup>53</sup> *monumental*, ancient and massive. <sup>54</sup> *garish*, staring.

<sup>55</sup> *consort*, harmony. <sup>56</sup> *to mortals good*, good to mortals. <sup>57</sup> *Genius*, presiding spirit.

<sup>58</sup> *due feet*, feet appropriate to a cloister. <sup>59</sup> *pale*, limits. Milton is probably thinking of the covered walks at Cambridge University.

<sup>60</sup> *love*, let me love. <sup>61</sup> *embowèd*, arched, vaulted. <sup>62</sup> *massy-proof*, able to bear the weight resting on them. <sup>63</sup> *storied windows*, stained glass windows depicting scenes from the Bible.

<sup>64</sup> *ecstasies*, mystic visions. <sup>65</sup> *hairy gown*, coarse dress of the hermit.

sponds with the sunrise ("L'Allegro," lines 57-68). In each pair of scenes, which description contains the more vivid or suggestive phrases?

3. The meter of these poems is intimately related to the thought and feeling. The first ten lines of each are pre-vaillingly iambic, but the rest of each poem is principally trochaic. The trochaic verse dances along lightly, whereas the iambic is more vigorous and sober. It is interesting to observe how Milton varies the movement to fit the subject. For example, how does the movement change in "L'Allegro," lines 33-36? In lines 57-76? Pick out passages in "Il Penseroso" where the verse is particularly lovely or fitting.

## II. INDIVIDUAL AND GROUP ACTIVITIES

*Memory.* These poems are so nearly perfect that they ought to be memorized entire. If you do not have time for this, at least select some passage of thirty or forty lines, memorize it, and deliver it to the class to bring out its meaning and melody. Toward the end of the period the class might decide by vote which pupil rendered his lines best.

*Oral or Written Reports.* Entertaining reports may be based on the following suggestions:

1. To give a better notion of Mab ("L'Allegro," line 102) report on Queen Mab in *Romeo and Juliet*, I, iv. A literary relative of Robin Goodfellow ("L'Allegro," line 105) is Puck in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. Some pupil should relate a number of the pranks which he plays. For a

similar sprite, report on Mrs. Ewing's *Lob-Lie-by-the-Fire* and Miss Mulock's *Adventures of a Brownie*.

2. The lark and the nightingale have long been favorite subjects with poets. For the skylark read to the class Wordsworth's "To a Skylark" and the most musical and vivid parts of Shelley's "To a Skylark" (page 423). For the nightingale report on Arnold's "Philomela," Coleridge's "To a Nightingale" and "The Nightingale," Keats's "Ode to a Nightingale" (page 434), and Wordsworth's "O Nightingale." How far do these poets agree with Milton's praise? In what respects do they differ? In your report cite stanzas to illustrate your points.

*Themes.* The meaning of the poems will be clearer if some of the following themes are written, read to the class, and discussed in comparison with Milton's treatment.

1. Describe a walk in the country. Bring out the characteristics of American landscape as Milton does of the English country around Horton, where the poems were written.

2. Describe scenes in which country people mingle, as in "L'Allegro," lines 63-68, 81-116. You may idealize somewhat; but remain true to the actual occupations and entertainments of American country people.

3. Likewise describe your preferences in reading, in dramatic productions, or in music. Be specific, but keep in mind a comparison with Milton's preferences in these fields.

## THREE SONNETS FROM MILTON

The three sonnets on pages 208-209 are three different windows into the soul of Milton. The first, written while he was still at Cambridge, was a kind of defense of his having chosen no profession. He was soon to leave the university and settle down at Horton in his father's house with no purpose beyond quiet study.

The second sonnet, on Cromwell, reveals how ardently Milton supported Cromwell as the leader of Parliament and the people against the tyranny of Charles I. The occasion of the sonnet was the attempt to establish a Presbyterian State Church for England ("Threatening to bind our souls with secular chains"). Milton thought everyone should be free to worship God in his own way, as we in America do. He was therefore equally

opposed to the old Established Church of the Episcopalians, whom he refers to as "hireling wolves."

The sonnet, "On His Blindness," in which the nobility of Milton's spirit shines forth, was probably written in 1655, shortly after he became blind.

ON HIS HAVING ARRIVED AT  
THE AGE OF TWENTY-  
THREE

HOW soon hath Time, the subtle  
thief of youth,  
Stolen on his wing my three and  
twentieth year!  
My hasting days fly on with full ca-  
reer,  
But my late spring no bud or blossom  
show'th.  
Perhaps my semblance<sup>1</sup> might deceive  
the truth<sup>5</sup>  
That I to manhood am arrived so  
near;  
And inward ripeness doth much less  
appear,  
That some more timely-happy spirits  
endu'th.<sup>2</sup>  
Yet be it less or more, or soon or slow,  
It shall be still in strictest measure  
even<sup>3</sup><sup>10</sup>  
To that same lot, however mean or  
high,  
Toward which Time leads me, and the  
will of Heaven;  
All is, if I have grace to use it so,  
As ever in my great Task-master's  
eye.<sup>4</sup>

TO THE LORD GENERAL  
CROMWELL, MAY, 1652

CROMWELL, our chief of men,  
who through a cloud  
Not of war only, but detractions<sup>5</sup>  
rude,

<sup>1</sup> *semblance*, appearance.

<sup>2</sup> *endu'th*, endows.

<sup>3</sup> *It shall . . . even*. Milton says he intends to do whatever task comes to him as well as he can.

<sup>4</sup> *All is . . . eye*, I shall do my work as though I were in the direct presence of God.

<sup>5</sup> *detractions*, censure.

Guided by faith and matchless forti-  
tude,  
To peace and truth thy glorious way  
hast plowed,  
And on the neck of crownèd Fortune<sup>1</sup>  
proud<sup>5</sup>  
Hast reared God's trophies, and his  
work pursued,  
While Darwen stream,<sup>2</sup> with blood of  
Scots imbrued,  
And Dunbar field,<sup>3</sup> resounds thy  
praises loud,  
And Worcester's laureate wreath;<sup>4</sup> yet  
much remains  
To conquer still; peace hath her vic-  
tories<sup>10</sup>  
No less renowned than war; new foes  
arise,  
Threatening to bind our souls with secu-  
lar chains.  
Help us to save free conscience from  
the paw  
Of hireling wolves, whose gospel is  
their maw.<sup>5</sup>

ON HIS BLINDNESS

WHEN I consider how my light  
is spent<sup>6</sup>  
Ere half my days, in this dark world  
and wide,  
And that one talent<sup>7</sup> which is death  
to hide  
Lodged with me useless, though my  
soul more bent

<sup>1</sup> *crownèd Fortune*, Charles I, whom Cromwell defeated and brought to trial—a trial which resulted in his execution.

<sup>2</sup> *Darwen stream*, the scene of the battle which ended the Civil War.

<sup>3</sup> *Dunbar field*, the scene of Cromwell's victory over a Scottish army.

<sup>4</sup> *Worcester's laureate wreath*, a reference to the crowning victory of Cromwell's career, September 3, 1651.

<sup>5</sup> *maw*, stomach.

<sup>6</sup> *light is spent*, eyesight is gone.

<sup>7</sup> *talent*, ability to compose noble verses.

To serve therewith my Maker, and  
 present<sup>5</sup>  
 My true account, lest He returning  
 chide;<sup>1</sup>  
 "Doth God exact day-labor, light de-  
 nied?"  
 I fondly<sup>2</sup> ask. But Patience, to pre-  
 vent  
 That murmur, soon replies, "God doth  
 not need  
 Either man's work or His own gifts.  
 Who best<sup>10</sup>  
 Bear His mild yoke, they serve Him  
 best. His state  
 Is kingly; thousands<sup>3</sup> at His bidding  
 speed,  
 And post o'er land and ocean without  
 rest;  
 They also serve who only stand and  
 wait."

<sup>1</sup> *chide*. Compare these lines with the Parable of the Talents (Matthew xxv, 14-30).

<sup>2</sup> *fondly*, foolishly. <sup>3</sup> *thousands*, thousands of angels, God's messengers.

## CLASS DISCUSSIONS

1. What is the thought of the octave in "On His Having Arrived at the Age of Twenty-Three"? What reply is contained in the sestet? What seems at this early age to be the guiding principle of Milton's conduct?

2. Why does Milton admire Cromwell? What is his purpose in addressing this sonnet to Cromwell? What is the chief trait of Milton revealed here?

3. What conception of God is expressed in "On His Blindness"? What lines or phrases in particular give the sonnet majesty?

4. Which of the three sonnets is to you the finest? Consider the thought, the diction, and the imagery.

5. Review what was said on page 88 about the sonnet. Milton's sonnets often follow the Italian form of riming. What rime-scheme does each of these three sonnets have? Where does the octave end in each sonnet? How do these sonnets differ in subject from the Elizabethan sonnets (pages 88-90)?

## PARADISE LOST

## From BOOK I

[In reading *Paradise Lost* you are extending your acquaintance with epic poetry. As you learned from the history, Milton's creation is different in many ways from *Beowulf*. Milton was familiar with the Greek and Latin epics that were unknown to the author of the Anglo-Saxon poem.]

This familiarity may be seen from the opening lines, which are patterned after the invocations to the Muse to be found in Homer's epics and Virgil's *Aeneid*. Lines 1-5 state his theme, lines 6-26 call for guidance in his writing, and lines 27-49 survey the action of the entire poem. He follows classical models likewise in the telling of his story. Instead of beginning with the events that happened first, as *Beowulf* does, he opens the narrative (line 50) with the rousing of Satan and his followers on the lake of fire in Hell. In a later book an angel tells Adam of the "impious war in heaven."

The characters in the passage below are Satan and Beelzebub, the two greatest of the fallen angels. The "infernal serpent" is Satan, known in heaven before his fall as Lucifer, the "light-bearer." Beelzebub, his "bold compeer," was, in the Biblical accounts that Milton studied, the prince of devils. Both are presented with dramatic power.]

OF MAN'S first disobedience, and  
 the fruit  
 Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal  
 taste  
 Brought death into the world, and all  
 our woe,  
 With loss of Eden, till one greater Man  
 Restore us, and regain the blissful seat, <sup>5</sup>  
 Sing, heavenly Muse,<sup>1</sup> that on the secret  
 top

<sup>1</sup> *Muse*, not the Greek goddess of epic poetry, but the divine inspiration of Moses and the prophets.



For one restraint, lords of the world  
besides.

Who first seduced them to that foul  
revolt?

The infernal serpent; he it was whose  
guile,  
Stirred up with envy and revenge, de-  
ceived 35

The mother of mankind, what time<sup>11</sup>  
his pride

Had cast him out from heaven, with all  
his host

Of rebel angels, by whose aid, aspiring  
To set himself in glory above his peers,  
He trusted to have equaled the Most  
High, 40

If he opposed; and with ambitious aim  
Against the throne and monarchy<sup>12</sup> of  
God

Raised impious war in heaven, and bat-  
tle proud,

With vain attempt. Him the Almighty  
Power

Hurled headlong flaming from the  
ethereal sky, 45

With hideous ruin<sup>13</sup> and combustion,  
down

To bottomless perdition; there to dwell  
In adamant<sup>14</sup>ine chains and penal fire,  
Who durst defy the Omnipotent to  
arms.

Nine times the space that measures  
day and night 50

To mortal men, he with his horrid crew  
Lay vanquished, rolling in the fiery gulf,  
Confounded,<sup>15</sup> though immortal. But  
his doom

Reserved him to more wrath; for now  
the thought

Both of lost happiness and lasting pain  
Torments him; round he throws his  
baleful eyes, 56

That witnessed<sup>16</sup> huge affliction and dis-  
may,

Mixed with obdurate pride and stead-  
fast hate.

At once, as far as angels ken,<sup>17</sup> he views  
The dismal situation waste and wild. 60  
A dungeon horrible on all sides round  
As one great furnace flamed; yet from  
those flames

No light; but rather darkness visible  
Served only to discover<sup>18</sup> sights of woe,  
Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where  
peace 65

And rest can never dwell, hope never  
comes

That comes to all; but torture without  
end

Still urges,<sup>19</sup> and a fiery deluge, fed  
With ever-burning sulphur uncon-  
sumed.

Such place Eternal Justice had prepared  
For those rebellious; here their prison  
ordained 71

In utter<sup>20</sup> darkness, and their portion  
set,

As far removed from God and light of  
heaven

As from the center thrice to the utmost  
pole.<sup>21</sup>

Oh, how unlike the place from whence  
they fell! 75

There the companions of his fall, o'er-  
whelmed

With floods and whirlwinds of tem-  
pestuous fire,

He soon discerns; and, weltering by his  
side,

One next himself in power, and next in  
crime,

Long after known in Palestine, and  
named 80

Beelzebub. To whom the arch-enemy,  
And thence in heaven called Satan,<sup>22</sup>  
with bold words

Breaking the horrid silence, thus be-  
gan:<sup>23</sup>

<sup>17</sup> ken, are able to see. <sup>18</sup> discover, reveal.

<sup>19</sup> urges, presses. <sup>20</sup> utter, outer.

<sup>21</sup> from the center . . . pole, from the center of the earth to the farthest vault of the heavens. Although Milton did not believe the old theory—that the earth was the center of the universe—he uses it here for poetic purposes.

<sup>11</sup> what time, when. <sup>12</sup> monarchy, single rule.  
<sup>13</sup> ruin, downfall. <sup>14</sup> adamant<sup>ine</sup>, diamond-  
hard, unbreakable. <sup>15</sup> Confounded, utterly con-  
fused.

<sup>16</sup> witnessed, gave evidence of.

<sup>22</sup> Satan. This word in Hebrew means Adver-  
sary. <sup>23</sup> began. The speech which follows is  
exclamatory, and therefore irregular in gram-  
matical construction.

"If thou beest he—but oh, how fallen!  
 how changed  
 From him who in the happy realms of  
 light, 85  
 Clothed with transcendent brightness,  
 didst outshine  
 Myriads, though bright!—if he whom  
 mutual league,  
 United thoughts and counsels, equal  
 hope  
 And hazard in the glorious enterprise,  
 Joined with me once, now misery hath  
 joined 90  
 In equal ruin—into what pit thou seest  
 From what height fallen. So much the  
 stronger proved  
 He<sup>24</sup> with his thunder; and till then  
 who knew  
 The force of those dire arms? Yet not  
 for those, 94  
 Nor what the potent Victor in his rage  
 Can else inflict, do I repent, or change,  
 Though changed in outward luster,  
 that fixed mind,  
 And high disdain from sense of injured  
 merit,  
 That with the Mightiest raised me to  
 contend,  
 And to the fierce contention brought  
 along 100  
 Innumerable force of spirits armed,  
 That durst dislike his reign, and, me  
 preferring,  
 His utmost power with adverse power  
 opposed  
 In dubious battle on the plains of heaven  
 And shook his throne. What though  
 the field be lost? 105  
 All is not lost—the unconquerable will,  
 And study of revenge, immortal hate,  
 And courage never to submit or yield;  
 And what is else not to be overcome;  
 That glory never shall his wrath or  
 might 110  
 Extort from me. To bow and sue for  
 grace  
 With suppliant knee, and deify his  
 power

<sup>24</sup> *He*, God.

Who, from the terror of this arm, so  
 late  
 Doubted his empire<sup>25</sup>—that were low  
 indeed,  
 That were an ignominy and shame be-  
 neath 115  
 This downfall; since by fate the strength  
 of gods  
 And this empyreal substance cannot  
 fail;  
 Since, through experience of this great  
 event,  
 In arms not worse, in foresight much  
 advanced,  
 We may with more successful hope re-  
 solve 120  
 To wage by force or guile eternal war,  
 Irreconcilable to our grand Foe,  
 Who now triumphs, and in the excess  
 of joy  
 Sole reigning holds the tyranny<sup>26</sup> of  
 heaven."  
 So spake the apostate<sup>27</sup> angel, though  
 in pain, 125  
 Vaunting aloud, but racked with deep  
 despair;  
 And him thus answered soon his bold  
 compeer:  
 "O Prince! O Chief of many thronèd  
 powers  
 That led the embattled seraphim<sup>28</sup> to  
 war  
 Under thy conduct, and, in dreadful  
 deeds 130  
 Fearless, endangered heaven's perpetual  
 King,  
 And put to proof his high supremacy,  
 Whether upheld by strength, or chance,  
 or fate!  
 Too well I see and rue the dire event  
 That with sad overthrow and foul defeat  
 Hath lost us heaven, and all this mighty  
 host 136  
 In horrible destruction laid thus low,  
 As far as gods and heavenly essences

<sup>25</sup> *Doubted his empire*, feared for his sovereignty.

<sup>26</sup> *tyranny*, supreme power. <sup>27</sup> *apostate*, rebellious. <sup>28</sup> *seraphim*, the Hebrew plural for the highest rank of angel.

Can perish; for the mind and spirit re-  
 mains  
 Invincible, and vigor soon returns, <sup>140</sup>  
 Though all our glory extinct, and happy  
 state  
 Here swallowed up in endless misery.  
 But what if he our Conqueror<sup>29</sup>—whom I  
 now  
 Of force<sup>29</sup> believe almighty, since no less  
 Than such could have o'erpowered such  
 force as ours— <sup>145</sup>  
 Have left us this our spirit and strength  
 entire,  
 Strongly to suffer and support our pains,  
 That we may so suffice his vengeful ire;  
 Or do him mightier service, as his  
 thralls<sup>30</sup>  
 By right of war, whate'er his business  
 be, <sup>150</sup>  
 Here in the heart of hell to work in fire,  
 Or do his errands in the gloomy deep?  
 What can it then avail, though yet we  
 feel  
 Strength undiminished, or eternal being  
 To undergo eternal punishment?" <sup>155</sup>  
 Whereto with speedy words the arch-  
 fiend replied:  
 "Fallen Cherub, to be weak is miserable,  
 Doing or suffering; but of this be sure—  
 To do aught good never will be our  
 task,  
 But ever to do ill our sole delight, <sup>160</sup>  
 As being the contrary to his high will  
 Whom we resist. If then his providence  
 Out of our evil seek to bring forth good,  
 Our labor must be to pervert that end,  
 And out of good still<sup>31</sup> to find means of  
 evil; <sup>165</sup>  
 Which ofttimes may succeed so as per-  
 haps  
 Shall grieve him, if I fail not, and dis-  
 turb  
 His inmost counsels from their destined  
 aim.  
 But see! the angry Victor hath recalled  
 His ministers of vengeance and pursuit

Back to the gates of heaven; the sul-  
 phurous hail, <sup>171</sup>  
 Shot after us in storm, o'erblown hath  
 laid<sup>32</sup>  
 The fiery surge that from the precipice  
 Of heaven received us falling; and the  
 thunder,  
 Winged with red lightning and impetu-  
 ous rage, <sup>175</sup>  
 Perhaps hath spent his shafts, and ceases  
 now  
 To bellow through the vast and bound-  
 less deep.  
 Let us not slip the occasion,<sup>33</sup> whether  
 scorn  
 Or satiate fury yield it from our Foe.  
 Seest thou yon dreary plain, forlorn and  
 wild, <sup>180</sup>  
 The seat of desolation, void of light,  
 Save what the glimmering of these livid  
 flames  
 Casts pale and dreadful? Thither let us  
 tend  
 From off the tossing of these fiery  
 waves; <sup>184</sup>  
 There rest, if any rest can harbor there;  
 And, reassembling our afflicted<sup>34</sup> pow-  
 ers,  
 Consult how we may henceforth most  
 offend  
 Our Enemy, our own loss how repair,  
 How overcome this dire calamity,  
 What re-enforcement we may gain from  
 hope, <sup>190</sup>  
 If not what resolution from despair."

<sup>29</sup> laid, calmed. <sup>33</sup> slip the occasion, lose the opportunity. <sup>34</sup> afflicted, beaten.

## STUDY AIDS

### I. CLASS DISCUSSIONS

1. From the invocation (lines 1-26) what do you judge are the spirit and purpose of Milton's epic? Why does he appeal to two sources of inspiration, the Muse of Sacred History (lines 6-13) and the Holy Spirit (lines 17-23)?

2. In the summary of the entire poem (lines 27-49) which part most arouses your curiosity?

<sup>29</sup> force, necessity.

<sup>30</sup> thralls, slaves.

<sup>31</sup> still, always.



3. Read a passage that gives you a clear idea of Milton's hell. In what lines do you gain a notion of the size of Satan and Beelzebub?

4. Which speech of Satan, if either, seems admirable in spirit, and why? What characteristic of Satan is stressed as the source of his downfall? Is there any difference in mind and character between Satan and Beelzebub?

## II. INDIVIDUAL AND GROUP ACTIVITIES

1. Compare Milton's blank verse with that of Shakespeare by taking a passage of ten or twelve lines from this selection and a passage of equal extent from *Macbeth*. It would be appropriate to compare one of Macbeth's soliloquies with a speech of Satan. Which is the more full of feeling? The more picturesque? The more majestic?

2. Find a passage that seems to you to justify the epithet "organ-voiced" as applied to Milton's verse. Read it aloud to the class.

3. Report to the class the remaining events of Book I, keeping in mind the character of Satan throughout. Can you explain why he is sometimes called the hero of the epic?

4. The Council in Hell (Book II) lends itself easily to dramatization. Each student who takes a part should read his speeches to suggest the character of the devil whom he impersonates.

5. Individual pupils, or groups, may report on later books, especially VII and IX.

## III. BOOKS FOR STUDY AND REFERENCE

Hanford, James Holly, *A Milton Handbook*, Revised Edition. An indispensable guide to detailed understanding of the epic and its author.

Macaulay, Thomas Babington, *Essay on Milton*. This famous essay, though somewhat inaccurate, ought by all means to be read. Note particularly the contrast between the Puritans and the Royalists, Milton and Dante, and the character of Milton.

Moody, William Vaughn, *Milton's Poetical Works*, Cambridge Edition. The introduction is one of the best accounts of Milton's poetry.

Pattison, Mark, *Milton*. This volume, in the English Men of Letters Series, is the best brief biography.

Roosevelt, Theodore, *Oliver Cromwell*. A life of the Puritan dictator by an American president.

# THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

JOHN BUNYAN

## THE DREAM

["The Dream" and "Vanity Fair," page 216, introduce you to the incomparable naturalness of *The Pilgrim's Progress*. The book is essentially the story of the author's own life. Christian, who asks, "What shall I do to be saved?" represents Bunyan's early conviction of sin. Scenes like the one at Vanity Fair he had witnessed often in towns near Bedford. You are therefore to read these passages as events taken out of actual life.]

AS I walked through the wilderness of this world, I lighted on a certain place where was a den, and I laid me down in that place to sleep; and as

I slept, I dreamed a dream. I dreamed, and behold I saw a man clothed with rags, standing in a certain place, with his face from<sup>1</sup> his own house, a Book<sup>2</sup> in his hand, and a great burden<sup>3</sup> upon his back. I looked, and saw him open the Book, and read therein; and as he read, he wept and trembled; and not being able longer to contain, he brake out with a lamentable cry, saying, "What shall I do?"<sup>4</sup>

In this plight therefore he went home, and refrained himself as long as

<sup>1</sup> from, turned away from. <sup>2</sup> a Book, the Bible.

<sup>3</sup> burden, the burden of sin. <sup>4</sup> What . . . do? Acts, ii, 37.

he could, that his wife and children should not perceive his distress; but he could not be silent long, because that his trouble increased. Wherefore at length he brake his mind<sup>5</sup> to his wife and children; and thus he began to talk to them: "O my dear wife," said he, "and you the children of my bowels, I, your dear friend, am in myself undone by reason of a burden that lieth hard upon me; moreover, I am for certain informed that this our city will be burned with fire from heaven; in which fearful overthrow, both myself, with thee my wife, and you my sweet babes, shall miserably come to ruin, except (the which yet I see not) some way of escape can be found whereby we may be delivered."

At this his relations were sore amazed; not for that<sup>6</sup> they believed that what he had said to them was true, but because they thought that some frenzy distemper had got into his head; therefore, it drawing toward night, and they hoping that sleep might settle his brains, with all haste they got him to bed. But the night was as troublesome to him as the day; wherefore, instead of sleeping, he spent it in sighs and tears.

So, when the morning was come, they would know how he did; he told them, "Worse and worse." He also set to talking to them again, but they began to be hardened. They also thought to drive away his distemper by harsh and surly carriages<sup>7</sup> to him; sometimes they would deride, sometimes they would chide, and sometimes they would quite neglect him. Wherefore he began to retire himself to his chamber, to pray for and pity them, and also to condole his own misery; he would also walk solitarily in the fields, sometimes reading, and sometimes praying. And thus for some days he spent his time.

Now, I saw upon a time, when he was walking in the fields, that he was, as he was wont,<sup>8</sup> reading in his Book, and greatly distressed in his mind; and as he read, he burst out, as he had done before, crying, "What shall I do to be saved?"

I saw also that he looked this way and that way, as if he would run; yet he stood still, because, as I perceived, he could not tell which way to go. I looked then and saw a man named Evangelist, coming to him, and asked, "Wherefore dost thou cry?"

He answered, "Sir, I perceive by the Book in my hand that I am condemned to die, and after that to come to judgment, and I find that I am not willing to do the first, nor able to do the second."

Then said Evangelist, "Why not willing to die, since this life is attended with so many evils?"

The man answered, "Because I fear that this burden that is upon my back will sink me lower than the grave, and I shall fall into Tophet.<sup>9</sup> And, sir, if I be not fit to go to prison, I am not fit (I am sure) to go to judgment, and from thence to execution; and the thoughts of these things make me cry."

Then said Evangelist, "If this be thy condition, why standest thou still?"

He answered, "Because I know not whither to go."

Then he<sup>10</sup> gave him a parchment-roll, and there was written within, *Fly from the wrath to come.*

The man therefore read it, and, looking upon Evangelist very carefully, said, "Whither must I fly?"

Then said Evangelist, pointing with his finger over a very wide field, "Do you see yonder wicket-gate?"<sup>11</sup>

<sup>5</sup> *wont*, accustomed.

<sup>9</sup> *Tophet*, a valley near Jerusalem where refuse was dumped and burned; a symbol for the place of punishment after death.

<sup>10</sup> *he*, Evangelist. <sup>11</sup> *wicket-gate*, a small gate at the entrance to a field.

<sup>6</sup> *brake his mind*, told what was troubling him. <sup>7</sup> *for that*, because.

<sup>7</sup> *carriages*, manners.

The man said, "No."

Then said the other, "Do you see yonder shining light?"

He said, "I think I do."

Then said Evangelist, "Keep that light in your eye, and go up directly thereto: so shalt thou see the gate; at which, when thou knockest, it shall be told thee what thou shalt do."

So I saw in my dream that the man began to run. Now he had not run far from his own door, but his wife and children, perceiving it, began to cry after him to return; but the man put his fingers in his ears, and ran on, crying, "Life! Life! Eternal Life!" So he looked not behind him, but fled toward the middle of the plain.

### VANITY FAIR

THEN I saw in my dream that when they<sup>1</sup> were got out of the wilderness they presently saw a town before them, and the name of that town is Vanity. And at the town there is a fair kept, called Vanity Fair; it is kept all the year long; it beareth the name of Vanity Fair, because the town where 'tis kept is lighter than vanity; and also because all that is there sold, or that cometh thither, is vanity. As is the saying of the wise, "All that cometh is vanity."

This fair is no new-erected business, but a thing of ancient standing; I will show you the original of it.

Almost five thousand years ago, there were pilgrims walking to the celestial city, as these two honest persons are; and Beelzebub, Apollyon, and Legion,<sup>2</sup> with their companions, perceiving by the path that the pilgrims made, that their way to the city lay through this town of Vanity, they contrived here to set up a fair; a fair wherein should be sold all sorts of van-

ity, and that it should last all the year long. Therefore at this fair are all such merchandise sold, as houses, lands, trades, places, honors, preferments, titles, countries, kingdoms, lusts, pleasures, and delights of all sorts, as lives, blood, bodies, souls, silver, gold, pearls, precious stones, and what not.

And moreover, at this fair there is at all times to be seen juggling, cheats, games, plays, fools, apes, knaves, and rogues, and that of all sorts.

Here are to be seen, too, and that for nothing, thefts, murders, adulteries, false-swearers, and that of a blood-red color.

And as in other fairs of less moment there are the several rows and streets under their proper names, where such and such wares are vended, so here likewise you have the proper places, rows, streets (viz., countries and kingdoms) where the wares of this fair are soonest to be found: Here is the Britain Row, the French Row, the Italian Row, the Spanish Row, the German Row, where several sorts of vanities are to be sold.

Now, as I said, the way to the celestial city lies just through this town where this lusty fair is kept; and he that will go to the city, and yet not go through this town, "must needs go out of the world."<sup>3</sup> The Prince of Princes<sup>4</sup> himself, when here, went through this town to his own country, and that upon a fair-day, too; yea, and as I think, it was Beelzebub, the chief lord of this fair, that invited him to buy of his vanities; yea, would have made him lord of the fair, would he but have done him reverence as he went through the town. Yea, because he was such a person of honor, Beelzebub had him from street to street, and showed him all the kingdoms of the world in a little time, that he might, if possible, allure that Blessed One to cheapen and

<sup>1</sup> they, Christian and his companion, Faithful. <sup>2</sup> Beelzebub, Apollyon, and Legion, various names for the devil; here representing different devils.

<sup>3</sup> "must . . . world," I Corinthians, v, 10.  
<sup>4</sup> Prince of Princes, Jesus (Matthew, iv, 8-11).



SOME MOCKING, SOME TAUNTING, SOME SPEAKING REPROACHFULLY

buy some of his vanities; but he had no mind to the merchandise, and therefore left the town, without laying out so much as one farthing upon these vanities. This fair therefore is an ancient thing, of long standing, and a very great fair.

Now these pilgrims, as I said, must needs go through this fair. Well, so they did; but behold, even as they entered into the fair, all the people in the fair were moved, and the town itself as it were in a hubbub about them; and that for several reasons; for,

First: The pilgrims were clothed with such kind of raiment as was diverse from the raiment of any that traded in that fair. The people therefore of the fair made a great gazing upon them; some said they were fools, some they were bedlams,<sup>5</sup> and some they were outlandish-men.<sup>6</sup>

Secondly: And as they wondered at their apparel, so they did likewise at their speech; for few could understand what they said. They naturally spoke

the language of Canaan,<sup>7</sup> but they that kept the fair were the men of this world; so that from one end of the fair to the other they seemed barbarians each to the other.

Thirdly: But that which did not a little amuse<sup>8</sup> the merchandisers was that these pilgrims set very light by<sup>9</sup> all their wares; they cared not so much as to look upon them; and if they called upon them to buy, they would put their fingers in their ears, and cry, "Turn away mine eyes from beholding vanity,"<sup>10</sup> and look upward, signifying that their trade and traffic was in heaven.

One chanced, mockingly, beholding the carriages<sup>11</sup> of the men, to say unto them, "What will ye buy?" But they, looking gravely upon him, answered, "We buy the Truth." At that there was an occasion taken to despise the men the more; some mocking, some taunting, some speaking reproachfully, and some calling upon others to smite them. At last things came to a hub-

<sup>5</sup> bedlams, lunatics. <sup>6</sup> outlandish-men, foreigners.

<sup>7</sup> Canaan, heaven. <sup>8</sup> amuse, astound. <sup>9</sup> set very light by, gave no heed to. <sup>10</sup> "Turn . . . vanity," Psalms, cxiv, 37. <sup>11</sup> carriages, demeanors.

bub and a great stir in the fair, inso-much that all order was confounded. Now was word presently brought to the great one of the fair, who quickly came down and deputed some of his most trusty friends to take those men into examination, about whom the fair was almost overturned. So the men were brought to examination; and they that sat upon them<sup>12</sup> asked them whence they came, whither they went, and what they did there in such an unusual garb. The men told them that they were pilgrims and strangers in the world, and that they were going to their own country, which was the heavenly Jerusalem; and that they had given no occasion to the men of the town, nor yet to the merchandisers, thus to abuse them, and to let<sup>13</sup> them in their journey, except it was for that, when one asked them what they would buy, they said they would buy the Truth. But they that were appointed to examine them did not believe them to be any other than bedlams and mad, or else such as came to put all things into a confusion in the fair. Therefore they took them and beat them, and besmeared them with dirt, and then put them into the cage that they might be made a spectacle to all the men of the fair. There therefore they lay for some time, and were made the objects of any man's sport, or malice, or revenge, the great one of the fair laughing still at all that befell them. But the men being patient, and not rendering railing for railing, but contrariwise blessing, and giving good words for bad, and kindness for injuries done, some men in the fair that were more observing, and less prejudiced than the rest, began to check and blame the baser sort for their continual abuses done by them to the men; they therefore in angry manner let fly at them again,<sup>14</sup> counting them as bad as

the men in the cage, and telling them that they seemed confederates, and should be made partakers of their misfortunes. The other replied that for aught they could see, the men were quiet, and sober, and intended nobody any harm; and that there were many that traded in their fair that were more worthy to be put into the cage, yea, and pillory, too, than were the men that they had abused. Thus, after divers words had passed on both sides—the men behaving themselves all the while very wisely and soberly before them—they fell to some blows among themselves, and did harm one to another. Then were these two poor men brought before their examiners again, and there charged as being guilty of the late hubbub that had been in the fair. So they beat them pitifully and hanged irons upon them, and led them in chains up and down the fair, for an example and a terror to others, lest any should speak in their behalf, or join themselves unto them. But Christian and Faithful behaved themselves yet more wisely, and received the ignominy and shame that were cast upon them with so much meekness and patience that it won to their side (though but a few in comparison of the rest) several of the men in the fair.

This put the other party yet into a greater rage, insomuch that they concluded<sup>15</sup> the death of these two men. Wherefore they threatened that neither cage nor irons should serve their turn, but they should die, for the abuse they had done, and for deluding the men of the fair.

Then were they remanded to the cage again, until further order should be taken with them. So they put them in, and made their feet fast in the stocks.

Here also they called again to mind what they had heard from their faithful friend Evangelist, and were the

<sup>12</sup> *sat upon them*, tried them. <sup>13</sup> *let*, hinder.  
<sup>14</sup> *again*, in addition, also.

<sup>15</sup> *concluded*, decided upon.

more confirmed in their way and sufferings by what he told them would happen to them. They also now comforted each other, that whose lot it was to suffer, even he should have the best of it; therefore each man secretly wished that he might have that preferment; but committing themselves to the all-wise disposal of Him that ruleth all things, with much content they abode in the condition in which they were, until they should be otherwise disposed of.

## STUDY AIDS

### I. CLASS DISCUSSIONS

1. How does the man clothed in rags show his distress? What causes his distress?

2. Why were Christian and Faithful maltreated at Vanity Fair? Were there any elements of justice mingled with the maltreatment?

3. Which passage was more interesting? Read paragraphs that illustrate the reasons for your preference.

4. Explain to the class the allegory in the two or three opening paragraphs. In-

clude both characters and events. Be prepared to answer questions about the meaning from other members of the class.

5. Read to the class some scene, action, or conversation that seems perfectly natural and lifelike.

### II. INDIVIDUAL AND GROUP ACTIVITIES

1. We call our age an "age of progress." In what ways have we progressed since Bunyan's day? In what things do we show little change? How does Christian's "progress" differ from ours? This comparison may be either written or oral.

2. Imagine a Vanity Fair of today, and describe some of the idle, silly, or giddy pleasures now in vogue. This would best be done in a written theme.

3. A very interesting program might be prepared from *The Pilgrim's Progress*. Choose several of the most dramatic episodes, such as that at Doubting Castle. Different groups in the class might then act them out as successive scenes in a play.

4. As an allegory compare *The Pilgrim's Progress* with *The Faerie Queene*. Consider such matters as these: In which are the scenes more vivid and picturesque? In which are the figures more human and natural? What kinds of abstract notions do the characters represent?

## A REVIEW OF PART TWO

1. One way to review the tremendous changes that came over England during this period (1500-1660) is to list the chief literary works discussed in the history and show how each reflected the Renaissance. For example, from Chapter V you might take *More's Utopia*, *The Faerie Queene*, and a play of Marlowe. Continue with the other chapters in the same way. For each work look for answers to these questions: (a) How did it differ in ideas and purpose from earlier literature of the same kind? (b) How was the literary form of the work influenced by the Renaissance? (c) For what kind of public was each work intended? (d) How did it express the interests and ideals of that public and period? Much of this review can be found in the history. It might be un-

dertaken by four students (or by four committees), one for each chapter.

2. Many of the selections in Chapters IV to VII are from the greatest creations of their kind in English literature. Choose those that you like best in each chapter. From your study of these selections and from the historical account state what permanent value each has. Try to bring out the unique value of each; for example, why are both *The Faerie Queene* and *The Pilgrim's Progress* English classics?

3. How many different types or forms of literature are illustrated in this period? What new forms became prominent in English literature for the first time during this century and a half (1500-1660)? How many of these various types persist today?

## CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE FOR PART TWO

## THE ELIZABETHAN AGE AND THE EARLY SEVENTEENTH CENTURY (1500-1660)

1550	1575	1600	1625	1650	1675	1700
1558 — Elizabeth I — 1603		James I — 1625	Charles I — 1649	Commonwealth — 1660	Charles II — 1685	
1552 — Walter Raleigh — 1618						
1552 — Edmund Spenser — 1599						
1554 — Philip Sidney — 1586						
1561 — Francis Bacon — 1626						
1564 — Christopher Marlowe — 1593						
1564 — William Shakespeare — 1616						
1573 — Ben Jonson — 1637						
1573 — John Donne — 1631						
	1591 — Robert Herrick — 1574					
	1593 — Izaak Walton — 1683					
		1603 — John Milton — 1674				
		1623 — John Bunyan — 1688				

## Interesting Dates

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| 1557. Tottel's <i>Miscellany</i> printed.            | 1623. "First Folio" of Shakespeare's plays published. |
| 1588. Spanish Armada defeated.                       | 1625. Bacon's <i>Essays</i> completed.                |
| 1590. <i>Faerie Queene</i> , Books i-iii, published. | 1640. Long Parliament opened.                         |
| 1599. Globe Theater built.                           | 1642. All theaters closed.                            |
| 1611. King James Bible published.                    | 1649. The Commonwealth established.                   |
| 1616. Shakespeare dies.                              | 1653. Cromwell named Protector.                       |
| 1620. Plymouth colony founded.                       | 1660. Charles II restored to throne.                  |

## PART THREE

# *The Reign of Form*

1660-1798

### CHAPTER VIII: The England of Dryden and Pope

**Preview** This chapter traces literary developments in England for a period of eighty-five years filled with notable events, beginning with the restoration of the English throne to the Stuart line in the person of Charles II (1660), going on to one of the turning-points of English history in the exile of the Stuarts (1688), and closing when the exiled Stuarts failed for the last time to regain the kingdom (1745). It is unusually important to keep in mind the momentous political changes of this period, for they influenced the ideals of writing, the types of literature that arose, and the lives that successful authors led.

The main features of the chapter may be found in seeking answers to the following questions:

- (1) What new ideals did writers hold to after the Restoration?
- (2) How do the new ideals appear in the work of Dryden and Pope?
- (3) How did the Revolution of 1688 influence the rewards to be derived from writing?
- (4) What new forms of prose literature were developed in this period?

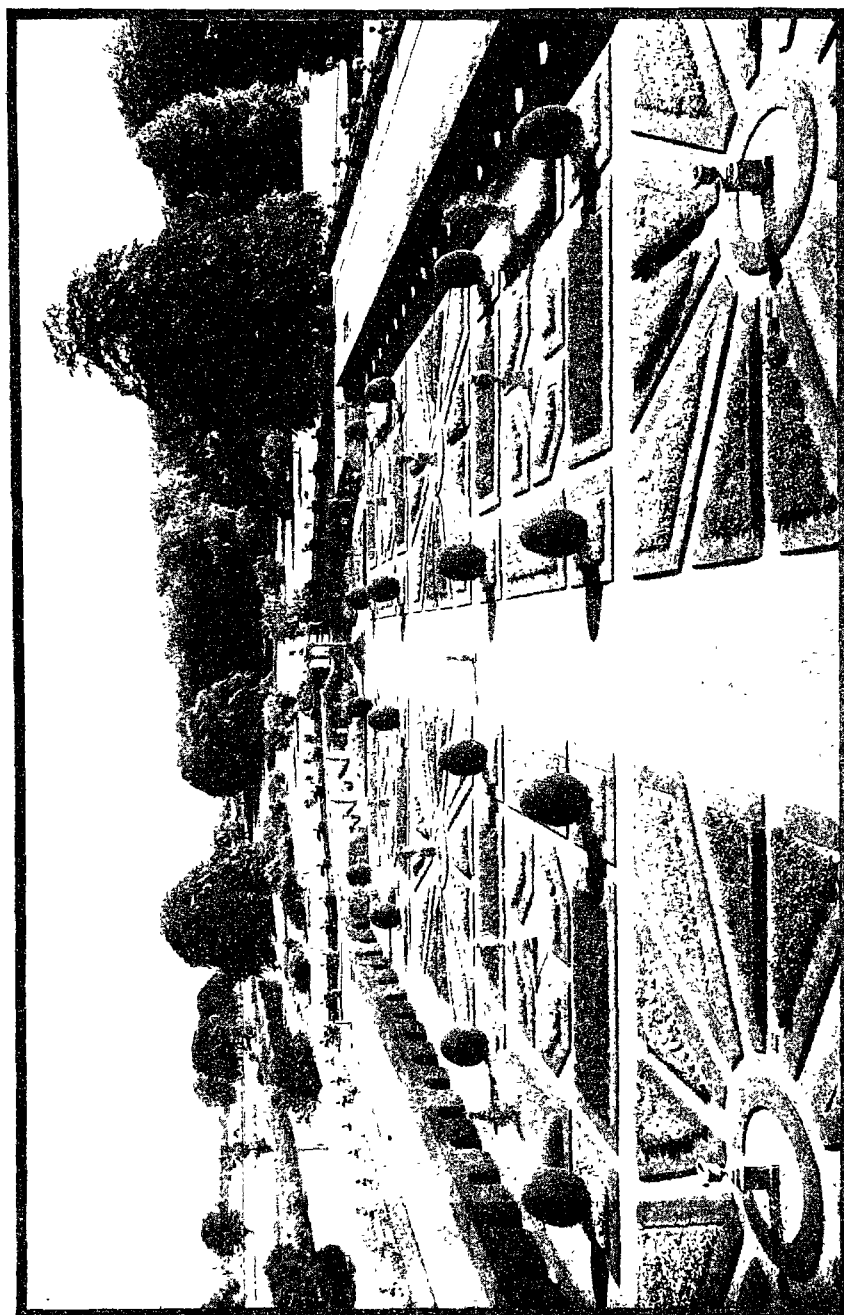
#### **Political controversy**

**THE NEW AGE**  
The political history of England in the century following the restoration of Charles II in 1660 covers several crises. The Restoration itself renewed the old conflict between the crown and Parliament. James II (1633-1701), who succeeded his brother Charles in 1685, was exiled in 1688 because he threatened to establish absolute power by a standing army. William and Mary were called to reign by what was long called "the Glorious Revolution of 1688," which ended once and for all the conflict between royal power and the rep-

resentatives in the House of Commons. Thereafter Parliament ruled the country. As Locke, a philosopher of the time, said, Parliament governed by law, by "one rule for rich and poor, for the favorite at court and the countryman at the plow." The great common people whose voice we first heard distinctly in Langland was now one step nearer to sharing in the councils of government.

After 1688 parliamentary leaders displaced royal appointees, and wealthy merchants who could lend money to the government sometimes became more influential than great lords and landholders of ancient lineage. Because France





A FORMAL GARDEN

tried to put James II back on the English throne, William (1689-1702) had to begin a war at once. After his death the armies were led by Marlborough, one of the greatest military geniuses in English history, whose victories made glorious the reign of Queen Anne (1702-1714), the last of the Stuarts to rule. She was succeeded by a German prince, George I, a descendant of James I, brought in partly because he was supported by the merchant class in London. Under George I (1714-1727) and George II (1727-1760), particularly while Robert Walpole was prime minister (1721-1742), England grew steadily in freedom of speech and in the prosperity of its middle class. The country was quite unwilling, when the Stuarts invaded England in 1745, to exchange peace and wealth under the Georges for the autocratic rule of the exiles. In the years since 1688, Parliament had established an unquestioned supremacy.

#### **The Classical ideals**

Political changes were reflected in literary developments. Of these the most sudden was that which took place at the Restoration. Charles I had married a French princess, and his son, Charles II, inherited all her French characteristics. Moreover, he spent several years of his exile in France, gaining thereby French notions about literature and similar matters. The French are much more interested in clear thinking than in romantic imagination; at that period in particular they were all for following the ancients. Their buildings were erected with arches and columns in imitation of Greek and Roman edifices. Their gardens and parks were laid out with neat walks and clipped hedges arranged in formal patterns. Their poems and plays were written in accordance with rules drawn from ancient classics. The test applied to a new literary production was, "Does it have the correct plan and style?"

Charles and his Cavaliers applied these notions to the architecture and gardens and literature of the new reign. For example, the poetic outbursts of the Elizabethan dramas which were produced in the reopened theaters annoyed the smart society about the king. Enthusiasm went out of fashion. Good form and a "correct" following of the rules that Ben Jonson had talked about now became the essential qualities. English literature entered upon a century in which authors studied very carefully the way to express their thoughts. This era in which imagination was restrained by reason may be called the reign of form.

#### **Samuel Pepys (1633-1703)**

The dominance of reason over romance affected every feature of the national life. Facts, not dreams, absorbed the energy of men. A band of these disciples of reason who became famous for their scientific investigations founded the Royal Society; it tracked down the secrets of nature, bringing nearer Bacon's hope of human control over natural forces. One of its earliest members was Samuel Pepys, who in time became its president. He was respected also for his services to the British navy. As Secretary of Admiralty he made the fleet a highly efficient arm of national defense. Such was the man his contemporaries knew. We know him much better. For nine years after the return of King Charles he kept a diary, but he kept it in a cipher so that no one should know the trivial things he set down. It is as faithful as a news reel and as delightful as fiction. His inquisitiveness caused him to note down nearly every feature of his daily life, as you will see from the passage on pages 233-235. His diary is therefore a unique book, the perfectly honest revelation of a man's heart.

Its record of the shifting scenes through which he moved remained



Courtesy of National Portrait Gallery  
SAMUEL PEPYS

sealed for a century and a half. Then the cipher was solved, part of the notes translated, and the resulting volume given to the public which had forgotten all about the President of the Royal Society and the efficient Secretary of the Admiralty. Only in the last decade of the nineteenth century was the full diary given to the world which had long followed in earlier editions the amusing and childlike curiosity of its author.

JOHN DRYDEN (1631-1700)

**His early life** How the spirit of the age molded the writers is well illustrated in the life of John Dryden, the greatest literary figure between 1660 and 1700. His family had sympathized with the Puritan efforts to protect the liberties of the people against the absolute rule of Charles I. He was educated at Cambridge, the university of Spenser and Milton. Not long after settling in London, he wrote a poem on the death of Cromwell in which he praised the great leader.

Notwithstanding all of these Puritan

influences he became the greatest author of the Restoration period. When Charles II returned to English shores, Dryden welcomed him with a greeting as laudatory as the one he had devoted to Cromwell. It won favorable attention. His reputation was established by *Annus Mirabilis* (The Wonderful Year), a poem in the classical style which described the naval victory over the Dutch and the great fire in London, events occurring in 1666. Charles and his court recognized a new poet.

**His poetry** Reputation as a poet did not then furnish bread; a literary man could best make a living by writing for the theater. Nearly thirty plays came from Dryden's pen. They brought him in a handsome income, but they do not demonstrate the height of his poetic powers. As a poet he is to be judged by his satires and lyrics.

Of his satires the best is *Absalom and Achitophel* (1681). Its crowning achievement was the portrait of the political leader which appears on page 235. The classification of the poem as a satire calls for a word of comment, since thus far we have not been introduced to this important type of literature. High-school students on occasion feel a malicious pleasure in calling a companion names, particularly when they can raise a laugh. The words may be no more original than "You're as graceful as an elephant!" but if the sally is met with a titter or a guffaw among the bystanders, its object has been attained.

Satire is merely a literary way of raising a laugh at the expense of some person or thing. The writer can deliberate as long as he wishes in picking out the weakest points in the subject that he holds up to derision. He can polish his language until every word tells; he can fashion his verse until every line ends like the snap of a whip. At least, Dryden, a very witty man with an extraordinary command over lan-

guage, did so. He was not himself angry at Shaftesbury, but with a cool malice transfixes him for generations to laugh at, much as a naturalist transfixes a moth with a pin and sets it in a glass case for the curious to gaze at.

**Qualities of his poetry** *Absalom and Achitophel* is therefore in quite another class from the romantic poetry of Shakespeare's day,

which thrills us with some new vision of beauty or transports us to some more enchanting world. Even in his lyrics Dryden did not sing with the piercing note of the romantic poet. "A Song for Saint Cecilia's Day" (1687) and "Alexander's Feast" (1697) are masterly productions. The sound echoes the sense in stanza after stanza; the music is varied with consummate skill. But the imagery and the rhythm do not penetrate to the heart of the reader because the poet's words are dictated by his mind and not by personal feeling. Dryden's appeal as a lyric poet was the only appeal a poet in his day could make; it was to "reason," the intellect, and to the "classic" love for perfection of form.

**His last years** After "the Glorious Revolution of 1688"

Dryden lost favor at court, and for a dozen years was compelled to earn a living with his pen. He turned his attention chiefly to translations, producing some of the best writing of his career. His evenings were spent at Wills' Coffee-House, where he was recognized as a literary dictator. Like Ben Jonson, he gathered disciples about him, who, like the "tribe of Ben," became famous. When he died in 1700, he had for forty years been the dominant literary personality, never supremely great but always far in advance of his contemporaries.

**His prose** Dryden's chief contribution to literature is yet to be mentioned. For a good many of his works he wrote prefaces or introduc-



Century Photos

JOHN DRYDEN

tions that explained what he was trying to accomplish. In them Dryden created the prose style of modern English, not the style of learned men, but the style that can be mastered by journalists, business men, and the untrained writers of friendly letters. It is a means of conveying from one person to another the affairs of everyday living in a plain and simple manner. Dryden abandoned the long, intricate, over-Latinized sentence of his predecessors. His sentences are shorter; the parts are clearly related to each other; the words, which for the most part are familiar enough to be understood at a glance, come in an order easy to follow. In short, it is a direct and reasonable style, almost as natural as conversation. The reform was of vast importance to civilization; for by this direct prose the advances in science and the thoughts of intellectual leaders in every field were later spread among the great mass of the people. High-school pupils today are better educated because John Dryden wrote prose in the seventeenth century.

PROSE OF THE EARLY EIGHTEENTH  
CENTURY

Dryden's great achievement is that he made prose the servant of mankind, to fetch and carry the everyday thoughts and concerns of life. But his career marks also a significant change in the lives of authors. Their ability to state things tellingly, to sway the opinions of men, made them valuable to politicians. *Absalom and Achitophel* was to Dryden's contemporaries not so much a brilliant satire as a political pamphlet. It covered a leader with ridicule and consequently weakened his following. This was a genuine service to the opposite party. After the "Glorious Revolution of 1688" such service became more than ever important, because rival parties were contending for control of Parliament. The statesmen who could secure the most forceful pens on their side would remain in power. This new development in literary history will be illustrated in the lives of the next four authors.

**Daniel Defoe**  
(1659-1731)

Defoe came from the wealthiest class in London, the Puritan element which had opposed theaters under Elizabeth and closed them under the Long Parliament. After the Restoration they were called Dissenters because they dissented from the teachings of the Anglican church. They were the shopkeepers and merchants and bankers of the period, who read *Paradise Lost* and treasured *Pilgrim's Progress*.

Defoe had been educated at a Dissenting academy where he apparently developed a longing to write. He yielded to this inclination, publishing some pamphlets on the religious disputes of the day. He tried his hand at poetry, too, writing a verse-pamphlet on the model of Dryden that caused King William to call the unknown author into his presence. He seemed headed toward a life of prominence and even

honor. Unfortunately another of his pamphlets called *The Shortest Way With Dissenters* (1702), angered the party in power. Defoe fled, and for months he was hunted. When found at last, he was set in the stocks for three days and committed to prison for six months—to that same Newgate Gaol where Malory passed twenty years. The punishment was a monstrous injustice. Defoe's business failed. His career as a man of affairs was ended. A bankrupt with a prison record could never hold public office. The only future left for his titanic energies was journalism, at this time assuming a new prominence.

**His journalism** A statesman secured his release from jail and employed him as a secret agent for ten years. During most of that time Defoe published a paper called *The Review* (1704-1713). It appeared three times a week, yet all the news was written up by Defoe alone. In addition he contributed essays in which moral questions were discussed or the manners of the time criticized. As a journalist he was without a superior; he was full of ideas, alert and keen in his observation, intelligent and sound in his views. He had the journalist's power to interest the public, to state matters in a simple, homely style that won the confidence of practical men.

**His fiction** In his sixtieth year he published the most widely read of all pieces of English fiction. It appeared in April, 1719, under the title of *The Life and Strange Surprising Adventures of Robinson Crusoe*. To read fiction for pleasure would have been considered frivolous among the Dissenters and indeed among people in general. Defoe therefore used his unrivaled power to invent lifelike detail, so that nobody at the time suspected that he was reading the first extended prose story of adventure, one that would captivate lovers of fiction for genera-



THE FRONTISPIECE FOR AN EARLY EDITION OF "ROBINSON CRUSOE"

tions to come. It captivated its own age too. Nine editions were issued before the end of the year. It has since been translated into every European tongue; in fact, the Arab in his tent, or the Persian on his rug, may follow in his own language the struggle that Crusoe wages with hostile nature. The whole world counts *Robinson Crusoe* as a classic.

Defoe followed this success with several other books of fiction that would make the reputation of an ordinary writer. *Captain Singleton* is a story of trading, hunting, and travel, of pirates and buried treasure that seems strangely modern. *The Journal of the Plague Year* has the same power to deceive us into thinking it a report of an eye witness. Till he was past seventy Defoe pursued an extraordinarily productive journalistic career, but it is *Robinson*

*Crusoe*, and *Robinson Crusoe* alone, that has maintained his world-wide fame.

**The periodical essay** The same middle-class audience that applauded

*Robinson Crusoe* supported another new literary development of the age—the periodical essay. On April 12, 1709, while Defoe's *Review* was still running, appeared the first issue of a new journal, consisting of a single leaf of paper printed on both sides. It was *The Tatler*, which came out three times a week for twenty-one months. At first it contained a paragraph of foreign news, but in six months the essays came to fill the whole paper. Before long the gossips knew that the writer was Richard Steele, the editor of the official government newspaper. The new venture became more popular than the *Review* had ever been. The coffee-house proprietors began to see that *The Tatler* alone brought them more customers than all other newspapers put together.

**Coffee-houses** The coffee-houses were the places where citizens gathered to learn the news and to discuss the topics of the day. You will remember that during the last dozen years of his life, Dryden reigned as dictator at Wills' coffee-house. Each establishment had its group of frequenters, but many citizens went from one to another. Such social intercourse gradually developed new qualities and standards. Courtesy came to be prized, as well as tolerance for the opinions of others. Men who came into touch with one another nearly every day naturally acquired an interest in other people's ways of acting and thinking, their prejudices and peculiar views. Naturally, too, they came to have opinions of their own on a good many different topics, not merely on politics and morals, but on society and even on books and writers. What they did not have was the

ability to express their ideas clearly, definitely, persuasively. They accordingly seized on *The Tatler* because it put into polished form the notions which had been bandied about in many a desultory conversation.

**Addison and Steele**

With this coffee-house society, Richard Steele (1672-1729) was familiar. Born in Dublin, he had attended school at the Charterhouse in London, where his hero was Joseph Addison. They later attended Oxford at the same time. Steele left the university, entered the army, was made an officer, wrote some plays, and, as we have seen, secured a government office as editor of *The Gazette*. His *Tatler* reached its sixth number before his best friend, Joseph Addison, discovered Steele's hand in the work.

The life of Joseph Addison (1672-1719) had been far more regular than Steele's. After a brilliant record at Oxford, he made so favorable an impression on one of the party leaders that he was granted a pension at the age of twenty-seven to travel in preparation for a political career. Hardly had he returned home when a Chancellor of the Exchequer climbed several flights of stairs to ask him to write a poem. Marlborough had just won a resounding victory, and the government wished to have it suitably celebrated in verse. Addison produced a respectable poem, "The Campaign" (1704), which was hailed as a masterpiece. The next ten years he spent in public office. As soon as he discovered Steele's authorship of *The Tatler*, he began to send in contributions of his own which amounted in the end to about a third of the total number.

When Steele closed his journal because of some unfortunate political allusions, it was followed in two months by *The Spectator*, which looked exactly like its predecessor but appeared every

day. Each number, containing only a single essay, was "in everyone's hand, and a constant topic of morning conversation at tea-tables and coffee-houses." Steele made it a point to reach women readers, too, saying, "I shall take it for the greatest glory of my work if among reasonable women this paper may furnish tea-table talk." In fact, everyone with an intelligent interest in social life read *The Spectator*. It attained a circulation of ten thousand copies and, when bound up in volumes, reached an additional sale of nine thousand. Thus Addison and Steele together established the periodical essay—a new type of literature—that was to live throughout the eighteenth century.

After *The Spectator* was discontinued in December, 1712, the association of the two friends was less intimate. At one time they were actually conducting periodicals supporting opposite political opinions. Both of them, however, continued to profit from their service to leaders in government. Steele, a fervent supporter of George I, who came to the throne in 1715, was knighted and honored with lucrative positions. Addison attained the highest office possible to a man not of high birth; he became Secretary of State and sat at the council-table that governed the kingdom. Both Steele and Addison owed their worldly success to politics; their permanent fame is derived from those essays in which they directed men and women away from the disputes of faction to the arts by which one can make life with others more pleasant and cultivated.

**Jonathan Swift** (1667-1745) After Steele, Addison's best friend was probably Jonathan Swift,

whom he declared to be "the most agreeable companion, the truest friend, the greatest genius of the age." Yet they were radically different in temperament and personality. Addison shone in college; Swift got his degree only as a



From a painting by C. R. Leslie

The Rischgitz Collection, London

## SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY GOING TO CHURCH

Sir Roger is one of the principal characters in *The Spectator* (see page 246).

special favor. Addison knew how to succeed in life; Swift, with a more penetrating and original mind, met with bitter disappointment through most of his career. Addison was an optimist, very well content with the era in which he lived; Swift was a pessimist, savagely declaring that all mankind was as bad as it could be.

**His temperament**

Nothing could make Swift happy. His uncle sent him to the best schools to be found in Ireland, but he said that he was educated like a dog. Relatives secured him a position at twenty-two as secretary with a distinguished English statesman near London, but Swift's restless energy filled these ten years with fret and wrath. During this period he wrote the most original of his works, a satire called *A Tale of a Tub*, in which he defined happiness as "the serene peace of being a fool among knaves." In other words,

at the age of thirty he was convinced that only a fool could deceive himself into thinking men good and true. This cynicism governed his conduct. He secured appointments to church offices back in Ireland, but other clergymen performed his duties while he sought advancement in London.

**His rise to power**

At forty he was hailed as the most brilliant of the wits. It came about in this way. A cobbler named Partridge posed as an astrologer who could make all sorts of predictions. Such quacks aroused Swift's scorn. He consequently issued under the name of Isaac Bickerstaff, Esquire, a burlesque almanac predicting that Partridge would "infallibly die upon the 29th of March next, about eleven at night, of a raging fever." The 29th of March passed, and Swift announced Partridge's death in as plausible an account as Defoe ever wrote, though he admitted that it had occurred



four hours earlier than he had calculated. Partridge, who was of course as much alive as ever, protested against the announcement. Swift issued a *Vindication* which kept the coffee-houses rocking with laughter. The hoax seems trivial to us, but it established Swift's reputation as a wit to be feared.

In 1710 a new political party came into power. Swift became the familiar companion of its leading statesman because he could direct public opinion. He was secret editor of their paper, *The Examiner*, and later wrote pamphlets and lampoons in furtherance of their policies. One of the leaders said, "We were determined to have you. You were the only one we were afraid of." For four years Swift came nearer to being happy than at any other period in his long life. His pride was flattered, for he was actually helping to govern England.

#### *Gulliver's Travels*

His hope of being rewarded by appointment to some high position in the Church of England was dashed; he received nothing but the deanery of St. Patrick's Cathedral in Dublin. To Ireland he returned, and in Ireland he remained until his death in 1745. For the first twelve years he worked on a book which expresses his bitter disappointment and misanthropy. When it appeared in 1726, his authorship was at first kept secret; indeed, the manuscript had been thrown out of a darkened coach at midnight to the printer who had agreed to publish it. The first edition was sold in a week. "From the cabinet council to the nursery" everyone read it with applause. Before a year was out, it had been translated into foreign tongues. Such was the triumphant beginning of the popularity of that most savage of satires, *Gulliver's Travels*.

The difference in spirit between Swift and Addison is obvious enough. *The Spectator* was in a sense a book of eti-

quette or manual of deportment. It made no effort to be original; its aim, rather, was to crystallize public opinion. It avoided the burning questions of the day in order to cultivate good humor and common sense. *Gulliver's Travels* told of strange discoveries merely to startle readers the more effectively into examining the meaning of ordinary human conduct. Swift wished to bring home to people the real pettiness of so-called greatness, the follies and vices of mankind, to shake the complacency of an age that was proud of its elegance, wisdom, and refinement.

*Gulliver's Travels* does not give one a comforting view of life. At sixty even more than at thirty, Swift saw the world as composed only of fools and knaves. But his vision was penetrating, and his satire was tonic. Behind his bitterness lay a noble rage at baseness and stupidity. The power of mind disclosed in his criticism was matched by the perfection of his style. He wrote with an almost unrivaled clearness and simplicity; every sentence made on the reader the exact impression the author intended. Today, as much as in the first quarter of the eighteenth century, Swift is recognized as the greatest prose writer of his age.

#### POETRY IN EARLY EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

Toward the end of the four years while Swift was dominating ministers of state, the satirist was the central figure in a very attractive scene. He was going from one to another in a group of the élite taking subscriptions for a new translation of Homer into English verse "by the best poet in England, Mr. Pope." "You must subscribe," he said, "for the author shall not begin to print until I have a thousand guineas for him." Although Pope was a Catholic and could not hold public office, men of all political persuasions hastened to subscribe for a translation of the Greek clas-

sic, though they knew they would have to wait several years for the completed book. Never again would the remuneration for rendering an ancient masterpiece mount so high.

**Alexander Pope**  
(1688-1744)

The author to whom Swift was lending his unrivaled influence was in 1713 only twenty-five years of age, yet he was already famous. At seventeen he had been introduced to the leading "wits" of the coffee-houses. At twenty-three he amazed all who prided themselves on their correctness and taste by his *Essay on Criticism* (1711). They thought it a very learned poem because it rephrased the ideas of French and Latin literary critics, and in that day everyone looked up to French and Latin critics as lawgivers. The three cardinal principles of his advice to poets were to follow, not whim, but the sentiments held in common by cultivated men, to use the ancients as standards, and to pay chief attention to the manner of expression, for

True wit is nature to advantage dressed,  
What oft was thought but ne'er so well  
expressed.

In other words, the whole purpose of an author should be to excel in the manner of phrasing thoughts. The writer is not to be spontaneous; he is to revise carefully and bring to perfection his way of wording an idea. Pope followed his own precepts. The *Essay* dazzled the groups in the coffee-houses and the ladies over their tea-tables. Its borrowed ideas were enlivened with a constant vivacity of mind; they sparkled with repeated antithesis. In short, the poem was not imaginative but intellectual. It exemplifies perfectly the reign of form.

**His classical  
interests**

Hardly had the buzz of discussion died down when Pope's name was on everybody's tongue again because of his satiric use of the ancient epic form



From Ewing Galloway

ALEXANDER POPE

in *The Rape of the Lock* (1712), an excerpt from which is given on page 255. From 1713 to 1725 he turned from original composition to translating the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* of Homer. His version did not reproduce Homer's language or his heroic world; it transformed them into the language and world of the eighteenth century. Pope's heroes talk and act like the politicians and generals of his own time. A classical scholar of the day said, "A very pretty poem, Mr. Pope, but you must not call it Homer." It is, nevertheless, a vigorous translation which is easy to read even today. In its own day it was a prodigious success; with his contemporaries it was Pope's highest title to fame. From it he made a fortune, bought an expensive villa at Twickenham on the Thames above London, ornamented his grounds according to the prevailing modes, and kept on writing.

**Epistles**

Pope's later work we may pass over without detailed comment. The best of it is a series of epistles or letters in verse, in which he writes naturally but brilliantly on a va-

riety of subjects. He can be a somewhat unoriginal philosopher, an orator, a portrait painter, a biting satirist, or a flattering friend. His later writings display matchless skill in expression. Next to Shakespeare, Pope is the most frequently quoted of English poets. This is due in part to his power to sum up, in a couplet, a thought or an observation on life, which is thus delivered in a neat package ready to be addressed, and in part to his unrivaled gift of satire, which gives special point to the idea. But his main quality is the sharpness and clearness of his thought.

**Character of his poetry** Yet it has often been questioned whether the writings of Pope may be classed as poetry. Most of them express ideas and judgments which reveal uncommon keenness of intellect, but they lack the warmth of feeling or fervor of imagination or piercing vision of beauty that most readers expect to find in poetry. On the other hand, his contemporaries, with their intense admiration for the classics and their relish for

the way ideas are expressed, considered him the greatest poet who had ever lived. They were fond of calling themselves Augustans because they thought that the great days of Rome under the Emperor Augustus had returned to bless mankind.

After all, such literary estimates came from only a small, cultivated section of the London population. The subjects of Pope's writings were exclusively those that interested the fashionable city dwellers of the age—abstract moral problems, literary criticism, the chatter of polite society. A free and enthusiastic love of life seemed to them to belong to the lower classes. When Pope wrote once about two peasant lovers who had been killed by lightning while seeking shelter from a sudden storm, he apologized for treating so "low" a subject. In a word, the spontaneous and the deeply-felt had to be restrained and refined before it was acceptable to the artificial London world that furnished the literary public of that day. It was they who maintained the reign of form.

**Summary** From a study of this chapter there should emerge four qualities of the century following the Restoration of the Stuarts to the throne of England. First, literature prevailingly appealed to the intellect rather than to the emotions. Poetry was employed in political pamphlets or in criticism of literature and philosophy. Poets no longer endeavored to express their imagination and enthusiasm but sought perfection of form. Poetry became polished and satirical. Second, prose became simple, clear, and direct, and was developed into a powerful instrument of journalism. Third, for the first time in English history the ability to write brought large returns to the author both in money and practical influence. Fourth, literature was the preoccupation of city-dwellers, in large part members of the middle classes whose growing wealth caused them to aspire to the culture of the aristocracy. The next two chapters will show how literature came to reach other elements in the population and how "classicism" began to topple.

## SELECTIONS FOR CHAPTER VIII

### From THE DIARY OF SAMUEL PEPYS

#### PEPYS APPOINTED SECRETARY TO THE GENERALS OF THE FLEET

[The first entry here given from Pepys's *Diary* tells a great deal more than you may suspect. Pepys was twenty-seven and his wife twenty. Being very poor, they were unable to purchase fuel for cold weather. He notes that they had been "living lately in the garret" to keep warm. The fact that he went to the "chapel" is also significant. Peter Gunning had continued Church of England services during the Commonwealth, although the state church had been officially abolished. It is therefore evident that Pepys had not been in sympathy with the so-called Rump Parliament which had been governing England for a dozen years. For the remaining entries here reprinted, the footnotes will enable you to get the full meaning.]

*Jan. 1, 1660 (Lord's day).* This morning (we living lately in the garret) I rose, put on my suit with great skirts,<sup>1</sup> having not lately worn any other clothes but them. Went to Mr. Gunning's chapel at Exeter House, where he made a very good sermon. Dined at home in the garret, where my wife dressed the remains of a turkey, and in the doing of it she burned her hand. I stayed at home all the afternoon, looking over my accounts; then went with my wife to my father's and in going observed the great posts which the City have set up at the Conduit in Fleet Street.<sup>2</sup>

*Mar. 5th.* To Westminster by water, only seeing Mr. Pinkney at his own house, where he showed me how he had always kept the lion and unicorn,<sup>3</sup> in the back of his chimney, bright,

<sup>1</sup> *great skirts*, the skirts of a coat that fitted tightly to the waist and then hung in loose, skirt-like folds. <sup>2</sup> *Fleet Street*, an important London street. <sup>3</sup> *lion and unicorn*, figures in the royal coat-of-arms.

in expectation of the King's<sup>4</sup> coming again. At home I found Mr. Hunt, who told me how the Parliament<sup>5</sup> had voted that the Covenant<sup>6</sup> be printed and hung in churches again. Great hopes of the King's coming again. To bed.

6th. Everybody now drinks the King's health without any fear, whereas before it was very private that a man dare do it.

22nd. To Westminster, and received my warrant of Mr. Blackburne to be secretary to the two generals<sup>7</sup> of the Fleet.

23rd. My Lord,<sup>8</sup> Captain Isham, Mr. Thomas, John Crewe, W. Howe, and I in a hackney to the Tower, where the barges stayed for us; my Lord and the Captain in one, and W. Howe and I, etc., in the other, to the Long Reach, where the *Swiftsure* lay at anchor. (In our way we saw the great breach which the late high water had made, to the loss of many £1000 to the people about Limehouse.)<sup>9</sup> Soon as my Lord on board, the guns went off bravely from the ships. And a little while after comes the Vice-Admiral Lawson, and seemed very respectful to my Lord, and so did the rest of the commanders of the frigates that were thereabouts. I to

<sup>4</sup> *King*, Charles II son of Charles I (beheaded in 1649). Charles II was restored to the throne in May, 1660. <sup>5</sup> *Parliament*, the Long Parliament, which was dissolved March 16, 1660, having been in session twenty years. <sup>6</sup> *Covenant*, the Solemn League and Covenant, signed by the Puritan Parliament (1643) to reform religion. It was used as a test of faithfulness to the parliamentary cause.

<sup>7</sup> *generals*, a title applied then in the navy as well as the army. <sup>8</sup> *My Lord*, Sir Edward Montagu, who commanded the fleet which brought Charles II back from exile. Pepys was Montagu's secretary. <sup>9</sup> *Limehouse*, a district along the Thames, now one of the worst slum districts of London.

the cabin allotted for me, which was the best that any had that belonged to my Lord. We were late writing of orders, for the getting of ships ready, etc.

May 1. Today I hear they were very merry at Deal,<sup>10</sup> setting up the King's flag upon one of their maypoles, and drinking his health upon their knees in the streets, and firing the guns, which the soldiers of the castle threatened, but durst not oppose.

2nd. In the morning at a breakfast of radishes in the purser's cabin. After that, to writing till dinner. At which time comes Dunne from London, with letters that tell us the welcome news of the Parliament's<sup>11</sup> votes yesterday, which will be remembered for the happiest May Day that hath been many a year to England. The King's letter was read in the House, wherein he submits himself and all things to them, as to an Act of Oblivion<sup>12</sup> to all, unless they shall please to except any.

29th. Abroad to shore with my Lord (which he offered me of himself, saying that I had a great deal of work to do this month, which was very true). On shore we took horses, my Lord and Mr. Edward, Mr. Hetly and I, and three or four servants, and had a great deal of pleasure in riding. . . . At last we came upon a very high cliff by the seaside, and rode under it, we having laid great wagers, I and Dr. Matthews, that it was not so high as Paul's,<sup>13</sup> my Lord and Mr. Hetly, that it was. But we riding under it, my Lord made a pretty good measure of it with two sticks,<sup>14</sup> and found it to be not above thirty-five yards high, and Paul's is

<sup>10</sup> *Deal*, a seaport and bathing resort near Dover.

<sup>11</sup> *Parliament*, the newly-elected Parliament, royalist in sympathy. <sup>12</sup> *Act of Oblivion*, an act of pardon for all so-called political offenses committed during the King's exile.

<sup>13</sup> *Paul's*, the old St. Paul's Cathedral, in London. Its spire, 460 feet high, being of wood, was destroyed in the great fire of 1666.

<sup>14</sup> *with two sticks*, perhaps by means of sighting and the use of the principle of similar triangles.

reckoned to be about ninety. From thence toward the barge again, and in our way found the people of Deal going to make a bonfire for joy of the day, it being the King's birthday, and had some guns which they did fire at my Lord's coming by. For which I did give twenty shillings among them to drink. While we were on the top of the cliff, we saw and heard our guns in the fleet go off for the same joy. And it being a pretty fair day, we could see above twenty miles into France. Being returned on board, my Lord called for Mr. Sheply's book of Paul's, by which we were confirmed in our wager. . . . This day, it is thought, the King do enter the City of London.

30th. All this morning making up my accounts, in which I counted that I had made myself now worth about £80, at which my heart was glad, and blessed God.

#### MATTERS PERSONAL AND DOMESTIC

Oct. 13th. I went out to Charing Cross,<sup>15</sup> to see Major-General Harrison<sup>16</sup> hanged, drawn, and quartered; which was done there, he looking as cheerful as any man could do in that condition. He was presently cut down, and his head and heart shown to the people, at which there was great shouts of joy. It is said that he said that he was sure to come shortly at the right hand of Christ to judge them that now had judged him; and that his wife do expect his coming again. Thus it was my chance to see the King beheaded at Whitehall,<sup>17</sup> and to see the first blood shed in revenge for the blood of the King at Charing Cross. From thence to my Lord's, and took Captain Cuttance and Mr. Sheply to the Sun Tav-

<sup>15</sup> *Charing Cross*, an important business section of London. <sup>16</sup> *Harrison*, Thomas, appointed by Cromwell to conduct Charles I to trial. He sat as one of the judges that condemned the King to be beheaded. <sup>17</sup> *Whitehall*, a palace in London, practically rebuilt since Pepys's day.

ern, and did give them some oysters. After that I went by water home, where I was angry with my wife for her things lying about, and in my passion kicked the little fine basket, which I bought her in Holland, and broke it, which troubled me after I had done it. Within all the afternoon setting up shelves in my study. At night to bed.

*Nov.* 22nd. This morning come the carpenters to make me a door at the other side of my house, going into the entry, which I was much pleased with. At noon my wife and I walked to the Old Exchange, and there she bought her a white whisk<sup>18</sup> and put it on, and I a pair of gloves, and so we took coach for Whitehall to Mr. Fox's, where we found Mrs. Fox within, and an alderman of London paying £1000 or £1400 in gold upon the table for the King, which was the most gold that ever I saw together in my life. Mr. Fox come in presently and did receive us with a great deal of respect; and then did take my wife and I to the Queen's presence-chamber, where he got my wife placed behind the Queen's chair, and I got into the crowd, and by and by the Queen and the two Princesses come to dinner. The Queen a very little plain old woman, and nothing more in her presence in any respect nor garb than any ordinary woman. The Princess of Orange I had often seen before. The Princess Henrietta is very pretty, but much below my expectation; and her dressing of herself with her hair frizzed short up to her ears did make her seem so much the less to me. But my wife standing near her with two or three black patches on, and well dressed, did seem to me much handsomer than she.

*Feb.* 27th, 1661. I called for a dish of fish, which we had for dinner, this being the first day of Lent; and I do intend to try whether I can keep it or no.

<sup>18</sup> *whisk*, a kind of cape.

28th. I took boat at Whitehall for Redriffe,<sup>19</sup> but in my way overtook Captain Cuttance and Tiddiman in a boat and so ashore with them at Queenhithe, and so to a tavern with them to a barrel of oysters, and so away. Capt. Cuttance and I walked from Redriffe to Deptford, and there we dined, and notwithstanding my resolution, yet for want of other victuals, I did eat flesh this Lent, but am resolved to eat as little as I can.

<sup>19</sup> *Redriffe*. Redriffe, Queenhithe (two lines below), and Deptford (six lines below) were formerly towns to the southeast of London, now parts of the city.

## ACHITOPHEL

JOHN DRYDEN

[This selection from *Absalom and Achitophel* shows why the poem is declared to be the most brilliant satire in the language. The allegory in the description may be obscure to you, but it was obvious to Dryden's public. Charles II had often been compared to David regaining his Kingdom. Achitophel (II Samuel, xv), his counselor, was easily recognized as the Earl of Shaftesbury, who was now sixty and who had recently been Lord Chancellor and President of the Privy Council. When the poem was issued (November, 1681), Shaftesbury was in prison, awaiting trial for treason. He had long opposed the claim of Charles's brother James to succeed to the throne because he favored the Duke of Monmouth, the illegitimate son of Charles, just as Achitophel had favored David's son, Absalom. It was hoped that the poem would arouse public feeling (and the jury) against Shaftesbury, but shortly after it was published he was released from prison on bail and escaped to Holland.]

OF THESE the false Achitophel  
was first,  
A name to all succeeding ages cursed;  
For close<sup>1</sup> designs and crooked counsels,  
fit,  
Sagacious, bold, and turbulent of wit,<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *close*, secret. <sup>2</sup> *wit*, disposition.

Restless, unfixed in principles and place,  
 In power unpleased, impatient of disgrace;<sup>3</sup>  
 A fiery soul, which, working out its way,  
 Fretted the pigmy body<sup>4</sup> to decay  
 And o'er-informed<sup>5</sup> the tenement of clay.  
 A daring pilot in extremity;<sup>10</sup>  
 Pleased with the danger, when the waves went high,  
 He sought the storms; but, for a calm unfit,  
 Would steer too nigh the sands, to boast his wit.<sup>6</sup>  
 Great wits<sup>7</sup> are sure to madness near allied,  
 And thin partitions do their bounds divide;<sup>15</sup>  
 Else why should he, with wealth and honor blest,  
 Refuse his age the needful hours of rest?<sup>2</sup>  
 Punish a body which he could not please,  
 Bankrupt of life, yet prodigal of ease?  
 And all to leave what with his toil he won<sup>20</sup>  
 To that unfeathered two-legged thing, a son,  
 Got,<sup>8</sup> while his soul did huddled<sup>9</sup> notions try,  
 And born a shapeless lump, like anarchy.  
 In friendship false, implacable in hate,  
 Resolved to ruin or to rule the State;<sup>25</sup>  
 To compass this the triple bond<sup>10</sup> he broke,  
 The pillars of the public safety shook,  
 And fitted Israel for a foreign yoke.<sup>11</sup>

<sup>2</sup> *disgrace*. Shaftesbury had been dismissed from high office. <sup>4</sup> *pigmy body*. He was small of body and enfeebled by disease.

<sup>5</sup> *o'er-informed*, filled with too much life. <sup>6</sup> *to boast his wit*, in order to show off his abilities. <sup>7</sup> *wits*, minds. <sup>8</sup> *Got*, begot.

<sup>9</sup> *huddled*, confused. <sup>10</sup> *triple bond*, the alliance of 1668, binding England, Holland, and Sweden against France. It was broken in 1670 by the secret Treaty of Dover, in which France and England joined against Holland. <sup>11</sup> *foreign yoke*, that of France. The Treaty of Dover played into the hands of Louis XIV.

Then, seized with fear, yet still affecting fame,  
 Usurped a patriot's all-atoning name.<sup>30</sup>  
 So easy still it proves in factious times  
 With public zeal to cancel private crimes.

## ALEXANDER'S FEAST, OR, THE POWER OF MUSIC

JOHN DRYDEN

[This ode was written in 1697 for St. Cecilia's Day, November 22, which has been celebrated in London nearly every year since 1683. St. Cecilia, a Roman lady who suffered martyrdom in the third century, has generally been regarded as the patron saint of music. Dryden became so absorbed in the subject that he sat up all night to finish the ode. He took some two weeks to revise and improve it. It is the most popular, and in some ways the finest, of all Dryden's productions.]

'T WAS at the royal feast for Persia won<sup>1</sup>  
 By Philip's warlike son<sup>2</sup>—  
 Aloft in awful state  
 The godlike hero sate  
 On his imperial throne;<sup>5</sup>  
 His valiant peers were placed around,  
 Their brows with roses and with myrtles bound  
 (So should desert in arms be crowned);  
 The lovely Thais<sup>3</sup> by his side  
 Sate like a blooming Eastern bride, 10  
 In flower of youth and beauty's pride—  
 Happy, happy, happy pair!  
 None but the brave,  
 None but the brave,  
 None but the brave deserves the fair! 15  
 CHORUS: Happy, happy, happy pair!  
 etc.

<sup>1</sup> *for Persia won*, for the winning of Persia, at Arbela, 331 B. C. <sup>2</sup> *Philip's warlike son*, Alexander, son of Philip, king of Macedonia. <sup>3</sup> *Thais*, an Athenian beauty, a favorite of Alexander. She accompanied him on his Persian expedition.

Timotheus,<sup>4</sup> placed on high  
 Amid the tuneful quire,  
 With flying fingers touched the lyre;  
 The trembling notes ascend the sky, 20  
 And heavenly joys inspire.  
 The song began from Jove<sup>5</sup>  
 Who left his blissful seats above—  
 Such is the power of mighty love!  
 A dragon's fiery form belied the god; 25  
 Sublime on radiant spires<sup>6</sup> he rode  
 When he to fair Olympia<sup>7</sup> pressed,  
 And while he sought her snowy breast;  
 Then round her slender waist he curled,  
 And stamped an image of himself, a  
     sovereign of the world. 30  
 The listening crowd admire the lofty  
     sound;  
 A present deity! they shout around;  
 A present deity! the vaulted roofs re-  
     bound.  
 With ravished ears  
 The monarch hears,  
 Assumes<sup>8</sup> the god;  
 Affects to nod  
 And seems to shake the spheres.<sup>9</sup>

CHORUS: With ravished ears, etc.

The praise of Bacchus<sup>10</sup> then the sweet  
     musician sung, 40  
 Of Bacchus ever fair and ever young.  
 The jolly god in triumph comes;  
 Sound the trumpets, beat the drums!  
 Flushed with a purple<sup>11</sup> grace  
 He shows his honest face. 45  
 Now give the hautboys<sup>12</sup> breath; he  
     comes, he comes.  
 Bacchus, ever fair and young,  
 Drinking joys did first ordain;

<sup>4</sup> *Timotheus*, a famous Greek musician and poet in high favor with Alexander. <sup>5</sup> *from Jove*, with a legend about Jove. Alexander, his head turned by conquests, thought of himself as the son, not of Philip, but of Zeus.

<sup>6</sup> *Sublime . . . spires*, raised aloft in spirals. <sup>7</sup> *Olympia*, Olympias, the mother of Alexander, was, according to legend, wooed by Zeus. Thus Zeus, supreme god, is made the father of Alexander, world conqueror.

<sup>8</sup> *Assumes*, that is, assumes the conduct of. <sup>9</sup> *Affects . . . spheres*. The nod of Zeus was said to shake the heavens. <sup>10</sup> *Bacchus*, god of wine.

<sup>11</sup> *purple*, the dark-red flush caused by drinking wine. <sup>12</sup> *hautboys*, oboes.

Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,  
 Drinking is the soldier's pleasure; 50  
 Rich the treasure,  
 Sweet the pleasure,  
 Sweet is pleasure after pain.

CHORUS: Bacchus' blessings are a treasure, etc.

Soothed with the sound, the king  
     grew vain; 55  
 Fought all his battles o'er again;  
 And thrice he routed all his foes, and  
     thrice he slew the slain!  
 The master saw the madness rise,  
 His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes;  
 And while he heaven and earth defied,  
 Changed his hand<sup>13</sup> and checked his<sup>14</sup>  
     pride. 61

He chose a mournful Muse  
 Soft pity to infuse.  
 He sung Darius<sup>15</sup> great and good,  
 By too severe a fate 65  
 Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,  
 Fallen from his high estate,  
 And weltering in his blood;  
 Deserted at his utmost need  
 By those his former bounty fed; 70  
 On the bare earth exposed he lies  
 With not a friend to close his eyes.  
 —With downcast looks the joyless victor  
     sate,  
 Revolving in his altered soul  
 The various turns of chance below; 75  
 And now and then a sigh he stole,  
 And tears began to flow.

CHORUS: Revolving in his altered soul, etc.

The mighty master smiled to see  
 That love was in the next degree; 80  
 'Twas but a kindred sound to move,  
 For pity melts the mind to love.  
 Softly sweet, in Lydian<sup>16</sup> measures,  
 Soon he soothed his soul to pleasures.

<sup>13</sup> *Changed his hand*. Timotheus began to play a different kind of music. <sup>14</sup> *his*, Alexander's. <sup>15</sup> *Darius*, the Persian emperor.

<sup>16</sup> *Lydian*, sweet and soothing. The music of Lydia, in Asia Minor, was said to be especially alluring.



War (he sung) is toil and trouble, 85  
 Honor but an empty bubble;  
 Never ending, still beginning,  
 Fighting still, and still destroying;  
 If the world be worth thy winning,  
 Think, O think, it worth enjoying. 90  
 Lovely Thais sits beside thee,  
 Take the good the gods provide thee!  
 —The many rend the skies with loud  
 applause;  
 So love was crowned, but music won the  
 cause.  
 The prince, unable to conceal his pain,  
 Gazed on the fair 96  
 Who caused his care,  
 And sighed and looked, sighed and  
 looked,  
 Sighed and looked, and sighed again.  
 At length, with love and wine at once  
 oppressed, 100  
 The vanquished victor sunk upon her  
 breast.

CHORUS: The prince, unable to con-  
 ceal his pain, etc.

Now strike the golden lyre again,  
 A louder yet, and yet a louder strain!  
 Break his bands of sleep asunder 105  
 And rouse him like a rattling peal of  
 thunder.  
 Hark, hark! the horrid sound  
 Has raised up his head;  
 As awaked from the dead  
 And amazed he stares around. 110  
 "Revenge, revenge!" Timotheus cries,  
 "See the Furies!<sup>17</sup> arise!  
 See the snakes that they rear,  
 How they hiss in their hair,  
 And the sparkles that flash from their  
 eyes! 115  
 Behold a ghastly band,  
 Each a torch in his hand!  
 Those are Grecian ghosts that in battle  
 were slain  
 And unburied<sup>18</sup> remain

<sup>17</sup> *Furies*, in classic mythology, snaky-haired women, the avengers of crime. <sup>18</sup> *unburied*. The Greeks believed that without burial the soul could not cross the Styx to Elysium until years had been spent in wandering.

Inglorious on the plain. 120  
 Give the vengeance due  
 To the valiant crew!  
 Behold how they toss their torches on  
 high,  
 How they point to the Persian abodes  
 And glittering temples of their hostile  
 gods!" 125  
 —The princes applaud with a furious  
 joy;  
 And the King seized a flambeau with  
 zeal to destroy.  
 Thais led the way!<sup>19</sup>  
 To light him to his prey,  
 And like another Helen,<sup>20</sup> fired another  
 Troy! 130

CHORUS: And the king seized a flam-  
 beau with zeal to destroy, etc.

—Thus, long ago,  
 Ere heaving bellows<sup>21</sup> learned to blow,  
 While organs yet were mute,  
 Timotheus, to his breathing flute 135  
 And sounding lyre,  
 Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle  
 soft desire.  
 At last divine Cecilia came,  
 Inventress of the vocal frame;<sup>22</sup>  
 The sweet enthusiast from her sacred  
 store 140  
 Enlarged the former narrow bounds,  
 And added length<sup>23</sup> to solemn sounds,  
 With nature's mother-wit, and arts un-  
 known before.  
 —Let old Timotheus yield the prize  
 Or both divide the crown; 145  
 He raised a mortal to the skies;  
 She drew an angel down!

GRAND CHORUS: At last Divine Ce-  
 cilia came, etc.

<sup>19</sup> *Thais . . . way*. An old tradition declares that Thais, at a feast in Persepolis, persuaded Alexander to set fire to the palace.

<sup>20</sup> *Helen*, the beautiful wife of the king of Sparta, who was carried off by Paris of Troy, thus causing the Trojan War.

<sup>21</sup> *bellows*, the bellows of the organ.

<sup>22</sup> *the vocal frame*, the organ.

<sup>23</sup> *added length*. In a reed instrument, like the organ, the tone can be indefinitely prolonged.

## SONG

CHARLES SACKVILLE, EARL OF DORSET

[With the restoration of Charles II the Cavaliers returned, and court poets became as numerous as under Charles I. Sackville's "Song" and Wilmot's "Epitaph" (page 240) reveal some of the wit that was prized among the courtiers. According to a romantic tradition, the Earl of Dorset composed his "Song" at night before the decisive engagement in the First Dutch War (1665) when the Dutch Admiral Opdam was defeated, with the loss of thirty ships.]

TO ALL you ladies now at land  
We men at sea indite;  
But first would have you understand  
How hard it is to write.  
The Muses now, and Neptune, too,     5  
We must implore to write to you—  
With a fa, la, la, la, la!

For though the Muses should prove  
kind,  
And fill our empty brain,  
Yet if rough Neptune rouse the wind     10  
To wave the azure main,  
Our paper, pen, and ink, and we,  
Roll up and down our ships at sea—  
With a fa, la, la, la, la!

Then if we write not by each post,     15  
Think not we are unkind;  
Nor yet conclude our ships are lost  
By Dutchmen or by wind.  
Our tears we'll send a speedier way,  
The tide shall bring them twice a day—  
With a fa, la, la, la, la!     21

The King with wonder and surprise  
Will swear the seas grow bold,  
Because the tides will higher rise  
Than e'er they did of old;     25  
But let him know it is our tears  
Bring floods of grief to Whitehall  
stairs—  
With a fa, la, la, la, la!

Should foggy Opdam chance to know  
Our sad and dismal story,     30  
The Dutch would scorn so weak a foe,  
And quit their fort at Goree;<sup>1</sup>  
For what resistance can they find  
From men who've left their hearts be-  
hind?—  
With a fa, la, la, la, la!     35

Let wind and weather do its worst,  
Be you to us but kind;  
Let Dutchmen vapor,<sup>2</sup> Spaniards curse,  
No sorrow we shall find;  
'Tis then no matter how things go,     40  
Or who's our friend, or who's our foe—  
With a fa, la, la, la, la!

To pass our tedious hours away  
We throw a merry main,<sup>3</sup>  
Or else at serious ombre<sup>4</sup> play;     45  
But why should we in vain  
Each other's ruin thus pursue?  
We were undone when we left you—  
With a fa, la, la, la, la!

But now our fears tempestuous grow     50  
And cast our hopes away,  
Whilst you, regardless of our woe,  
Sit careless at a play,  
Perhaps permit some happier man  
To kiss your hand, or flirt your fan—     55  
With a fa, la, la, la, la!

When any mournful tune you hear  
That dies in every note,  
As if it sighed with each man's care  
For being so remote,     60  
Think then how often love we've made  
To you, when all those tunes were  
played—  
With a fa, la, la, la, la!

In justice you cannot refuse  
To think of our distress,     65  
When we for hopes of honor lose  
Our certain happiness.

<sup>1</sup> *Goree*, a district on the Dutch coast.  
<sup>2</sup> *vapor*, boast. <sup>3</sup> *main*, a throw at dice. <sup>4</sup> *ombre*,  
a Spanish card game, very popular in England  
at the time.

All those designs are but to prove  
Ourselves more worthy of your love—  
With a fa, la, la, la, la! 70

And now we've told you all our loves,  
And likewise all our fears,  
In hopes this declaration moves  
Some pity for our tears.  
Let's hear of no inconstancy— 75  
We have too much of that at sea—  
With a fa, la, la, la, la!

### EPITAPH ON CHARLES II

JOHN WILMOT, EARL OF ROCHESTER

[The Earl of Rochester, who was a favorite of Charles II, has been called the last of the Cavaliers. The four lines of his "Epitaph" are perhaps the most famous epigram in English literature.]

**H**ERE lies our Sovereign Lord the  
King,  
Whose word no man relies on,  
Who never said a foolish thing,  
Nor ever did a wise one.

### CLASS DISCUSSIONS

*The Diary of Samuel Pepys.* 1. Why were the Stuarts restored to the English throne? Base your answer on these excerpts from the *Diary*. How did the people feel about the King's return?

2. Point out passages that reveal (a) Pepys's interest in life, (b) the frankness and sincerity of his narrative, (c) his engaging personal qualities, (d) his very human personal failings.

*Achitophel.* 1. In studying the passage it would be well to keep in mind what was said in the history (page 224) about satire (a) Where does Dryden ridicule by referring to physical defects or other misfortunes? (b) What strokes in the portrait of Achitophel would have been most likely to turn the public against Shaftesbury?

2. Dryden writes here in the heroic couplet (see Index of Special Terms). (a) Point out couplets where the second

line ends like the crack of a whip. (b) Where does Dryden use antithesis (see Index of Special Terms) with particular force? (c) Compare the effect of this verse with that of blank verse, illustrating by comparison with both Shakespeare and Milton.

*Alexander's Feast.* 1. At what point in Alexander's career does the poem represent him? How do his actions exhibit the power of music? How is praise of music turned to praise of St. Cecilia?

2. For each stanza, note (a) the kind of music Timotheus plays, (b) the effect of the music on Alexander, and (c) the way in which the sound and movement of the verse fit and really create the proper mood. For example, what line in the third stanza expresses the height of excitement? How does the fifth stanza suggest the liquid quality of Lydian music? How does the last stanza contrast with the preceding one? With these hints you should be able to read the whole poem aloud to bring out the intended effect in each stanza.

3. This poem is classed as an ode (see Index of Special Terms), a classical form of poem. It is worth while to compare its spirit with that of earlier poems in this volume. Do you find any imaginative phrases, such as Shakespeare's

Duncan is in his grave;  
After life's fitful fever he sleeps well;

or Milton's

And courage never to submit or yield  
And what is else not to be overcome.

Do you see anything in such passages that this ode does not have? Try to explain or at least illustrate the difference.

*Song.* 1. What features of the poem show that the author was a "landlubber" who had seldom been to sea before? Is it written in a tender or light-hearted spirit?

2. Compare it with earlier cavalier poetry, such as "Encouragements to a Lover" (page 181) and "To Lucasta" (page 182). Which of the latter two does it more closely resemble in subject? In mood?

*Epitaph.* Frame a definition of "epigram" that fits this poem.

## ON TRANSLATING POETS

JOHN DRYDEN

[A few months before his death Dryden issued a volume entitled *Fables, Ancient and Modern*, consisting chiefly of translations or paraphrases from Chaucer, Boccaccio, and the Latin poet Ovid. From the Preface, which reflects the old man's sweetness of spirit, a few paragraphs are here reprinted to show you the naturalness of his prose style. The account of Dryden given above (page 225) has already made clear how important this "other harmony of prose," as Dryden calls it, has been for the later development of English literature.]

THIS with a poet, as with a man who designs to build, and is very exact, as he supposes, in casting up the cost beforehand; but, generally speaking, he is mistaken in his account, and reckons short of the expense he first intended. He alters his mind as the work proceeds, and will have this or that convenience more, of which he had not thought when he began. So has it happened to me; I have built a house, where I intended but a lodge; yet with better success than a certain nobleman, who, beginning with a dog kennel, never lived to finish the palace he had contrived.

From translating the first of Homer's *Iliads* (which I intended as an essay to the whole work) I proceeded to the translation of the twelfth book of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, because it contains, among other things, the causes, the beginning, and ending of the Trojan war. Here I ought in reason to have stopped; but the speeches of Ajax and Ulysses lying next in my way, I could not balk<sup>1</sup> 'em. When I had compassed<sup>2</sup> them, I was so taken with the former part of the fifteenth book (which is the masterpiece of the whole *Metamorphoses*) that I enjoined myself

the pleasing task of rendering it into English. And now I found, by the number of my verses, that they began to swell into a little volume; which gave me an occasion of looking backward on some beauties of my author, in his former books. There occurred to me the *Hunting of the Boar*, *Cinyras and Myrrha*, the good-natured story of *Baucis and Philemon*, with the rest, which I hope I have translated closely enough and given them the same turn of verse which they had in the original; and this, I may say without vanity, is not the talent of every poet.

[Dryden tells us that he now decided to translate some of Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales* "into our language, as it is now refined." When this task was completed he turned to Chaucer's contemporary, Boccaccio. He compares the two poets, finding several similarities in them.]

For these reasons of time and resemblance of genius in Chaucer and Boccaccio, I resolved to join them in my present work; to which I have added some original papers of my own; which, whether they are equal or inferior to my other poems, an author is the most improper judge, and therefore I leave them wholly to the mercy of the reader. I will hope the best, that they will not be condemned; but if they should, I have the excuse of an old gentleman, who mounting on horseback before some ladies when I was present, got up somewhat heavily, but desired of the fair spectators that they would count fourscore and eight before they judged him. By the mercy of God, I am already come within twenty years of his number, a cripple in my limbs; but what decays are in my mind, the reader must determine. I think myself as vigorous as ever in the faculties of my soul, excepting only my memory, which is not impaired to any great degree; and if I lose not more of it, I have no great reason to complain. What judg-

<sup>1</sup> balk, skip.<sup>2</sup> compassed, completed.

ment I had increases rather than diminishes; and thoughts, such as they are, come crowding in so fast upon me that my only difficulty is to choose or to reject; to run them into verse, or to give them the other harmony of prose. I have so long studied and practiced both that they are grown into a habit and become familiar to me.

In short, tho' I may lawfully plead some part of the old gentleman's excuse, yet I will reserve it till I think I have greater need, and ask no grains of allowance for the faults of this my present work but those which are given of course to human frailty. I will not trouble my reader with the shortness of time in which I writ it, or the several intervals of sickness. They who think too well of their own performances are apt to boast in their prefaces how little time their works have cost them, and what other business of more importance interfered; but the reader will be as apt to ask the question, why they allowed not a longer time to make their

works more perfect, and why they had so despicable an opinion of their judges as to thrust their indigested stuff upon them, as if they deserved no better.

#### CLASS DISCUSSIONS

1. What humor do you find in Dryden's account of how the volume of *Fables* grew? Which passages reveal his true love of literature? His sweetness of temper?

2. Read aloud a passage that illustrates the conversational ease with which Dryden wrote prose. Which of his comparisons is more helpful in clarifying the thought?

3. Compare Dryden's sentences with those in Bacon's essays (pages 185-186). In which author are the sentences easier to understand on a first reading? Point out particular sentences in which the relation of the parts is hard to find or apparent at a glance.

4. Compare Dryden's prose with that of a current newspaper or weekly review. In what ways are sentences and paragraphs today like Dryden's?

### THE SPECTATOR

JOSEPH ADDISON and RICHARD STEELE

#### THE SPECTATOR HIMSELF

[No. 1.—Addison. Thursday, March 1, 1711.]

[Of the six hundred thirty-five essays in *The Spectator* the most famous are those which introduce Sir Roger de Coverley, a lovable old country gentleman whose popularity with readers is due to the natural and humorous way in which both Addison and Steele depicted him. His unfailing companion was the Spectator, the imaginary author, who describes himself in the first number of the periodical, here entitled "The Spectator Himself." In many ways the account is a portrait of Addison, the actual author of most of the papers, drawn of course with amusing exaggeration and not to be taken too literally.]

Non fumum ex fulgore, sed ex fumo dare lucem

Cogitat, ut speciosa dehinc miracula promat.<sup>1</sup>  
—Horace.

I HAVE observed that a reader seldom peruses a book with pleasure till he knows whether the writer of it be a black<sup>2</sup> or fair man, of a mild or choleric disposition, married or a bachelor, with other particulars of the like nature, that conduce very much to the right understanding of an author. To gratify this curiosity, which is so natural to a reader, I design this paper and

<sup>1</sup> *Non . . . promat*: He means to produce not smoke from flame, but light from smoke, so that he may bring forth in succession wondrous beauties. <sup>2</sup> *black*, of dark complexion.

my next as prefatory discourses to my following writings, and shall give some account in them of the several persons that are engaged in this work. As the chief trouble of compiling, digesting, and correcting will fall to my share, I must do myself the justice to open the work with my own history.

I was born to a small hereditary estate, which, according to the tradition of the village where it lies, was bounded by the same hedges and ditches in<sup>a</sup> William the Conqueror's<sup>3</sup> time that it is at present, and has been delivered down from father to son whole and entire, without the loss or acquisition of a single field or meadow, during the space of six hundred years. There runs a story in the family that my mother dreamed that she was brought to bed of a judge. Whether this might proceed from a lawsuit which was then depending<sup>4</sup> in the family, or my father's being a justice of the peace, I cannot determine; for I am not so vain as to think it presaged any dignity that I should arrive at in my future life, though that was the interpretation which the neighborhood put upon it. The gravity of my behavior at my very first appearance in the world seemed to favor my mother's dream; for, as she has often told me, I threw away my rattle before I was two months old, and would not make use of my coral<sup>5</sup> until they had taken away the bells from it.

As for the rest of my infancy, there being nothing in it remarkable, I shall pass it over in silence. I find that during my nonage I had the reputation of<sup>6</sup> a very sullen youth, but was always a favorite with my schoolmaster, who used to say that my parts<sup>7</sup> were solid, and would wear well. I had not been

long at the University before I distinguished myself by a most profound silence; for during the space of eight years, excepting in the public exercises of the college, I scarce uttered the quantity of a hundred words, and indeed do not remember that I ever spoke three sentences together in my whole life. Whilst I was in this learned body, I applied myself with so much diligence to my studies that there are very few celebrated books, either in the learned or the modern tongues, which I am not acquainted with.

Upon the death of my father, I was resolved to travel into foreign countries, and therefore left the University with the character of an odd, unaccountable fellow that had a great deal of learning, if I would but show it. An insatiable thirst after knowledge carried me into all the countries of Europe in which there was anything new or strange to be seen; nay, to such a degree was my curiosity raised that, having read the controversies of some great men concerning the antiquities of Egypt, I made a voyage to Grand Cairo on purpose to take the measure of a pyramid;<sup>8</sup> and as soon as I had set myself right in that particular, returned to my native country with great satisfaction.

I have passed my latter years in this city, where I am frequently seen in most public places, though there are not above half a dozen of my select friends that know me; of whom my next paper shall give a more particular account. There is no place of general resort wherein I do not often make my appearance; sometimes I am seen thrusting my head into a round of politicians at Will's,<sup>9</sup> and listening with

<sup>a</sup> *William the Conqueror*, king of England from 1066 to 1087. <sup>4</sup> *depending*, pending.

<sup>5</sup> *coral*, a teething-ring. <sup>6</sup> *of*, of being.

<sup>7</sup> *parts*, abilities.

<sup>8</sup> *pyramid*. Addison was never in Egypt. He is here poking fun at scientific writings, both in his own day and earlier, on this subject. <sup>9</sup> *at Will's*. Will's Coffee-house was frequented by poets and other literary men.



SOMETIMES I SMOKE A PIPE AT CHILD'S.

great attention to the narratives that are made in those little circular audiences. Sometimes I smoke a pipe at Child's,<sup>10</sup> and while I seem attentive to nothing but the *Postman*,<sup>11</sup> overhear the conversation of every table in the room. I appear on Sunday nights at St. James's Coffee-house,<sup>12</sup> and sometimes join the little committee of politics in the inner-room, as one who comes there to hear and improve. My face is likewise very well known at the Grecian, the Cocoa Tree, and in the theaters, both of Drury Lane and the Haymarket.<sup>13</sup> I have been taken for a merchant upon the Exchange for above these ten years, and sometimes pass for a Jew in the assembly of stock-jobbers at Jonathan's. In short, wherever I see a cluster of people, I always mix with them, though I never open my lips but in my own club.

Thus I live in the world rather as a Spectator of mankind than as one of the species, by which means I have made myself a speculative statesman, soldier, merchant, and artisan, without ever meddling with any practical part in life. I am very well versed in the theory of a husband or a father, and can discern the errors in the economy, business, and diversion of others better than those who are engaged in them—as standers-by discover blots<sup>14</sup> which are apt to escape those who are in the game. I never espoused any party with violence, and am resolved to observe an exact neutrality between the Whigs and Tories unless I shall be forced to declare myself by the hostilities of either side. In short, I have

acted in all the parts of my life as a looker-on, which is the character I intend to preserve in this paper.

I have given the reader just so much of my history and character as to let him see I am not altogether unqualified for the business I have undertaken. As for other particulars in my life and adventures, I shall insert them in following papers as I shall see occasion. In the meantime, when I consider how much I have seen, read, and heard, I begin to blame my own taciturnity; and since I have neither time nor inclination to communicate the fullness of my heart in speech, I am resolved to do it in writing, and to print myself out,<sup>15</sup> if possible, before I die. I have been often told by my friends that it is a pity so many useful discoveries which I have made should be in the possession of a silent man. For this reason, therefore, I shall publish a sheetful of thoughts every morning for the benefit of my contemporaries; and if I can any way contribute to the diversion or improvement of the country in which I live, I shall leave it, when I am summoned out of it, with the secret satisfaction of thinking that I have not lived in vain.

There are three very material points which I have not spoken to in this paper, and which, for several important reasons, I must keep to myself, at least for some time—I mean an account of my name, my age, and my lodgings. I must confess I would gratify my reader in anything that is reasonable; but as for these three particulars, though I am sensible they might tend very much to the embellishment of my paper, I cannot yet come to a resolution of communicating them to the public. They would indeed draw me out of that obscurity which I have enjoyed for many years, and expose me in public

<sup>10</sup> Child's, frequented by the Clergy.

<sup>11</sup> the *Postman*, a London triweekly newspaper of the time.

<sup>12</sup> St. James's Coffee-house was frequented by the Whigs, the progressives of the day; the Cocoa-Tree (five lines below) was the meeting place of the Tories, or conservative party.

<sup>13</sup> Drury Lane, Haymarket, famous London theaters, still in existence.

<sup>14</sup> blots, in backgammon, pieces exposed so that they may be taken.

<sup>15</sup> print myself out, make my character and opinions clear.



places to several salutes and civilities which have been always very disagreeable to me; for the greatest pain I can suffer is the being talked to and being stared at. It is for this reason, likewise, that I keep my complexion and dress as very great secrets, though it is not impossible but I may make discoveries of both in the progress of the work I have undertaken.

After having been thus particular upon myself, I shall in tomorrow's paper give an account of those gentlemen who are concerned with me in this work. For, as I have before intimated, a plan of it is laid and concerted—as all other matters of importance are—in a club. However, as my friends have engaged me to stand in the front, those who have a mind to correspond with me may direct their letters to the Spectator, at Mr. Buckley's<sup>16</sup> in Little Britain. For I must further acquaint the reader that though our club meets only on Tuesdays and Thursdays, we have appointed a committee to sit every night for the inspection of all such papers as may contribute to the advancement of the public weal. C.<sup>17</sup>

<sup>16</sup> Buckley, Addison's publisher, whose office was in Little Britain, a section in the center of London.

<sup>17</sup> C Addison's contributions to the *Spectator* were signed C, L, I, or O. from Clio, the name of the muse of history. Steele used the letters R and T.

## THE SPECTATOR'S CLUB

[No. 2.—Steele. Friday, March 2, 1711.]

[The second number of *The Spectator*, here entitled "The Spectator's Club," describes an imaginary group of men who meet at a public coffee-house, not in a club-house designed for their exclusive use. The group which Steele describes contains various representatives of the middle class, as distinguished from the nobility above them and the peasants below them. They are spoken of as "humorous" people in Ben Jonson's sense of the word "humor"; that is, each person is marked by certain

eccentricities of manner and opinion. The most entertaining of these eccentricities belong to Sir Roger, who is described at the very beginning of the paper.]

—Ast alii sex,  
Et plures uno conclamant ore.<sup>1</sup>  
—Juvenal.

THE first of our society is a gentleman of Worcestershire, of ancient descent, a baronet, his name Sir Roger de Coverley. His great-grandfather was inventor of that famous country-dance<sup>2</sup> which is called after him. All who know that shire are very well acquainted with the parts and merits of Sir Roger. He is a gentleman that is very singular in his behavior, but his singularities proceed from his good sense and are contradictions to the manners of the world only as he thinks the world is in the wrong. However, this humor<sup>3</sup> creates him no enemies, for he does nothing with sourness or obstinacy; and his being unconfin'd to modes and forms makes him but the readier and more capable to please and oblige all who know him. When he is in town, he lives in Soho Square. It is said he keeps himself a bachelor by reason he was crossed in love by a perverse, beautiful widow of the next county to him. Before this disappointment Sir Roger was what you call a fine gentleman, had often supped with my Lord Rochester and Sir George Etherege,<sup>4</sup> fought a duel upon his first coming to town, and kicked Bully Dawson<sup>5</sup> in a public coffee-house for calling him "youngster." But being ill-used by the above-mentioned widow, he was very serious for a year and a half; and though, his temper being

<sup>1</sup> Ast . . . ore: But six others and more cry out together with one voice. <sup>2</sup> country-dance. This dance, called the "Roger de Coverley," was similar to the Virginia Reel.

<sup>3</sup> humor, oddity of behavior. <sup>4</sup> Lord Rochester and Sir George Etherege, writers and brilliant wits during the reign of Charles II.

<sup>5</sup> Bully Dawson, a "swaggering sharper" of the time.

naturally jovial, he at last got over it, he grew careless of himself, and never dressed afterwards. He continues to wear a coat and doublet of the same cut that were in fashion at the time of his repulse, which, in his merry humors, he tells us, has been in and out twelve times since he first wore it. He is now in his fifty-sixth year, cheerful, gay, and hearty; keeps a good house both in town and country; a great lover of mankind; but there is such a mirthful cast in his behavior that he is rather beloved than esteemed. His tenants grow rich, his servants look satisfied, all the young women profess love to him, and the young men are glad of his company. When he comes into a house, he calls the servants by their names, and talks all the way upstairs to a visit. I must not omit that Sir Roger is a justice of the quorum;<sup>6</sup> that he fills the chair at a quarter-session<sup>7</sup> with great abilities; and three months ago gained universal applause by explaining a passage in the Game Act.<sup>8</sup>

The gentleman next in esteem and authority among us is another bachelor, who is a member of the Inner Temple;<sup>9</sup> a man of great probity, wit, and understanding; but he has chosen his place of residence rather to obey the direction of an old humorsome father than in pursuit of his own inclinations. He was placed there to study the laws of the land, and is the most learned of any of the house in those of the stage. Aristotle and Longinus<sup>10</sup> are much better understood by him than Littleton or Coke.<sup>11</sup> The father sends up, every post, questions relating to marriage-arti-

cles, leases, and tenures, in the neighborhood; all which questions he agrees with an attorney to answer and take care of in the lump. He is studying the passions themselves, when he should be inquiring into the debates among men which arise from them. He knows the argument of each of the orations of Demosthenes<sup>12</sup> and Tully,<sup>13</sup> but not one case in the reports of our own courts. No one ever took him for a fool, but none, except his intimate friends, know he has a great deal of wit.<sup>14</sup> This turn makes him at once both distinterested and agreeable. As few of his thoughts are drawn from business, they are most of them fit for conversation. His taste of books is a little too just for the age he lives in; he has read all, but approves of very few. His familiarity with the customs, manners, actions, and writings of the ancients makes him a very delicate observer of what occurs to him in the present world. He is an excellent critic, and the time of the play is his hour of business; exactly at five<sup>15</sup> he passes through New Inn,<sup>16</sup> crosses through Russell Court, and takes a turn at Will's till the play begins; he has his shoes rubbed and his periwig powdered at the barber's as you go into the Rose.<sup>17</sup> It is for the good of the audience when he is at a play, for the actors have an ambition to please him.

The person of next consideration is Sir Andrew Freeport, a merchant of great eminence in the city of London, a person of indefatigable industry, strong reason, and great experience. His notions of trade are noble and generous, and, as every rich man has usually some sly way of jesting which would

<sup>6</sup> *justice of the quorum*, justice of the peace.  
<sup>7</sup> *quarter-session*, a quarterly meeting of a local court. <sup>8</sup> *Game Act*, laws controlling the hunting of game.

<sup>9</sup> *Inner Temple*, one of the four Inns of Court (societies, or colleges, of lawyers and law students), which had (and still have) the sole right of admitting to the bar. <sup>10</sup> *Aristotle and Longinus*, the standard authorities from Greek times on poetry and drama.  
<sup>11</sup> *Littleton or Coke*. Sir Thomas Littleton (1422-1481) and Sir Edward Coke (1552-1634) were the standard authorities on English law.

<sup>12</sup> *Demosthenes* (B.C. 384-322), a noted Athenian orator. <sup>13</sup> *Tully*, Marcus Tullius Cicero (B.C. 106-43), a famous Roman author, orator, and statesman. <sup>14</sup> *wit*, intelligence.

<sup>15</sup> *five*, the theater hour of the period. <sup>16</sup> *New Inn*, one of the four Inns of Court. (See note 9.) Pleasant walks were connected with the Inns. <sup>17</sup> *the Rose*, a tavern on the corner of the block in which stood the Drury Lane Theater.

make no great figure were he not a rich man, he calls the sea the British Common. He is acquainted with commerce in all its parts, and will tell you that it is a stupid and barbarous way to extend dominion by arms; for true power is to be got by arts and industry. He will often argue that if this part of our trade were well cultivated, we should gain from one nation; and if another, from another. I have heard him prove that diligence makes more lasting acquisitions than valor, and that sloth has ruined more nations than the sword. He abounds in several frugal maxims, among which the greatest favorite is, "A penny saved is a penny got." A general trader of good sense is pleasanter company than a general scholar; and Sir Andrew having a natural, unaffected eloquence, the perspicuity of his discourse gives the same pleasure that wit would in another man. He has made his fortunes himself, and says that England may be richer than other kingdoms by as plain methods as he himself is richer than other men; though at the same time I can say this of him, that there is not a point in the compass but blows home a ship in which he is an owner.

Next to Sir Andrew in the club-room sits Captain Sentry, a gentleman of great courage, good understanding, but invincible modesty. He is one of those that deserve very well, but are very awkward at putting their talents within the observation of such as should take notice of them. He was some years a captain, and behaved himself with great gallantry in several engagements and at several sieges; but having a small estate of his own, and being next heir to Sir Roger, he has quitted a way of life in which no man can rise suitably to his merit who is not something of a courtier as well as a soldier. I have heard him often lament that in a profession where merit is placed in so

conspicuous a view, impudence should get the better of modesty. When he has talked to this purpose I never heard him make a *sour* expression, but frankly confess that he left the world because he was not fit for it. A strict honesty and an even, regular behavior are in themselves obstacles to him that must press through crowds who endeavor at the same end with himself—the favor of a commander. He will, however, in this way of talk, excuse generals for not disposing according to men's desert, or inquiring into it. "For," says he, "that great man who has a mind to help me has as many to break through to come at me as I have to come at him." Therefore he will conclude that the man who would make a figure, especially in a military way, must get over all false modesty, and assist his patron against the importunity of other pretenders by a proper assurance in his own vindication. He says it is a civil cowardice to be backward in asserting what you ought to expect, as it is a military fear to be slow in attacking when it is your duty. With this candor does the gentleman speak of himself and others. The same frankness runs through all his conversation. The military part of his life has furnished him with many adventures, in the relation of which he is very agreeable to the company; for he is never overbearing, though accustomed to command men in the utmost degree below him; nor ever too obsequious from an habit of obeying men highly above him.

But that our society may not appear a set of humorists,<sup>18</sup> unacquainted with the gallantries and pleasures of the age, we have among us the gallant Will Honeycomb, a gentleman who according to his years should be in the decline of his life, but having ever been very careful of his person, and always had

<sup>18</sup> *humorists*, eccentric characters.

a very easy fortune, time has made but very little impression either by wrinkles on his forehead or traces in his brain. His person is well turned, of a good height. He is very ready at that sort of discourse with which men usually entertain women. He has all his life dressed very well, and remembers habits<sup>19</sup> as others do men. He can smile when one speaks to him, and laughs easily. He knows the history of every mode and can inform you from which of the French king's wenches our wives and daughters had this manner of curling their hair, that way of placing their hoods; whose frailty was covered by such a sort of petticoat, and whose vanity to show her foot made that part of the dress so short in such a year. In a word, all his conversation and knowledge has been in the female world. As other men of his age will take notice to you what such a minister said upon such and such an occasion, he will tell you when the Duke of Monmouth<sup>20</sup> danced at court such a woman was then smitten, another was taken with him at the head of his troop in the Park.<sup>21</sup> In all these important relations, he has ever about the same time received a kind glance or a blow of a fan from some celebrated beauty, mother of the present Lord Such-a-one. If you speak of a young commoner that said a lively thing in the House, he starts up: "He has good blood in his veins. Tom Mirabell begot him; the rogue cheated me in that affair. That young fellow's mother used me more like a dog than any woman I ever made advances to." This way of talking of his very much enlivens the conversation among us of a more sedate turn; and I find there is not one of the company

but myself, who rarely speak at all, but speaks of him as of that sort of man who is usually called a well-bred, fine gentleman. To conclude his character, where women are not concerned, he is an honest, worthy man.

I cannot tell whether I am to account him whom I am next to speak of as one of our company, for he visits us but seldom; but when he does, it adds to every man else a new enjoyment of himself. He is a clergyman, a very philosophic man, of general learning, great sanctity of life, and the most exact good breeding. He has the misfortune to be of a very weak constitution, and consequently cannot accept of such cares and business as preferences in his functions would oblige him to. He is therefore among divines what a chamber-counselor<sup>22</sup> is among lawyers. The probity of his mind and the integrity of his life create him followers, as being eloquent or loud advances others. He seldom introduces the subject he speaks upon; but we are so far gone in years that he observes, when he is among us, an earnestness to have him fall on some divine topic, which he always treats with much authority, as one who has no interests in this world, as one who is hastening to the object of all his wishes, and conceives hope from his decays and infirmities. These are my ordinary companions. R.<sup>23</sup>

<sup>22</sup> *chamber-counselor*, a lawyer who gives counsel, but does not appear in court.

<sup>23</sup> R. See note 17, column 1, page 246.

## THE CRIES OF LONDON

[No. 251.—Addison.]

[The prime purpose of *The Spectator* was to preach reason and good manners to the middle classes, but to preach in so soothing a voice that no one could take offense. The following paper, which amuses us of today with its vivid picture

<sup>19</sup> *habits*, styles.

<sup>20</sup> *Duke of Monmouth*, profligate son of Charles II. He was executed in 1685 for attempting to usurp the throne.

<sup>21</sup> *Park*, Hyde Park, London's largest and most famous park.

of the eighteenth century metropolis, aimed to reform a contemporary abuse of long standing.]

——— *Linguae centum sunt, oraque centum, Ferrea vox* ———.<sup>1</sup>

—*Virgil.*

THERE is nothing which more astonishes a foreigner, and frights a country squire, than the cries of London. My good friend Sir Roger often declares that he cannot get them out of his head, or go to sleep for them, the first week that he is in town. On the contrary, Will Honeycomb calls them the *ramage de la ville*,<sup>2</sup> and prefers them to the sounds of larks and nightingales, with all the music of the fields and woods. I have lately received a letter from some very odd fellow upon this subject, which I shall leave with my reader, without saying anything further of it.

"Sir,

"I am a man out of all business, and would willingly turn my head to anything for an honest livelihood. I have invented several projects for raising many millions of money without burdening the subject, but I cannot get the Parliament to listen to me, who look upon me, forsooth, as a projector;<sup>3</sup> so that despairing to enrich either myself or my country by this public-spiritedness, I would make some proposals to you relating to a design which I have very much at heart, and which may procure me an handsome subsistence, if you will be pleased to recommend it to the cities of London and Westminster.

"The post<sup>4</sup> I would aim at is to be Comptroller-general of the London Cries, which are at present under no manner of rules or discipline. I think I am pretty well qualified for this place,

as being a man of very strong lungs, of great insight into all branches of our British trades and manufactures, and of a competent skill in Music.

"The cries of London may be divided into vocal and instrumental. As for the latter, they are at present under a very great disorder. A freeman of London has the privilege of disturbing a whole street for an hour together, with the twancking of a brass kettle or a frying-pan. The watchman's thump at midnight startles us in our beds, as much as the breaking in of a thief. I would therefore propose that no instrument of this nature should be made use of, which I have not tuned and licensed, after having carefully examined in what manner it may affect the ears of her Majesty's liege subjects.

"Vocal cries are of a much larger extent, and indeed so full of incongruities and barbarisms that we appear a distracted city to foreigners, who do not comprehend the meaning of such enormous outcries. Milk is generally sold in a note above *ela*,<sup>5</sup> and in sounds so exceeding shrill that it often sets our teeth on edge. The chimney-sweeper is confined to no certain pitch; he sometimes utters himself in the deepest bass, and sometimes in the sharpest treble; sometimes in the highest, and sometimes in the lowest note of the gamut.<sup>6</sup> The same observation might be made on the retailers of small-coal, not to mention broken glasses or brick-dust. In these, therefore, and the like cases, it should be my care to sweeten and mellow the voices of these itinerant tradesmen, before they make their appearance in our streets; as also to accommodate their cries to their respective wares; and to take care in particular that those may not make the most noise who have the least to sell, which is very observable in the venders of

<sup>1</sup> *Linguae . . . vox*. There are a hundred tongues, a hundred mouths, with an iron-like voice.

<sup>2</sup> *ramage de la ville*, warbling of the city.

<sup>3</sup> *a projector*, one who forms cheating schemes. <sup>4</sup> *post*, position.

<sup>5</sup> *ela*, high E.

<sup>6</sup> *gamut*, the musical scale.

card-matches, to whom I cannot but apply that old proverb of 'Much cry but little wool.'

"Some of these last-mentioned musicians are so very loud in the sale of these trifling manufactures that an honest splenetic gentleman of my acquaintance bargained with one of them never to come into the street where he lived. But what was the effect of this contract? Why, the whole tribe of card-match-makers which frequent that quarter passed by his door the very next day, in hopes of being bought off after the same manner.

"It is another great imperfection in our London cries that there is no just time nor measure observed in them. Our news should indeed be published in a very quick time, because it is a commodity that will not keep cold. It should not, however, be cried with the same precipitation as fire. Yet this is generally the case; a bloody battle alarms the town from one end to another in an instant. Every motion of the French is published in so great a hurry that one would think the enemy were at our gates.<sup>7</sup> This likewise I would take upon me to regulate in such a manner that there should be some distinction made between the spreading of a victory, a march, or an encampment, a Dutch, a Portugal, or a Spanish mail. Nor must I omit, under this head, those excessive alarms with which several boisterous rustics infest our streets in turnip season; and which are more inexcusable, because these are wares which are in no danger of cooling upon their hands.

"There are others who affect a very slow time, and are in my opinion much more tuneable than the former; the cooper<sup>8</sup> in particular swells his last note in an hollow voice, that is not without

its harmony; nor can I forbear being inspired with a most agreeable melancholy when I hear that sad and solemn air with which the public is very often asked if they have any chairs to mend. Your own memory may suggest to you many other lamentable<sup>9</sup> ditties of the same nature, in which the music is wonderfully languishing and melodious.

"I am always pleased with that particular time of the year which is proper for the pickling of dill and cucumbers; but, alas, this cry, like the song of the nightingales, is not heard above two months. It would therefore be worth while to consider whether the same air might not in some cases be adapted to other words.

"It might likewise deserve our most serious consideration, how far, in a well-regulated city, those humorists are to be tolerated who, not contented with the traditional cries of their forefathers, have invented particular songs and tunes of their own—such as was, not many years since, the pastry-man, commonly known by the name of the colly-molly-puff; and such as is at this day the vender of powder and washballs,<sup>10</sup> who, if I am rightly informed, goes under the name of powder-watt.

"I must not here omit one particular absurdity which runs through this whole vociferous generation, and which renders their cries very often not only incommodious, but altogether useless to the public. I mean that idle accomplishment which they all of them aim at, of crying so as not to be understood. Whether or no they have learned this from several of our affected singers, I will not take upon me to say; but most certain it is that people know the wares they deal in rather by their tunes than by their words; insomuch that I have sometimes seen a country boy run out

<sup>7</sup> Every motion . . . gates. At the time this essay was written England and France were at war. <sup>8</sup> cooper, one who makes or repairs barrels, kegs, etc.

<sup>9</sup> lamentable, pathetic.

<sup>10</sup> washballs, balls of perfumed soap.

to buy apples of a bellows-mender, and gingerbread from a grinder of knives and scissors. Nay, so strangely infatuated are some very eminent artists of this particular grace in a cry that none but their acquaintance are able to guess at their profession; for who else can know that "Work If I Had It" should be the signification of a corn-cutter?<sup>11</sup>

"Forasmuch therefore as persons of this rank are seldom men of genius or capacity, I think it would be very proper that some man of good sense and sound judgment should preside over these public cries, who should permit none to lift up their voices in our streets that have not tuneable throats, and are not only able to overcome the noise of the crowd and the rattling of coaches, but also to vend their respective merchandises in apt phrases and in the most distinct and agreeable sounds. I do therefore humbly recommend myself as a person rightly qualified for this post, and if I meet with fitting encouragement, shall communicate some other projects which I have by me, that may no-less conduce to the emolument of the public.

"I am,

"Sir, &c.

"Ralph Crotchett"

<sup>11</sup> *corn-cutter*, one who cuts corns off the feet.

#### CLASS DISCUSSIONS

*The Spectator Himself.* 1. Are you interested in the author of a book before you have read it, or after? Think of a particular selection that you have read in earlier sections of this volume.

2. Why may we think Mr. Spectator will make a good editor? Quote his words about his purpose.

3. Compare Addison's humorous account of himself with the sketch of his life on page 228. In what respects does Addi-

son present his own life and characters in this essay?

4. Considering this paper as an advertisement, think out (with the aid of pages 227-228): (a) what classes of people *The Spectator* would interest, (b) what features of the proposed periodical would be most interesting to each class, and (c) how this paper makes readers friendly to later issues.

*The Spectator's Club.* 1. Sir Roger, who represents the small hereditary landholders in the country, is the most important member of the Club. What features of his character do you like?

2. Sir Andrew Freeport represents the business men of the time, the class to which Defoe belonged (see page 226). How do his views compare with those of American business men?

3. What is the chief trait of Captain Sentry? As Steele had served for a time in the army (see page 228), Captain Sentry probably represents Steele's views. How did one rise in the English army during the long war against France (see page 223)?

4. Which of the other characters was interesting to you? Read passages to illustrate. Of the whole Club, which member do you like best? Why?

5. This paper illustrates the coffee-house gatherings of that day. How do the account of the Club and Mr. Spectator's references to coffee-houses bear out what was said about coffee-houses in the history on page 227?

*The Cries of London.* 1. Which details of life in eighteenth-century London were most picturesque? Are any annoyances mentioned here to be found in a modern American city? What other annoyances, not mentioned here, might be found in an American town or city?

2. Which of the reforms suggested here are amusingly exaggerated? Point out criticism or satire that seems to you well founded.

3. What practical effect do you suppose this paper might have had? Compare its influence with that of an editorial in an American paper.

## TRUE WIT

ALEXANDER POPE

[The following passage from *An Essay on Criticism* will give you a clear notion of Pope's power of saying things precisely. Two topics are discussed: (a) What kind of language should the poet pursue? (b) What plan of versification should he follow? The development of the first topic shows how well satisfied with itself was society in the time of Queen Anne, how much it strove to be dressed "correctly" for every occasion. To the second topic Pope applies the same principle of appropriateness or "correctness." Here he exhibits a marvelous ability to devise a line to illustrate each point that he wishes to make about the meter and sound of verse. Together the two sections show why Pope was intensely admired during the reign of form.]

TRUE wit is nature to advantage  
dressed,  
What oft was thought, but ne'er so well  
expressed;  
Something, whose truth convinced at  
sight we find,  
That gives us back the image of our  
mind.  
As shades more sweetly recommend the  
light,  
So modest plainness sets off sprightly  
wit.  
For works may have more wit than does  
'em good,  
As bodies perish through excess of  
blood.  
Others for language all their care ex-  
press,  
And value books, as women men, for  
dress;  
Their praise is still—the style is excel-  
lent;  
The sense they humbly take upon con-  
tent.<sup>1</sup>  
Words are like leaves; and where they  
most abound,

<sup>1</sup> content, trust.

Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely  
found. 14

False eloquence, like the prismatic glass,  
Its gaudy colors spreads on every place.  
The face of nature we no more survey;  
All glares alike, without distinction gay;  
But true expression, like the unchanging  
sun,

Clears and improves whate'er it shines  
upon; 20

It gilds all objects, but it alters none.  
Expression is the dress of thought, and  
still

Appears more decent, as more suitable;<sup>2</sup>  
A vile conceit<sup>3</sup> in pompous words ex-  
pressed

Is like a clown in regal purple dressed;  
For different styles with different sub-  
jects sort,<sup>4</sup> 28

As several garbs with country, town,  
and court.

Some by old words to fame have made  
pretense,

Ancients in phrase, mere moderns in  
their sense;

Such labored nothings, in so strange a  
style, 30

Amaze the unlearned, and make the  
learnèd smile.

Unlucky, as Fungoso<sup>5</sup> in the play,  
These sparks with awkward vanity dis-  
play

What the fine gentleman wore yester-  
day; 34

And but so mimic ancient wits at best,  
As apes our grandsires, in their doublets  
dressed.

In words, as fashions, the same rule will  
hold,

Alike fantastic, if too new, or old:

Be not the first by whom the new are  
tried,

Nor yet the last to lay the old aside. 40

<sup>2</sup> more . . . suitable, the more attractive the more closely it fits. <sup>3</sup> A vile conceit, any "far-fetched, unnatural figure" (Dr. Johnson). <sup>4</sup> sort, fit.

<sup>5</sup> Fungoso, a character in Ben Jonson's *Every Man out of His Humor*; he wanted to be a courtier, but failed because his clothes were always out of fashion.



But most by numbers<sup>6</sup> judge a poet's  
 song,  
 And smooth or rough, with them, is  
 right or wrong.  
 In the bright Muse though thousand  
 charms conspire,  
 Her voice is all these tuneful fools ad-  
 mire,  
 Who haunt Parnassus<sup>7</sup> but to please  
 their ear, 45  
 Not mend their minds; as some to  
 church repair,  
 Not for the doctrine, but the music  
 there.  
 These equal syllables alone require,  
 Though oft the ear the open vowels<sup>8</sup>  
 tire;  
 While expletives their feeble aid do  
 join,  
 And ten low words oft creep in one dull  
 line, 51  
 While they ring round the same un-  
 varied chimes,  
 With sure returns of still expected rimes.  
 Where'er you find "the cooling western  
 breeze,"  
 In the next line it "whispers through the  
 trees"; 55  
 If crystal streams "with pleasing mur-  
 murs creep,"  
 The reader's threatened—not in vain—  
 with "sleep."  
 Then, at the last and only couplet  
 fraught  
 With some unmeaning thing they call  
 a thought,  
 A needless Alexandrine<sup>9</sup> ends the song,  
 That, like a wounded snake, drags its  
 slow length along. 61  
 Leave such to tune their own dull rimes,  
 and know  
 What's roundly smooth or languishingly  
 slow;  
 And praise the easy vigor of a line,

<sup>6</sup> *numbers*, the metrical structure of the verse. <sup>7</sup> *haunt Parnassus*, read poetry. Parnassus, a mountain in Greece, was sacred to Apollo and the Muses. <sup>8</sup> *open vowels*, vowels without a consonant between. <sup>9</sup> *Alexandrine*, a line of verse having six feet; the model verse of the time had only five feet.

Where Denham's strength and Wal-  
 ler's<sup>10</sup> sweetness join. 65  
 True ease in writing comes from art,  
 not chance,  
 As those move easiest who have learned  
 to dance.  
 'Tis not enough no harshness gives of-  
 fense,  
 The sound must seem an echo to the  
 sense.  
 Soft is the strain when Zephyr gently  
 blows, 70  
 And the smooth stream in smoother  
 numbers flows;  
 But when loud surges lash the sounding  
 shore,  
 The hoarse, rough verse should like the  
 torrent roar.  
 When Ajax<sup>11</sup> strives some rock's vast  
 weight to throw,  
 The line, too, labors, and the words  
 move slow; 75  
 Not so, when swift Camilla<sup>12</sup> scours the  
 plain,  
 Flies o'er the unbending corn, and skims  
 along the main.  
 Hear how Timotheus' varied lays sur-  
 prise,  
 And bid alternate passions fall and rise!  
 While, at each change, the son of Libyan  
 Jove<sup>13</sup> 80  
 Now burns with glory, and then melts  
 with love;  
 Now his fierce eyes with sparkling fury  
 glow,  
 Now sighs steal out, and tears begin to  
 flow.  
 Persians and Greeks like turns of na-  
 ture found,  
 And the world's victor stood subdued by  
 sound! 85

<sup>10</sup> *Denham . . . Waller*. Sir John Denham (1615-1669) and Edmund Waller (1605-1687) are always spoken of as the founders of the heroic couplet. <sup>11</sup> *Ajax*, one of the minor heroes of the *Iliad*.

<sup>12</sup> *Camilla*, a maiden warrior in the *Aeneid*, so swift and light that she did not bend the grain nor sink into the water over which she sped.

<sup>13</sup> *Hear how . . . Jove*. See "Alexander's Feast," lines 17 ff., page 237.

The power of music all our hearts allow,  
And what Timotheus was, is Dryden  
now.

## THE CARD GAME

ALEXANDER POPE

[The passage below is taken from the most poetic of Pope's writings, *The Rape of the Lock*, which treated a trivial subject with mock-heroic solemnity. A noble lord, in a fit of playfulness, had clipped a lock of hair from the head of a young lady. She resented the liberty, and a quarrel between the two families ensued. In his poem, Pope undertook to laugh the families into good humor. The verse was the talk of the town. Addison suggested that it might be enlivened by the introduction of sylphs—imaginary, faery-like creatures inhabiting the air. Pope took two years to work this suggestion out and polish the language until it glittered.

The means employed to satirize the event as well as the life and manners of the time reflect the classical interests of the age: in the excerpt below the society people are termed heroes and nymphs, as if they were characters in an epic by Virgil or Homer; and a fashionable game at a card table is described as if it were a mighty battle on a plain. The account is so altogether witty, light, and spirited that you cannot help admiring Pope's brilliance.]

CLOSE by those meads, forever  
crowned with flowers,  
Where Thames with pride surveys his  
rising towers,  
There stands a structure<sup>1</sup> of majestic  
frame,  
Which from the neighboring Hampton  
takes its name.  
Here Britain's statesmen oft the fall  
foredoom  
Of foreign tyrants and of nymphs at  
home;

<sup>1</sup> a structure. Hampton Court, used at times as a royal residence.

Here thou, great Anna! whom three  
realms obey,<sup>2</sup>

Dost sometimes counsel take—and  
sometimes tea.<sup>3</sup>

Hither the heroes and the nymphs  
resort,

To taste awhile the pleasures of a court;  
In various talk th' instructive hours  
they passed,

Who gave the ball, or paid the visit  
last;

One speaks the glory of the British  
Queen,

And one describes a charming Indian  
screen;

A third interprets motions, looks, and  
eyes;

At every word a reputation dies.

Snuff,<sup>4</sup> or the fan, supply each pause of  
chat,

With singing, laughing, ogling, and all  
that.

Meanwhile, declining from the noon  
of day,

The sun obliquely shoots his burning  
ray;

The hungry judges soon the sentence  
sign,

And wretches hang that jurymen may  
dine;<sup>5</sup>

The merchant from th' Exchange re-  
turns in peace,

And the long labors of the toilet cease.  
Belinda now, whom thirst of fame in-  
vites,

Burns to encounter two adventurous  
knights,

At ombre<sup>6</sup> singly to decide their doom;  
And swells her breast with conquests  
yet to come.

Straight the three bands prepare in arms  
to join,

<sup>2</sup> Anna . . . obey. Queen Anne ruled over England, Scotland, and Wales. <sup>3</sup> tea. Pronounce to rhyme with "obey."

<sup>4</sup> Snuff. Taking snuff was a common habit in Pope's day. <sup>5</sup> The hungry judges . . . dine. The judges and jury would hastily condemn a man to hang so that they might go out to eat.

<sup>6</sup> ombre, a popular card game of the day. It originated in Spain.

Each band the number of the sacred  
nine.<sup>7</sup> 30

Soon as she spreads her hand, th' aërial  
guard

Descend, and sit on each important  
card:

First, Ariel<sup>8</sup> perched upon a Matadore,<sup>9</sup>

Then each, according to the rank they  
bore;

For sylphs, yet mindful of their ancient  
race, 35

Are, as when women, wondrous fond  
of place.

Behold, four kings in majesty revered,  
With hoary whiskers and a forky beard;  
And four fair queens whose hands sus-  
tain a flower,

The expressive emblem of their softer  
power; 40

Four knaves in garbs succinct, a trusty  
band,

Caps on their heads, and halberts in  
their hand;

And parti-colored troops, a shining  
train,

Draw forth to combat on the velvet  
plain.

The skillful nymph reviews her force  
with care: 45

Let spades be trumps! she said, and  
trumps they were.

Now moved to war her sable Mata-  
dore,

In show like leaders of the swarthy  
Moors.

Spadillio<sup>10</sup> first, unconquerable lord!

Led off two captive trumps, and swept  
the board. 50

As many more Manillio<sup>11</sup> forced to yield  
And marched a victor from the verdant  
field.

Him Basto<sup>12</sup> followed, but his fate more  
hard

Gained but one trump and one plebeian  
card.

With his broad saber next, a chief in  
years, 55

The hoary majesty of spades appears,  
Puts forth one manly leg, to sight re-  
vealed,

The rest his many-colored robe con-  
cealed.

The rebel knave, who dares his prince  
engage,

Proves the just victim of his royal rage.  
E'en mighty Pam,<sup>13</sup> that kings and  
queens o'erthrew, 61

And mowed down armies in the fights  
of Loo,

Sad chance of war! now destitute of aid,  
Falls undistinguished by the victor  
spade!

Thus far both armies to Belinda  
yield; 65

Now to the baron fate inclines the field.  
His warlike Amazon<sup>14</sup> her host invades,  
The imperial consort of the crown of  
spades;

The club's black tyrant first her victim  
died,

Spite of his haughty mien, and barbar-  
ous pride. 70

What boots the regal circle on his head,  
His giant limbs, in state unwieldy  
spread;

That long behind he trails his pompous  
robe,

And, of all monarchs, only grasps the  
globe?<sup>15</sup>

The baron now his diamonds pours  
apace; 75

Th' embroidered king who shows but  
half his face,

And his refulgent queen, with powers  
combined,

Of broken troops an easy conquest find.

<sup>7</sup> sacred nine. Each player has nine cards.

<sup>8</sup> Ariel, "an airy Spirit" in Shakespeare's *Tempest*. <sup>9</sup> Matadore, one of the three best cards; from a Spanish word meaning the slayer in a bull fight.

<sup>10</sup> Spadillio, the ace of spades, a Matadore.

<sup>11</sup> Manillio, another Matadore. <sup>12</sup> Basto, the ace of clubs; the third Matadore.

<sup>13</sup> Pam, the knave of clubs—the highest card in the game of Loo (line 62). <sup>14</sup> warlike Amazon, the queen of clubs, which captures Belinda's king of clubs (described two lines below as "The club's black tyrant").

<sup>15</sup> of all monarchs . . . globe. In a deck of cards the king of clubs is the only card that has a globe on it.

Clubs, diamonds, hearts, in wild disorder seen,  
 With throngs promiscuous strew the level green.<sup>16</sup> 80  
 Thus when dispersed a routed army runs,  
 Of Asia's troops, and Afric's sable sons,  
 With like confusion different nations fly,  
 Of various habit, and of various dye,  
 The pierced battalions disunited fall, 85  
 In heaps on heaps; one fate o'erwhelms them all.

The knave of diamonds tries his wily arts,  
 And wins (oh, shameful chance!) the queen of hearts.  
 At this the blood the virgin's cheek forsook,  
 A livid paleness spreads o'er all her look; 90  
 She sees, and trembles at th' approaching ill,  
 Just in the jaws of ruin, and codille.<sup>17</sup>  
 And now (as oft in some distempered state)  
 On one nice trick depends the general fate.

An ace of hearts steps forth; the king unseen 95  
 Lurked in her hand, and mourned his captive queen;<sup>18</sup>  
 He springs to vengeance with an eager pace,  
 And falls like thunder on the prostrate ace.  
 The nymph exulting fills with shouts the sky;  
 The walls, the woods, and long canals reply. 100

Oh, thoughtless mortals! ever blind to fate,

<sup>16</sup> *the level green*, the card table, covered with a green cloth

<sup>17</sup> *codille*, a term meaning that the namer of trumps (in this case, Belinda) has lost the game. However, Belinda contrives to win by capturing the baron's ace of hearts with her king of hearts (line 98). <sup>18</sup> *captive queen*, the queen of hearts, which had been taken by the baron's knave of diamonds (lines 87-88).

Too soon dejected, and too soon elate.  
 Sudden, these honors shall be snatched away,  
 And cursed forever this victorious day.

## PORTRAIT OF ADDISON

ALEXANDER POPE

[The universally admired passage below is taken from the best of Pope's later writings, the *Epistle to Arbuthnot*, which was a kind of preface to a volume of satires imitated from the Latin poet Horace. Dr. Arbuthnot was a physician to Queen Anne and an intimate friend of Pope, Swift, and other literary men. The preface addressed to him is a sort of autobiography, in which Pope praises himself, makes fun of less prosperous authors, heaps invective upon a noble lord, and ridicules Addison in one of the wittiest satires ever penned. At one time Addison and Pope were friends, but fancied slights led Pope to write these cutting lines. The portrait had just enough truth in it to give point to the attack, and it is so cleverly phrased as to be an unrivaled illustration of Pope's satirical verse.]

PEACE to all such!<sup>1</sup> but were there  
 one whose fires  
 True genius kindles, and fair fame inspires;  
 Blessed with each talent and each art to please,  
 And born to write, converse, and live with ease—  
 Should such a man, too fond to rule<sup>2</sup>  
 alone, 5  
 Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne,  
 View him with scornful, yet with jealous, eyes,  
 And hate for arts that caused himself to rise;  
 Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,

<sup>1</sup> *all such*, those who criticized Pope's writings.

<sup>2</sup> *fond to rule*, fond of ruling.

And without sneering, teach the rest to  
 sneer; 10  
 Willing to wound, and yet afraid to  
 strike,  
 Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike;  
 Alike reserved to blame, or to commend,  
 A timorous foe, and a suspicious friend;  
 Dreading e'en fools, by flatterers be-  
 sieged, 15  
 And so obliging that he ne'er obliged;  
 Like Cato,<sup>1</sup> give his little senate laws,  
 And sit attentive to his own applause;  
 While wits and templars<sup>2</sup> every sentence  
 raise,<sup>3</sup>  
 And wonder with a foolish face of  
 praise— 20  
 Who but must laugh, if such a man  
 there be?  
 Who would not weep, if *Atticus*<sup>4</sup> were  
 he!

### THE HARE WITH MANY FRIENDS

JOHN GAY

[Among the many admirers and imitators of Pope the most pleasing is John Gay. His *Fables* (1727), which won him fame in his own day, held their popularity for a century. In the wit and easy flow of the narrative Gay's fables are considered the best that have appeared in English verse.]

**F**RRIENDSHIP, like love, is but a  
 name,  
 Unless to one you stint the flame.  
 The child whom many fathers share,  
 Hath seldom known a father's care.  
 'Tis thus in friendships; who depend 5  
 On many rarely find a friend.  
 A hare, who, in a civil way,  
 Complied with everything, like Gay,  
 Was known by all the bestial train

<sup>1</sup> *Cato*, a reference to Addison's drama, *Cato*

<sup>2</sup> *templars*, lawyers, so called from The Temple, law buildings in London.

<sup>3</sup> *raise*, praise.

<sup>4</sup> *Atticus*, Pope's name for Addison.

Who haunt the wood or graze the plain.  
 Her care was never to offend, 11  
 And every creature was her friend.  
 As forth she went at early dawn,  
 To taste the dew-besprinkled lawn,  
 Behind she hears the hunter's cries, 15  
 And from the deep-mouthed thunder<sup>1</sup>  
 flies.

She starts, she stops, she pants for  
 breath;  
 She hears the near advance of death;  
 She doubles, to mislead the hound,  
 And measures back her mazy round;<sup>2</sup> 20  
 Till, fainting in the public way,  
 Half dead with fear she gasping lay.  
 What transport in her bosom grew  
 When first the horse appeared in view!  
 "Let me," says she, "your back ascend, 25  
 And owe my safety to a friend.  
 You know my feet betray my flight;  
 To friendship every burden's light."  
 The horse replied: "Poor honest puss,  
 It grieves my heart to see thee thus; 30  
 Be comforted; relief is near,  
 For all your friends are in the rear."

She next the stately bull implored;  
 And thus replied the mighty lord,  
 "Since every beast alive can tell 35  
 That I sincerely wish you well,  
 I may, without offense, pretend  
 To take the freedom of a friend;  
 Love calls me hence; a favorite cow  
 Expects me near yon barley-mow; 40  
 And when a lady's in the case,  
 You know all other things give place.  
 To leave you thus might seem unkind;  
 But see, the goat is just behind."

The goat remarked her pulse was  
 high, 45  
 Her languid head, her heavy eye;  
 "My back," says he, "may do you harm;  
 The sheep's at hand, and wool is warm."  
 The sheep was feeble, and complained  
 His sides a load of wool sustained; 50  
 Said he was slow, confessed his fears,  
 For hounds eat sheep as well as hares.

<sup>1</sup> *deep-mouthed thunder*, haying of the hounds. <sup>2</sup> *mazy round*, intricate tracks.

She now the trotting calf addressed,  
 To save from death a friend distressed.  
 "Shall I," says he, "of tender age, 55  
 In this important care engage?  
 Older and abler passed you by;  
 How strong are those, how weak am I!  
 Should I presume to bear you hence, 59  
 Those friends of mine may take offense.  
 Excuse me, then. You know my heart.  
 But dearest friends, alas, must part!  
 How shall we all lament! Adieu!  
 For see, the hounds are just in view."

#### CLASS DISCUSSIONS

*True Wit.* 1. How do the comparisons that Pope uses to explain the proper language for a poet (lines 9-40) show that he was essentially a city poet? Try to define "true expression" as he uses the term. What does he think of the use of archaic words such as Spenser chose for *The Faerie Queene*?

2. What different tests of versification or "numbers" does Pope mention? Of the lines which illustrate his points, such as lines 51 and 61, which are to you most interesting? To make your answer clear you will need to read the passages aloud to the class.

3. Compare what Pope says of "Alexander's Feast" with your own impression of the poem. What features does Pope praise?

*The Card Game.* 1. Lines 1-24 give the setting for the scene—the palace of

Hampton Court. Some of Pope's satire is light; in lines 5-6 he compares momentous matters, such as negotiations to bring about the defeat of Louis XIV, with trifling incidents, such as the loss of favor at court by some frivolous young woman. Which are the most amusing of these sallies? Other parts of his satire are truly savage, as in lines 21-22, which declare that a prisoner's life is sacrificed in order that officials may get to dinner on time. Do you find other examples?

2. Lines 25-104 give a lively description of the favorite card game of the day. How is suspense maintained in this narrative? What are the most picturesque incidents? In what part does Pope's mock-heroic method become most amusing?

3. How does *The Rape of the Lock*, like *An Essay on Criticism*, show that Pope was a city poet?

*Portrait of Addison.* 1. The diabolical cleverness of this satire lies in the pretense of praise. For what does Pope affect to praise Addison? Where does he employ antithesis to sharpen his satire? Some of this antithesis is very subtle. Which lines or couplets pleased you particularly?

2. How does the satire here differ from that in "Achitophel" (page 235)? How does the poem illustrate the ideal of poetry during the reign of form (page 232)?

*The Hare with Many Friends.* 1. What gives the story its humor and charm? Quote or read passages to illustrate.

2. What is the point or "lesson" of this fable? How is this lesson emphasized? Is the conclusion appropriate?

## A VOYAGE TO LILLIPUT

[Part I, *Gulliver's Travels*]

JONATHAN SWIFT

Swift's account of the pygmy Lilliputians is as real as *Robinson Crusoe* and much more marvelous. Among these tiny people every foot of human dimensions is reduced to an inch, yet the proportions are so carefully preserved that their every action is convincing. Though children for more than three centuries have eagerly followed Gulliver's adventures as a fairy tale, you will see that Swift's account brings out the littleness of national leaders and indeed of all worldly pomp. As you read, keep in mind both the story and the satire.

## CHAPTER I

MY FATHER had a small estate in Nottinghamshire; I was the third of five sons. He sent me to Emanuel College in Cambridge, at fourteen years old, where I resided three years, and applied myself close to my studies; but the charge of maintaining me (although I had a very scanty allowance) being too great for a narrow fortune, I was bound apprentice to Mr. James Bates, an eminent surgeon in London, with whom I continued four years; and my father now and then sending me small sums of money, I laid them out in learning navigation, and other parts of the mathematics, useful to those who intend to travel, as I always believed it would be some time or other my fortune to do. When I left Mr. Bates, I went down to my father; where, by the assistance of him and my uncle John, and some other relations, I got forty pounds and a promise of thirty pounds a year to maintain me at Leyden.<sup>1</sup> There I studied physic<sup>2</sup> two years and seven months, knowing it would be useful in long voyages.

Soon after my return from Leyden I was recommended by my good master, Mr. Bates, to be surgeon to the *Swallow*, Captain Abraham Pannell, commander; with whom I continued three

years and a half, making a voyage or two into the Levant,<sup>3</sup> and some other parts. When I came back, I resolved to settle in London, to which Mr. Bates, my master, encouraged me, and by him I was recommended to several patients. I took part of a small house in the Old Jewry;<sup>4</sup> and being advised to alter my condition, I married Mrs.<sup>5</sup> Mary Burton, second daughter to Mr. Edmund Burton, hosier, in Newgate Street, with whom I received four hundred pounds for a portion.

But my good master Bates dying in two years after and I having few friends, my business began to fail; for my conscience would not suffer me to imitate the bad practice of too many among my brethren. Having therefore consulted with my wife and some of my acquaintance, I determined to go again to sea. I was surgeon successively in two ships, and made several voyages for six years to the East and West Indies, by which I got some addition to my fortune. My hours of leisure I spent in reading the best authors, ancient and modern, being always provided with a good number of books; and when I was ashore, in observing the manners and dispositions of the people, as well as learning their language, wherein I

<sup>1</sup> *Leyden*, a city in Holland, where there was a well-known school of medicine. <sup>2</sup> *physic*, medicine.

<sup>3</sup> *the Levant*, the East. <sup>4</sup> *Old Jewry*, a street in an ancient section of the city. <sup>5</sup> *Mrs.* In the eighteenth century the term "Mistress" was applied to both unmarried and married women.

had a great facility by the strength of my memory.

The last of these voyages not proving very fortunate, I grew weary of the sea and intended to stay at home with my wife and family. I removed from the Old Jewry to Fetter Lane,<sup>6</sup> and from thence to Wapping,<sup>7</sup> hoping to get business among the sailors; but it would not turn to account. After three years' expectation that things would mend I accepted an advantageous offer from Captain William Pritchard, master of the *Antelope*, who was making a voyage to the South Sea. We set sail from Bristol, May 4th, 1699, and our voyage at first was very prosperous.

It would not be proper, for some reasons, to trouble the reader with the particulars of our adventures in those seas. Let it suffice to inform him that, in our passage from thence to the East Indies, we were driven by a violent storm to the northwest of Van Diemen's Land.<sup>8</sup> By an observation we found ourselves in the latitude of 30 degrees 2 minutes south. Twelve of our crew were dead by immoderate labor and ill food; the rest were in a very weak condition. On the fifth of November, which was the beginning of summer in those parts, the weather being very hazy, the seamen spied a rock, within half a cable's length of the ship; but the wind was so strong that we were driven directly upon it, and immediately split.

Six of the crew, of whom I was one, having let down the boat into the sea, made a shift to get clear of the ship and the rock. We rowed, by my computation, about three leagues,<sup>9</sup> till we were able to work no longer, being already spent with labor while we were in the ship. We therefore trusted ourselves to the mercy of the waves, and in

about half an hour the boat was overset by a sudden flurry from the north. What became of my companions in the boat, as well as of those who escaped on the rock, or were left in the vessel, I cannot tell, but conclude they were all lost.

For my own part, I swam as fortune directed me and was pushed forward by wind and tide. I often let my legs drop and could feel no bottom, but when I was almost gone, and able to struggle no longer, I found myself within my depth; and by this time the storm was much abated. The declivity was so small that I walked near a mile before I got to the shore, which I conjectured was about eight o'clock in the evening. I then advanced forward near half a mile, but could not discover any sign of houses or inhabitants; at least I was in so weak a condition that I did not observe them.

I was extremely tired, and with that, and the heat of the weather, and about half a pint of brandy that I drank as I left the ship, I found myself much inclined to sleep. I lay down on the grass, which was very short and soft, where I slept sounder than ever I remembered to have done in my life, and, as I reckoned, about nine hours, for when I awaked it was just daylight.

I attempted to rise, but was not able to stir; for as I happened to lie on my back, I found my arms and legs were strongly fastened on each side to the ground; and my hair, which was long and thick, tied down in the same manner. I likewise felt several slender ligatures across my body, from my arm-pits to my thighs. I could only look upwards, the sun began to grow hot, and the light offended my eyes. I heard a confused noise about me, but, in the posture I lay, could see nothing except the sky.

In a little time I felt something alive moving on my left leg, which advanc-

<sup>6</sup> *Fetter Lane*, another old London street.

<sup>7</sup> *Wapping*, a district along the Thames River.

<sup>8</sup> *Van Diemen's Land*, Tasmania, an island south of Australia.

<sup>9</sup> *three leagues*, about nine miles.



ing gently forward, over my breast, came almost up to my chin; when bending my eyes downward as much as I could, I perceived it to be a human creature not six inches high, with a bow and arrow in his hands, and a quiver at his back. In the meantime, I felt at least forty more of the same kind (as I conjectured) following the first. I was in the utmost astonishment and roared so loud that they all ran back in a fright; and some of them, as I was afterwards told, were hurt with the falls they got by leaping from my sides upon the ground. However, they soon returned, and one of them, who ventured so far as to get a full sight of my face, lifting up his hands and eyes by way of admiration, cried out in a shrill but distinct voice, *Hekinah degul*. The others repeated the same words several times, but I then knew not what they meant.

I lay all this while, as the reader may believe, in great uneasiness; at length, struggling to get loose, I had the fortune to break the strings and wrench out the pegs that fastened my left arm to the ground; for, by lifting it up to my face, I discovered the methods they had taken to bind me, and, at the same time, with a violent pull, which gave me excessive pain, I a little loosened the strings that tied down my hair on the left side, so that I was just able to turn my head about two inches. But the creatures ran off a second time, before I could seize them; whereupon there was a great shout in a very shrill accent, and after it ceased, I heard one of them cry aloud, *Tolgo phonac*; when in an instant I felt above an hundred arrows discharged on my left hand, which pricked me like so many needles; and besides they shot another flight into the air, as we do bombs in Europe, whereof many I suppose fell on my body (though I felt them not), and some on my face, which I immediately covered with my left hand.

When this shower of arrows was over, I fell a groaning with grief and pain, and then striving again to get loose, they discharged another volley larger than the first, and some of them attempted with spears to stick me in the sides; but, by good luck, I had on me a buff jerkin,<sup>1</sup> which they could not pierce. I thought it the most prudent method to lie still, and my design was to continue so till night, when, my left hand being already loose, I could easily free myself; and as for the inhabitants, I had reason to believe I might be a match for the greatest army they could bring against me, if they were all of the same size with him that I saw.

But fortune disposed otherways of me. When the people observed I was quiet, they discharged no more arrows. But, by the noise I heard, I knew their numbers increased; and about four yards from me, over against my right ear, I heard a knocking for above an hour, like that of people at work; when turning my head that way, as well as the pegs and strings would permit me, I saw a stage erected, about a foot and half from the ground, capable of holding four of the inhabitants, with two or three ladders to mount it; from whence one of them, who seemed to be a person of quality, made me a long speech, whereof I understood not one syllable. But I should have mentioned that before the principal person began his oration, he cried out three times, *Langro dehul san* (these words and the former were afterwards repeated and explained to me). Whereupon immediately about fifty of the inhabitants came and cut the strings that fastened the left side of my head, which gave me the liberty of turning it to the right, and of observing the person and gesture of him that was to speak.

He appeared to be of a middle age, and taller than any of the other three

<sup>1</sup> buff jerkin, heavy leather jacket.

who attended him, whereof one was a page that held up his train and seemed to be somewhat longer than my middle finger; the other two stood one on each side to support him. He acted every part of an orator, and I could observe many periods of threatening, and others of promises, pity, and kindness. I answered in a few words, but in the most submissive manner, lifting up my left hand and both my eyes to the sun, as calling him for a witness; and, being almost famished with hunger, having not eaten a morsel for some hours before I left the ship, I found the demands of nature so strong upon me that I could not forbear showing my impatience (perhaps against the strict rules of decency) by putting my finger frequently to my mouth to signify that I wanted food.

The hurgo (for so they call a great lord, as I afterwards learnt) understood me very well. He descended from the stage and commanded that several ladders should be applied to my sides, on which above an hundred of the inhabitants mounted, and walked toward my mouth, laden with baskets full of meat, which had been provided and sent thither by the king's orders, upon the first intelligence he received of me. I observed there was the flesh of several animals, but could not distinguish them by the taste. There were shoulders, legs, and loins, shaped like those of mutton, and very well dressed, but smaller than the wings of a lark. I eat<sup>11</sup> them by two or three at a mouthful, and took three loaves at a time, about the bigness of musket bullets. They supplied me as they could, showing a thousand marks of wonder and astonishment at my bulk and appetite.

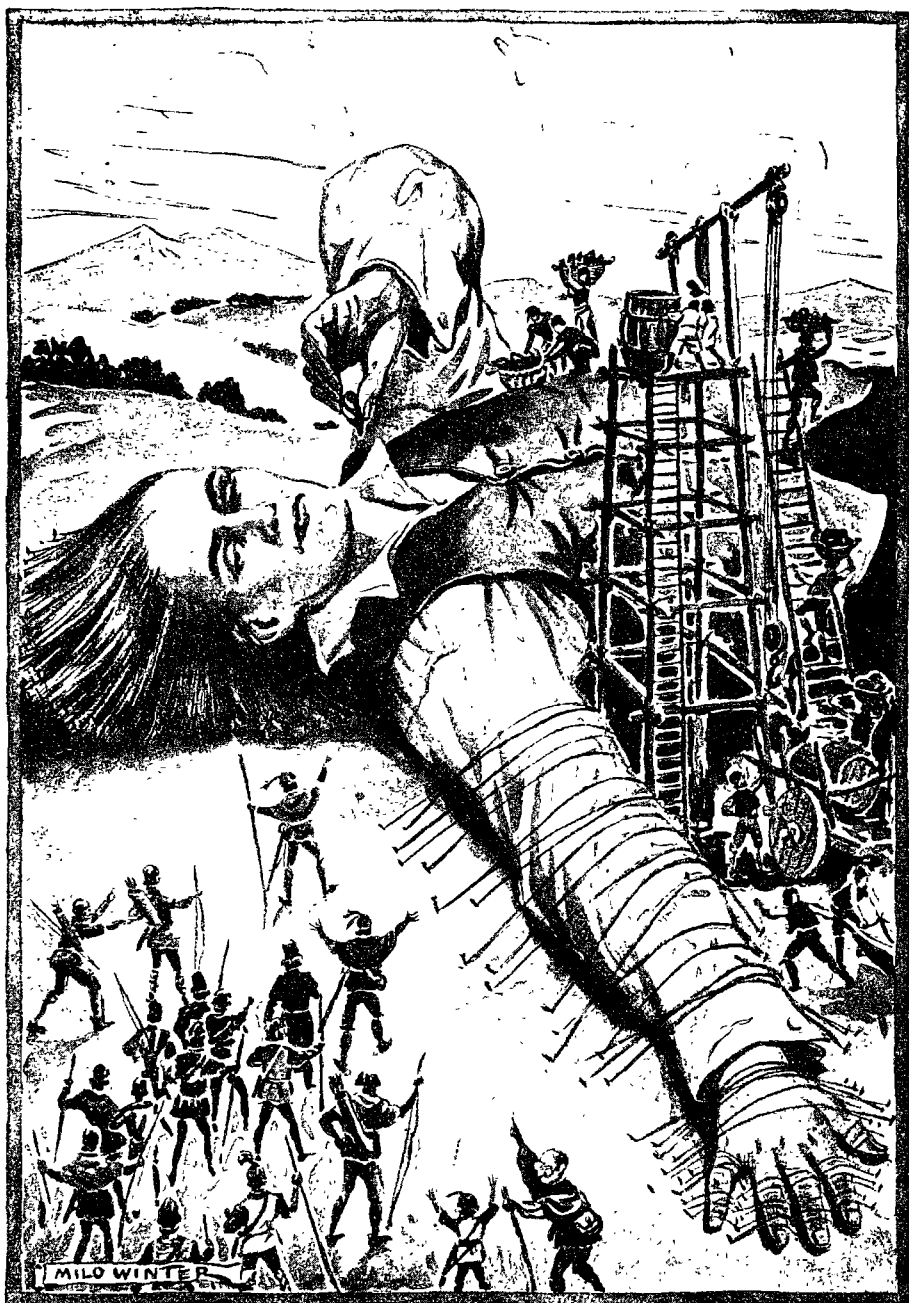
I then made another sign that I wanted drink. They found by my eating that a small quantity would not suffice me, and being a most ingenious

people, they flung up with great dexterity one of their largest hogsheads, then rolled it toward my hand, and beat out the top; I drank it off at a draft, which I might well do, for it did not hold half a pint, and tasted like a small wine of Burgundy, but much more delicious. They brought me a second hogshead, which I drank in the same manner, and made signs for more; but they had none to give me. When I had performed these wonders, they shouted for joy, and danced upon my breast, repeating several times as they did at first, *Hekinah degul*. They made me a sign that I should throw down the two hogsheads, but first warning the people below to stand out of the way, crying aloud, *Borach mivola*, and when they saw the vessels in the air, there was an universal shout of *Hekinah degul*.

I confess I was often tempted, while they were passing backwards and forwards on my body, to seize forty or fifty of the first that came in my reach, and dash them against the ground. But the remembrance of what I had felt, which probably might not be the worst they could do, and the promise of honor I made them, for so I interpreted my submissive behavior, soon drove out these imaginations. Besides, I now considered myself as bound by the laws of hospitality to a people who had treated me with so much expense and magnificence. However, in my thoughts, I could not sufficiently wonder at the intrepidity of these diminutive mortals, who durst venture to mount and walk upon my body, while one of my hands was at liberty, without trembling at the very sight of so prodigious a creature as I must appear to them.

After some time, when they observed that I made no more demands for meat, there appeared before me a person of high rank from his Imperial Majesty. His Excellency, having mounted on the small of my right leg, advanced for-

<sup>11</sup>eat, ate. Eat for ate was common in Swift's day.



THEY SUPPLIED ME AS THEY COULD.

wards up to my face, with about a dozen of his retinue. And producing his credentials under the Signet Royal,<sup>12</sup> which he applied close to my eyes, spoke about ten minutes, without any signs of anger, but with a kind of determinate resolution; often pointing forwards, which, as I afterwards found, was toward the capital city, about half a mile distant, whither, it was agreed by his Majesty in council, that I must be conveyed. I answered in few words, but to no purpose, and made a sign with my hand that was loose, putting it to the other (but over his Excellency's head, for fear of hurting him or his train) and then to my own head and body, to signify that I desired my liberty. It appeared that he understood me well enough, for he shook his head by way of disapprobation, and held his hand in a posture to show that I must be carried as a prisoner. However, he made other signs to let me understand that I should have meat and drink enough, and very good treatment. Whereupon I once more thought of attempting to break my bonds; but again, when I felt the smart of their arrows upon my face and hands, which were all in blisters, and many of the darts still sticking in them; and observing likewise that the number of my enemies increased, I gave tokens to let them know that they might do with me what they pleased. Upon this, the hurgo and his train withdrew, with much civility and cheerful countenances.

Soon after I heard a general shout, with frequent repetitions of the words, *Peplom selan*, and I felt great numbers of people on my left side, relaxing the cords to such a degree that I was able to turn upon my right. But before this they had daubed my face and both my hands with a sort of ointment very

pleasant to the smell, which in a few minutes removed all the smart of their arrows. These circumstances, added to the refreshment I had received by their victuals and drink, which were very nourishing, disposed me to sleep. I slept about eight hours, as I was afterwards assured; and it was no wonder, for the physicians, by the Emperor's order, had mingled a sleepy potion in the hogsheads of wine.

It seems that, upon the first moment I was discovered sleeping on the ground after my landing, the Emperor had early notice of it by an express; and determined in council that I should be tied in the manner I have related (which was done in the night while I slept), that plenty of meat and drink should be sent to me, and a machine prepared to carry me to the capital city.

This resolution, perhaps, may appear very bold and dangerous, and I am confident, would not be imitated by any prince in Europe, on the like occasion; however, in my opinion, it was extremely prudent, as well as generous, for, supposing these people had endeavored to kill me with their spears and arrows, while I was asleep, I should certainly have awaked with the first sense of smart, which might so far have roused my rage and strength as to have enabled me to break the strings wherewith I was tied; after which, as they were not able to make resistance, so they could expect no mercy.

These people are most excellent mathematicians, and arrived to a great perfection in mechanics, by the countenance and encouragement of the Emperor, who is a renowned patron of learning. This prince hath several machines fixed on wheels, for the carriage of trees, and other great weights. He often builds his largest men-of-war, whereof some are nine feet long, in the woods where the timber grows, and

<sup>12</sup> under the *Signet Royal*, stamped with the royal seal.

has them carried on these engines three or four hundred yards to the sea. Five hundred carpenters and engineers were immediately set at work to prepare the greatest engine they had. It was a frame of wood raised three inches from the ground, about seven feet long, and four wide, moving upon twenty-two wheels. The shout I heard was upon the arrival of this engine, which, it seems, set out in four hours after my landing. It was brought parallel to me as I lay.

But the principal difficulty was to raise and place me in this vehicle. Eighty poles, each of one foot high, were erected for this purpose, and very strong cords, of the bigness of packthread,<sup>13</sup> were fastened by hooks to many bandages, which the workmen had girt round my neck, my hands, my body, and my legs. Nine hundred of the strongest men were employed to draw up these cords by many pulleys fastened on the poles, and thus, in less than three hours, I was raised, and flung into the engine, and there tied fast. All this I was told, for, while the whole operation was performing, I lay in a profound sleep, by the force of that soporiferous medicine infused into my liquor. Fifteen hundred of the Emperor's largest horses, each about four inches and an half high, were employed to draw me toward the metropolis, which, as I said, was half a mile distant.

About four hours after we began our journey, I awaked by a very ridiculous accident; for the carriage being stopped a while to adjust something that was out of order, two or three of the young natives had the curiosity to see how I looked when I was asleep; they climbed up into the engine, and advancing very softly to my face, one of them, an officer in the Guards, put the sharp end of his half-pike<sup>14</sup> a good way up into

my left nostril, which tickled my nose like a straw, and made me sneeze violently; whereupon they stole off unperceived, and it was three weeks before I knew the cause of my awaking so suddenly. We made a long march the remaining part of that day, and rested at night with five hundred guards on each side of me, half with torches, and half with bows and arrows, ready to shoot me if I should offer to stir. The next morning at sunrise we continued our march, and arrived within two hundred yards of the city gates about noon. The Emperor, and all his court, came out to meet us, but his great officers would by no means suffer his Majesty to endanger his person by mounting on my body.

At the place where the carriage stopped, there stood an ancient temple, esteemed to be the largest in the whole kingdom, which, having been polluted some years before by an unnatural murder, was, according to the zeal of those people, looked on as profane, and therefore had been applied to common use, and all the ornaments and furniture carried away. In this edifice it was determined I should lodge. The great gate, fronting to the north, was about four feet high and almost two feet wide, through which I could easily creep. On each side of the gate was a small window, not above six inches from the ground; into that on the left side, the King's smith conveyed fourscore and eleven chains, like those that hang to a lady's watch in Europe, and almost as large, which were locked to my left leg, with six and thirty padlocks.

Over-against this temple, on t' other side of the great highway, at twenty feet distance, there was a turret at least five feet high. Here the Emperor ascended, with many principal lords of his court, to have an opportunity of viewing me, as I was told, for I could not see them. It was reckoned that

<sup>13</sup> *packthread*, twine. <sup>14</sup> *half-pike*, a wooden shaft tipped with a metal point.

above an hundred thousand inhabitants came out of the town upon the same errand; and, in spite of my guards, I believe there could not be fewer than ten thousand, at several times, who mounted my body by the help of ladders. But a proclamation was soon issued to forbid it, upon pain of death. When the workmen found it was impossible for me to break loose, they cut all the strings that bound me; whereupon I rose up with as melancholy a disposition as ever I had in my life. But the noise and astonishment of the people at seeing me rise and walk are not to be expressed. The chains that held my left leg were about two yards long, and gave me not only the liberty of walking backwards and forwards in semicircle, but, being fixed within four inches of the gate, allowed me to creep in, and lie at my full length in the temple.

## CHAPTER II

WHEN I found myself on my feet, I looked about me, and must confess I never beheld a more entertaining prospect. The country round appeared like a continual garden, and the enclosed fields, which were generally forty feet square, resembled so many beds of flowers. These fields were intermingled with woods of half a stang,<sup>1</sup> and the tallest trees, as I could judge, appeared to be seven feet high. I viewed the town on my left hand, which looked like the painted scene of a city in a theater.

The Emperor was already descended from the tower, and advancing on horseback toward me, which had like to have cost him dear, for the beast, though very well trained, yet wholly unused to such a sight, which appeared as if a mountain moved before him, reared up on his hinder feet; but that prince, who is an excellent horseman,

kept his seat, till his attendants ran in and held the bridle, while his Majesty had time to dismount. When he alighted, he surveyed me round with great admiration, but kept without<sup>2</sup> the length of my chain. He ordered his cooks and butlers, who were already prepared, to give me victuals and drink, which they pushed forward in a sort of vehicles on wheels, till I could reach them. I took these vehicles, and soon emptied them all; twenty of them were filled with meat, and ten with liquor. Each of the former afforded me two or three good mouthfuls, and I emptied the liquor of ten vessels, which was contained in earthen vials, into one vehicle, drinking it off at a draft, and so I did with the rest.

The Empress and young Princes of the blood, of both sexes, attended by many ladies, sat at some distance in their chairs;<sup>3</sup> but, upon the accident that happened to the Emperor's horse, they alighted, and came near his person, which I am now going to describe. He is taller by almost the breadth of my nail than any of his court, which alone is enough to strike an awe into the beholders. His features are strong and masculine, with an Austrian lip and arched nose, his complexion olive, his countenance erect, his body and limbs well proportioned, all his motions graceful, and his deportment majestic. He was then past his prime,<sup>4</sup> being twenty-eight years and three quarters old, of which he had reigned about seven, in great felicity, and generally victorious.

For the better convenience of beholding him, I lay on my side, so that my face was parallel to his, and he stood but three yards off; however, I had him since many times in my hand, and therefore cannot be deceived in the description. His dress was very plain and

<sup>2</sup> without, beyond.

<sup>3</sup> chairs, sedan chairs. The illustration on page 620 shows a sedan chair. <sup>4</sup> past his prime. The Lilliputians were short-lived.

<sup>1</sup> half a stang, about 136 square feet.

simple, and the fashion of it, between the Asiatic and the European; but he had on his head a light helmet of gold, adorned with jewels, and a plume on the crest. He held his sword drawn in his hand, to defend himself, if I should happen to break loose; it was almost three inches long, the hilt and scabbard were gold, enriched with diamonds. His voice was shrill but very clear and articulate, and I could distinctly hear it when I stood up.

The ladies and courtiers were all most magnificently clad, so that the spot they stood upon seemed to resemble a petticoat spread on the ground, embroidered with figures of gold and silver. His Imperial Majesty spoke often to me, and I returned answers, but neither of us could understand a syllable. There were several of his priests and lawyers present (as I conjectured by their habits) who were commanded to address themselves to me, and I spoke to them in as many languages as I had the least smattering of, which were High and Low Dutch, Latin, French, Spanish, Italian, and *Lingua Franca*;<sup>5</sup> but all to no purpose.

After about two hours the court retired, and I was left with a strong guard, to prevent the impertinence, and probably, the malice of the rabble, who were very impatient to crowd about me as near as they durst, and some of them had the impudence to shoot their arrows at me as I sat on the ground by the door of my house, whereof one very narrowly missed my left eye. But the colonel ordered six of the ringleaders to be seized, and thought no punishment so proper as to deliver them bound into my hands, which some of his soldiers accordingly did, pushing them forward with the butt-ends of their pikes into my reach; I took them all in my right

hand, put five of them into my coat pocket, and, as to the sixth, I made a countenance as if I would eat him alive. The poor man squalled terribly, and the colonel and his officers were in much pain, especially when they saw me take out my penknife, but I soon put them out of fear; for, looking mildly, and immediately cutting the strings he was bound with, I set him gently on the ground, and away he ran. I treated the rest in the same manner, taking them, one by one, out of my pocket, and I observed both the soldiers and people were obliged at this mark of my clemency, which was represented very much to my advantage at court.

Toward night I got with some difficulty into my house, where I lay on the ground, and continued to do so about a fortnight; during which time, the Emperor gave orders to have a bed prepared for me. Six hundred beds of the common measure were brought in carriages, and worked up in my house. An hundred and fifty of their beds, sewn together, made up the breadth and length; and these were four double, which, however, kept me but very indifferently from the hardness of the floor, that was of smooth stone. By the same computation they provided me with sheets, blankets, and coverlets, tolerable enough for one who had been so long inured to hardships.

As the news of my arrival spread through the kingdom, it brought prodigious numbers of rich, idle, and curious people to see me, so that the villages were almost emptied, and great neglect to tillage and household affairs must have ensued, if his Imperial Majesty had not provided, by several proclamations and orders of state against this inconveniency. He directed that those who had already beheld me should return home, and not presume to come within fifty yards of my house, without license from court; whereby

<sup>5</sup> *Lingua Franca*, a jargon used in countries bordering the Mediterranean Sea.

the secretaries of state got considerable fees.

In the meantime the Emperor had frequent councils, to debate what course should be taken with me; and, I was afterwards assured by a particular friend, a person of great quality, who was looked upon to be as much in the secret as any, that the court was under many difficulties concerning me. They apprehended my breaking loose, that my diet would be very expensive, and might cause a famine. Sometimes they determined to starve me, or at least to shoot me in the face and hands with poisoned arrows, which would soon dispatch me; but again they considered that the stench of so large a carcass might produce a plague in the metropolis, and probably spread through the whole kingdom.

In the midst of these consultations, several officers of the army went to the door of the great council chamber, and two of them being admitted, gave an account of my behavior to the six criminals above mentioned, which made so favorable an impression in the breast of his Majesty, and the whole board, in my behalf, that an imperial commission was issued out, obliging all the villages, nine hundred yards round the city, to deliver in every morning six beeves, forty sheep, and other victuals, for my sustenance, together with a proportionable quantity of bread, and wine, and other liquors; for the due payment of which his Majesty gave assignments upon his treasury. For this prince lives chiefly upon his own demesnes,\* seldom, except upon great occasions, raising any subsidies upon his subjects, who are bound to attend him in his wars, at their own expense.

An establishment was also made of six hundred persons to be my domestics, who had board wages allowed for

their maintenance, and tents built for them very conveniently on each side of my door. It was likewise ordered that three hundred tailors should make me a suit of clothes, after the fashion of the country; that six of his Majesty's greatest scholars should be employed to instruct me in their language; and, lastly, that the Emperor's horses, and those of the nobility, and troops of guards, should be frequently exercised in my sight, to accustom themselves to me.

All these orders were duly put in execution, and, in about three weeks, I made a great progress in learning their language, during which time the Emperor frequently honored me with his visits, and was pleased to assist my masters in teaching me. We began already to converse together in some sort; and the first words I learnt were to express my desire that he would please to give me my liberty, which I every day repeated on my knees. His answer, as I could apprehend it, was that this must be a work of time, not to be thought on without the advice of his council, and that first I must *Lumos kelmin peffo defmar lon Emposo*; that is, swear a peace with him and his kingdom. However, that I should be used with all kindness; and he advised me to acquire, by my patience and discreet behavior, the good opinion of himself and his subjects. He desired I would not take it ill if he gave orders to certain proper officers to search me; for probably I might carry about me several weapons, which must needs be dangerous things if they answered the bulk of so prodigious a person. I said his Majesty should be satisfied, for I was ready to strip myself and turn up my pockets before him. This I delivered, part in words, and part in signs. He replied that by the laws of the kingdom I must be searched by two of his officers; that he knew this could not be done without my consent and

\* *demesnes*, here, revenue derived from his estates.



assistance; they had so good an opinion of my generosity and justice as to trust their persons in my hands; that whatever they took from me should be returned when I left the country, or paid for at the rate which I would set upon them.

I took up the officers in my hands, put them first into my coat pockets, and then into every other pocket about me, except my two fobs,<sup>7</sup> and another secret pocket I had no mind should be searched, wherein I had some little necessities that were of no consequence to any but myself. In one of my fobs there was a silver watch, and in the other a small quantity of gold in a purse. These gentlemen, having pen, ink, and paper, about them, made an exact inventory of everything they saw, and, when they had done, desired I would set them down, that they might deliver it to the Emperor. This inventory I afterwards translated into English, and is word for word as follows:

"*Imprimis*,<sup>8</sup> In the right coat pocket of the Great Man-Mountain (for so I interpret the *Quinbus Flestrin*), after the strictest search, we found only one great piece of coarse cloth, large enough to be a foot-cloth<sup>9</sup> for your Majesty's chief room of state. In the left pocket we saw a huge silver chest, with a cover of the same metal, which we, the searchers, were not able to lift. We desired it should be opened, and one of us stepping into it, found himself up to the mid leg in a sort of dust, some part whereof, flying up to our faces, set us both a sneezing<sup>10</sup> for several times together.

"In his right waistcoat pocket, we found a prodigious bundle of white

thin substances, folded one over another, about the bigness of three men, tied with a strong cable, and marked with black figures, which we humbly conceived to be writings, every letter almost half as large as the palm of our hands. In the left there was a sort of engine, from the back of which were extended twenty long poles, resembling the palisades before your Majesty's court; wherewith we conjecture the Man-Mountain combs his head, for we did not always trouble him with questions, because we found it a great difficulty to make him understand us.

"In the large pocket on the right side of his middle cover (so I translate the word *Ranfu-Lo*, by which they meant my breeches) we saw a hollow pillar of iron, about the length of a man, fastened to a strong piece of timber, larger than the pillar; and upon one side of the pillar were huge pieces of iron sticking out, cut into strange figures, which we know not what to make of. In the left pocket, another engine of the same kind.

"In the smaller pocket, on the right side, were several round flat pieces of white and red metal, of different bulk; some of the white, which seemed to be silver, were so large and heavy that my comrade and I could hardly lift them. In the left pocket were two black pillars, irregularly shaped; we could not, without difficulty, reach the top of them, as we stood at the bottom of his pocket. One of them was covered, and seemed all of a piece; but, at the upper end of the other, there appeared a white round substance, about twice the bigness of our heads. Within each of these was enclosed a prodigious plate of steel; which, by our orders, we obliged him to show us, because we apprehended they might be dangerous engines. He took them out of their cases, and told us that in his own country his practice was to shave his beard with one of

<sup>7</sup> *fobs*, small pockets for holding watches or other valuables.

<sup>8</sup> *Imprimis*, in the first place. <sup>9</sup> *foot-cloth*, carpet.

<sup>10</sup> *set us both a sneezing*. Can you guess what the chest contained? Swift tells us later on.

these and to cut his meat with the other.

"There were two pockets which we could not enter. These he called his fobs; they were two large slits cut into the top of his middle cover, but squeezed close by the pressure of his belly. Out of the right fob hung a great silver chain, with a wonderful kind of engine at the bottom. We directed him to draw out whatever was fastened to that chain; which appeared to be a globe, half silver, and half of some transparent metal; for on the transparent side, we saw certain strange figures, circularly drawn, and thought we could touch them, till we found our fingers stopped by that lucid substance. He put this engine to our ears, which made an incessant noise, like that of a water-mill. And we conjecture it is either some unknown animal, or the god that he worships; but we are more inclined to the latter opinion, because he assured us (if we understood him right, for he expressed himself very imperfectly) that he seldom did anything without consulting it. He called it his oracle, and said it pointed out the time for every action of his life. From the left fob he took out a net almost large enough for a fisherman, but contrived to open and shut like a purse, and served him for the same use; we found therein several massy pieces of yellow metal, which, if they be real gold, must be of immense value.

"Having thus, in obedience to your Majesty's commands, diligently searched all his pockets, we observed a girdle about his waist, made of the hide of some prodigious animal, from which, on the left side, hung a sword of the length of five men; and on the right, a bag or pouch, divided into two cells, each cell capable of holding three of your Majesty's subjects. In one of these cells were several globes, or balls, of a most ponderous metal, about the big-

ness of our heads, and required a strong hand to lift them. The other cell contained a heap of certain black grains, but of no great bulk or weight, for we could hold above fifty of them in the palms of our hands.

"This is an exact inventory of what we found about the body of the Man-Mountain, who used us with great civility, and due respect to your Majesty's commission. Signed and sealed, on the fourth day of the eighty-ninth moon of your Majesty's auspicious reign.

"CLEFRIN FRELOCK, MARSJ FRELOCK."

When this inventory was read over to the Emperor, he directed me, although in very gentle terms, to deliver up the several particulars. He first called for my scimitar, which I took out, scabbard and all. In the meantime, he ordered three thousand of his choicest troops (who then attended him) to surround me at a distance, with their bows and arrows just ready to discharge; but I did not observe it, for mine eyes were wholly fixed upon his Majesty. He then desired me to draw my scimitar, which, although it had got some rust by the sea-water, was in most parts exceeding bright. I did so, and immediately all the troops gave a shout, between terror and surprise; for the sun shone clear, and the reflection dazzled their eyes, as I waved the scimitar to and fro in my hand. His Majesty, who is a most magnanimous prince, was less daunted than I could expect; he ordered me to return it into the scabbard, and cast it on the ground as gently as I could, about six feet from the end of my chain.

The next thing he demanded was one of the hollow iron pillars, by which he meant my pocket pistols. I drew it out, and at his desire, as well as I could, expressed to him the use of it; and charging it only with powder, which, by the closeness of my pouch, hap-

pened to escape wetting in the sea (an inconvenience against which all prudent mariners take special care to provide) I first cautioned the Emperor not to be afraid, and then I let it off into the air. The astonishment here was much greater than at the sight of my scimitar. Hundreds fell down, as if they had been struck dead; and even the Emperor, although he stood his ground, could not recover himself in some time. I delivered up both my pistols in the same manner as I had done my scimitar, and then my pouch of powder and bullets; begging him, that the former might be kept from the fire, for it would kindle with the smallest spark, and blow up his imperial palace into the air.

I likewise delivered up my watch, which the Emperor was very curious to see, and commanded two of his tallest yeomen of the guards to bear it on a pole upon their shoulders, as draymen in England do a barrel of ale. He was amazed at the continual noise it made, and the motion of the minute-hand, which he could easily discern (for their sight is much more acute than ours), and asked the opinions of his learned men about him, which were various and remote, as the reader may well imagine without my repeating; although, indeed, I could not very perfectly understand them.

I then gave up my silver and copper money, my purse with nine large pieces of gold, and some smaller ones; my knife and razor, my comb and silver snuff-box, my handkerchief, and journal-book. My scimitar, pistols, and pouch were conveyed in carriages to his Majesty's stores; but the rest of my goods were returned me.

I had, as I before observed, one private pocket which escaped their search, wherein there was a pair of spectacles (which I sometimes use for the weak-

ness of my eyes), a pocket perspective,<sup>11</sup> and several other little conveniences, which being of no consequence to the Emperor, I did not think myself bound in honor to discover,<sup>12</sup> and I apprehended they might be lost or spoiled, if I ventured them out of my possession.

<sup>11</sup> *perspective*, telescope. <sup>12</sup> *discover*, reveal.

### CHAPTER III

My gentleness and good behavior had gained so far on the Emperor and his court, and indeed upon the army and people in general, that I began to conceive hopes of getting my liberty in a short time. I took all possible methods to cultivate this favorable disposition. The natives came, by degrees, to be less apprehensive of any danger from me. I would sometimes lie down and let five or six of them dance on my hand; and, at last, the boys and girls would venture to come and play at hide and seek in my hair. I had now made a good progress in understanding and speaking their language. The Emperor had a mind, one day, to entertain me with several of the country shows, wherein they exceed all nations I have known, both for dexterity and magnificence. I was diverted with none so much as that of the rope-dancers performed upon a slender white thread, extended about two feet, and twelve inches from the ground. Upon which I shall desire liberty, with the reader's patience, to enlarge a little.

This diversion<sup>1</sup> is only practiced by those persons who are candidates for great employments, and high favor at court. They are trained in this art from their youth, and are not always of noble birth, or liberal education. When a great office is vacant, either by death or

<sup>1</sup> *This diversion*. In the description that follows, Swift satirizes the methods by which statesmen of his day attempted to win high position and rewards at court.

disgrace (which often happens), five or six of those candidates petition the Emperor to entertain his Majesty and the court with a dance on the rope, and whoever jumps the highest, without falling, succeeds in the office. Very often the chief ministers themselves are commanded to show their skill, and to convince the Emperor that they have not lost their faculty. Flimnap,<sup>2</sup> the treasurer, is allowed to cut a caper on the straight rope at least an inch higher than any other lord in the whole empire. I have seen him do the somersault several times together, upon a trencher<sup>3</sup> fixed on the rope, which is no thicker than a common packthread in England. My friend Reldresal, principal secretary for private affairs, is, in my opinion, if I am not partial, the second after the treasurer; the rest of the great officers are much upon a par.

These diversions are often attended with fatal accidents, whereof great numbers are on record. I myself have seen two or three candidates break a limb. But the danger is much greater when the ministers themselves are commanded to show their dexterity; for, by contending to excel themselves and their fellows, they strain so far that there is hardly one of them who hath not received a fall, and some of them two or three. I was assured that, a year or two before my arrival, Flimnap would have infallibly broke his neck, if one of the king's cushions,<sup>4</sup> that accidentally lay on the ground, had not weakened the force of his fall.

There is likewise another diversion, which is only shown before the Emperor and Empress, and first minister,

upon particular occasions. The Emperor lays on the table three fine silken threads of six inches long; one is blue, the other red, and the third green.<sup>5</sup> These threads are proposed as prizes for those persons whom the Emperor hath a mind to distinguish by a peculiar mark of his favor. The ceremony is performed in his Majesty's great chamber of state, where the candidates are to undergo a trial of dexterity very different from the former, and such as I have not observed the least resemblance of in any other country of the old or new world. The Emperor holds a stick in his hands, both ends parallel to the horizon, while the candidates advancing, one by one, sometimes leap over the stick, sometimes creep under it backwards and forwards several times, according as the stick is advanced or depressed. Sometimes the Emperor holds one end of the stick, and his first minister the other; sometimes the minister has it entirely to himself. Whoever performs his part with most agility, and holds out the longest in leaping and creeping, is rewarded with the blue-colored silk, the red is given to the next, and the green to the third, which they all wear girt twice round about the middle, and you see few great persons about this court who are not adorned with one of these girdles.

The horses of the army, and those of the royal stables, having been daily led before me, were no longer shy, but would come up to my very feet without starting. The riders would leap them over my hand as I held it on the ground, and one of the Emperor's huntsmen, upon a large courser, took my foot, shoe and all: which was, in-

<sup>2</sup> *Flimnap*. He represents Sir Robert Walpole, who resigned as First Lord of the Treasury in 1717. He and Swift were bitter enemies.

<sup>3</sup> *trencher*, a wooden platter.

<sup>4</sup> *one of the king's cushions*. The cushion represents a duchess at the English court who secured Walpole's return to office and the favor of the king.

<sup>5</sup> *The Emperor . . . green*. Swift here satirizes the custom in the English court of decorating favorites with the ribbons of three "societies"—The Orders of the Garter, The Thistle, and The Bath.

deed, a prodigious leap. I had the good fortune to divert the Emperor, one day, after a very extraordinary manner: I desired he would order several sticks of two feet high, and the thickness of an ordinary cane, to be brought me; whereupon his Majesty commanded the master of his woods to give directions accordingly, and the next morning six woodmen arrived with as many carriages, drawn by eight horses to each.

I took nine of these sticks, and fixing them firmly in the ground, in a quadrangular figure, two feet and a half square, I took four other sticks, and tied them parallel at each corner, about two feet from the ground; then I fastened my handkerchief to the nine sticks that stood erect, and extended it on all sides till it was as tight as the top of a drum; and the four parallel sticks, rising about five inches higher than the handkerchief, served as ledges on each side.

When I had finished my work, I desired the Emperor to let a troop of his best horse, twenty-four in number, come and exercise upon this plain. His Majesty approved of the proposal, and I took them up one by one in my hands, ready mounted and armed, with the proper officers to exercise them. As soon as they got in order, they divided into two parties, performed mock skirmishes, discharged blunt arrows, drew their swords, fled and pursued, attacked and retired, and in short discovered<sup>6</sup> the best military discipline I ever beheld. The parallel sticks secured them and their horses from falling over the stage; and the Emperor was so much delighted that he ordered this entertainment to be repeated several days, and once was pleased to be lifted up, and give the word of command; and, with great difficulty, persuaded even the Empress herself to let me hold her in her close chair within two yards

of the stage, from whence she was able to take a full view of the whole performance.

It was by good fortune that no ill accident happened in these entertainments; only once a fiery horse, that belonged to one of the captains, pawing with his hoof, struck a hole in my handkerchief, and his foot slipping, he overthrew his rider and himself; but I immediately relieved them both, and covering the hole with one hand, I set down the troop with the other, in the same manner as I took them up. The horse that fell was strained in the left shoulder, but the rider got no hurt, and I repaired my handkerchief as well as I could; however, I would not trust to the strength of it any more in such dangerous enterprises.

About two or three days before I was set at liberty, as I was entertaining the court with these kinds of feats, there arrived an express to inform his Majesty that some of his subjects, riding near the place where I was first taken up, had seen a great black substance lying on the ground, very oddly shaped, extending its edges round as wide as his Majesty's bedchamber, and rising up in the middle as high as a man; that it was no living creature, as they at first apprehended, for it lay on the grass without motion; and some of them had walked round it several times; that, by mounting upon each other's shoulders, they had got to the top, which was flat and even, and, stamping upon it, they found it was hollow within; that they humbly conceived it might be something belonging to the Man-Mountain; and if his Majesty pleased, they would undertake to bring it with only five horses.

I presently knew what they meant, and was glad at heart to receive this intelligence. It seems upon my first reaching the shore, after our shipwreck, I was in such confusion that, before I

<sup>6</sup> *discovered*, disclosed.

came to the place where I went to sleep, my hat, which I had fastened with a string to my head while I was rowing, and had stuck on all the time I was swimming, fell off after I came to land; the string, as I conjecture, breaking by some accident which I never observed, but thought my hat had been lost at sea. I entreated his Imperial Majesty to give orders it might be brought to me as soon as possible, describing to him the use and the nature of it; and the next day the wagoners arrived with it, but not in a very good condition; they had bored two holes in the brim, within an inch and a half of the edge, and fastened two hooks in the holes; these hooks were tied by a long cord to the harness, and thus my hat was dragged along for above half an English mile; but, the ground in that country being extremely smooth and level, it received less damage than I expected.

I had sent so many memorials and petitions for my liberty that his Majesty at length mentioned the matter first in the cabinet, and then in a full council, where it was opposed by none, except Skyresh Bolgolam, who was pleased, without any provocation, to be my mortal enemy. But it was carried against him by the whole board, and confirmed by the Emperor. That minister was galbet, or admiral of the realm, very much in his master's confidence, and a person well versed in affairs, but of a morose and sour complexion.<sup>7</sup> However, he was at length persuaded to comply; but prevailed that the articles and conditions upon which I should be set free, and to which I must swear, should be drawn up by himself. These articles were brought to me by Skyresh Bolgolam in person, attended by two under-secretaries, and several persons of distinction.

After they were read, I was demanded to swear to the performance

<sup>7</sup> *complexion, disposition.*

of them; first in the manner of my own country, and afterwards in the method described by their laws, which was to hold my right foot in my left hand and to place the middle finger of my right hand on the crown of my head, and my thumb on the tip of my right ear. But, because the reader may be curious to have some idea of the style and manner of expression peculiar to that people, as well as to know the articles upon which I recovered my liberty, I have made a translation of the whole instrument, word for word, as near as I was able, which I here offer to the public.

"GOLBASTO MOMAREN EVLAME GURD-ILLO SHEFIN MULLY ULLY GUE, most mighty Emperor of Lilliput, delight and terror of the universe, whose dominions extend five thousand blustrugs (about twelve miles in circumference), to the extremities of the globe; monarch of all monarchs, taller than the sons of men; whose feet press down to the center, and whose head strikes against the sun; at whose nod the princes of the earth shake their knees; pleasant as the spring, comfortable as the summer, fruitful as autumn, dreadful as winter. His most sublime Majesty proposeth to the Man-Mountain, lately arrived to our celestial dominions, the following articles, which, by a solemn oath, he shall be obliged to perform:

"1st. The Man-Mountain shall not depart from our dominions without our license under our great seal.

"2d. He shall not presume to come into our metropolis without our express order; at which time the inhabitants shall have two hours warning to keep within their doors.

"3d. The said Man-Mountain shall confine his walks to our principal high roads, and not offer to walk or lie down in a meadow or field of corn.

"4th. As he walks the said roads he shall take the utmost care not to trample upon the bodies of any of our loving subjects, their horses, or carriages, nor take any of our subjects into his hands without their own consent.

"5th. If an express requires extraordinary dispatch, the Man-Mountain shall be obliged to carry in his pocket the messenger and horse a six days journey once in every moon, and return the said messenger back (if so required) safe to our imperial presence.

"6th. He shall be our ally against our enemies in the Island of Blefuscu, and do his utmost to destroy their fleet, which is now preparing to invade us.

"7th. That the said Man-Mountain shall, at his times of leisure, be aiding and assisting to our workmen, in helping to raise certain great stones, toward covering the wall of the principal park, and other our royal buildings.

"8th. That the said Man-Mountain shall, in two moons' time, deliver in an exact survey of the circumference of our dominions, by a computation of his own paces round the coast.

"Lastly, That, upon his solemn oath to observe all the above articles, the said Man-Mountain shall have a daily allowance of meat and drink sufficient for the support of 1724 of our subjects, with free access to our royal person, and other marks of our favor. Given at our palace at Belfaborac, the twelfth day of the ninety-first moon of our reign."

I swore and subscribed to these articles with great cheerfulness and content, although some of them were not so honorable as I could have wished, which proceeded wholly from the malice of Skyresh Bolgolam, the high admiral; whereupon my chains were immediately unlocked, and I was at full liberty. The Emperor himself in person did me the honor to be by at

the whole ceremony. I made my acknowledgments by prostrating myself at his Majesty's feet, but he commanded me to rise; and after many gracious expressions, which, to avoid the censure of vanity, I shall not repeat, he added that he hoped I should prove a useful servant, and well deserve all the favors he had already conferred upon me, or might do for the future.

The reader may please to observe that, in the last article for the recovery of my liberty, the Emperor stipulates to allow me a quantity of meat and drink sufficient for the support of 1724 Lilliputians. Some time after, asking a friend at court, how they came to fix on that determinate number, he told me that his Majesty's mathematicians, having taken the height of my body by the help of a quadrant, and finding it to exceed theirs in the proportion of twelve to one, they concluded, from the similarity of their bodies, that mine must contain, at least, 1724 of theirs, and, consequently, would require as much food as was necessary to support that number of Lilliputians. By which, the reader may conceive an idea of the ingenuity of that people, as well as the prudent and exact economy of so great a prince.

#### CHAPTER IV

THE first request I made, after I had obtained my liberty, was that I might have license to see Mildendo, the metropolis; which the Emperor easily granted me, but with a special charge to do no hurt either to the inhabitants or their houses. The people had notice by proclamation of my design to visit the town. The wall which encompassed it is two feet and a half high, and at least eleven inches broad, so that a coach and horses may be driven very safely round it; and it is flanked with strong towers, at ten feet distance. I stepped over the

great western gate, and passed very gently and sideling through the two principal streets, only in my short waistcoat, for fear of damaging the roofs and eaves of the houses with the skirts of my coat.

I walked with the utmost circumspection, to avoid treading on any stragglers that might remain in the streets, although the orders were strict that all people should keep in their houses at their own peril. The garret windows and tops of houses were so crowded with spectators that I thought, in all my travels, I had not seen a more populous place. The city is an exact square, each side of the wall being five hundred feet long. The two great streets, which run cross, and divide it into four quarters, are five feet wide. The lanes and alleys, which I could not enter, but only viewed them as I passed, are from twelve to eighteen inches. The town is capable of holding five hundred thousand souls. The houses are from three to five stories, the shops and markets well provided.

The Emperor's palace is in the center of the city, where the two great streets met. It is inclosed by a wall of two feet high, and twenty feet distance from the buildings. I had his Majesty's permission to step over this wall; and, the space being so wide between that and the palace, I could easily view it on every side. The outward court is a square of forty feet, and includes two other courts. In the inmost are the royal apartments, which I was very desirous to see, but found it extremely difficult; for the great gates, from one square into another, were but eighteen inches high and seven inches wide. Now the buildings of the outer court were at least five feet high, and it was impossible for me to stride over them without infinite damage to the pile, though the walls were strongly built of hewn stone, and four inches thick.

At the same time the Emperor had a great desire that I should see the magnificence of his palace; but this I was not able to do till three days after, which I spent in cutting down with my knife some of the largest trees in the royal park, about an hundred yards distance from the city. Of these trees I made two stools, each about three feet high, and strong enough to bear my weight. The people having received notice a second time, I went again through the city to the palace, with my two stools in my hands. When I came to the side of the outer court, I stood upon one stool, and took the other in my hand; this I lifted over the roof, and gently set it down on the space between the first and second court, which was eight feet wide. I then stepped over the building very conveniently, from one stool to the other, and drew up the first after me with a hooked stick. By this contrivance I got into the inmost court; and, lying down upon my side, I applied my face to the windows of the middle stories, which were left open on purpose, and discovered the most splendid apartments that can be imagined. There I saw the Empress, and the young Princes, in their several lodgings, with their chief attendants about them. Her Imperial Majesty was pleased to smile very graciously upon me, and gave me out of the window her hand to kiss.

But I shall not anticipate the reader with further descriptions of this kind, because I reserve them for a greater work, which is now almost ready for the press, containing a general description of this empire, from its first erection, through a long series of princes, with a particular account of their wars and politics, laws, learning, and religion; their plants and animals, their peculiar manners and customs, with other matters very curious and useful; my chief design at present being only to relate



such events and transactions as happened to the public or to myself during a residence of about nine months in that empire.

One morning, about a fortnight after I had obtained my liberty, Reldresal, principal secretary (as they style him) of private affairs, came to my house, attended only by one servant. He ordered his coach to wait at a distance, and desired I would give him an hour's audience; which I readily consented to, on account of his quality and personal merits, as well as the many good offices he had done me during my solicitations at court. I offered to lie down, that he might the more conveniently reach my ear; but he chose rather to let me hold him in my hand during our conversation.

He began with compliments on my liberty; said, he might pretend to some merit in it; but, however, added that, if it had not been for the present situation of things at court, perhaps I might not have obtained it so soon. "For," said he, "as flourishing a condition as we may appear to be in to foreigners, we labor under two mighty evils: a violent faction at home, and the danger of an invasion by a most potent enemy from abroad. As to the first, you are to understand that, for above seventy moons past, there have been two struggling parties<sup>1</sup> in this empire, under the names of Tramecksan and Slamecksan, from the high and low heels of their shoes, by which they distinguish themselves. It is alleged, indeed, that the high heels are most agreeable to our ancient constitution; but, however this be, his Majesty hath determined to make use of only low heels in the administration of the government, and all offices in the gift of the crown, as you cannot but observe; and particularly,

that his Majesty's imperial heels are lower at least by a drurr than any of his court (drurr is a measure about the fourteenth part of an inch). The animosities between these two parties run so high that they will neither eat nor drink nor talk with each other. We compute the Tramecksan, or high heels, to exceed us in number; but the power is wholly on our side. We apprehend his Imperial Highness, the heir to the crown,<sup>2</sup> to have some tendency toward the high-heels; at least, we can plainly discover that one of his heels is higher than the other, which gives him a hobble in his gait.

"Now, in the midst of these intestine<sup>3</sup> disquiets, we are threatened with an invasion from the island of Blefuscu, which is the other great empire of the universe, almost as large and powerful as this of his Majesty. For as to what we heard you affirm, that there are other kingdoms and states in the world, inhabited by human creatures, as large as yourself, our philosophers are in much doubt, and would rather conjecture that you dropped from the moon, or one of the stars; because it is certain that an hundred mortals of your bulk would, in a short time, destroy all the fruits and cattle of his Majesty's dominions. Besides, our histories of six thousand moons make no mention of any other regions than the two great empires of Lilliput and Blefuscu, which two mighty powers have, as I was going to tell you, been engaged in a most obstinate war for six and thirty moons past. It began upon the following occasion: It is allowed on all hands that the primitive way of breaking eggs before we eat them was upon the larger end; but his present Majesty's grandfather<sup>4</sup> while he was a boy, going to eat an egg, and breaking it according

<sup>1</sup> *two struggling parties.* In the description that follows Swift satirizes the English two-party system of government—the Whigs and the Tories.

<sup>2</sup> *the heir to the crown,* the Prince of Wales, afterwards George II. He was strongly opposed to his father's ministers. <sup>3</sup> *intestine,* internal. <sup>4</sup> *grandfather,* Henry VIII.

to the ancient practice, happened to cut one of his fingers. Whereupon the Emperor, his father, published an edict, commanding all his subjects upon great penalties, to break the smaller end of their eggs.<sup>5</sup> The people so highly resented this law that, our histories tell us, there have been six rebellions raised on that account; wherein one emperor<sup>6</sup> lost his life, and another<sup>7</sup> his crown.

"These civil commotions were constantly fomented by the monarchs of Blefuscu; and when they were quelled, the exiles always fled for refuge to that empire. It is computed that eleven thousand persons have at several times suffered death rather than submit to break their eggs at the smaller end. Many hundred large volumes have been published upon this controversy; but the books of the Big-endians have been long forbidden, and the whole party rendered incapable by law of holding employments. During the course of these troubles the emperors of Blefuscu did frequently expostulate by their ambassadors, accusing us of making a schism in religion, by offending against a fundamental doctrine of our great Prophet Lustrog, in the fifty-fourth chapter of the Blundecral (which is their Alcoran).<sup>8</sup> This, however, is thought to be a mere strain upon the text; for the words are these: That all true believers break their eggs at the convenient end. And which is the convenient end seems, in my humble opinion, to be left to every man's conscience, or at least in the power of the chief magistrate to determine.

"Now the Big-endian exiles have found so much credit in the Emperor of Blefuscu's court and so much private assistance and encouragement from

their party here at home that a bloody war hath been carried on between the two empires for thirty-six moons, with various success; during which time we have lost forty capital ships, and a much greater number of smaller vessels, together with thirty thousand of our best seamen and soldiers; and the damage received by the enemy is reckoned to be somewhat greater than ours. However, they have now equipped a numerous fleet, and are just preparing to make a descent upon us; and his Imperial Majesty, placing great confidence in your valor and strength, hath commanded me to lay this account of his affairs before you."

I desired the secretary to present my humble duty to the Emperor, and to let him know that I thought it would not become me, who was a foreigner, to interfere with parties; but I was ready, with the hazard of my life, to defend his person and state against all invaders.

## CHAPTER V

THE empire of Blefuscu is an island, situated to the northeast of Lilliput, from whence it is parted only by a channel of eight hundred yards wide. I had not yet seen it, and upon this notice of an intended invasion, I avoided appearing on that side of the coast, for fear of being discovered by some of the enemy's ships, who had received no intelligence of me, all intercourse between the two empires having been strictly forbidden during the war, upon pain of death, and an embargo laid by our Emperor upon all vessels whatsoever. I communicated to his Majesty a project I had formed of seizing the enemy's whole fleet, which, as our scouts assured us, lay at anchor in the harbor ready to sail with the first fair wind. I consulted the most experienced seamen upon the depth of the channel, which they had often plumbed,

<sup>5</sup> *Whereupon . . . eggs.* The controversy between the Big-endians and the Little-endians represents the religious disputes of the day.

<sup>6</sup> *one emperor, Charles I. 7 another, James II. 8 Alcoran, Bible.* The Koran is the Bible of the Mohammedans.

who told me, that in the middle, at high water, it was seventy glumgluffs deep, which is about six feet of European measure; and the rest of it fifty glumgluffs at most.

I walked toward the northeast coast, over against Blefuscu; where, lying down behind a hillock, I took out my small perspective glass, and viewed the enemy's fleet at anchor, consisting of about fifty men-of-war, and a great number of transports. I then came back to my house, and gave order (for which I had a warrant) for a great quantity of the strongest cable and bars of iron. The cable was about as thick as pack-thread, and the bars of the length and size of a knitting needle. I trebled the cable to make it stronger, and, for the same reason, I twisted three of the iron bars together, binding the extremities into a hook. Having thus fixed fifty hooks to as many cables, I went back to the northeast coast, and putting off my coat, shoes, and stockings, walked into the sea, in my leathern jerkin, about an hour before high water. I waded with what haste I could, and swam in the middle about thirty yards, till I felt ground; I arrived to the fleet in less than half an hour. The enemy was so frightened when they saw me that they leaped out of their ships and swam to shore, where there could not be fewer than thirty thousand souls. I then took my tackling, and, fastening a hook to the hole at the prow of each, I tied all the cords together at the end. While I was thus employed, the enemy discharged several thousand arrows, many of which stuck in my hands and face, and, besides the excessive smart, gave me much disturbance in my work. My greatest apprehension was for mine eyes, which I should have infallibly lost if I had not suddenly thought of an expedient. I kept among other little necessaries a pair of spectacles in a private pocket, which, as I observed before,

had escaped the Emperor's searchers. These I took out and fastened as strongly as I could upon my nose, and, thus armed, went on boldly with my work in spite of the enemy's arrows, many of which struck against the glasses of my spectacles, but without any other effect, farther than a little to discompose them.

I had now fastened all the hooks, and, taking the knot in my hand, began to pull, but not a ship would stir, for they were all too fast held by their anchors, so that the boldest part of my enterprise remained. I therefore let go the cord, and leaving the hooks fixed to the ships, I resolutely cut with my knife the cables that fastened the anchors, receiving about two hundred shots in my face and hands; then I took up the knotted end of the cables to which my hooks were tied, and with great ease drew fifty of the enemy's largest men-of-war after me.

The Blefuscudians, who had not the least imagination of what I intended, were at first confounded with astonishment. They had seen me cut the cables, and thought my design was only to let the ships run adrift, or fall foul on each other; but when they perceived the whole fleet moving in order, and saw me pulling at the end, they set up such a scream of grief and despair that it is almost impossible to describe or conceive. When I had got out of danger, I stopped a while to pick out the arrows that stuck in my hands and face, and rubbed on some of the same ointment that was given me at my first arrival, as I have formerly mentioned. I then took off my spectacles, and, waiting about an hour till the tide was a little fallen, I waded through the middle with my cargo, and arrived safe at the royal port of Lilliput.

The Emperor and his whole court stood on the shore expecting<sup>1</sup> the issue

<sup>1</sup> *expecting, awaiting.*



I DREW FIFTY OF THE ENEMY'S LARGEST MEN-OF-WAR AFTER ME.

of this great adventure. They saw the ships move forward in a large half-moon, but could not discern me, who was up to my breast in water. When I advanced to the middle of the channel, they were yet in more pain, because I was under water to my neck. The Emperor concluded me to be drowned, and that the enemy's fleet was approaching in a hostile manner; but he was soon eased of his fears, for the channel growing shallower every step I made, I came in a short time within hearing, and, holding up the end of the cable by which the fleet was fastened, I cried in a loud voice, "Long live the most puissant Emperor of Lilliput!" This great prince received me at my landing with all possible encomiums, and created me a nardac upon the spot, which is the highest title of honor among them.

His Majesty desired I would take some other opportunity of bringing all the rest of his enemy's ships into his ports. And so unmeasurable is the ambition of princes that he seemed to

think of nothing less than reducing the whole empire of Blefuscu into a province, and governing it by a viceroy; of destroying the Big-endian exiles, and compelling that people to break the smaller end of their eggs, by which he would remain the sole monarch of the whole world. But I endeavored to divert him from his design, by many arguments drawn from the topics of policy as well as justice; and I plainly protested that I would never be an instrument of bringing a free and brave people into slavery. And when the matter was debated in council, the wisest part of the ministry were of my opinion.

This open bold declaration of mine was so opposite to the schemes and politics of his Imperial Majesty that he could never forgive me; he mentioned it in a very artful manner at council, where I was told that some of the wisest appeared, at least, by their silence, to be of my opinion; but others, who were my secret enemies, could not forbear

some expressions, which by a side-wind<sup>2</sup> reflected on me. And from this time began an intrigue between his Majesty and a junto of ministers maliciously bent against me, which broke out in less than two months, and had like to have ended in my utter destruction. Of so little weight are the greatest services to princes, when put into the balance with a refusal to gratify their passions.

About three weeks after this exploit there arrived a solemn embassy from Blefuscu, with humble offers of a peace, which was soon concluded upon conditions very advantageous to our Emperor, wherewith I shall not trouble the reader. There were six ambassadors, with a train of about five hundred persons, and their entry was very magnificent, suitable to the grandeur of their master and the importance of their business. When their treaty was finished, wherein I did them several good offices by the credit I now had, or at least appeared to have at court, their Excellencies, who were privately told how much I had been their friend, made me a visit in form. They began with many compliments upon my valor and generosity, invited me to that kingdom in the Emperor their master's name, and desired me to show them some proofs of my prodigious strength, of which they had heard so many wonders; wherein I readily obliged them, but shall not trouble the reader with the particulars.

When I had for some time entertained their Excellencies to their infinite satisfaction and surprise, I desired they would do me the honor to present my most humble respects to the Emperor their master, the renown of whose virtues had so justly filled the whole world with admiration, and whose royal person I resolved to attend before I returned to my own country. Accord-

ingly, the next time I had the honor to see our Emperor, I desired his general license to wait on the Blefuscudian monarch, which he was pleased to grant me, as I could plainly perceive, in a very cold manner; but could not guess the reason, till I had a whisper from a certain person that Flimnap and Bolgolam had represented my intercourse with those ambassadors as a mark of disaffection, from which I am sure my heart was wholly free. And this was the first time I began to conceive some imperfect idea of courts and ministers.

It is to be observed that these ambassadors spoke to me by an interpreter, the languages of both empires differing as much from each other as any two in Europe, and each nation priding itself upon the antiquity, beauty, and energy of their own tongues, with an avowed contempt for that of their neighbor; yet our Emperor, standing upon the advantage he had got by the seizure of their fleet, obliged them to deliver their credentials and make their speech in the Lilliputian tongue. And it must be confessed that, from the great intercourse of trade and commerce between both realms, from the continual reception of exiles, which is mutual among them, and from the custom in each empire to send their young nobility and richer gentry to the other, in order to polish themselves by seeing the world, and understanding men and manners, there are few persons of distinction, or merchants, or seamen, who dwell in the maritime parts, but what can hold conversation in both tongues; as I found some weeks after when I went to pay my respects to the Emperor of Blefuscu, which, in the midst of great misfortunes through the malice of my enemies, proved a very happy adventure to me, as I shall relate in its proper place.

The reader may remember that, when I signed those articles upon

<sup>2</sup> a side-wind, inference, suggestion.

which I recovered my liberty, there were some which I disliked upon account of their being too servile, neither could anything but an extreme necessity have forced me to submit. But being now a nardac of the highest rank in that Empire, such offices were looked upon as below my dignity, and the Emperor (to do him justice) never once mentioned them to me.

## CHAPTER VI

ALTHOUGH I intend to leave the description of this empire to a particular treatise, yet, in the meantime, I am content to gratify the curious reader with some general ideas. As the common size of the natives is somewhat under six inches high, so there is an exact proportion in all other animals, as well as plants and trees. For instance, the tallest horses and oxen are between four and five inches in height, the sheep an inch and half, more or less; their geese about the bigness of a sparrow, and so the several gradations downwards, till you come to the smallest, which, to my sight, were almost invisible. But nature hath adapted the eyes of the Lilliputians to all objects proper for their view; they see with great exactness, but at no great distance. And, to show the sharpness of their sight toward objects that are near, I have been much pleased with observing a cook pulling<sup>1</sup> a lark which was not so large as a common fly, and a young girl threading an invisible needle with invisible silk. Their tallest trees are about seven feet high; I mean some of those in the great royal park, the tops whereof I could but just reach with my fist clenched. The other vegetables are in the same proportion; but this I leave to the reader's imagination.

I shall say but little at present of their learning, which for many ages

hath flourished in all its branches among them; but their manner of writing is very peculiar, being neither from the left to the right, like the Europeans, nor from the right to the left, like the Arabians, nor from up to down, like the Chinese, but aslant from one corner of the paper to the other, like ladies in England.

They bury their dead with their heads directly downward, because they hold an opinion that in eleven thousand moons they are all to rise again, in which period the earth (which they conceive to be flat) will turn upside down, and by this means they shall, at their resurrection, be found ready standing on their feet. The learned among them confess the absurdity of this doctrine, but the practice still continues, in compliance to the vulgar.

There are some laws and customs in this empire very peculiar; and, if they were not so directly contrary to those of my own dear country, I should be tempted to say a little in their justification. It is only to be wished they were as well executed. The first I shall mention relates to informers. All crimes against the state are punished here with the utmost severity; but, if the person accused maketh his innocence plainly to appear upon his trial, the accuser is immediately put to an ignominious death; and, out of his goods or lands, the innocent person is quadruply recompensed for the loss of his time, for the danger he underwent, for the hardship of his imprisonment, and for all the charges he hath been at in making his defense. Or, if that fund be deficient, it is largely supplied by the crown. The Emperor does also confer on him some public mark of his favor, and proclamation is made of his innocence through the whole city.

They look upon fraud as a greater crime than theft, and therefore seldom fail to punish it with death; for they

<sup>1</sup> pulling, plucking.

allege that care and vigilance, with a very common understanding, may preserve a man's goods from thieves, but honesty has no fence against superior cunning; and since it is necessary that there should be a perpetual intercourse of buying and selling, and dealing upon credit, where fraud is permitted and connived at, or hath no law to punish it, the honest dealer is always undone and the knave gets the advantage. I remember when I was once interceding with the king for a criminal, who had wronged his master of a great sum of money, which he had received by order and ran away with, and happening to tell his Majesty, by way of extenuation, that it was only a breach of trust, the Emperor thought it monstrous in me to offer, as a defense, the greatest aggravation of the crime; and truly I had little to say in return, farther than the common answer, that different nations had different customs; for, I confess, I was heartily ashamed.

Although we usually call reward and punishment the two hinges upon which all government turns, yet I could never observe this maxim to be put in practice by any nation except that of Lilliput. Whoever can there bring sufficient proof that he hath strictly observed the laws of his country for seventy-three moons hath a claim to certain privileges, according to his quality and condition of life, with a proportionable sum of money out of a fund appropriated for that use; he likewise acquires the title of *snilpall*, or legal, which is added to his name, but does not descend to posterity. And these people thought it a prodigious defect of policy among us when I told them that our laws were enforced only by penalties without any mention of reward. It is upon this account that the image of Justice, in their courts of judicature, is formed with six eyes, two before, as many behind, and on each side one, to

signify circumspection; with a bag of gold open in her right hand, and a sword sheathed in her left, to show she is more disposed to reward than to punish.

In choosing persons for all employments they have more regard to good morals than to great abilities; for, since government is necessary to mankind, they believe that the common size of human understandings is fitted to some station or other, and that Providence never intended to make the management of public affairs a mystery, to be comprehended only by a few persons of sublime genius, of which there seldom are three born in an age; but they suppose truth, justice, temperance, and the like to be in every man's power, the practice of which virtues, assisted by experience and a good intention, would qualify any man for the service of his country, except where a course of study is required. But they thought the want of moral virtues was so far from being supplied by superior endowments of the mind that employments could never be put into such dangerous hands as those of persons so qualified; and at least, that the mistakes, committed by ignorance in a virtuous disposition, would never be of such fatal consequence to the public weal as the practices of a man whose inclinations led him to be corrupt, and had great abilities to manage and multiply and defend his corruptions.

In like manner the disbelief of a Divine Providence renders a man incapable of holding any public station; for, since kings avow themselves to be the deputies of Providence, the Lilliputians think nothing can be more absurd than for a prince to employ such men as disown the authority under which they act.

In relating these and the following laws, I would only be understood to mean the original institutions, and not

the most scandalous corruptions into which these people are fallen by the degenerate nature of man. For as to that infamous practice of acquiring great employments by dancing on the ropes, or badges of favor and distinction by leaping over sticks and creeping under them, the reader is to observe that they were first introduced by the grandfather<sup>2</sup> of the Emperor now reigning, and grew to the present height by the gradual increase of party and faction.

Ingratitude is among them a capital crime, as we read it to have been in some other countries; for they reason thus, that whoever makes ill returns to his benefactor must needs be a common enemy to the rest of mankind, from whom he hath received no obligation, and therefore such a man is not fit to live.

Their notions relating to the duties of parents and children differ extremely from ours. They will never allow that a child is under any obligation to his father for begetting him, or to his mother for bringing him into the world, which, considering the miseries of human life, was neither a benefit in itself nor intended so by his parents. Upon these, and the like reasonings, their opinion is that parents are the last of all others to be trusted with the education<sup>3</sup> of their own children; and therefore they have in every town public nurseries, where all parents, except cottagers and laborers, are obliged to send their infants of both sexes to be reared and educated when they come to the age of twenty moons, at which time they are supposed to have some rudiments of docility. These schools are of several kinds, suited to different qualities and to both sexes. They have certain professors well skilled in pre-

paring children for such a condition of life as befits the rank of their parents, and their own capacities as well as inclinations. I shall first say something of the male nurseries, and then of the female.

The nurseries for males of noble or eminent birth are provided with grave and learned professors and their several deputies. The clothes and food of the children are plain and simple. They are bred up in the principles of honor, justice, courage, modesty, clemency, religion, and love of their country; they are always employed in some business, except in the times of eating and sleeping, which are very short, and two hours for diversions, consisting of bodily exercises. They are dressed by men till four years of age, and then are obliged to dress themselves, although their quality be ever so great; and the women attendants, who are aged proportionably to ours at fifty, perform only the most menial offices. They are never suffered to converse with servants, but go together in smaller and greater numbers to take their diversions, and always in the presence of a professor, or one of his deputies. Their parents are suffered to see them only twice a year; the visit is to last but an hour. They are allowed to kiss the child at meeting and parting; but a professor, who always stands by on those occasions, will not suffer them to whisper, or use any fondling expressions, or bring any presents of toys, sweet-meats, and the like.

The pension from each family for the education and entertainment of a child, upon failure of due payment, is levied by the Emperor's officers.

The nurseries for children of ordinary gentlemen, merchants, traders, and handicrafts, are managed proportionably after the same manner; only those designed for trades are put out apprentices at eleven years old, whereas those

<sup>2</sup> *grandfather*. Swift refers to James I, the great-grandfather of George I.

<sup>3</sup> *education*. The subject of education was a popular one for discussion in Swift's day.



of persons of quality continue in their exercises till fifteen, which answers to twenty-one with us; but the confinement is gradually lessened for the last three years.

In the female nurseries the young girls of quality are educated much like the males, only they are dressed by orderly servants of their own sex, but always in the presence of a professor or deputy, till they come to dress themselves, which is at five years old. And if it be found that these nurses ever presume to entertain the girls with frightful or foolish stories, or the common follies practiced by chambermaids among us, they are publicly whipped thrice about the city, imprisoned for a year, and banished for life to the most desolate part of the country. Thus the young ladies there are as much ashamed of being cowards and fools as the men, and despise all personal ornaments beyond decency and cleanliness. Neither did I perceive any difference in their education made by their difference of sex, only that the exercises of the females were not altogether so robust, and that some rules were given them relating to domestic life, and a smaller compass of learning was enjoined<sup>4</sup> them. For their maxim is that, among people of quality, a wife should be always a reasonable and agreeable companion, because she cannot always be young. When the girls are twelve years old, which among them is the marriageable age, their parents or guardians take them home with great expressions of gratitude to the professors, and seldom without tears of the young lady and her companion.

In the nurseries of the females of the meaner sort, the children are instructed in all kinds of works proper for their sex and their several degrees. Those intended for apprentices are dismissed at seven years old; the rest are kept to eleven.

<sup>4</sup> *enjoined*, required of.

The meaner families who have children at these nurseries are obliged, besides their annual pension, which is as low as possible, to return to the steward of the nursery a small monthly share of their gettings,<sup>5</sup> to be a portion for the child; and therefore all parents are limited in their expenses by the law. For the Lilliputians think nothing can be more unjust than for people to bring children into the world and leave the burthen of supporting them on the public. As to persons of quality, they give security to appropriate a certain sum for each child, suitable to their condition; and these funds are always managed with good husbandry and the most exact justice.

The cottagers and laborers keep their children at home, their business being only to till and cultivate the earth, and therefore their education is of little consequence to the public; but the old and diseased among them are supported by hospitals, for begging is a trade unknown in this empire.

And here it may, perhaps, divert the curious reader to give some account of my domestic life, and my manner of living in this country, during a residence of nine months and thirteen days. Having a head mechanically turned, and being likewise forced by necessity, I had made for myself a table and chair convenient enough, out of the largest trees in the royal park. Two hundred sempstresses were employed to make me shirts, and linen for bed and table, all of the strongest and coarsest kind they could get; which, however, they were forced to quilt together in several folds, for the thickest was some degrees finer than lawn. Their linen is usually three inches wide, and three feet make a piece.

The sempstresses took my measure as I lay on the ground, one standing at my neck, and another at my mid-leg, with a strong cord extended, that each held

<sup>5</sup> *gettings*, earnings.

by the end, while the third measured the length of the cord with a rule of an inch long. Then they measured my right thumb and desired no more; for, by a mathematical computation, that twice round the thumb is once round the wrist, and so on to the neck and the waist; and by the help of my old shirt, which I displayed on the ground before them for a pattern, they fitted me exactly. Three hundred tailors were employed in the same manner to make me clothes; but they had another contrivance for taking my measure. I kneeled down, and they raised a ladder from the ground to my neck; upon this ladder one of them mounted, and let fall a plumb line from my collar to the floor, which just answered the length of my coat; but my waist and arms I measured myself. When my clothes were finished, which was done in my house (for the largest of theirs would not have been able to hold them) they looked like the patchwork made by the ladies in England, only that mine were all of a color.

I had three hundred cooks to dress my victuals, in little convenient huts built about my house, where they and their families lived, and prepared me two dishes apiece. I took up twenty waiters in my hand, and placed them on the table; an hundred more attended below on the ground, some with dishes of meat, and some with barrels of wine and other liquors, slung on their shoulders, all of which the waiters above drew up as I wanted, in a very ingenious manner, by certain cords, as we draw the bucket up a well in Europe. A dish of their meat was a good mouthful, and a barrel of their liquor a reasonable draft. Their mutton yields<sup>6</sup> to ours, but their beef is excellent. I have had a sirloin so large that I have been forced to make three bites of it; but this is rare. My servants were astonished to see me eat it, bones and all, as

<sup>6</sup> yields, is inferior.

in our country we do the leg of a lark. Their geese and turkeys I usually eat at a mouthful; and, I must confess, they far exceed ours. Of their smaller fowl, I could take up twenty or thirty at the end of my knife.

One day his Imperial Majesty, being informed of my way of living, desired that himself and his royal consort, with the young princes of the blood of both sexes, might have the happiness (as he was pleased to call it) of dining with me. They came accordingly, and I placed them upon chairs of state on my table, just over against me, with their guards about them. Flimnap, the lord high treasurer, attended there likewise, with his white staff; and I observed he often looked on me with a sour countenance, which I would not seem to regard, but eat more than usual, in honor to my dear country, as well as to fill the court with admiration.

I have some private reasons to believe that this visit from his Majesty gave Flimnap an opportunity of doing me ill offices to his master. That minister had always been my secret enemy, though he outwardly caressed me more than was usual to the moroseness of his nature. He represented to the Emperor the low condition of his treasury; that he was forced to take up money at great discount; that exchequer bills would not circulate under nine per cent below par; that, in short, I had cost his Majesty above a million and a half of sprugs (their greatest gold coin, about the bigness of a spangle) and, upon the whole, that it would be advisable in the Emperor to take the first fair occasion of dismissing me.

I am here obliged to vindicate the reputation of an excellent lady who was an innocent sufferer upon my account. The treasurer took a fancy to be jealous of his wife, from the malice of some evil tongues, who informed him that her Grace had taken a violent affection for my person; and the court

scandal ran for some time, that she once came privately to my lodging. This I solemnly declare to be a most infamous falsehood, without any grounds, farther than that her Grace was pleased to treat me with all innocent marks of freedom and friendship. I own she came often to my house, but always publicly, nor ever without three or more in the coach, who were usually her sister and young daughter and some particular acquaintance; but this was common to many other ladies of the court. And I still appeal to my servants round, whether they at any time saw a coach at my door, without knowing what persons were in it.

On those occasions, when a servant had given me notice, my custom was to go immediately to the door; and after paying my respects, to take up the coach and two horses very carefully in my hands (for, if there were six horses, the postillion always unharnessed four) and place them on a table, where I had fixed a movable rim quite round, of five inches high, to prevent accidents. And I have often had four coaches and horses at once on my table full of company, while I sat in my chair, leaning my face toward them; and, when I was engaged with one set, the coachman would gently drive the others round my table. I have passed many an afternoon very agreeably in these conversations. But I defy the treasurer or his two informers (I will name them, and let them make their best of it), Clustril and Drunlo, to prove that any person ever came to me incognito, except the secretary Reldresal, who was sent by express command of his Imperial Majesty, as I have before related.

I should not have dwelt so long upon this particular, if it had not been a point wherein the reputation of a great lady is so nearly concerned, to say nothing of my own; though I then had the honor to be a nardac, which the treasurer himself is not; for all the world

knows that he is only a glumtum, a title inferior by one degree, as that of a marquis is to a duke in England, although I allow he preceded me in right of his post. These false informations, which I afterwards came to the knowledge of by an accident not proper to mention, made Flimnap, the treasurer, show his lady, for some time, an ill countenance, and me a worse; and although he were at last undeceived and reconciled to her, yet I lost all credit with him, and found my interest decline very fast with the Emperor himself, who was, indeed, too much governed by that favorite.

## CHAPTER VII

BEFORE I proceed to give an account of my leaving this kingdom, it may be proper to inform the reader of a private intrigue which had been for two months forming against me.

I had been hitherto all my life a stranger to courts, for which I was unqualified by the meanness of my condition. I had, indeed, heard and read enough of the dispositions of great princes and ministers, but never expected to have found such terrible effects of them in so remote a country, governed, as I thought, by very different maxims from those in Europe.

When I was just preparing to pay my attendance on the Emperor of Blefuscu, a considerable person at court (to whom I had been very serviceable, at a time when he lay under the highest displeasure of his Imperial Majesty) came to my house very privately at night in a close chair, and, without sending his name, desired admittance. The chairmen were dismissed; I put the chair, with his lordship in it, into my coat pocket; and, giving orders to a trusty servant to say I was indisposed and gone to sleep, I fastened the door of my house, placed the chair on the table, according to my usual custom,

and sat down by it. After the common salutations were over, observing his lordship's countenance full of concern, and inquiring into the reason, he desired I would hear him with patience, in a matter that highly concerned my honor and my life. His speech was to the following effect, for I took notes of it as soon as he left me.

"You are to know," said he, "that several committees of council have been lately called in the most private manner on your account; and it is but two days since his Majesty came to a full resolution.

"You are very sensible that Skyresh Bolgolam (galbet, or high-admiral) hath been your mortal enemy almost ever since your arrival. His original reasons I know not; but his hatred is increased since your great success against Blefuscu, by which his glory, as admiral, is much obscured. This lord, in conjunction with Flimnap, the high-treasurer, whose enmity against you is notorious on account of his lady, Limtoc the general, Lalcon the chamberlain, and Balmuff the grand justiciary, have prepared articles of impeachment against you, for treason and other capital crimes."

This preface made me so impatient, being conscious of my own merits and innocence, that I was going to interrupt, when he entreated me to be silent, and thus proceeded:

"Out of gratitude for the favors you have done me, I procured information of the whole proceedings, and a copy of the articles, wherein I venture my head for your service.

"ARTICLES OF IMPEACHMENT AGAINST  
QUINBUS FLESTRIN (*the* MAN-  
MOUNTAIN).

"ARTICLE I

"That the said Quinbus Flestrin having brought the imperial fleet of Blefuscu into the royal port, and being afterwards com-

manded by his Imperial Majesty to seize all the other ships of the said empire of Blefuscu, and reduce that empire to a province, to be governed by a viceroy from hence, and to destroy and put to death not only all the Big-endian exiles, but likewise all the people of that empire, who would not immediately forsake the Big-endian heresy: he, the said Flestrin, like a false traitor against his most auspicious, serene, Imperial Majesty, did petition to be excused from the said service, upon pretense of unwillingness to force the consciences or destroy the liberties and lives of innocent people.

"ARTICLE II

"That, whereas certain ambassadors arrived from the court of Blefuscu, to sue for peace in his Majesty's court: he the said Flestrin did, like a false traitor, aid, abet, comfort, and divert the said ambassadors, although he knew them to be servants to a prince who was lately an open enemy to his Imperial Majesty, and in open war against his said Majesty.

"ARTICLE III

"That the said Quinbus Flestrin, contrary to the duty of a faithful subject, is now preparing to make a voyage to the court and empire of Blefuscu, for which he hath received only verbal license from his Imperial Majesty; and under color of the said license doth falsely and traitorously intend to take the said voyage, and thereby to aid, comfort, and abet the Emperor of Blefuscu, so late an enemy, and in open war with his Imperial Majesty aforesaid.

"There are some other articles, but these are the most important, of which I have read you an abstract.

"In the several debates upon this impeachment, it must be confessed that his Majesty gave many marks of his great lenity, often urging the services you had done him, and endeavoring to extenuate your crimes. The treasurer and admiral insisted that you should be put to the most painful and ignominious death, by setting fire on your house

at night, and the general was to attend with twenty thousand men armed with poisoned arrows, to shoot you on the face and hands. Some of your servants were to have private orders to strew a poisonous juice on your shirts and sheets, which would soon make you tear your own flesh and die in the utmost torture. The general came into the same opinion, so that for a long time there was a majority against you; but his Majesty resolving, if possible, to spare your life, at last brought off the chamberlain.

"Upon this incident, Reldresal, principal secretary for private affairs, who always approved himself your true friend, was commanded by the Emperor to deliver his opinion, which he accordingly did, and therein justified the good thoughts you have of him. He allowed your crimes to be great, but that still there was room for mercy, the most commendable virtue in a prince, and for which his Majesty was so justly celebrated. He said the friendship between you and him was so well known to the world that perhaps the most honorable board might think him partial. However, in obedience to the command he had received, he would freely offer his sentiments. That if his Majesty, in consideration of your services, and pursuant to his own merciful disposition, would please to spare your life, and only give order to put out both your eyes, he humbly conceived, that, by this expedient, justice might in some measure be satisfied, and all the world would applaud the lenity of the Emperor, as well as the fair and generous proceedings of those who have the honor to be his counselors. That the loss of your eyes would be no impediment to your bodily strength, by which you might still be useful to his Majesty. That blindness is an addition to courage, by concealing dangers from us; that the fear you had for your eyes was

the greatest difficulty in bringing over the enemy's fleet, and it would be sufficient for you to see by the eyes of the ministers, since the greatest princes do no more.

"This proposal was received with the utmost disapprobation by the whole board. Bolgolam, the admiral, could not preserve his temper, but, rising up in fury, said he wondered how the secretary durst presume to give his opinion for preserving the life of a traitor; that the services you had performed were, by all true reasons of state, the great aggravation of your crimes; that the same strength which enabled you to bring over the enemy's fleet might serve, upon the first discontent, to carry it back; that he had good reasons to think you were a Big-endian in your heart; and as treason begins in the heart, before it appears in overt act, so he accused you as a traitor on that account, and therefore insisted you should be put to death.

"The treasurer was of the same opinion. He showed to what straits his Majesty's revenue was reduced by the charge of maintaining you, which would soon grow insupportable; that the secretary's expedient of putting out your eyes was so far from being a remedy against this evil, it would probably increase it, as it is manifest from the common practice of blinding some kind of fowl, after which they fed the faster, and grew sooner fat; that his sacred Majesty and the council, who are your judges, were in their own consciences fully convinced of your guilt, which was a sufficient argument to condemn you to death, without the formal proofs required by the strict letter of the law.

"But his Imperial Majesty, fully determined against capital punishment, was graciously pleased to say that, since the council thought the loss of your eyes too easy a censure, some other may be inflicted hereafter. And your friend,

the secretary, humbly desiring to be heard again, in answer to what the treasurer had objected concerning the great charge his Majesty was at in maintaining you, said that his Excellency, who had the sole disposal of the Emperor's revenue, might easily provide against that evil by gradually lessening your establishment, by which, for want of sufficient food, you would grow weak and faint, and lose your appetite, and consume in a few months; neither would the stench of your carcass be then so dangerous, when it should become more than half diminished; and immediately upon your death five or six thousand of his Majesty's subjects might, in two or three days, cut your flesh from your bones, take it away by cartloads, and bury it in distant parts to prevent infection, leaving the skeleton as a monument of admiration to posterity.

"Thus, by the great friendship of the secretary, the whole affair was compromised. It was strictly enjoined that the project of starving you, by degrees, should be kept a secret, but the sentence of putting out your eyes was entered on the books, none dissenting except Bolgolam, the admiral, who, being a creature of the Empress, was perpetually instigated by her Majesty to insist upon your death.

"In three days your friend, the secretary, will be directed to come to your house and read before you the articles of impeachment, and then to signify the great lenity and favor of his Majesty and council, whereby you are only condemned to the loss of your eyes, which his Majesty doth not question you will gratefully and humbly submit to; and twenty of his Majesty's surgeons will attend, in order to see the operation well performed, by discharging very sharp-pointed arrows into the balls of your eyes as you lie on the ground.

"I leave to your prudence what measures you will take; and, to avoid suspicion, I must immediately return in as private manner as I came."

His lordship did so, and I remained alone, under many doubts and perplexities of mind.

It was a custom introduced by this prince and his ministry (very different, as I have been assured, from the practices of former times) that after the court had decreed any cruel execution, either to gratify the monarch's resentment or the malice of a favorite, the Emperor always made a speech to his whole council, expressing his great lenity and tenderness, as qualities known and confessed by all the world. This speech was immediately published through the kingdom; nor did anything terrify the people so much as those encomiums on his Majesty's mercy, because it was observed that the more these praises were enlarged and insisted on, the more inhuman was the punishment, and the sufferer more innocent. And as to myself, I must confess, having never been designed for a courtier, either by my birth or education, I was so ill a judge of things that I could not discover the lenity and favor of this sentence, but conceived it (perhaps erroneously) rather to be rigorous than gentle.

I sometimes thought of standing my trial; for, although I could not deny the facts alleged in the several articles, yet I hoped they would admit of some extenuation. But having in my life perused many state-trials, which I ever observed to terminate as the judges thought fit to direct, I durst not rely on so dangerous a decision in so critical a juncture, and against such powerful enemies. Once I was strongly bent upon resistance, for, while I had liberty, the whole strength of that empire could hardly subdue me, and I might easily with stones pelt the metropolis to

pieces; but I soon rejected that project with horror, by remembering the oath I had made to the Emperor, the favors I received from him, and the high title of nardac he conferred upon me. Neither had I so soon learned the gratitude of courtiers, to persuade myself that his Majesty's present severities acquitted me of all past obligations.

At last I fixed upon a resolution, for which it is probable I may incur some censure, and not unjustly; for I confess I owe the preserving of my eyes, and consequently my liberty, to my own great rashness and want of experience; because, if I had then known the nature of princes and ministers, which I have since observed in many other courts, and their methods of treating criminals less obnoxious than myself, I should with great alacrity and readiness have submitted to so easy a punishment. But hurried on by the precipitancy of youth, and having his Imperial Majesty's license to pay my attendance upon the Emperor of Blefuscu, I took this opportunity, before the three days were elapsed, to send a letter to my friend the secretary, signifying my resolution of setting out that morning for Blefuscu, pursuant to the leave I had got; and, without waiting for an answer, I went to that side of the island where our fleet lay. I seized a large man-of-war, tied a cable to the prow, and, lifting up the anchors, I stripped myself, put my clothes (together with my coverlet, which I brought under my arm) into the vessel, and, drawing it after me, between wading and swimming, arrived at the royal port of Blefuscu, where the people had long expected me.

They lent me two guides to direct me to the capital city, which is of the same name. I held them in my hands till I came within two hundred yards of the gate, and desired them to signify my arrival to one of the secretaries, and

let him know I there waited his Majesty's command. I had an answer, in about an hour, that his Majesty, attended by the royal family and great officers of the court, was coming out to receive me. I advanced a hundred yards. The Emperor and his train alighted from their horses, the Empress and ladies from their coaches, and I did not perceive they were in any fright or concern. I lay on the ground to kiss his Majesty's and the Empress's hand. I told his Majesty that I was come according to my promise, and with the license of the Emperor my master, to have the honor of seeing so mighty a monarch, and to offer him any service in my power consistent with my duty to my own prince; not mentioning a word of my disgrace, because I had hitherto no regular information of it, and might suppose myself wholly ignorant of any such design; neither could I reasonably conceive that the Emperor would discover the secret while I was out of his power; wherein, however, it soon appeared I was deceived.

I shall not trouble the reader with the particular account of my reception at this court, which was suitable to the generosity of so great a prince; nor of the difficulties I was in for want of a house and bed, being forced to lie on the ground, wrapped up in my coverlet.

## CHAPTER VIII

THREE days after my arrival, walking out of curiosity to the northeast coast of the island, I observed, about half a league off, in the sea, somewhat that looked like a boat overturned. I pulled off my shoes and stockings, and, wading two or three hundred yards, I found the object to approach nearer by force of the tide; and then plainly saw it to be a real boat, which I supposed might, by some tempest, have been driven from a ship. Whereupon I re-

turned immediately toward the city, and desired his Imperial Majesty to lend twenty of the tallest vessels he had left after the loss of his fleet, and three thousand seamen, under the command of the vice-admiral. This fleet sailed round, while I went back the shortest way to the coast, where I first discovered the boat; I found the tide had driven it still nearer. The seamen were all provided with cordage, which I had beforehand twisted to a sufficient strength.

When the ships came up, I stripped myself, and waded till I came within an hundred yards of the boat, after which I was forced to swim till I got up to it. The seamen threw me the end of the cord, which I fastened to a hole in the fore-part of the boat, and the other end to a man-of-war. But I found all my labor to little purpose, for, being out of my depth, I was not able to work. In this necessity, I was forced to swim behind, and push the boat forward as often as I could, with one of my hands; and, the tide favoring me, I advanced so far that I could just hold up my chin and feel the ground. I rested two or three minutes and then gave the boat another shove, and so on, till the sea was no higher than my arm-pits; and now, the most laborious part being over, I took out my other cables, which were stowed in one of the ships, and fastened them first to the boat, and then to nine of the vessels which attended me; the wind being favorable, the seamen towed, and I shoved till we arrived within forty yards of the shore, and, waiting till the tide was out, I got dry to the boat, and by the assistance of two thousand men, with ropes and engines, I made a shift to turn it on its bottom, and found it was but little damaged.

I shall not trouble the reader with the difficulties I was under, by the help of certain paddles, which cost me ten

days making, to get my boat to the royal port of Blefuscu, where a mighty concourse of people appeared upon my arrival, full of wonder at the sight of so prodigious a vessel. I told the Emperor that my good fortune had thrown this boat in my way, to carry me to some place from whence I might return into my native country, and begged his Majesty's orders for getting materials to fit it up, together with his license to depart, which, after some kind expostulations, he was pleased to grant.

I did very much wonder, in all this time, not to have heard of any express relating to me from our Emperor to the court of Blefuscu. But I was afterwards given privately to understand that his Imperial Majesty, never imagining I had the least notice of his designs, believed I was only gone to Blefuscu, in performance of my promise, according to the license he had given me, which was well known at our court, and would return in a few days when the ceremony was ended. But he was at last in pain at my long absence; and, after consulting with the treasurer and the rest of that cabal, a person of quality was dispatched with the copy of the articles against me. This envoy had instructions to represent to the monarch of Blefuscu the great lenity of his master, who was content to punish me no farther than with the loss of my eyes; that I had fled from justice, and, if I did not return in two hours, I should be deprived of my title of nardac, and declared a traitor. The envoy further added that in order to maintain the peace and amity between both empires, his master expected that his brother of Blefuscu would give orders to have me sent back to Lilliput, bound hand and foot, to be punished as a traitor.

The Emperor of Blefuscu, having taken three days to consult, returned an answer, consisting of many civilities



and excuses. He said that as for sending me bound, his brother knew it was impossible; that although I had deprived him of his fleet, yet he owed great obligations to me for many good offices I had done him in making the peace; that, however, both their Majesties would soon be made easy, for I had found a prodigious vessel on the shore, able to carry me on the sea, which he had given order to fit up with my own assistance and direction; and he hoped, in a few weeks, both empires would be freed from so insupportable an incumbrance.

With this answer the envoy returned to Lilliput, and the monarch of Blefuscu related to me all that had passed, offering me at the same time (but under the strictest confidence) his gracious protection, if I would continue in his service; wherein, although I believed him sincere, yet I resolved never more to put any confidence in princes or ministers, where I could possibly avoid it, and, therefore, with all due acknowledgments for his favorable intentions, I humbly begged to be excused. I told him that since fortune, whether good or evil, had thrown a vessel in my way, I was resolved to venture myself in the ocean rather than be an occasion of difference between two such mighty monarchs. Neither did I find the Emperor at all displeased, and I discovered, by a certain accident, that he was very glad of my resolution, and so were most of his ministers.

These considerations moved me to hasten my departure somewhat sooner than I intended; to which the court, impatient to have me gone, very readily contributed. Five hundred workmen were employed to make two sails to my boat, according to my directions, by quilting thirteen fold of their strongest linen together. I was at the pains of making ropes and cables, by twisting ten, twenty, or thirty of the thickest

and strongest of theirs. A great stone that I happened to find, after a long search by the seashore, served me for an anchor. I had the tallow of three hundred cows for greasing my boat and other uses. I was at incredible pains in cutting down some of the largest timber-trees for oars and masts, wherein I was, however, much assisted by his Majesty's ship-carpenters, who helped me in smoothing them after I had done the rough work.

In about a month, when all was prepared, I sent to receive his Majesty's commands, and to take my leave. The Emperor and royal family came out of the palace; I lay down on my face to kiss his hand, which he very graciously gave me; so did the Empress, and young princes of the blood. His Majesty presented me with fifty purses of two hundred sprugs apiece, together with his picture at full length, which I put immediately into one of my gloves, to keep it from being hurt. The ceremonies at my departure were too many to trouble the reader with at this time.

I stored the boat with the carcasses of an hundred oxen, and three hundred sheep, with bread and drink proportionable, and as much meat ready dressed as four hundred cooks could provide. I took with me six cows and two bulls alive, with as many ewes and rams, intending to carry them into my own country and propagate the breed. And, to feed them on board, I had a good bundle of hay and a bag of corn. I would gladly have taken a dozen of the natives, but this was a thing the Emperor would by no means permit; and, besides a diligent search into my pockets, his Majesty engaged my honor not to carry away any of his subjects, although with their own consent and desire.

Having thus prepared all things as well as I was able, I set sail on the twenty-fourth day of September, 1701,

at six in the morning; and when I had gone about four leagues to the northward, the wind being at southeast, at six in the evening, I descried a small island about half a league to the northwest. I advanced forward, and cast anchor on the lee-side of the island, which seemed to be uninhabited. I then took some refreshment and went to my rest. I slept well, and I conjecture at least six hours, for I found the day broke in two hours after I awaked. It was a clear night. I eat my breakfast before the sun was up; and heaving anchor, the wind being favorable, I steered the same course that I had done the day before, wherein I was directed by my pocket-compass. My intention was to reach, if possible, one of those islands which I had reason to believe lay on the northeast of Van Diemen's Land.

I discovered nothing all that day; but upon the next, about three in the afternoon, when I had by my computation made twenty-four leagues from Blefuscu, I descried a sail steering to the southeast; my course was due east. I hailed her, but could get no answer; yet I found I gained upon her, for the wind slackened. I made all the sail I could, and in half an hour she spied me, then hung out her ancient,<sup>1</sup> and discharged a gun. It is not easy to express the joy I was in upon the unexpected hope of once more seeing my beloved country, and the dear pledges I had left in it. The ship slackened her sails, and I came up with her between five and six in the evening, September 26; but my heart leapt within me to see her English colors. I put my cows and sheep into my coat pockets, and got on board with all my little cargo of provisions.

The vessel was an English merchantman, returning from Japan by the north and south seas, the captain, Mr.

John Biddel of Deptford, a very civil man, and an excellent sailor. We were now in the latitude of 30 degrees south; there were about fifty men in the ship; and here I met an old comrade of mine, one Peter Williams, who gave me a good character to the captain. This gentleman treated me with kindness, and desired I would let him know what place I came from last and whither I was bound; which I did in few words, but he thought I was raving and that the dangers I underwent had disturbed my head; whereupon I took my black cattle and sheep out of my pocket, which, after great astonishment, clearly convinced him of my veracity. I then showed him the gold given me by the Emperor of Blefuscu, together with his Majesty's picture at full length, and some other rarities of that country. I gave him two purses of two hundred sprugs each, and promised, when we arrived in England, to make him a present of a cow and a sheep.

I shall not trouble the reader with a particular account of this voyage, which was very prosperous for the most part. We arrived in the Downs<sup>2</sup> on the 13th of April, 1702. I had only one misfortune, that the rats on board carried away one of my sheep; I found her bones in a hole, picked clean from the flesh. The rest of my cattle I got safe ashore, and set them a-grazing in a bowling-green<sup>3</sup> at Greenwich, where the fineness of the grass made them feed very heartily, though I had always feared the contrary. Neither could I possibly have preserved them in so long a voyage if the captain had not allowed me some of his best biscuit, which rubbed to powder, and mingled with water, was their constant food. The short time I continued in England, I made a considerable profit of my

<sup>2</sup> *the Downs*, an anchorage for ships in the North Sea, near Deal, England. <sup>3</sup> *bowling-green*, a public greensward for bowling.

<sup>1</sup> *ancient*, flag.

showing my cattle to many persons of quality and others; and, before I began my second voyage, I sold them for six hundred pounds. Since my last return I find the breed is considerably increased, especially the sheep, which I hope will prove much to the advantage of the woolen manufacture, by the fineness of the fleeces.

I stayed but two months with my wife and family; for my insatiable desire of seeing foreign countries would suffer me to continue no longer. I left fifteen hundred pounds with my wife, and fixed her in a good house at Redriff.<sup>4</sup> My remaining stock I carried with me, part in money and part in goods, in hopes to improve my fortunes. My eldest uncle John had left me an estate in land, near Epping, of about thirty pounds a year; and I had a long lease of the Black Bull in Fetter Lane, which yielded me as much more, so that I was not in any danger of leaving my family upon the parish. My son Johnny, named so after his uncle, was at the grammar school, and a towardly<sup>5</sup> child. My daughter Betty (who is now well married, and has children) was then at her needlework. I took leave of my wife, and boy and girl, with tears on both sides, and went on board the *Adventure*, a merchant ship, of three hundred tons, bound for Surat, Captain John Nicholas of Liverpool, commander. But my account of this voyage must be referred to the second part of my travels.

<sup>4</sup> Redriff, a town on the Thames just south of London    <sup>5</sup> towardly, promising.

## STUDY AIDS

### I. CLASS DISCUSSIONS

1. Why did Gulliver go to sea? How did he happen to land among the Lilliputians? Where does he first learn of their size? What features of his meal are most strikingly in keeping with their size? What is their attitude toward Gulliver? How are they able to keep him prisoner?

2. What details in the description of the emperor make one feel the littleness of all kings? What are the most amusing details of the search that was made of Gulliver's pockets (page 270)?

3. Chapter III is intended as a satire of the Court of George I, with which Swift had an intimate personal acquaintance. (a) Point out the most biting parts of Swift's satire of the pomp of royal courts (pages 272-273). (b) How does Swift make the highly-prized honor of belonging to one of the three royal "Orders" (page 273) seem trifling and silly? (c) Explain any other satire that you enjoyed in this chapter. (d) Which are the keenest bits of satire in Chapters IV and V?

4. Parts of Chapter VI may be considered as a description of a Utopia. Which of the Lilliputian laws do you think might be adopted in our own country with advantage? How would their system of education be received in America?

5. In Chapters VII and VIII, point out some of the most convincing features of the narrative. What satire do you discover on court intrigues, national rivalries, and so on? Do these chapters interest you more by the narrative or the satire?

6. Is there any part of Swift's satire that applies to conditions in America today? If you think so, show how it applies.

7. As a narrator, Swift's achievement is to make his marvels seem natural. In this account of the Lilliputians, his consistency is almost unflinching. Pick out descriptions in which the tiny size of these people is brought forcibly home to you; find others in which their actions or Gulliver's actions are in perfect keeping with their size.

### II. INDIVIDUAL AND GROUP ACTIVITIES

A very good kind of review for this chapter as a whole consists in putting to work all the ideas you have gained from studying it. Here are some suggestions:

*Achitophel*, *Portrait of Addison*, and other satires. The class might compile an anthology of contemporary satire. Editorials in newspapers often ridicule some local or national figure in public life. A few weekly reviews employ satire against both leaders and public measures. A com-

mittee might select the most entertaining to read aloud. Do you enjoy more the modern prose writers or the classical verse satirists? Try to explain why.

*The Spectator.* 1. Try your own hand at kindly satire by writing a sketch of some unnamed member of the class or some student prominent in the school. The president of the class or a committee might piece together from these contributions a collection of portraits corresponding to "The Spectator's Club."

2. The purpose of *The Spectator* was reform. Select some aspect of school life such as "Manners in the Halls," "Noises at Lunch Time," or any other condition that can be improved, and write an essay of your own. Do not find fault. Use humor and suggestion in seeking to bring about improvement, as in "The Cries of London." The best of these student essays may be read to the class.

*A Voyage to Lilliput.* 1. By drawings or models represent one of the notable scenes in this voyage to the Land of Lilliput. Keep in mind the proportions: one inch in Lilliput equals twelve inches with us.

2. A report on the second voyage of Gulliver, to the land of the giants in Brobdingnag, should bring out two matters: the most exciting personal adventures, and the most biting satire on mankind. The report might include a comparison with the *Voyage to Lilliput*.

3. The following interesting comparison will help you to see the penetration of Swift. Take any familiar tale of marvels, such as "Sindbad the Sailor" or "Aladdin," select particular episodes, and then show how the purpose of the author differs from Swift's satirical purpose. Your report should include several illustrative passages from both Swift and the tale you select.

## MORE READING

### I. BOOKS FOR LEISURE READING

- Allen, E. F., *Red Letter Days of Samuel Pepys*. The high lights of the diarist's career.
- Bryant, Arthur, *Charles II*. A lively account of the king and the England of his reign.
- Deeping, Warwick, *Apples of Gold*. London and its society in the early eighteenth century.
- Doyle, Sir A. Conan, *Micah Clarke*. A romance of the Monmouth Rebellion (see "Achitophel," page 235), which contains the infamous Judge Jeffreys.
- Fagan, James B., *And So to Bed*. An amusing comedy based on the life of Pepys.
- Masefield, John, *Martin Hyde, the Duke's Messenger*. A story about the Duke of Monmouth and the reign of James II.
- Sabatini, Rafael, *Captain Blood*. The Duke of Monmouth and the "glorious revolution" in England.
- Scott, Sir Walter, *Rob Roy*. This romance centers round the effort of the Stuarts to regain the English throne in 1715.
- Thackeray, W. M., *Henry Esmond*. In this famous novel you will meet Addison, Steele, Swift, and other familiar friends.

### II. BOOKS FOR FURTHER STUDY

- Addison and Steele, *The Sir Roger de Coverley Papers*. A collection with an interesting introduction is edited by Henry Vaughan Abbott.
- Ashton, John, *Social Life in the Reign of Queen Anne*. An account of the life and manners during the "reign of form."
- Benchley, Robert, *Benchley—or Elsel!*; Thurber, James, *The Thurber Carnival*; White, E. B., *One Man's Meat*. These three recent essayists, or any similar ones in your school library, make an entertaining comparison with Addison and Steele. The difference in the subjects chosen for treatment and in the humor of the writers offers an interesting contrast.

### III. BIOGRAPHIES

- Macaulay, Thomas Babington, *The Life and Writings of Addison*. This famous essay gives a fascinating portrait of Addison.
- Thackeray, W. M., *The English Humorists of the Eighteenth Century*. This single volume will make you better acquainted with Addison, Steele, Pope, and Gay.



## CHAPTER IX: New Developments in Prose

**Preview** The years from the death of Swift in 1745 to the end of the eighteenth century were distinctly years of transition. The ideals of the classic period, of the "reign of form," were still prominent, especially in poetry, which will be treated in the next chapter. In the present chapter emphasis will be placed on new developments in prose, interesting in themselves and important for future periods. The following questions will aid your study:

- (1) What were the nature and the importance of the new form of fiction—the novel?
- (2) How did Dr. Samuel Johnson strive to maintain the reign of form?
- (3) What was the purpose of the new form of biography?
- (4) What was the spirit of the new development in drama?

### THE BEGINNINGS OF THE NOVEL

Of the various forms of literature, story-telling has in all ages given pleasure to the widest audience. In this history we have seen several types of story-telling arise: the chanted epic among the warlike Angles and Saxons, the medieval tale for lords and ladies in feudal castles, the ballad sung by the common people in the tavern or by the fireside. In the fifteenth century the legends about the fabulous King Arthur were retold by Malory in smoothly flowing prose. He is the pattern of all romancers, for he takes his readers into a world where earning a living and the other hard facts of life never even flit across the mind. After his day prose romances of many different kinds continued to be written, but usually for aristocratic readers. In fact, it was not until the eighteenth century that a new type of fiction developed which was to find vaster audiences than any other form of story-telling since literature began.

### Defoe's contribution

It was Daniel Defoe who began realistic prose fiction for ordinary readers. As we saw in the last chapter, in order to gain the ears of his public, largely composed of Dissenters, he narrated marvelous events in so lifelike a fashion that everyone thought them true. No matter how extraordinary the adventures, the details were so circumstantial that readers believed every word of the account. The rising middle class might denounce high-born ladies who pored over endless romances, but they themselves hungrily followed the strange surprising adventures of Robinson Crusoe, like the one given on page 308, without ever suspecting that they too were perusing a fictitious narrative.

### Samuel Richardson (1689-1761)

Defoe may therefore be called the father of realistic fiction. He was only the grandfather of a special type of realistic fiction—the English novel. Its true begetter was Samuel Richardson, and he originated it purely

by accident. As a country lad he had entertained his boy friends by telling tales and had won the gratitude of young women by answering their lovers' letters. At seventeen he had been apprenticed to a London printer. At thirty he was master of his own establishment. For another twenty years he continued to listen sympathetically to the love affairs of women and to carry on an extensive correspondence with his women friends.

**Pamela, the first English novel**

When Richardson was about fifty, two other printers asked him to prepare a volume of model letters for sale chiefly in the country districts, where many who wished to write did not know what to say. While he was working on this volume, the notion came to him of relating through a series of letters a story that he had heard long before. The outcome of this new notion was a fictitious correspondence filling two volumes, published in 1740 as *Pamela, or Virtue Rewarded*. It recounted the temptations to which a maid-servant, Pamela, was subjected by her employer, Mr. B. Her resistance to his advances so won Mr. B's admiration that he became a reformed character and married her.

Such was the origin of the first English novel. Its success was instantaneous. It was read aloud in families, the volumes were carried about to social gatherings, and in fact *Pamela* was talked about wherever people met. In one village the blacksmith read it by the light of his forge to a group of friends, who were so carried away by the servant's triumph over her master that they rushed forth and rang the bells of the parish church.

**Its qualities** How can one account for this extraordinary effect of the book on its readers in 1740? We can find several reasons. In



Photo. W. F. Mansell

**SAMUEL RICHARDSON**

the first place, *Pamela* is as easy to believe and as interesting to follow as *Robinson Crusoe*. But it is a quite different kind of story. There are no strange adventures on a lonely island nor exciting incidents succeeding each other to the end of the narrative. On the contrary, it is a narrative of familiar life in which our interest is held by a situation that develops in a lifelike manner; we are eager to learn how the conflict between maid and master will turn out. When Pamela wins, we look back not over a set of detached incidents but along a firmly forged chain of events all leading to this conclusion. Each event arises naturally out of the preceding one and is linked by cause and effect to the succeeding one. In other words, *Pamela* has what *Robinson Crusoe* lacked—that binding together of incident which is called plot.

The second reason for the extraordinary effect of the book may be found in the fact that it is not a romance. The setting is homely, far from medie-

val castles or the drawing-rooms of the nobility. The characters, and they are as numerous as in actual life, are so real that people talked about them as familiarly as about friends. In short, Richardson combined plot with Defoe's convincing realism in scenes and characters. The combination became the recognized model of the English novel, which may be defined as a story of real life revealed through a definite plot in which characters recognizable as real human beings play their rôles.

**Its sentiment** The chief reason for Richardson's popularity is yet to be mentioned: he played up the "love interest," and was able to keep the reader's feelings at high tension. Pamela's letters, as the author himself said, came from the heart while it was "agitated by hopes and fears." It was the sentiment, the agitated feelings of the characters, that caused people to read or listen till far into the night. In an age of reason, when poetry discussed the rules of literary criticism or satirized public men, ordinary readers had little use for the productions of recognized authors. *Pamela* was popular because it gave full opportunity for the display of emotions. Hence it is called a sentimental novel, a type which was to influence the whole course of English fiction.

**Richardson's later novels** The qualities and the letter-form of *Pamela* appear in Richardson's later contributions to the type. His second novel, *Clarissa, or the History of a Young Lady* (1747-48) filled seven volumes with the correspondence of Clarissa and her family, yet the events extend to less than a year. All her anxieties and sufferings tend to exhibit the disastrous results of friction between parents and children in regard to marriage. Another novel, *Sir Charles Grandison*, (1753), was intended to portray a perfect gentleman in trying situations. The

enthusiasm which pious middle-class men and women had manifested for Defoe's fiction was in these three novels raised to an ecstasy by Richardson's revelation of the human heart. Such readers were aping the culture and correctness of polite society, which, as we have seen, prized cold intellect and sharp satire, but they sincerely enjoyed the pathos and sentiment of Richardson's lifelike portrayal of character.

**Henry Fielding** (1707-1754) Everybody read Richardson's books, but not everybody admired them. Among the critical readers was Henry Fielding. The scion of a noble family, he had for a time lived the life of a young man in fashionable circles, had then become acquainted with hardship, had produced a number of satirical plays, and had recently been called to the bar at the age of thirty-three. *Pamela* was to him ridiculous. It seemed full of sham and hypocrisy. He accordingly began a burlesque, *Joseph Andrews* (1742). Joseph is Pamela's brother, a footman in the service of Mr. B's sister, and Mr. B. is given the satirical name, Squire Booby. Fielding ridicules likewise the virtuous Pamela and her reformed husband by having them rebuked by the parson for laughing in church. After eleven chapters Fielding grew tired of the travesty, fell in love with his own minor characters, and set off on a straight course of story-telling. His style, too, was unmistakably original. For Richardson's owlishly solemn moralizing and sentiment, Fielding substituted satire and humor.

**Tom Jones** Fielding's masterpiece was *Tom Jones, or the History of a Foundling* (1749). His experience as a playwright had taught him to tell a story better than Richardson. In *Joseph Andrews* he discarded the bunglesome device of letters in favor of direct narration. In *Tom Jones* he devised a plot that kept the reader



From Ewing Galloway

## HENRY FIELDING

wondering what was going to happen next. One element of suspense is the secret of Tom's birth, which is not revealed until the end. Fielding's power to weave the threads of narrative into a pattern is strikingly shown in his account of Tom's journey by easy stages to London, during which Tom meets one after another of the persons who are to be brought together at the conclusion. The characters, who are painted with broad strokes so that they stand out distinctly in the memory, are notable for vitality and good humor.

More impressive than the plot or the characters of *Tom Jones* is its reflection of human nature and the society of that day. Tom in his youth and wanderings comes in contact with nearly every social level and discovers men and women everywhere acting from customary motives. Fielding believed that human beings are fundamentally good, but he never got sentimental about them or presented them as models of perfection. Richardson wished to point a moral. Fielding took people as they are. Con-

sequently we lay down *Tom Jones* with the satisfying impression that we have viewed a true picture of English society in the middle of the eighteenth century.

**Nature of the English novel** Richardson and Fielding established the English novel as the

most widely read of all forms of storytelling. It gratified the readers of that day because it answered, even more fully than the essays of Addison and Steele had done, their demand to know about themselves and their neighbors. It was likewise a higher form of prose fiction than Defoe's adventure stories. In spite of its unsurpassed realism, the strongest appeal of *Robinson Crusoe* lies in the succession of events far from the prosaic surroundings of everyday life. Richardson, on the other hand, portrayed the distressing but ordinary experiences of human beings. Fielding painted a scene crowded with bluff and humorous figures going about their normal activities. People read both authors not to escape from life but to learn more about it. The novel gave at once a deeper and broader view of humanity than could be gained from any romance or adventure story. The nearest previous approach to it was Chaucer's *Troilus and Criseyde*, in which the varying moods of the characters are depicted in colors that bring out their inmost nature. In other words, the eighteenth century novel appealed to one of the continuing interests of English readers, the interest in character itself.

**The spread of the novel**

Once a literary pattern is set, anyone may copy it. The new form of fiction was of such immense popularity that many writers began to experiment in it. Tobias Smollett, a Scotchman, wrote several satirical novels, the best of which is *Humphrey Clinker*. An Englishman, Lawrence Sterne, is remembered for his rambling sentimental novel, *Tristram Shandy* (1760-1767),



and particularly for its lovable hero, Uncle Toby. The fascination of mystery accounts for the long-continued popularity of the "Gothic" novel. The type was begun by Horace Walpole's *The Castle of Otranto* (1765), in which supernatural happenings in a medieval castle caused the reader's blood to run cold. The most famous example of this species, Mrs. Radcliffe's *The Mysteries of Udolpho* (1794), is full of surprise and suspense till the last page. The absorbing history of the novel in the nineteenth century is reserved for later chapters.

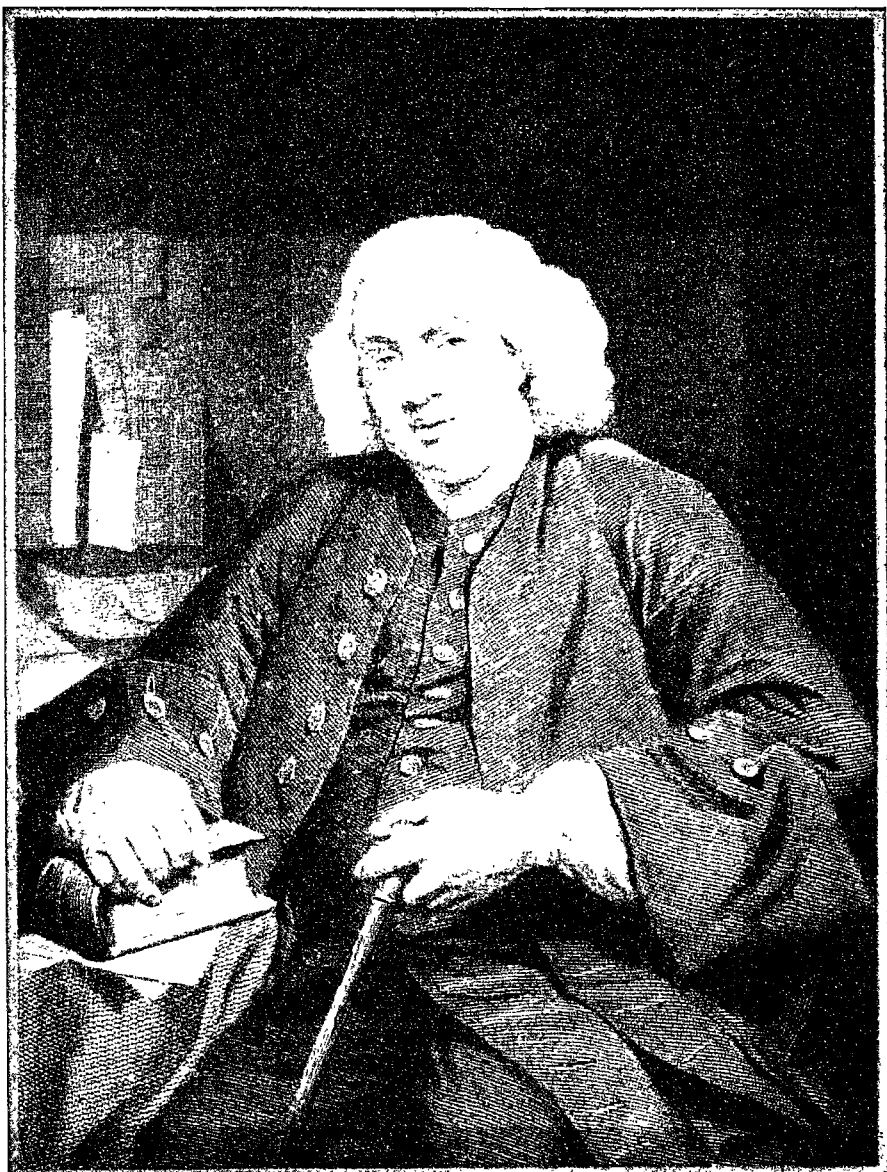
#### THE REIGN OF FORM CONTINUED

**Samuel Johnson** (1709-1784) The emotional features of the novel were a kind of revolt against the "reign of form" described in the last chapter. Among "correct" writers the dominant ideal was to express ideas with the utmost polish rather than to explore the feelings of the heart. The continuance of the classical ideals after the death of Pope was due in no small measure to Samuel Johnson and his power over his contemporaries. As a country youth he had been so poor that only the kindness of a wealthy neighbor enabled him to spend some fourteen months at Oxford. In his twenty-eighth year he went to London to try his fortunes as a writer. But writers were no longer needed by the politicians, one party having been able for a long period to retain complete control of the government. Johnson therefore counted himself fortunate to secure enough hack work to keep from starving. Poverty-stricken though he was, a satirical poem *London* (1737), based on a Latin original, was so vigorous and classical in style that it won praise from the leading writers of the time, including Pope himself.

Ten years later he was invited by a publisher to prepare a dictionary of the

English language. To the task he devoted eight years; the two tall volumes, which appeared in 1755, formed the first comprehensive dictionary in our language. Despite the drudgery involved in defining thousands of words and selecting passages to illustrate their meaning, the undertaking was congenial to Johnson. He liked to lay down the law, and the dictionary gave him a chance to lay down the law upon what was acceptable usage; that is, to rule out all the words and phrases that were in his view not good English. He succeeded. His dictionary was the recognized authority for generations.

**His belief in the past** In Johnson's own day the *Dictionary* was felt to be a monumental work, and it established his primacy in all literary matters. The recognition pleased him deeply. As a writer his ambition was to maintain the classical ideals of the preceding generation. He gave no new insights into human nature, invented no new forms of literature. His most widely known poem, *The Vanity of Human Wishes* (1748), is an imitation of a famous Latin satire and is composed in Pope's polished couplet. His essays were published in periodicals similar to *The Spectator*. *Rasselas* (1759), in which he used the new literary form, the novel, to express his melancholy view of human life, is classical in its dignity and restraint. When he brought out an edition of Shakespeare (1765), his introduction was a very acute and powerful piece of criticism, something after the model of Dryden's prefaces. Even in his most modern work, *The Lives of the Poets* (1779-81), he was doing the same kind of biographical sketch that Walton had provided in his lives of Donne and Herbert, only Johnson did it better. Like his other writings, it did not inaugurate any new literary fashion. Perhaps that is the reason why the works of



From a painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds

SAMUEL JOHNSON

Johnson, which were so much admired during his lifetime, are today read only by students of that period.

**His personality** It is not Johnson's writings that make him the foremost figure of the age, but the conversations in which he engaged for a score of years after he began to receive his pension from the government, and the personality revealed in these conversations. What that personality was may be seen from the selections on pages 318-330. Here it is sufficient to remark that he won respect as well as love because his mind was, within its limits, a penetrating one, and because all who knew him had to recognize his fearless honesty of view.

**His dictatorship** In his *Dictionary* Dr. Johnson had defined the word "pension" as "pay given to a state hireling to betray his country." Nevertheless in 1762 he accepted a pension from the government. It freed him from the life of ceaseless toil which had been his for the twenty-seven years since arriving in London. In the same year (1762) he became acquainted with James Boswell, a young Scotsman who was later to write his biography. In the following year was formed the Club, which counted among its members several of the leading men of England, such as Burke the statesman, Reynolds the painter, and Goldsmith the poet, but in which Johnson was the acknowledged leader. Having a real dread of being alone, he was always present at the meetings of the Club. He loved to lean back in his chair, cross his legs, and "have his talk out." It not infrequently happened that he sat up conversing with a group until four in the morning. Whatever book the members of the Club agreed in praising was sure to be read by everybody in London. Yet the influence of Samuel Johnson was markedly different from that of Ben Jonson, another

great conversationalist. "The Tribe of Ben" gave a new turn to poetry. The members of the Club, under Samuel Johnson's leadership, set their faces against all poetry not in the classic tradition.

**Oliver Goldsmith (1728-1774)**

Another member of the Club was Oliver Goldsmith, a more many-sided man than Johnson and a man whose writings were far more important. Like Johnson, he came to London at the age of twenty-eight; and like Johnson he struggled there to keep body and soul together with his pen. Born in Ireland, he had studied in many places, Dublin, Edinburgh, Leyden, but what he really liked to do was wander. For a year before going to London he tramped about the continent, playing on his flute to win bed and breakfast. In London he fared worse. When his landlady had him arrested for the rent, he sent a note asking Johnson to help him out of his difficulty. The great man arrived, and they talked over the ways to get free from the landlady. Goldsmith showed Johnson the manuscript of a novel, *The Vicar of Wakefield*, which he had all ready for the press. Johnson, seeing that it had merit, took it to a bookseller (as the publishers were then called) and returned with sixty pounds, saving Goldsmith from a debtor's prison.

***The Vicar of Wakefield***

Yet four years passed before *The Vicar of Wakefield* was published, and only in the last century did it become the best-loved of eighteenth-century novels. The events do not happen in a very natural manner, and the author forces them to turn out happily. On the other hand, the characters are depicted in a lifelike manner and, what is better, they are endowed by the author with much of his own lovable disposition. The incidents, whether



From a painting by E. M. Ward

The Rischgitz Collection, London

## JOHNSON RESCUING GOLDSMITH FROM HIS LANDLADY

humorous or pathetic, linger in the memory with an enduring kindly charm. In a word, *The Vicar of Wakefield* has lived because it is both genuine and delightful.

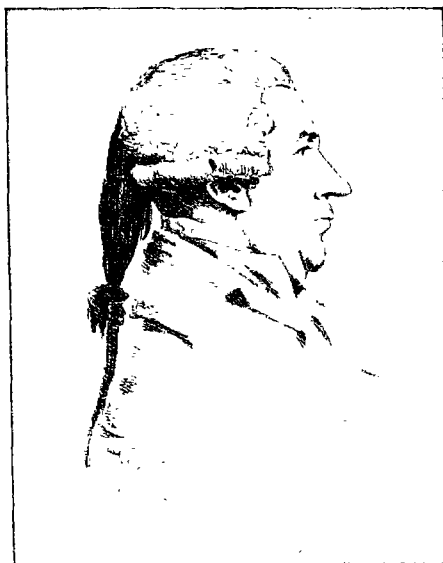
## BIOGRAPHY

**James Boswell** (1740-1795) James Boswell, on whom the fame of Dr. Johnson depends, was only twenty-two when he met the great man. Boswell was a born hero-worshiper, and Johnson fulfilled his notion of greatness. It was the height of Boswell's ambition to write a biography that should portray every feature of his hero for later ages to admire. Johnson approved of the undertaking. Boswell therefore gathered concerning his hero all the letters, anecdotes, incidents, and dialogues that came his way in the re-

maining twenty-two years of their friendship. These he knitted together by a continuous account of Dr. Johnson's life. "My readers will," he declared, "as near as may be, accompany Johnson in his progress, and as it were, see each scene as it happened." He added, "I flatter myself it will exhibit him more completely than any person, ancient or modern, has yet been preserved." The claim was not too boastful. The world still adjudges Boswell's *Life of Samuel Johnson* (1791) to be the greatest biography in the English language.

**Nature of biography**

Biography is to many readers as fascinating as the novel. It tells a true story and at the same time paints a portrait of an actual person. The novel, too, depicts character, but its pictures are



JAMES BOSWELL

usually filled with groups or even with masses of human beings. Biography paints the portrait of one actual person, or rather films a moving-picture of his progress through life. He is always the center of interest. A human soul is the most absorbing of all subjects; a great biography, which vividly brings before us the strivings and disappointments, the ideals and frailties of a fellow mortal, provides one of the most captivating and valuable kinds of literature.

Walton was the first Englishman to recreate the charm of a man's personality through recounting his life. Johnson himself was a penetrating biographer because he sought to tell the exact truth, without harsh censure or extravagant praise, about the various poets whose lives he wrote. He doubtless taught Boswell much about the art of biography, but the pupil surpassed the master. Boswell's *Life of Johnson* enables us to live with a great man, to see him in his rusty brown suit of clothes and his old shriveled unpowdered wig, to hear him cluck like a hen or blow out his breath like a whale while he was

taking part in a conversation. We can even listen to those conversations as he tells Goldsmith, for example, in a loud voice, "Sir, I am not saying that *you* could live in friendship with a man from whom you differ as to some point. I am only saying that *I* could do it." Not many of us can associate in our everyday experience with the famous or the brilliant, but through reading such biographies as Boswell's we may in imagination become familiar with the foremost men in almost any walk of life. It happens that in recent years well-written biographies have multiplied, so that anyone who has liked Boswell's book can find many modern books with which to follow it.

## EIGHTEENTH CENTURY COMEDY

**English comedy before Goldsmith**

The history of English drama since the closing of the theaters in 1642 may be covered in a few sentences. The wit which Dryden introduced on the stage after the Restoration was developed by others into a kind of comedy which reflected the pleasure-loving court society that filled the theaters. In these plays a good deal of the laughter was at the expense of the citizens of London, who were for both political and social reasons sneered at by the aristocrats.

By the end of the seventeenth century this despised element raised loud voices against the immorality of the comedies, with the result that the playwrights began to manage their plots so that virtue triumphed in the end. As the sons and daughters of wealthy merchants continued to marry into the aristocracy and thus the middle classes came once more to attend the theater, characters on the stage began to moralize, to speak fine sentiments, and at times to figure in pathetic scenes. This kind of play was called sentimental comedy, just as Richardson's novels

were termed sentimental novels. But the comedies were not very comic; the author sent very few sharp shafts of wit at the objects of his ridicule; the spirit was one of good will rather than of satire. In many scenes laughter was replaced by tears.

**Goldsmith's comedies** It was against this kind of play that certain dramatists rebelled. Goldsmith, whom we have already met, began the reform. His first comedy, *The Good-natured Man* (1768), was, to be sure, not a very effective protest because the plot shows the triumph of benevolence and many of the speeches are filled with noble moralizings. But in *She Stoops to Conquer* (1773) he created a masterpiece of pure fun. The plot is a series of practical jokes. There is no effort to reform anybody. No tears are shed. Tony Lumpkin, the practical joker, has provided innumerable actors with a star part down to our day. The gayety and high spirits of the heroine, Kate Hardcastle, have delighted both audiences and readers in every part of the English-speaking world.

**Sheridan's comedies** Equally unsentimental but otherwise quite different were the comedies of Richard Brinsley Sheridan (1751-1816). He, too, was born in Ireland, but when he was nineteen the family removed to the fashionable city of Bath. There he fell in love with a Miss Lin-

ley, who had several suitors. To free her of the attentions of one of them, he took her to a nunnery in France, returned to Bath and fought two duels, and then married the young lady. The dashing character of the man and his brilliant wit appear in his first play, *The Rivals* (1775). A gallant unknowingly pays suit in disguise to the very girl his father has picked out for him. The scenes between him and the young lady, as well as between him and his father, are among the most amusing in English drama. The rôle of Mrs. Malaprop, who is always using long words in a ridiculously wrong sense, is so brilliant and farcical that hardly any actress can fail to raise a laugh with every speech.

But Sheridan's highest achievement was *The School for Scandal* (1777), which has been generally considered the best comedy in our language since Shakespeare. The separate scenes, which are tremendously effective on the stage, seem to result naturally from the character of the persons who appear in them. Sheridan had a genius for telling a story on the stage, and a scintillating wit which made even the talk of a lackey sparkle and glitter. We consequently do not look in these plays for Goldsmith's kindly understanding of the human heart. We laugh, not from pure enjoyment of the fun, but at the keenly satirical picture of manners in polite society.

**Summary** During the middle part of the eighteenth century, in which the classical ideal of perfection of form was cherished by Dr. Johnson and his circle, there arose new developments of great importance in English prose. A new kind of comedy furnished some of the most brilliant specimens of English drama. The most successful biography in the language preserves for us one of the most interesting personalities in all English literature. And at the very height of the reign of form appeared a new type of prose fiction, the novel, which delighted readers more than any fiction that had yet appeared, and which was destined to grow in popularity during the following centuries. The equally important changes in poetry during this period will be presented in the next chapter.

## SELECTIONS FOR CHAPTER IX

### A STARTLING DISCOVERY

[From *Robinson Crusoe*]

DANIEL DEFOE

[The following episode in the "strange, surprising adventures of Robinson Crusoe" occurred fifteen years after he had been shipwrecked on a tropical island. What he had done during this long solitary period is apparent from the opening paragraphs. The hitherto victorious struggle to preserve his life seems now threatened with failure from a totally unexpected quarter.]

YOU are to understand that now I had, as I may call it, two plantations in the island: one, my little fortification or tent with the wall about it, under the rock, with the cave behind me, which, by this time, I had enlarged into several apartments or caves, one within another. One of these, which was the driest and largest, and had a door out beyond my wall or fortification, that is to say, beyond where my wall joined to the rock, was all filled up with the large earthen pots, of which I have given an account, and with fourteen or fifteen great baskets, which would hold five or six bushels each, where I laid up my stores of provision, especially my corn, some in the ear, cut off short from the straw, and the other rubbed out with my hand.

As for my wall, made, as before, with long stakes or piles, these piles grew all like trees, and were by this time grown so big, and spread so very much, that there was not the least appearance, to anyone's view, of any habitation behind them. Near this dwelling of mine, but a little farther within the land, and upon lower ground, lay my two pieces of corn land, which I kept duly cultivated and sowed, and which duly yielded

me their harvest in its season; and whenever I had occasion for more corn, I had more land adjoining as fit as that.

Besides this, I had my country-seat; and I had now a tolerable plantation there also; for, first, I had my little bower, as I called it, which I kept in repair; that is to say, I kept the hedge which encircled it in constantly fitted up to its usual height, the ladder standing always in the inside. I kept the trees, which at first were no more than my stakes, but were now grown very firm and tall, always cut, so that they might spread and grow thick and wild, and make the more agreeable shade, which they did effectually to my mind. In the middle of this I had my tent always standing, being a piece of a sail spread over poles set up for that purpose, and which never wanted any repair or renewing; and under this I had made me a squab or couch, with the skins of the creatures I had killed, and with other soft things; and a blanket laid on them, such as belonged to our sea-bedding, which I had saved, and a great watch-coat to cover me; and here, whenever I had occasion to be absent from my chief seat, I took up my country habitation.

Adjoining to this I had my enclosures for my cattle, that is to say, my goats; and as I had taken an inconceivable deal of pains to fence and enclose this ground, I was anxious to see it kept so entire, lest the goats should break through, that I never left off, till, with infinite labor, I had stuck the outside of the hedge so full of small stakes, and so near to one another, that it was rather a pale than a hedge, and there was scarce room to put a hand through between them; which afterwards, when

those stakes grew, as they did in the next rainy season, make the enclosure strong like a wall—indeed, stronger than any wall.

This will testify for me that I was not idle, and that I spared no pains to bring to pass whatever appeared necessary for my comfortable support; for I considered the keeping-up a breed of tame creatures thus at my hand would be a living magazine of flesh, milk, butter, and cheese for me as long as I lived in the place, if it were to be forty years; and that keeping them in my reach depended entirely upon my perfecting my enclosures to such a degree that I might be sure of keeping them together; which, by this method, indeed, I so effectually secured that when these little stakes began to grow, I had planted them so very thick that I was forced to pull some of them up again.

In this place also I had my grapes growing, which I principally depended on for my winter store of raisins, and which I never failed to preserve very carefully, as the best and most agreeable dainty of my whole diet; and, indeed, they were not only agreeable, but medicinal, wholesome, nourishing, and refreshing to the last degree.

As this was also about half-way between my other habitation and the place where I had laid up my boat, I generally stayed and lay here in my way thither: for I used frequently to visit my boat; and I kept all things about or belonging to her in very good order. Sometimes I went out in her to divert myself, but no more hazardous voyages would I go, nor scarce ever above a stone's cast or two from the shore, I was so apprehensive of being hurried out of my knowledge<sup>1</sup> again by the currents or winds, or any other accident.—But now I come to a new scene of my life.

<sup>1</sup> *hurried out of my knowledge, swept into unfamiliar waters.*

It happened one day, about noon, going toward my boat, I was exceedingly surprised with the print of a man's naked foot on the shore, which was very plain to be seen in the sand. I stood like one thunderstruck, or as if I had seen an apparition. I listened, I looked round me, but I could hear nothing, nor see anything; I went up to a rising ground, to look farther; I went up the shore and down the shore. But it was all one; I could see no other impression but that one. I went to it again to see if there were any more, and to observe if it might not be my fancy; but there was no room for that, for there was exactly the print of a foot, toes, heel, and every part of a foot. How it came thither I knew not, nor could I in the least imagine; but, after innumerable fluttering thoughts, like a man perfectly confused and out of myself, I came home to my fortification, not feeling, as we say, the ground I went on, but terrified to the last degree; looking behind me at every two or three steps, mistaking every bush and tree, and fancying every stump at a distance to be a man. Nor is it possible to describe how many various shapes my affrighted imagination represented things to me in, how many wild ideas were found every moment in my fancy, and what strange unaccountable whimsies came into my thoughts by the way.

When I came to my castle (for so I think I called it ever after this), I fled into it like one pursued; whether I went over by the ladder, as first contrived, or went in at the hole in the rock, which I had called a door, I cannot remember; for never frightened hare fled to cover or fox to earth with more terror of mind than I to this retreat.

I slept none that night: the farther I was from the occasion of my fright, the greater my apprehensions were; which is something contrary to the nature of such things, and especially to the usual





THERE WAS EXACTLY THE PRINT OF A FOOT.

practice of all creatures in fear: but I was so embarrassed with my own frightful ideas of the thing that I formed nothing but dismal imaginations to myself, even though I was now a great way off it. Sometimes I fancied it must be the Devil, and reason joined in with me upon this supposition; for how should any other thing in human shape come into the place? Where was the vessel that brought them? What marks were there of any other footsteps? And how was it possible a man should come there? And then, to think that Satan should take human shape upon him in such a place, where there could be no manner of occasion for it but to leave the print of his foot behind him, and that even for no purpose too, for he could not be sure I should

see it—this was an amusement the other way. I considered that the Devil might have found out abundance of other ways to have terrified me than this of the single print of a foot: that as I lived quite on the other side of the island, he would never have been so simple as to leave a mark in a place where it was ten thousand to one whether I should ever see it or not, and in the sand too, which the first surge of the sea, upon a high wind, would have defaced entirely; all this seemed inconsistent with the thing itself, and with all the notions we usually entertain of the subtlety of the Devil.

Abundance of such things as these assisted to argue me out of all apprehensions of its being the Devil; and I presently concluded, then, that it must

be some more dangerous creature, viz., that it must be some of the savages of the mainland over against me who had wandered out to sea in their canoes, and, either driven by the currents or by contrary winds, had made the island, and had been on shore, but were gone away again to sea; being as loath, perhaps, to have stayed in this desolate island as I would have been to have had them.

While these reflections were rolling upon my mind, I was very thankful in my thoughts that I was so happy as not to be thereabouts at that time, or that they did not see my boat, by which they would have concluded that some inhabitants had been in the place, and perhaps have searched farther for me; then terrible thoughts racked my imagination about their having found my boat, and that there were people here; and that if so, I should certainly have them come again in greater numbers, and devour me: that if it should happen so that they should not find me, yet they would find my enclosure, destroy all my corn, and carry away all my flock of tame goats, and I should perish at last for mere want.

Thus my fear banished all my religious hope, all that former confidence in God, which was founded upon such wonderful experience as I had had of His goodness, as if He that had fed me by miracle hitherto could not preserve, by His power, the provision which He had made for me by His goodness. I reproached myself with my laziness, that would not sow any more corn one year than would just serve me till the next season, as if no accident would intervene to prevent my enjoying the crop that was upon the ground; and this I thought so just a reproof that I resolved for the future to have two or three years' corn beforehand, so that, whatever might come, I might not perish for want of bread.

How strange a checker-work of Prov-

idence is the life of man! and by what secret different springs are the affections hurried about, as different circumstances present! Today we love what tomorrow we hate; today we seek what tomorrow we shun; today we desire what tomorrow we fear, nay, even tremble at the apprehensions of. This was exemplified in me, at this time, in the most lively manner imaginable; for I, whose only affliction was that I seemed banished from human society, that I was alone, circumscribed by the boundless ocean, cut off from mankind, and condemned to what I called silent life; that I was as one whom Heaven thought not worthy to be numbered among the living, or to appear among the rest of his creatures; that to have seen one of my own species would have seemed to me a raising me from death to life, and the greatest blessing that Heaven itself, next to the supreme blessing of salvation, could bestow; I say, that I should now tremble at the very apprehensions of seeing a man, and was ready to sink into the ground at but the shadow or silent appearance of a man's having set his foot in the island.

#### CLASS DISCUSSIONS

1. How had Crusoe won his battle against accident and nature; that is, what various steps had he taken to preserve his life on the island? In what ways had he transformed the solitary island into a miniature England?

2. Why was Crusoe terrified at the thought of another man on the island? Why did he reject the notion that the Devil had left the footprint?

3. Take some paragraph that seems to record an actual experience. Point out details that make you say, "Yes, Crusoe must have felt exactly that way!" or "That is the very thing he would have done!" This realistic quality is called *verisimilitude*, a quality in which no writer has ever surpassed Defoe.

## CLARISSA'S PLIGHT

[From *Clarissa, or the History of a Young Lady*]

SAMUEL RICHARDSON

[The two letters below give a realistic picture of the family surrounding Richardson's unfortunate heroine. To understand the hostile attitude manifested by the various members who appear in these letters, you will need the following facts. Earlier in the book *Clarissa's* elder sister was forced into a position where she had to refuse a proposal of marriage from Mr. Lovelace. He thereupon paid court to *Clarissa*, who was a greater heiress because her grandfather had left her an estate in her own right. *Clarissa's* elder brother, who had known Lovelace in college, insulted the suitor, who wounded him in the ensuing duel. Her father, a middle-class man of means who wishes to add to his wealth, has selected for *Clarissa* the rich but obnoxious Mr. Solmes. For her to refuse Mr. Solmes is an act of disobedience, no matter how obnoxious he may be, for in the eighteenth century the power of a father was autocratic. The whole family accordingly supports Mr. Harlowe in his desire to force Mr. Solmes upon the tearful but spirited *Clarissa*.]

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE TO MISS HOWE  
(After her return from her)

Harlowe Place, Feb. 20

**I** BEG your excuse for not writing sooner! Alas, my dear, I have sad prospects before me! My brother and sister have succeeded in all their views. They have found out another lover for me; an hideous one!—Yet he is encouraged by everybody. No wonder that I was ordered home so suddenly.—It was for fear, as I have been informed, that I should have entered into any concert with Mr. Lovelace, had I known their motive for commanding me home; apprehending, 'tis evident, that I should dislike the man they had to propose to me.

And well might they apprehend so:—for who do you think he is?—No other than *Solmes*!—Could you have believed it?—And they are all determined, too; my mother with the rest!—Dear, dear excellence! how could she be thus brought over, when I am assured that on his first being proposed she was pleased to say, That had Mr. Solmes the *Indies* in possession, and would endow me with them, she would not think him deserving of her *Clarissa*!

The reception I met with at my return, so different from what I used to meet with on every little absence (and now I had been from them three weeks), convinced me that I was to suffer for the happiness I had had in your company and conversation, for that most agreeable period. I will give you an account of it.

My brother met me at the door, and gave me his hand when I stepped out of the chariot. He bowed very low: "Pray, Miss, favor me"—I thought it in good humor, but found it afterwards mock respect: and so he led me in great form, I prattling all the way, inquiring of everybody's health (although I was so soon to see them, and there was hardly time for answers), into the great parlor; where were my father, mother, my two uncles, and sister.

I was struck to the heart as soon as I entered, to see a solemnity which I had been so little used to on the like occasions in the countenances of every dear relation. They all kept their seats. I ran to my father, and kneeled: then to my mother: and met from both a cold salute: from my father a blessing but half pronounced: my mother indeed called me child, but embraced me not with her usual indulgent ardor.

After I had paid my duty to my uncles, and my compliments to my sister, which she received with solemn and stiff form, I was bid to sit down. But my heart was full: and I said it

became me to stand, if I *could* stand, upon a reception so awful and unusual. I was forced to turn my face from them, and pull out my handkerchief.

My unbrotherly accuser hereupon stood forth and charged me with having received no less than *five or six visits* at Miss Howe's from the man they had all so much reason to hate [that was the expression]; notwithstanding the commands I had had to the contrary. And he bid me deny it, if I could.

I had never been used, I said to deny the truth, nor would I now. I owned I had in the three weeks past seen the person I presumed he meant, *oftener* than five or six times. But he always asked for Mrs. or Miss Howe, when he came.

I proceeded, that I had reason to believe that both Mrs. Howe and Miss, as matters stood, would much rather have excused his visits; but they had more than once apologized, that having not the same reason my papa had to forbid him their house, his rank and fortune entitled him to civility.

*You see, my dear, I made not the pleas I might have made.*

My brother seemed ready to give a loose to his passion: my father put on the countenance which always portends a gathering storm: my uncles mutteringly whispered: and my sister aggravatingly held up her hands. While I begged to be heard out—and my mother said, "Let the *child*," that was her kind word, "be heard."

I hoped, I said, there was no harm done: that it became not me to prescribe to Mrs. or Miss Howe who should be their visitors, that Mrs. Howe was always diverted with the raillery that passed between Miss and him: that I had no reason to challenge *her* guest for *my* visitor, as I should seem to have done had I refused to go into their company when he was with them; that I

had never seen him out of the presence of one, or both, of those ladies; and had signified to him once, on his urging for a few moments' private conversation with me, that unless a reconciliation were effected between my family and his, he must not expect that I would countenance his visits, much less give him an opportunity of that sort.

Mr. Solmes came in before we had done tea. My uncle Antony presented him to me, as a gentleman he had a particular friendship for. My uncle Harlowe in terms equally favorable for him. My father said, Mr. Solmes is my friend, Clarissa Harlowe. My mother looked at him, and looked at me, now and then, as he sat near me, I thought with concern.—I at *her*, with eyes appealing for pity. At *him*, when I could glance at him, with disgust little short of affrightment. While my brother and sister Mr. Solmes'd him, and *sir'd* him up, at every word. So caressed, in short, by all;—yet such a wretch!—But I will at present only add, my humble thanks and duty to your honored mother (to whom I will particularly write, to express the grateful sense I have of her goodness to me); and that I am

Your ever obliged

Cl. Harlowe

Feb. 25, in the evening.

What my brother and sister have against me I cannot tell:—but I am in heavy disgrace with my father.

I was sent for down to tea. I went with a very cheerful aspect: but had occasion soon to change it.

Such a solemnity in everybody's countenance! My mother's eyes were fixed upon the tea-cups; and when she looked up, it was heavily, as if her eyelids had weights upon them; and then not to me. My father sat half-aside in his elbow-chair, that his head might be turned from me, his hands clasped, and

waving, as it were, up and down; his fingers, poor dear gentleman! in motion, as if angry to the very ends of them. My sister sat swelling. My brother looked at me with scorn, having measured me, as I may say, with his eyes as I entered, from head to foot. My aunt was there, and looked upon me as if with kindness restrained, bending coldly to my compliment to her as she sat; and then cast an eye first on my brother, and then on my sister, as if to give the reason [so I am willing to construe it] of her unusual stiffness:—Bless me, my dear! that they should choose to intimidate rather than invite a mind, till now, not thought either unpersuadable or ungenerous!

I took my seat. Shall I make tea, madam, to my mother?—I always used, you know, my dear, to make tea.

No: a very short sentence, in one very short word, was the expressive answer. And she took the canister in her own hand.

My brother bid the footman who attended leave the room; I, said he, will give the water.

My heart was in agitation, I did not know what to do with myself. What is to follow? thought I.

Just after the second dish, out stepped my mother—A word with you, sister Hervey! taking her hand. Presently my sister dropt away. Then my brother. And I was left alone with my father.

He looked so very sternly that my heart failed me as twice or thrice I would have addressed myself to him: nothing but solemn silence on all sides having passed before.

At last I asked if it were his pleasure that I should pour him out another dish.

He answered me with the same angry monosyllable which I had received from my mother before: and then arose and walked about the room. I arose, too, with intent to throw my-

self at his feet; but was too much overawed by his sternness, even to make such an expression of my duty to him as my heart overflowed with.

At last, as he supported himself, because of his gout, on the back of a chair, I took a little more courage; and approaching him, besought him to acquaint me in what I had offended him.

He turned from me, and in a strong voice, *Clarissa Harlowe*, said he, know that I will be obeyed.

God forbid, sir, that you should not!—I have never yet opposed your will—

Nor I your whimsies, *Clarissa Harlowe*, interrupted he.—Don't let me run the fate of all who show indulgence to your sex: to be the more contradicted for mine to you.

My father, you know, my dear, has not (any more than my brother) a kind opinion of our sex; although there is not a more condescending wife in the world than my mother.

I was going to make protestations of duty—No protestations, girl! No words! I will not be prated to! I will be obeyed! I have no child, I *will* have no child, but an obedient one.

Sir, you never had reason, I hope—Tell me not what I never *had*, but what I *have*, and what I *shall* have.

Good sir, be pleased to hear me—My brother and my sister, I fear—

Your brother and sister shall not be spoken against, girl!—They have a just concern for the honor of my family.

And I hope, sir—

Hope nothing.—Tell me not of *hopes*, but of *facts*. I ask nothing of you but what is in your *power* to comply with, and what it is your *duty* to comply with.

Then, sir, I *will* comply with it—But yet I hope from your goodness—

No expostulations! no *buts*, girl! no qualifying! I will be obeyed, I tell you; and cheerfully too!—or you are no child of mine!

I wept.

Let me beseech you, my dear and ever-honored papa (and I dropt down on my knees) that I may have only yours and my mamma's will, and not my brother's, to obey.

I was going on; but he was pleased to withdraw, leaving me on the floor; saying, that he would not hear me thus by subtilty and cunning aiming to distinguish away my duty; repeating, that he *would* be obeyed.

#### CLASS DISCUSSIONS

1. Explain the feeling of each member of the family when Clarissa returns from her visit to Miss Howe. How has the situation changed in the second letter? Why is her father cruelly stern in the second letter?

2. What *notion* do you form of Clarissa herself? Read passages that support your estimate.

3. These two letters give us a realistic glimpse of wealthy middle-class families in England about the year 1750. What is the relation between husband and wife? Father and children? Brother and sister? What is the main consideration in a daughter's marriage? In all these respects how does England of that time differ from modern America?

4. Can you show that Richardson's interest in narrative lies in the everyday problems that confront his characters and in the feelings with which his characters face these problems? Compare Richardson's interest in characters and events with Defoe's. How does the difference between the two authors illustrate the statements in the history (pages 298-300) about the origin of the English novel?

5. What advantages and disadvantages do you discover in telling a story by means of letters? Illustrate each point you make by comparing Richardson's method with Defoe's.

6. How many of the qualities of Richardson (pages 299-300) appear in these two letters? Illustrate by reading passages to the class.

#### A "CORRECT" VIEW OF WOMEN

LORD CHESTERFIELD

[The worship of correctness, of perfection in form, found its most brilliant literary expression in the works of Alexander Pope. Its most brilliant expression in manners was attained by Philip Dormer Stanhope, Earl of Chesterfield (1694-1773). Even today to call a man a Chesterfield is to say that his manners are polished. A good part of this reputation may be ascribed to his *Letters to his Son* (1774), one of which is given below. The son, Philip Stanhope, to whom the Earl directed the following advice on the "correct" way to treat women, was at the time only sixteen. Philip was a bitter disappointment to his father. When the son died at thirty-six, it was discovered that in spite of all the Earl's worldly training, the young man had long before married a woman of no family.]

September 5, 1748

AS WOMEN are a considerable, or at least a pretty numerous, part of company, and as their suffrages<sup>1</sup> go a great way toward establishing a man's character in the fashionable part of the world—which is of great importance to the fortune and figure he proposes to make in it—it is necessary to please them. I will therefore, upon this subject, let you into certain *arcana*,<sup>2</sup> that will be very useful for you to know, but which you must with the utmost care conceal, and never seem to know.

Women, then, are only children of a larger growth; they have an entertaining tattle and sometimes wit, but for solid, reasoning good sense, I never in my life knew one that had it, or acted consequentially<sup>3</sup> for four-and-twenty hours together. Some little passion or humor always breaks in upon their best resolutions. Their beauty neglected or controverted, their age increased, or

<sup>1</sup> *suffrages*, votes or opinions. <sup>2</sup> *arcana*, secrets. <sup>3</sup> *consequentially*, logically.

their supposed understandings depreciated instantly kindles their little passions, and overturns any system of consequential conduct that in their most reasonable moments they might have been capable of forming. A man of sense only trifles with them, plays with them, humors and flatters them, as he does with a sprightly, forward child; but he neither consults them about, nor trusts them with, serious matters, though he often makes them believe that he does both—which is the thing in the world that they are proud of; for they love mightily to be dabbling in business—which, by the way, they always spoil—and, being justly distrustful that men in general look upon them in a trifling light, they almost adore that man who talks more seriously to them, and who seems to consult them—I say, who seems, for weak men really do, but wise ones only seem to do it.

No flattery is either too high or too low for them. They will greedily swallow the highest, and gratefully accept of the lowest; and you may safely flatter any woman, from her understanding down to the exquisite taste of her fan. Women who are either indisputably beautiful or indisputably ugly are best flattered upon the score of their understandings; but those who are in a state of mediocrity are best flattered upon their beauty, or at least their graces; for every woman who is not absolutely ugly thinks herself handsome, but, not hearing often that she is so, is the more grateful and the more obliged to the few who tell her so; whereas a decided and conscious beauty looks upon every tribute paid to her beauty only as her due, but wants to shine and to be considered on the side of her understanding; and a woman who is ugly enough to know that she is so, knows that she has nothing left but her understanding, which is consequently—and probably in more senses than one—her weak side.

But these are secrets that you must keep inviolably, if you would not, like Orpheus, be torn to pieces by the whole sex.<sup>4</sup> On the contrary, a man who thinks of living in the great world must be gallant, polite, and attentive to please the women. They have, from the weakness of men, more or less influence in all courts; they absolutely stamp every man's character in the *beau monde*,<sup>5</sup> and make it either current, or cry it down and stop it in payments. It is, therefore, absolutely necessary to manage, please, and flatter them, and never to discover the least marks of contempt, which is what they never forgive. . . .

<sup>4</sup> *Orpheus* . . . *see* After the death of his wife, Eurydice, Orpheus offended the Thracian women by his scorn. In rage they tore him to pieces. <sup>5</sup> *beau monde*, fashionable world.

## TO THE EARL OF CHESTERFIELD

SAMUEL JOHNSON

[This famous letter marks a decisive change in the standing of authors. Up to its appearance every writer had been proud to claim a nobleman as his patron. The nobleman would furnish a pension and would receive dedications of the author's works. In 1747 Johnson, following this custom, had sent the prospectus of the *Dictionary* to Chesterfield, who was then Secretary of State. The Earl acknowledged it with a subscription of ten pounds. Later events are mentioned in the letter. The notices in *The World* may have been written in hope of winning a dedication. But a dedication to Chesterfield, as we see, had now become the act farthest from Johnson's thoughts.]

February 7, 1755

MY LORD: I have been lately informed by the proprietor of *The World* that two papers, in which my *Dictionary* is recommended to the public, were written by your Lordship. To be so distinguished is an honor which, being very little accustomed to favors from

the great, I know not well how to receive, or in what terms to acknowledge.

When, upon some slight encouragement, I first visited your Lordship, I was overpowered, like the rest of mankind, by the enchantment of your address, and could not forbear to wish that I might boast myself *Le vainqueur du vainqueur de la terre*;<sup>1</sup>—that I might obtain that regard for which I saw the world contending. But I found my attendance so little encouraged that neither pride nor modesty would suffer me to continue it. When I had once addressed your Lordship in public, I had exhausted all the art of pleasing which a retired and uncourtly scholar can possess. I had done all that I could; and no man is well pleased to have his all neglected, be it ever so little.

Seven years, my Lord, have now passed since I waited in your outward rooms, or was repulsed from your door; during which time I have been pushing on my work through difficulties, of which it is useless to complain, and have brought it, at last, to the verge of publication, without one act of assistance, one word of encouragement, or one smile of favor. Such treatment I did not expect, for I never had a patron before.

The shepherd in Virgil<sup>2</sup> grew at last acquainted with Love, and found him a native of the rocks.

Is not a patron, my Lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and, when he has reached ground, encumbers him with help? The notice which you have been pleased to take of my labors, had it been early, had been kind; but it has been delayed till I am indifferent, and cannot enjoy it; till I am solitary,<sup>3</sup> and

cannot impart it; till I am known, and do not want it. I hope it is no very cynical asperity not to confess obligations where no benefit has been received, or to be unwilling that the public should consider me as owing that to a patron, which Providence has enabled me to do for myself.

Having carried on my work thus far with so little obligation to any favorer of learning, I shall not be disappointed though I should conclude it, if less be possible, with less; for I have been long wakened from that dream of hope, in which I once boasted myself with so much exultation.

My Lord,  
Your Lordship's most humble  
Most obedient servant,  
SAM. JOHNSON

#### CLASS DISCUSSIONS

*A "Correct" View of Women* (Chesterfield). 1. Why does the Earl offer his son advice about women? Summarize in two short sentences the second paragraph, which states one view of women held in English high society in the "correct" eighteenth century. What ways of flattering society women does Chesterfield mention in the third paragraph? What reasons for flattery does he emphasize at the end?

2. Compare the Earl's view of woman's nature with that held in America today. What would he say about sending girls to high school and college? About giving women the vote?

3. True courtesy has been defined as a sincere consideration for the wishes and feelings of others. How does Chesterfield's advice about flattery and concealment fit in with this definition?

*To the Earl of Chesterfield* (Johnson). 1. Do you think Johnson's rebuff to the Earl's advances merited? Why has it been called a "declaration of independence" for men of letters?

2. What characteristics of Johnson that appear in the letter make him a totally different man from Chesterfield?

<sup>1</sup> *Le vainqueur . . . terre*, the conqueror of the conqueror of the world.

<sup>2</sup> *shepherd in Virgil*, in *Eclogue viii*.

<sup>3</sup> *I am solitary*. Johnson's wife had recently died.



## THE LIFE OF SAMUEL JOHNSON

JAMES BOSWELL

Of Boswell's great work Thomas Babington Macaulay, a later biographer of Johnson, said: "Boswell's book has done more for him [Johnson] than the best of his own books could do. The memory of other authors is kept alive by their works. But the memory of Johnson keeps many of his works alive. The old philosopher is still among us in the brown coat with the metal buttons, and the shirt which ought to be at wash, blinking, puffing, rolling his head, drumming with his fingers, tearing his meat like a tiger, and swallowing his tea in oceans." Such eccentricities as Macaulay mentions are to be found in abundance among the extracts from Boswell that you are to read; you will also discover reasons why Macaulay called Dr. Johnson "both a great and a good man."

## JOHNSON AND BOSWELL MEET

[1763]<sup>1</sup> THIS is to me a memorable year; for in it I had the happiness to obtain the acquaintance of that extraordinary man whose memoirs I am now writing, an acquaintance which I shall ever esteem as one of the most fortunate circumstances in my life. Though then but two-and-twenty, I had for several years read his works with delight and instruction, and had the highest reverence for their author, which had grown up in my fancy into a kind of mysterious veneration by figuring to myself a state of solemn, elevated abstraction, in which I supposed him to live in the immense metropolis of London. Mr. Gentleman, a native of Ireland, who passed some years in Scotland as a player, and as an instructor in the English language, a man whose talents and worth were depressed by misfortunes, had given me a representation of the figure and manner of "Dictionary Johnson," as he was then generally called; and during my first visit to London, which was for three months in 1760, Mr. Derrick, the poet, who was Gentleman's friend and countryman, flattered me with hopes that he would introduce me to Johnson. But he never found an opportunity, which made me doubt<sup>2</sup> that he had promised to do what

was not in his power; till Johnson some years afterwards told me, "Derrick, sir, might very well have introduced you. I had a kindness for Derrick, and am sorry he is dead."

Mr. Thomas Davies, the actor, who then kept a bookseller's shop in Russell Street, Covent Garden, told me that Johnson came frequently to his house, where he more than once invited me to meet him; but by some unlucky accident or other he was prevented from coming to us.

Mr. Davies recollected several of Johnson's remarkable sayings, and was one of the best of the many imitators of his voice and manner while relating them. He increased my impatience more and more to see the extraordinary man whose works I highly valued, and whose conversation was reported to be so excellent.

At last, on Monday the 16th of May, when I was sitting in Mr. Davies's back parlor, after having drunk tea with him and Mrs. Davies, Johnson unexpectedly came into the shop; and Mr. Davies having perceived him through the glass door in the room in which we were sitting, advancing toward us—he announced his awful approach to me, somewhat in the manner of an actor in the part of Horatio when he addresses Hamlet on the appearance of his father's ghost, "Look, my Lord, it comes."

<sup>1</sup> [1763]. The first four selections (pages 318-322) belong to this year. <sup>2</sup> *doubt*, suppose.

I found that I had a very perfect idea of Johnson's figure, from the portrait of him painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds soon after he had published his *Dictionary*, in the attitude of sitting in his easy chair in deep meditation. Mr. Davies mentioned my name, and respectfully introduced me to him. I was much agitated, and recollecting his prejudice against the Scotch, of which I had heard much, I said to Davies, "Don't tell where I come from."—"From Scotland," cried Davies, roughly. "Mr. Johnson," said I, "I do indeed come from Scotland, but I cannot help it."

I am willing to flatter myself that I meant this as light pleasantry to sooth and conciliate him, and not as an humiliating abasement at the expense of my country. But however that might be, this speech was somewhat unlucky, for he seized the expression "come from Scotland," and retorted, "That, sir, I find, is what a very great many of your countrymen cannot help." This stroke stunned me a good deal, and when we had sat down, I felt myself not a little embarrassed, and apprehensive of what might come next. He then addressed himself to Davies: "What do you think of Garrick? He has refused me an order for the play for Miss Williams, because he knows the house will be full, and that an order would be worth three shillings." Eager to take any opening to get into conversation with him, I ventured to say, "Oh, sir, I cannot think Mr. Garrick would grudge such a trifle to you." "Sir," said he, with a stern look, "I have known David Garrick longer than you have done, and I know no right you have to talk to me on the subject." Perhaps I deserved this check, for it was rather presumptuous in me, an entire stranger, to express any doubt of the justice of his animadversion upon his old acquaintance and pupil. I now felt

myself much mortified, and began to think that the hope which I had long indulged of obtaining his acquaintance was blasted. And, in truth, had not my ardor been uncommonly strong, and my resolution uncommonly persevering, so rough a reception might have deferred me forever from making any further attempts. Fortunately, however, I remained upon the field not wholly discomfited, and was soon rewarded by hearing some of his conversation.

#### AN EVENING AT THE MITRE TAVERN

ON WEDNESDAY, July 6, he was engaged to sup with me at my lodgings in Downing Street, Westminster. But on the preceding night, my landlord having behaved very rudely to me and some company who were with me, I had resolved not to remain another night in his house. I was exceedingly uneasy at the awkward appearance I supposed I should make to Johnson and the other gentlemen whom I had invited, not being able to receive them at home, and being obliged to order supper at the Mitre. I went to Johnson in the morning, and talked of it as of a serious distress. He laughed, and said, "Consider, sir, how insignificant this will appear a twelve-month hence. There is nothing," continued he, "in this mighty misfortune; nay, we shall be better at the Mitre." I told him that I had been at Sir John Fielding's<sup>3</sup> office, complaining of my landlord, and had been informed that though I had taken my lodgings for a year, I might, upon proof of his bad behavior, quit them when I pleased, without being under an obligation to pay rent for any longer time than while I possessed them. The fertility of Johnson's mind could show itself even upon so small a matter as this. "Why, sir," said he, "I

<sup>3</sup> Sir John Fielding, Justice of Westminster, a half-brother of Henry Fielding, the novelist.



From a painting by Eyre Crowe

JOHNSON, BOSWELL, AND GOLDSMITH AT THE MITRE TAVERN

suppose this must be the law since you have been told so in Bow Street. But if your landlord could hold you to your bargain, and the lodgings should be yours for a year, you may certainly use them as you think fit. So, sir, you may quarter two life-guardsmen upon him, or you may send the greatest scoundrel you can find into your apartments, or you may say that you want to make some experiments in natural philosophy, and may burn a large quantity of asafetida in his house."

I had as my guests this evening at the Mitre Tavern, Dr. Johnson, Dr. Goldsmith, Mr. Thomas Davies, Mr. Eccles, an Irish gentleman, for whose agreeable company I was obliged to Mr. Davies, and the Reverend Mr. John Ogilvie.<sup>4</sup>

Mr. Ogilvie was unlucky enough to choose for the topic of his conversation the praises of his native country. He began with saying that there was very rich land around Edinburgh. Goldsmith, who had studied physic there, contradicted this, very untruly, with a sneering laugh. Disconcerted a little by this, Mr. Ogilvie then took a new ground, where, I suppose, he thought himself perfectly safe, for he observed that Scotland had a great many noble, wild prospects. JOHNSON. "I believe, sir, you have a great many. Norway, too, has noble, wild prospects, and Lapland is remarkable for prodigious, noble, wild prospects. But, sir, let me tell you, the noblest prospect which a Scotchman ever sees is the high road that leads him to England!" This unexpected and pointed sally produced a roar of applause. After all, however, those who admire the rude grandeur of nature cannot deny it to Caledonia.<sup>5</sup>

On Saturday, July 9, I found Johnson surrounded with a numerous levee, but

have not preserved any part of his conversation. On the 14th we had another evening by ourselves at the Mitre. It happening to be a very rainy night, I made some commonplace observations on the relaxation of nerves and depression of spirits which such weather occasioned, adding, however, that it was good for the vegetable creation. Johnson, who denied that the temperature of the air had any influence on the human frame, answered, with a smile of ridicule, "Why, yes, sir, it is good for vegetables, and for the animals who eat those vegetables, and for the animals who eat those animals." This observation of his aptly enough introduced a good supper, and I soon forgot, in Johnson's company, the influence of a moist atmosphere.

#### JOHNSON, THE BEAR

Soon afterwards<sup>6</sup> he supped at the Crown and Anchor Tavern, in the Strand, with a company whom I collected to meet him. He was this evening in remarkable vigor of mind, and eager to exert himself in conversation, which he did with great readiness and fluency. When I called upon Dr. Johnson next morning, I found him highly satisfied with his colloquial prowess. "Well," said he, "we had good talk." BOSWELL. "Yes, sir, you tossed and gored several persons."

The late Alexander, Earl of Eglington, who loved wit more than wine, and men of genius more than sycophants, had a great admiration of Johnson; but from the elegance of his own manners was, perhaps, too sensible of the roughness which sometimes appeared in Johnson's behavior. One evening when his Lordship did me the honor to sup at my lodgings he regretted that Johnson had not been educated with more refinement, and lived more in polished society. "No, no, my

<sup>4</sup> John Ogilvie, a Presbyterian minister of Scotland who wrote dull poems. <sup>5</sup> Caledonia, the poetic name for Scotland.

<sup>6</sup> Soon afterwards, in May, 1768.

Lord," said Signor Baretti,<sup>7</sup> "do with him what you would, he would always have been a bear." "True," answered the Earl, with a smile, "but he would have been a *dancing* bear."

To obviate all the reflections which have gone round the world to Johnson's prejudice, by applying to him the epithet of a *bear*, let me impress upon my readers a just and happy saying of my friend Goldsmith, who knew him well: "Johnson, to be sure, has a roughness in his manner; but no man alive has a more tender heart. *He has nothing of the bear but his skin.*"

#### A TRIP TO GREENWICH

I AGAIN begged his advice as to my method of study at Utrecht.<sup>8</sup> "Come," said he, "let us make a day of it. Let us go down to Greenwich<sup>9</sup> and dine, and talk of it there." The following Saturday was fixed for this excursion.

On Saturday, July 30, Dr. Johnson and I took a sculler at the Temple-stairs<sup>10</sup> and set out for Greenwich. I asked him if he really thought a knowledge of the Greek and Latin languages an essential requisite to a good education. JOHNSON. "Most certainly, sir, for those who know them have a very great advantage over those who do not. Nay, sir, it is wonderful what a difference learning makes upon people even in the common intercourse of life, which does not appear to be much connected with it." "And yet," said I, "people go through the world very well, and carry on the business of life to good advantage without learning." JOHNSON. "Why, sir, that may be true in cases

where learning cannot possibly be of any use; for instance, this boy rows us as well without learning as if he could sing the song of Orpheus<sup>11</sup> to the Argonauts, who were the first sailors." He then called to the boy, "What would you give, my lad, to know about the Argonauts?" "Sir," said the boy, "I would give what I have." Johnson was much pleased with his answer, and we gave him a double fare. Dr. Johnson then turning to me, "Sir," said he, "a desire of knowledge is the natural feeling of mankind; and every human being whose mind is not debauched will be willing to give all that he has to get knowledge."

We landed at the Old Swan<sup>12</sup> and walked to Billingsgate,<sup>13</sup> where we took oars and moved smoothly along the silver Thames. It was a very fine day. We were entertained with the immense number and variety of ships that were lying at anchor, and with the beautiful country on each side of the river.

I talked of preaching, and of the great success which those called Methodists<sup>14</sup> have. JOHNSON. "Sir, it is owing to their expressing themselves in a plain and familiar manner, which is the only way to do good to the common people and which clergymen of genius and learning ought to do from a principle of duty, when it is suited to their congregations; a practice, for which they will be praised by men of sense. To insist against drunkenness as a crime because it debases reason, the noblest faculty of man, would be of no service to the common people; but to tell them that they may die in a fit of drunken-

<sup>7</sup> Signor Baretti, an Italian writer devoted to London life and English literature. He and Johnson became intimate.

<sup>8</sup> Utrecht, where Boswell's father was sending him to study law. <sup>9</sup> Greenwich, on the Thames, a few miles below London; famous for its fish, its parks, and its public buildings.

<sup>10</sup> The Temple-stairs, steps from near the gardens of the Temple (buildings for lawyers and law students) to the surface of the Thames.

<sup>11</sup> Orpheus. See *L'Allegro*, line 145 (page 260) and *Il Penseroso*, line 105 (page 205). On the Argonautic expedition Orpheus calmed a storm by his playing.

<sup>12</sup> Old Swan. They landed here because it was dangerous to row under the arches of old London Bridge. They walked to the wharf below the bridge to take the boat. <sup>13</sup> Billingsgate, a wharf and fish-market near London Bridge. <sup>14</sup> Methodist, at that time a relatively new sect and subject to much ridicule.

ness, and show them how dreadful that would be cannot fail to make a deep impression. Sir, when your Scotch clergy give up their homely manner, religion will soon decay in that country."

Afterwards he entered upon the business of the day, which was to give me his advice as to a course of study. And here I am to mention, with much regret, that my record of what he said is miserably scanty. I recollect with admiration an animating blaze of eloquence which roused every intellectual power in me to the highest pitch, but must have dazzled me so much that my memory could not preserve the substance of his discourse, for the note which I find of it is no more than this: "He ran over the grand scale of human knowledge; advised me to select some particular branch to excel in, but to acquire a little of every kind."

BOSWELL TRAPS JOHNSON INTO  
MEETING WILKES

[1776] MY DESIRE of being acquainted with celebrated men of every description had made me, much about the same time,<sup>15</sup> obtain an introduction to Dr. Samuel Johnson and to John Wilkes, Esq.<sup>16</sup> Two men more different could perhaps not be selected out of all mankind. They had even attacked one another with some asperity in their writings; yet I lived in habits of friendship with both. I could fully relish the excellence of each, for I have ever delighted in that intellectual chemistry which can separate good qualities from evil in the same person.

My booksellers and friends, Messieurs Dilly in the Poultry, at whose hospitable and well-covered table I have seen

a greater number of literary men than at any other, except that of Sir Joshua Reynolds, had invited me to meet Mr. Wilkes and some more gentlemen on Wednesday, May 15. "Pray," said I, "let us have Dr. Johnson."—"What, with Mr. Wilkes? Not for the world," said Mr. Edward Dilly; "Dr. Johnson would never forgive me."—"Come," said I, "if you'll let me negotiate for you, I will be answerable that all shall go well." DILLY. "Nay, if you will take it upon you, I am sure I shall be very happy to see them both here."

Notwithstanding the high veneration which I entertained for Dr. Johnson, I was sensible that he was sometimes a little actuated by the spirit of contradiction, and by means of that I hoped I should gain my point. I was persuaded that if I had come upon him with a direct proposal, "Sir, will you dine in company with Jack Wilkes?" he would have flown into a passion, and would probably have answered, "Dine with Jack Wilkes, sir! I'd as soon dine with Jack Ketch."<sup>17</sup> I, therefore, while we were sitting quietly by ourselves at his house in an evening, took occasion to open my plan thus: "Mr. Dilly, sir, sends his respectful compliments to you and would be happy if you would do him the honor to dine with him on Wednesday next along with me, as I must soon go to Scotland." JOHNSON. "Sir, I am obliged to Mr. Dilly. I will wait upon him—" BOSWELL. "Provided, sir, I suppose, that the company which he is to have, is agreeable to you." JOHNSON. "What do you mean, sir? What do you take me for? Do you think I am so ignorant of the world as to imagine that I am to prescribe to a gentleman what company he is to have at his table?" BOSWELL. "I beg your pardon, sir, for wishing to prevent you from meeting people whom you might not

<sup>15</sup> same time, May, 1776 <sup>16</sup> John Wilkes (1727-1797), a politician and political agitator. He became a popular hero, was four times elected to Parliament, and the same number of times expelled.

<sup>17</sup> Jack Ketch, an English executioner (died 1686).

like. Perhaps he may have some of what he calls his patriotic friends with him." JOHNSON. "Well, sir, and what then? What care I for his *patriotic friends*? Pohl!" BOSWELL. "I should not be surprised to find Jack Wilkes there." JOHNSON. "And if Jack Wilkes *should* be there, what is that to *me*, sir? My dear friend, let us have no more of this. I am sorry to be angry with you; but really it is treating me strangely to talk to me as if I could not meet any company whatever, occasionally." BOSWELL. "Pray, forgive me, sir; I meant well. But you shall meet whoever comes, for me." Thus I secured him, and told Dilly that he would find him well pleased to be one of his guests on the day appointed.

Upon the much expected Wednesday, I called on him about half an hour before dinner, as I often did when we were to dine out together, to see that he was ready in time, and to accompany him. I found him buffeting his books, as upon a former occasion, covered with dust and making no preparation for going abroad. "How is this, sir?" said I. "Don't you recollect that you are to dine at Mr. Dilly's?" JOHNSON. "Sir, I did not think of going to Dilly's; it went out of my head. I have ordered dinner at home with Mrs. Williams."<sup>18</sup> BOSWELL. "But, my dear sir, you know you were engaged to Mr. Dilly, and I told him so. He will expect you, and will be much disappointed if you don't come." JOHNSON. "You must talk to Mrs. Williams about this."

Here was a sad dilemma. I feared that what I was so confident I had secured would yet be frustrated. He had accustomed himself to show Mrs. Williams such a degree of attention as frequently imposed some restraint upon him; and I knew that if she should be

obstinate, he would not stir. I hastened downstairs to the blind lady's room, and told her I was in great uneasiness, for Dr. Johnson had engaged to me to dine this day at Mr. Dilly's, but that he had told me he had forgotten his engagement, and had ordered dinner at home. "Yes, sir," said she, pretty peevishly, "Dr. Johnson is to dine at home."—"Madam," said I, "his respect for you is such that I know he will not leave you unless you absolutely desire it. But as you have so much of his company, I hope you will be good enough to forego it for a day, as Mr. Dilly is a very worthy man, has frequently had agreeable parties at his house for Dr. Johnson, and will be vexed if the Doctor neglects him today. And then, madam, be pleased to consider my situation; I carried the message, and I assured Mr. Dilly that Dr. Johnson was to come; and no doubt he has made a dinner, and invited a company, and boasted of the honor he expected to have. I shall be quite disgraced if the Doctor is not there." She gradually softened to my solicitations, which were certainly as earnest as most entreaties to ladies upon any occasion, and was graciously pleased to empower me to tell Dr. Johnson that, "all things considered, she thought he should certainly go." I flew back to him, still in dust and careless of what should be the event, "indifferent in his choice to go or stay"; but as soon as I had announced to him Mrs. Williams's consent, he roared, "Frank,<sup>19</sup> a clean shirt," and was very soon dressed. When I had him fairly seated in a coach, I exulted as much as a fortune-hunter who has got an heiress into a post-chaise with him to set out for Gretna Green.<sup>20</sup>

When we entered Mr. Dilly's drawing-room, he found himself in the midst

<sup>18</sup> *Mrs. Williams*, the blind friend of Dr. Johnson who acted as housekeeper for him. She was unmarried, the term *Mrs.* being often applied to spinsters in the eighteenth century.

<sup>19</sup> *Frank*, Johnson's faithful colored servant.

<sup>20</sup> *Gretna Green*, a village across the border in Scotland, where runaway couples were married.

of a company he did not know. I kept myself snug and silent, watching how he would conduct himself. I observed him whispering to Mr. Dilly, "Who is that gentleman, sir?"—"Mr. Arthur Lee."—JOHNSON. "Too, too, too" (under his breath), which was one of his habitual mutterings. Mr. Arthur Lee could not but be very obnoxious to Johnson, for he was not only a *patriot*, but an *American*. He was afterwards minister from the United States at the court at Madrid. "And who is the gentleman in lace?"—"Mr. Wilkes, sir." This information confounded him still more; he had some difficulty to restrain himself, and taking up a book, sat down upon a window-seat and read, or at least kept his eye upon it intently, till he composed himself. His feelings, I dare say, were awkward enough. But he no doubt recollected his having rated me for supposing that he could be at all disconcerted by any company, and he, therefore, resolutely set himself to behave quite as an easy man of the world who could adapt himself at once to the disposition and manners of those whom he might chance to meet.

The cheering sound of "Dinner is upon the table," dissolved his reverie, and we *all* sat down without any symptom of ill humor. There were present, besides Mr. Wilkes and Mr. Arthur Lee, who was an old companion of mine when he studied physic at Edinburgh, Mr. (now Sir John) Miller, Dr. Lettson, and Mr. Slater, the druggist. Mr. Wilkes placed himself next to Dr. Johnson, and behaved to him with so much attention and politeness that he gained upon him insensibly. No man ate more heartily than Johnson, or loved better what was nice and delicate. Mr. Wilkes was very assiduous in helping him to some fine veal. "Pray give me leave, sir—It is better here—A little of the brown—Some fat, sir—A little of the stuffing—Some gravy—Let me have

the pleasure of giving you some butter—Allow me to recommend a squeeze of this orange—or the lemon, perhaps, may have more zest."—"Sir, sir, I am obliged to you, sir," cried Johnson, bowing, and turning his head to him with a look for some time of "surly virtue," but, in a short while, of complacency.

## THE DICTIONARY

[1755]<sup>21</sup> MR. ANDREW MILLAR, bookseller in the Strand, took the principal charge of conducting the publication of Johnson's *Dictionary*; and as the patience of the proprietors was repeatedly tried and almost exhausted by their expecting that the work would be completed within the time which Johnson had sanguinely supposed, the learned author was often goaded to dispatch, more especially as he had received all the copy money, by different drafts, a considerable time before he had finished his task. When the messenger who carried the last sheet to Millar returned, Johnson asked him, "Well, what did he say?"—"Sir," answered the messenger, "he said, 'Thank God, I have done with him.'" "I am glad," replied Johnson, with a smile, "that he thanks God for anything."

The definitions have always appeared to me such astonishing proofs of acuteness of intellect and precision of language as indicate a genius of the highest rank. This is what marks the superior excellence of Johnson's *Dictionary* over others equally or even more voluminous, and must have made it a work of much greater mental labor than mere lexicons, or word-books, as the Dutch call them. They who will make the experiment of trying how they can define a few words of whatever nature will soon be satisfied of the justice of

<sup>21</sup> [1755]. In a complete edition of Boswell's *Life of Johnson* this excerpt comes earlier than the preceding one. The *Dictionary* was published before Boswell met Johnson.



this observation, which I can assure my readers is founded upon much study and upon communication with more minds than my own.

A few of his definitions must be admitted to be erroneous. Thus *windward* and *leeward*, though directly of opposite meaning, are defined the same way; nor was he at all disconcerted when an instance was pointed out to him. A lady once asked him how he came to define *pastern* "the knee of a horse"; instead of making an elaborate defense, as she expected, he at once answered, "Ignorance, madam, pure ignorance." His definition of *network*<sup>22</sup> has often been quoted with sportive malignity, as obscuring a thing in itself very plain. But to these frivolous censures no other answer is necessary than that with which we are furnished by his own preface:

"To explain requires the use of terms less abstruse than that which is to be explained, and such terms cannot always be found."

His introducing his own opinions, and even prejudices, under general definitions of words, while at the same time the original meaning of the words is not explained, as his *Tory*,<sup>23</sup> *Whig*,<sup>24</sup> *pension*,<sup>25</sup> *oats*,<sup>26</sup> *excise*,<sup>27</sup> and a few more cannot be fully defended, and must be placed to the account of capricious and humorous indulgence. Talking to me upon this subject when we

were at Ashbourne in 1777, he mentioned a still stronger instance of the predominance of his private feelings in the composition of this work than any now to be found in it. "You know, sir, Lord Gower forsook the old Jacobite<sup>28</sup> interest. When I came to *renegado*, after telling that it meant 'one who deserts to the enemy, a revolter,' I added, 'Sometimes we say a Gower.' Thus it went to the press, but the printer had more wit than I, and struck it out."

Let it, however, be remembered that this indulgence does not display itself only in sarcasm toward others, but sometimes in playful allusion to the notions commonly entertained of his own laborious task. Thus: "*Grub Street*, the name of a street in London, much inhabited by writers of small histories, dictionaries, and temporary poems; whence any mean production is called *Grub Street*."—"Lexicographer, a writer of dictionaries, a harmless drudge."

#### JOHNSON'S PECULIAR GAIT

[1781] ON MONDAY, March 19, I arrived in London, and on Tuesday, the 20th, met him in Fleet Street, walking, or rather indeed moving along; for his peculiar march is thus described in a very just and picturesque manner, in a short Life of him published very soon after his death: "When he walked the streets, what with the constant roll of his head, and the concomitant motion of his body, he appeared to make his way by that motion, independent of his feet." That he was often much stared at while he advanced in this manner may easily be believed; but it was not safe to make sport of one so robust as he was. Mr. Langton<sup>29</sup> saw him one day, in a fit of absence, by a sudden

<sup>22</sup> His definition of *network* "anything reticulated or decussated, at equal distances, with interstices between the intersections."

<sup>23</sup> *Tory*: "one who adheres to the ancient constitution of the state and apostolical hierarchy of the Church of England; opposed to a Whig."

<sup>24</sup> *Whig*: "the name of a faction."

<sup>25</sup> *pension*: "an allowance made without an equivalent. In England it is generally understood to mean pay given to a state hireling for treason to his country."

<sup>26</sup> *oats*: "a grain which in England is generally given to horses, but in Scotland supports the people."

<sup>27</sup> *excise*: "a hateful tax levied upon commodities, and adjudged not by the common judges of property, but by wretches hired by those to whom excise is paid."

<sup>28</sup> *Jacobite*. The Jacobites were followers of James II and his descendants.

<sup>29</sup> Mr. Langton, Bennett Langton, to whom Boswell frequently refers as a "worthy friend" of Johnson.

start, drive the load off a porter's back, and walk forward briskly, without being conscious of what he had done. The porter was very angry, but stood still, and eyed the huge figure with much earnestness, till he was satisfied that his wisest course was to be quiet, and take up his burden again.

ON POVERTY AND ON RESTORING  
ONE'S HEALTH

[1782] THE following letters require no extracts from mine to introduce them.

*To James Boswell, Esq.*<sup>30</sup>

"DEAR SIR: Whatever might have been your pleasure or mine, I know not how I could have honestly advised you to come hither with borrowed money. Do not accustom yourself to consider debt only as an inconvenience; you will find it a calamity. Poverty takes away so many means of doing good, and produces so much inability to resist evil, both natural and moral, that it is by all virtuous means to be avoided. Consider a man whose fortune is very narrow; whatever be his rank by birth, or whatever his reputation by intellectual excellence, what can he do? or what evil can he prevent? That he cannot help the needy is evident; he has nothing to spare. But, perhaps, his advice or admonition may be useful. His poverty will destroy his influence: many more can find that he is poor than that he is wise; and few will reverence the understanding that is of so little advantage to its owner. I say nothing of the personal wretchedness of a debtor, which, however, has passed into a proverb. Of riches it is not necessary to write the praise. Let it, however, be remembered that he who has money to spare has it always in his power to benefit others; and of such power a good man must always be desirous."

<sup>30</sup> This letter is dated June 3, 1782.

*To Mr. Perkins.*<sup>31</sup>

"DEAR SIR: I am much pleased that you are going a very long journey, which may by proper conduct restore your health and prolong your life.

"Observe these rules:

"1. Turn all care out of your head as soon as you mount the chaise.

"2. Do not think about frugality; your health is worth more than it can cost.

"3. Do not continue any day's journey to fatigue.

"4. Take now and then a day's rest.

"5. Get a smart seasickness, if you can.

"6. Cast away all anxiety, and keep your mind easy.

"This last direction is the principal; with an unquiet mind, neither exercise, nor diet, nor physic can be of much use.

"I wish you, dear sir, a prosperous journey, and a happy recovery. I am, dear sir,

"Your most affectionate, humble servant,  
SAM. JOHNSON."

A GREAT CONVERSATIONALIST

[1783] DR. GOLDSMITH once said to Dr. Johnson that he wished for some additional members to the Literary Club, to give it an agreeable variety; "for," said he, "there can now be nothing new among us; we have traveled over one another's minds." Johnson seemed a little angry, and said, "Sir, you have not traveled over *my* mind, I promise you." Sir Joshua,<sup>32</sup> however, thought Goldsmith right, observing that "when people have lived a great deal together, they know what each of them will say on every subject. A new understanding may only furnish the same sense upon a question which would

<sup>31</sup> Mr. Perkins, at one time the manager of Mr. Thrall's brewery; at the time of this letter (July 28, 1782), his successor.

<sup>32</sup> Sir Joshua, Sir Joshua Reynolds (1723-1792), the celebrated portrait painter.

have been furnished by those with whom we are accustomed to live, yet this sense will have a different coloring; and coloring is of much effect in everything else as well as in painting."

Johnson used to say that he made it a constant rule to talk as well as he could, both as to sentiment and expression; by which means, what had been originally effort became familiar and easy. The consequence of this, Sir Joshua observed, was that his common conversation in all companies was such as to secure him universal attention, as something above the usual colloquial style was expected.

Yet, though Johnson had this habit in company, when another mode was necessary, in order to investigate truth, he could descend to a language intelligible to the meanest capacity. An instance of this was witnessed by Sir Joshua Reynolds, when they were present at an examination of a little blackguard boy, by Mr. Saunders Welch, the late Westminster Justice. Welch, who imagined that he was exalting himself in Dr. Johnson's eyes by using big words, spoke in a manner that was utterly unintelligible to the boy. Dr. Johnson perceiving it, changed the pompous phraseology into colloquial language. Sir Joshua Reynolds, who was much amused by this procedure, which seemed a kind of reversing of what might be expected from the two men, took notice of it to Dr. Johnson as they walked away by themselves. Johnson said that it was continually the case; and that he was always obliged to *translate* the Justice's swelling diction (smiling) so as that his meaning might be understood by the vulgar, from whom information was to be obtained.

Sir Joshua once observed to him that he had talked above the capacity of some people with whom they had been in company together. "No matter, sir," said Johnson; "they consider it as a

compliment to be talked to, as if they were wiser than they are. So true is this, sir, that Baxter made it a rule in every sermon that he preached to say something that was above the capacity of his audience."

Johnson's dexterity in retort, when he seemed to be driven to an extremity by his adversary, was very remarkable. Of his power in this respect, our common friend, Mr. Windham, of Norfolk, has been pleased to furnish me with an eminent instance.

However unfavorable to Scotland, he uniformly gave liberal praise to George Buchanan<sup>33</sup> as a writer. In a conversation concerning the literary merits of the two countries, in which Buchanan was introduced, a Scotchman, imagining that on this ground he should have an undoubted triumph over him, exclaimed, "Ah, Dr. Johnson, what would you have said to Buchanan, had he been an Englishman?"—"Why, sir," said Johnson, after a little pause, "I should *not* have said of Buchanan, had he been an *Englishman*, what I will now say of him as a *Scotchman*—that he was the only man of genius his country ever produced."

Though his usual phrase for conversation was *talk*, yet he made a distinction; for when he once told me that he dined the day before at a friend's house, with "a very pretty company," and I asked him if there was good conversation, he answered, "No, sir; we had *talk* enough, but no *conversation*; there was nothing *discussed*."

#### THE CLOSING HOURS OF HIS LIFE

[1784] AMIDST the melancholy clouds which hung over the dying Johnson his characteristic manner showed itself on different occasions.

When Dr. Warren, in the usual style, hoped that he was better, his answer

<sup>33</sup> George Buchanan (1506-1582), a Scottish historian.

was, "No, sir; you cannot conceive with what acceleration I advance toward death."

A man whom he had never seen before was employed one night to sit up with him. Being asked next morning how he liked his attendant, his answer was, "Not at all, sir; the fellow's an idiot; he is as awkward as a turnspit when first put into the wheel, and as sleepy as a dormouse."

Mr. Windham having placed a pillow conveniently to support him, he thanked him for his kindness, and said, "That will do—all that a pillow can do."

As he opened a note which his servant brought to him, he said: "An odd thought strikes me; we shall receive no letters in the grave."

He requested three things of Sir Joshua Reynolds: to forgive him thirty pounds which he had borrowed of him; to read the Bible; and never to use his pencil on a Sunday. Sir Joshua readily acquiesced.

Dr. Brocklesby having attended him with the utmost assiduity and kindness as his physician and friend, he was peculiarly desirous that this gentleman should not entertain any loose speculative notions, but be confirmed in the truths of Christianity, and insisted on his writing down in his presence, as nearly as he could collect it, the import of what passed on the subject; and Dr. Brocklesby having complied with the request, he made him sign the paper, and urged him to keep it in his own custody as long as he lived.

Johnson, with that native fortitude, which, amidst all his bodily distress and mental sufferings, never forsook him, asked Dr. Brocklesby, as a man in whom he had confidence, to tell him plainly whether he could recover. "Give me," said he, "a direct answer." The Doctor having first asked him if he could bear the whole truth, which way

soever it might lead, and being answered that he could, declared that, in his opinion, he could not recover without a miracle. "Then," said Johnson, "I will take not even my opiates; for I have prayed that I may render up my soul to God unclouded." In this resolution he persevered.

Having, as has been already mentioned, made his will on the 8th and 9th of December, and settled all his worldly affairs, he languished till Monday, the 13th of that month, when he expired, about seven o'clock in the evening, with so little apparent pain that his attendants hardly perceived when his dissolution took place.

A few days before his death, he had asked Sir John Hawkins, as one of his executors, where he should be buried; and on being answered, "Doubtless, in Westminster Abbey," seemed to feel a satisfaction, very natural to a poet. Accordingly, upon Monday, December 20, his remains were deposited in that noble and renowned edifice.

I trust I shall not be accused of affectation when I declare that I find myself unable to express all that I felt upon the loss of such a "Guide, Philosopher, and Friend." I shall, therefore, not say one word of my own, but adopt those of an eminent friend,<sup>34</sup> which he uttered with an abrupt felicity, superior to all studied compositions: "He has made a chasm, which not only nothing can fill up, but which nothing has a tendency to fill up.—Johnson is dead.—Let us go to the next best:—there is nobody; no man can be said to put you in mind of Johnson."

Many who trembled at his presence were forward in assault when they no longer apprehended danger. When one of his little pragmatical foes was invidiously snarling at his fame, at Sir Joshua Reynolds's table, the Reverend Dr.

<sup>34</sup> friend. William Gerard Hamilton (1729-1796), a noted English politician.

Parr<sup>35</sup> exclaimed, with his usual bold animation, "Aye, now that the old lion is dead, every ass thinks he may kick at him."

His figure was large and well formed, and his countenance of the cast of an ancient statue; yet his appearance was rendered strange and somewhat uncouth by convulsive cramps, by the scars of that distemper which it was once imagined the royal touch could cure,<sup>36</sup> and by a slovenly mode of dress. He had the use only of one eye; yet so much does mind govern, and even supply the deficiency of organs, that his visual perceptions, as far as they extended, were uncommonly quick and accurate.

Though usually grave, and even awful in his deportment, he possessed uncommon and peculiar powers of wit and humor; he frequently indulged himself in colloquial pleasantry; and the heartiest merriment was often enjoyed in his company; with this great advantage, that, as it was entirely free from any poisonous tincture of vice or impiety, it was salutary to those who shared in it. He had accustomed himself to such accuracy in his common conversation that he at all times expressed his thoughts with great force, and an elegant choice of language, the effect of which was aided by his having a loud voice and a slow, deliberate utterance. In him were united a most logical head with a most fertile imagination, which gave him an extraordinary advantage in arguing; for he could reason close or wide, as he saw best for the moment. Exulting in his intellectual strength and dexterity, he could, when he pleased, be the greatest sophist<sup>37</sup> that ever contended in the lists

of declamation; and from a spirit of contradiction and a delight in showing his powers, he would often maintain the wrong side with equal warmth and ingenuity; so that, when there was an audience, his real opinions could seldom be gathered from his talk; though when he was in company with a single friend, he would discuss a subject with genuine fairness; but he was too conscientious to make error permanent and pernicious, by deliberately writing it; and, in all his numerous works, he earnestly inculcated what appeared to him to be the truth; his piety being constant, and the ruling principle of all his conduct.

Such was SAMUEL JOHNSON, a man whose talents, acquirements, and virtues were so extraordinary that the more his character is considered, the more he will be regarded by the present age, and by posterity, with admiration and reverence.

## STUDY AIDS

### I. CLASS DISCUSSIONS

1. What qualities of Johnson attracted Boswell? Take into account the anecdotes he records as well as the opinions of Johnson which he expresses. What was Johnson's attitude toward Boswell? Cite passages to prove your case.

2. Point out two or three characteristics of Johnson which are most fully illustrated in these selections. Do you find any instances of rudeness in his conduct? Which remark or anecdote recorded here amused you most? Where does Johnson most clearly show his common sense or wisdom? Which of the two letters (page 327) shows his character best? Make your points clear by contrasting Johnson with Boswell in each answer.

### II. INDIVIDUAL AND GROUP ACTIVITIES

The answers to the two sets of questions on Boswell's *Life* can be turned into interesting reports or papers. Other topics that have proved interesting are:

<sup>35</sup> Parr, Samuel (1747-1825), a friend of Johnson's, famous for his learning.

<sup>36</sup> royal . . . cure. What earlier selection in this volume touches on the subject?

<sup>37</sup> sophist, one who reasons or argues illogically.

1. A comparison of two of Johnson's friends, showing why he liked each and why each liked him. (For this, use freely the index to a complete Boswell's *Life*.)

2. Show why you would or would not have liked to associate with Johnson. (Illustrate by other anecdotes than those given in this volume.)

3. Imagine Johnson in your English class, at your literary society, in the school library, commenting on some novels or poems or plays that you have studied, or in some other situation that appeals to your fancy. You should try to make him act or talk in a characteristic manner. Write this up either as a theme or as a short play.

#### MORE READING

Boswell, James, *The Life of Samuel Johnson*. There are two ways of reading this best of biographies. One is to dip into it here and there. The other is to consult it for special topics by means of the index. Try both.

Chesterfield, Lord, *Letters to His Son*. Note particularly his opinion of women.

Defoe, Daniel, *Robinson Crusoe*. If you have not read this most famous of all English books of fiction, do not put off that pleasure a day longer.

Goldsmith, Oliver, *She Stoops to Conquer*.

A genuinely humorous play.

Goldsmith, Oliver, *The Vicar of Wake-*

*field*. The best liked of all eighteenth-century novels.

Krutch, Joseph Wood, *Samuel Johnson*. An account of Johnson's life and work in the light of all the knowledge that has turned up since Boswell wrote.

Moore, F. Frankfort, *The Jessamy Bride*. A novel in which Oliver Goldsmith plays a leading part. Dr. Johnson and others of the famous Club appear.


Sheridan, Richard Brinsley, *The Rivals*. A delightful and brilliant comedy.

Stewart, Anna Bird, *Young Miss Burney*. A biographical story of Fanny Burney, one of the first women novelists.



From Ewing Galloway

SAMUEL JOHNSON'S BIRTHPLACE AT  
LICHFIELD



## CHAPTER X: The Return of Sentiment in Poetry

**Preview** The last chapter described some of the new developments in prose—the novel, biography, true comedy—that found popular favor during the middle and late years of the eighteenth century. The present chapter, which covers the same period, will deal exclusively with poetry. As you read the following pages, you will observe how the field of poetic expression gradually expands. To be more exact, you will catch glimpses of a few of the poets who escaped in one direction or another from the classical restraint exercised during the reign of form.

The most important features of this expansion are brought to your attention by the following five questions:

- (1) What were the fashionable notions of what poetry should be?
- (2) How did the love of nature reappear in poetry?
- (3) How did interest in the common people once more find a voice?
- (4) How did remote times and places regain the attention of readers?
- (5) By what changes did expression of personal emotion find a voice in poetry?

### PATHS OF ESCAPE

**The classical ideal** The Restoration of 1660 brought with it the most abrupt change in the history of English literature. It established new ideals of writing. Poetry was no longer to express the vision of beauty, the cherished longings of the heart, the dreams that take us away from harsh realities. With Pope in particular, it was used for a quite different purpose: to hold enemies up to ridicule, to argue about literature or morals, in a word, to present in the most polished and telling manner the ideas of the writer rather than his feelings.

In adopting these aims the literary leaders fancied that they were following the brilliant example of Latin poetry in the reign of the Emperor Augustus.

They called themselves Augustans, but it would be more exact to say that they were imitators, or pseudo-classical poets. Whatever name be given them, their subject-matter and their forms of expression the learned Dr. Johnson strove all his life to maintain. His *Vanity of Human Wishes* surveys all mankind from China to Peru, preaching a sermon on life in a strong, gloomy voice that never rings with enthusiasm. It and other poems admired during that epoch provided an aristocratic type of verse well suited to a cultivated society which lived in cities and met at clubs and *salons* to converse wittily on books and other intellectual concerns. To write about common people or to express the ordinary human emotions was regarded as “low” and unrefined.

One might jump to the conclusion that during the lives of Pope and Johnson human nature had changed fundamentally. Such was not the case. People still felt tenderly toward their fellow human beings and brooded anxiously over the problems of life. It was the literary fashions that kept such emotions from finding utterance in poetry. But literary fashions could not hold sway forever against the permanent interests of men. Even in the innermost circle of Dr. Johnson's Club such interests gained a hearing.

The verse of Oliver Goldsmith, whom we met in the last chapter, was applauded by the great dictator himself, but not for the reasons for which we admire it. *The Deserted Village* was then praised as a didactic poem or essay on the dangers of luxury. Today our admiration is awakened because in reading the poem we can hear Goldsmith sigh for his childhood home. He pictures the schoolmaster, the parson, and many other memories on which his heart dwelt with fondness. His thoughts on luxury no longer interest us, but we are delighted to share his feelings about the village of his birth. He wrote satire, too, as in *Retaliation*, but it was not the cutting, scorching satire of Dryden and Pope. Goldsmith ridiculed with a playful, mischievous smile on his lips that revealed his friendly spirit. In short, Goldsmith's poetry is dear to us for reasons that would have appeared to the Club unfashionable and undignified. In it we enjoy the reflection of his personal experiences and sentiments as opposed to the general thoughts about mankind then in vogue.

**Thomson's love of nature**

It is interesting to trace the stages through which human feeling won release from the bonds of classic tradition in poetry. Tears streamed down the cheeks of many a reader of



FROM THOMSON'S "SEASONS"

Richardson's *Pamela*; in prose, sentiment gained freedom of expression at a single bound. A new fashion was set which was clamorously cheered. In poetry, however, progress, though it began early, was fitful and slow. At the very time that Pope was sneering at the ragamuffin authors whom he did not like, a young Scotchman, James Thomson (1700-1748), who had recently come to London, was writing of outdoor nature in simple, specific phrases. He tried to treat of political liberty and moral ideas—approved subjects for poetry—but in *The Seasons* his thoughts would linger over country sights, such as the washing of sheep in a brook or the changes of the landscape as a storm approaches. "There is no thinking of these things," he said, "without breaking out into poetry." Even for readers today his nature poetry has a pleasant realism.

**The Odes of Collins**

William Collins (1721-1759), like Goldsmith, represents the conflict between the personal tastes of a man and the recognized rules for poetry. At the age of seventeen he composed in the traditional manner some *Eclogues* which were his only title to fame during his





Century Photos

THOMAS GRAY

life; Dr. Johnson liked them, and long after praised the author's "busy and forcible mind." At twenty-six Collins published a volume of *Odes* in a strictly individual manner, which found only one enthusiastic reader, James Thomson. So highly did Thomson prize the book that he and Collins became intimate friends. Thomson's opinion of the poetry was well founded, for the fame of Collins today rests on the *Odes*. They express joy in outdoor sights and sounds better than any other poems of that generation. The diction is so precise and genuine that the beauty which the poet loved sinks into the heart of the reader too. The "Ode to Evening" (page 352) is a nature lyric seldom equaled in our language.

**Gray's break with tradition** Thomas Gray (1716-1771) was less fortunate with Johnson than Collins had been. The *Eclogues* had pleased Johnson, but Gray he never liked. "He is dull in a new way," the dictator declared in his bludgeoning fashion, "and that makes

many people think he is great." Yet Gray's "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard" was possibly the most popular production of its age and since that time has probably been memorized by more persons than any other English poem. As you will see when you read it carefully (page 354), it was "new" in its love of nature, its sympathy with humble people, and its concrete words—words, that is, which bring individual facts rather than general notions to the mind.

In the subject-matter of his later poems Gray wandered even farther from the well-trodden paths. Instead of writing verse criticism and satires, he went far afield and tried to win the public to an interest in medieval life and the myths of the Scandinavians. Such odes as "The Bard" (1757) and "The Descent of Odin" (1768) bring in wild, mysterious scenery like mountain torrents or the magic portals of hell, instead of the trim gardens of the wealthy. Both the interest in remote times and places and the interest in wild nature are steps away from the tradition then ruling. Gray's love of nature is even better expressed in his letters. He traveled through the beautiful English Lake Country, and sent back letters about the pleasure he took in its scenery. In short, he was far in advance of his generation in three ways: in his love of nature, his sympathy with common people, and his interest in medieval topics.

**Old English ballads** During this period interest in the medieval took many forms, for it was a way of escape from conventional life and thought. One of the forms was the Gothic novel mentioned in the last chapter. Another contribution of permanent value was made by an English bishop, Thomas Percy, who published his *Reliques* in 1765. This collection included a good many lyrics from the

Elizabethan age, but its fame was due to the old English ballads which it introduced to the cultivated eighteenth century reader, who earlier in the century would have turned his back on them. Percy's glory lies in saving for posterity a form of poetry that was disappearing. Most of his medieval ballads in the *Reliques* were taken from a manuscript that was being used sheet by sheet for lighting fires. When he discovered the nature of the contents he decided to print the ballads, but he did not think it wise to present them faithfully. When he found gaps he supplied new stanzas, and when he thought the text could be improved by making it conform to the "elegant" standards of current verse, he "improved." Nevertheless, enough of the simplicity and intensity of the ballad remained to exercise a profound influence during the rest of the century.

#### UNTRADITIONAL POETS

**William Cowper** (1731-1800) The poets mentioned thus far were nurtured in the Augustan tradition. Another group had never come to revere the elegant standards of Pope and Johnson. Of those who did not have to break the shackles of classical restraint the first was William Cowper. Having long suffered from fits of melancholy, he began to write when he was nearly fifty to help "forget everything that was irksome." In his youth he had read a great deal, so much so that when a friend sent him the volumes of the poets for whom Johnson provided his famous *Lives*, Cowper found the best of them still fresh in his memory. Yet he declared, "I have not read more than one English poet for twenty years," and that one must have been Milton. Cowper's love of Milton was distinctly not "classic," and when he came to Johnson's unsympathetic life of the great Puritan, he ex-



Century Photos

#### WILLIAM COWPER

claimed, "O, I could thrash his old jacket till his pension jingled in his pocket." Because he had never steeped himself in the Augustan tradition, he was perfectly free to compose the kind of verse that suited his own nature.

His poetry was not original in the sense in which Shakespeare and Milton were original. It was not profound or revealing. But it was gently personal and realistic. He sang of the things he saw with his own eyes, such as the falling of the snow or the arrival of the postman. He told the simple truth with exactness, noting the straightness of a furrow and the smallness of the plowman in the distance.

All this was quite daring because such subjects were in that age considered too "low" for poetry. He made no effort to dress these commonplace scenes to advantage, to discover the universal meaning that the Augustans loved, or to play over the subject with sharp antitheses and sparkling wit. He took as much pains to make language con-

vey his precise thought as Pope did to fashion a stinging couplet, but, unlike Pope, he had the sincerity of a man who looks straight at things and desires to make other people see them as he does. Moreover, he carried much farther than Gray the growing interest in common people and simple life. He loved both men and animals. Indeed, in walking along a path he would step aside to keep from crushing a worm. This tenderness he put into his poems. It is a sentiment quite different from the violent agitation that caused Richardson's readers to shed tears, but it helped establish the return of sentiment to English poetry.

**William Blake** (1757-1827) A far more original poet, really an eccentric genius, was William Blake. As the boy could not stand the whippings at school, his father kept him at home. There he absorbed few traditional ideas of any sort, and developed his own peculiar kind of imagination. At four he screamed with fright because he saw God "put His head to the window." At eight his father nearly thrashed him because he came back from a walk, declaring that he had seen a tree filled with angels. Not long thereafter he beheld angels walking among the haymakers in a field. Because he had this imaginative power to come into direct relation with the unseen world, Blake is called a mystic.

The only subject he ever studied under a master was drawing. At twelve or fourteen he began writing poems. His favorite reading was Shakespeare, including the plays and the sonnets, Jonson's lyrics, and the Bible, "a work ever at his hand." Both his poetry and his drawings were filled with the true romantic spirit; that is, they did not record the life about him but showed his intense desire to escape from the commonplace of daily life. He always preferred his visions to reality.



From a drawing by John Linnell

WILLIAM BLAKE

In his publications Blake combined art with poetry. The poems were not set up in type but were engraved on copper plates by a process of his own invention, and were printed with a colored design running round them. Each page had an artistic unity. *Songs of Innocence* (1789), Blake's first important volume of poems, was unlike anything that had been produced in the eighteenth century. Its style is absolutely simple, with all the freshness of childhood. The poet expresses an innocent wonder at the light and gladness of nature—he finds no sorrow in a world which is very near to that paradise where the lion shall lie down with the lamb. In *Songs of Experience* (1794) the poet's world is clouded; spontaneous joy in creation's purity, peace, and love is disturbed by the powers of evil and the cruelty and sorrow which they bring.

This problem of evil in a universe ruled by a just God came to absorb

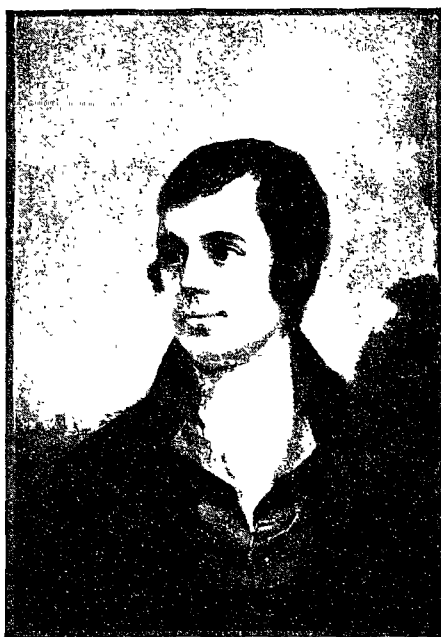
Blake's thought. Expressing his feelings in verse no longer brought satisfaction. "I have very little of his company," said his wife; "he is always in paradise." In fact, his mysticism increased; he wandered off in thought into a visionary world of his own, which he tried to set forth in his so-called prophetic books. They are long allegories remote from the realities of life. Being highly imaginative, Blake introduces many images and symbolical persons; the visions are grand and impressive at times, but almost impossible to understand.

Blake's preoccupation with the problem of evil, and his mystical feeling, it need hardly be added, were at the opposite pole from Pope's confident conclusion that the world is as easy to read as a book and that "whatever is, is right."

ROBERT BURNS (1759-1796)

The most important of all the poets who departed from the classic tradition or grew up in indifference to it was Robert Burns. He is recognized as the greatest lyric poet of the eighteenth century in the British Isles, yet his best productions were not even in the standard English tongue. He was a member of no intellectual coterie but the son of a poverty-stricken Scottish farmer.

**Burns's childhood** The life of Burns reveals his originality and genius in the clearest light. He was born in a cottage of only two rooms near the town of Ayr. From infancy he heard his mother sing country songs, and in early childhood he grew to know, through the stories of a widow who came to live with his mother, the superstitions of the Scotch peasant. His father, a farmer who prized education more than most peasants, made sure that his son got all the training that the village schoolmaster could give. Not only did Robert attract attention by "the fluency and correctness of his expression,"



Courtesy of National Portrait Gallery

ROBERT BURNS

but he also pored over a book containing selections from Shakespeare, Milton, Dryden, Thomson, and Gray. As a lad he read whatever else came into his hands. A life of the national hero, William Wallace, fired him with patriotism. The career of Hannibal, conqueror of the Romans, seems to have influenced his whole life, for it led him to picture himself as a hero. This ambition to excel helps to account for the singular achievements of his own short life.

**Poetic ambition** Opportunity there seemed to be none. From the age of ten he had to share the hard work of the farm. From nine to thirteen there was no chance of going to school, though he kept up his reading even at meals. In the summer of his fourteenth year he spent three weeks at Ayr studying French and Latin and associating with the sons of doctors and other people socially much above him. The whole summer of 1775 was devoted to a course in land surveying, but much more im-

portant for his future were his evenings at a dancing school, for they taught him the rhythm of many a folk tune. These tunes, after he got back to the farm, he would hum to himself while he followed the plow across the fields.

A new revelation came to him at twenty-two, when a bookseller in Irvine showed him the poems of Fergusson, a Scotch poet who had used the dialect of his people. Up to that time Burns had regarded the vernacular as an inferior medium for verse, but now he saw its possibilities and was entranced. He studied Fergusson and another Scottish poet, Ramsay, and cherished the ambition of becoming himself a poet though he was only a farmer's son. He had often composed songs to fit old tunes as he worked in the fields; now he began to write these songs down.

**Brief  
achievement**

His father having died, he moved at the age of twenty-five to a farm at Mossgiel. His humorous and satiric poems, which were recited to admiring crowds after church or handed about in the village, revealed to the poet himself new capacities. The subjects were taken from the life about him, the superstitions and activities of the Scotch peasant, the manners and personalities of villagers. His descriptions exhibit a remarkable power of observation, an exceptional insight into character, and a strength both of sympathy and scorn that bring those country people before us in living and vivid reality. Many of these features will be clear from a reading of the poems on pages 365-370.

For two years he was happy in this exercise of his abilities, in the new-found confidence that he was achieving the thing dearest to his heart. After the toil of the day, which had been lightened by the humming of verses, he would sit down on an evening in a loft over his stable and would write out the poems composed at the plow and revise them

until every line satisfied his native artistic sense.

But the Mossgiel farm could not be made to pay. Totally discouraged, Burns engaged passage for Jamaica, an island in the West Indies, where he was to serve as a bookkeeper on an estate worked by slaves. To secure the necessary funds he published in 1786 at Kilmarnock his first volume, a collection for the most part of the poems composed during the last two years. It astonished all who read it. Plow-boys and maidservants saved their scanty wages to buy a copy, and in polite society the excitement ran so high that Burns was invited to Edinburgh, where a second edition carried his fame from one end of Scotland to the other. He was welcomed in every circle, a neat sum was gained from the sale of the three thousand copies, but no permanent position was obtainable. With the last of the proceeds he bought a farm and returned, a disappointed man, to the old round of toil. A minor position in the excise or customs service added something to his income, but it did not restore his spirits. In 1796 he died in poverty.

**Songs of Burns** The most noteworthy poems of the last eight years of his life are lyrics, such as those printed on pages 371-375. They are incomparable. Some are patriotic, but most are love-songs. He made use of those tunes which had been part of his life since infancy or at least since those youthful evenings when he went to dancing school. Many hints and even stanzas he took from old Scotch songs, but his final form was unmistakably his own, for its simplicity, vividness, and fervor could come only from a singularly rich and intense nature. These songs express, as only the greatest lyrics can, that sudden flush of joy or pain which startles the poet. They are filled with that lyric cry which pierces the heart of the reader too and enables him to live through the experience of the author.



From a painting by Samuel Bough

Courtesy of Art Education Press, Inc.

## ROBERT BURNS'S COTTAGE

**Summary** The songs of Burns stand at the farthest remove from such Augustan products as *The Essay on Man* or *The Vanity of Human Wishes*, in which the poet tries to state in polished form universal truths. They therefore represent the extreme of the revolt against the conceptions of poetry prevailing in the earlier years of the eighteenth century. That century had begun in a distrust of enthusiasm, a disciplining of the imagination, a striving to express perfectly the ideas that belong to a civilized society. Its aristocratic leaders prided themselves on good form and correctness. This self-satisfied temper, as we have seen in this chapter, was menaced from time to time by a returning pleasure in nature, a new respect for humble men and love of dumb animals, an interest in the ages before the classical ideal was established in England. The new spirit was accompanied by the rise of a romantic desire to escape from the life about one, and at length by the free expression of heartfelt emotions. The evolution was very slow, as this treatment has shown. It was, in a sense, a victory of the heart over the head, of the imagination over the intellect. From another point of view, it witnessed the triumph of the deep and permanent instincts of man in bursting the bonds of an intrenched tradition.

## SELECTIONS FOR CHAPTER X

### THE DESERTED VILLAGE

OLIVER GOLDSMITH

[Goldsmith wrote this as a didactic poem, one meant to teach a lesson. He said that it was the result of his observation for four or five years on his excursions from London into the country. The "common" land near villages (land owned by the community as a whole) had been settled upon by poor men without any legal right. After George III came to the throne (1760), these squatters were driven away homeless by acts of Parliament which permitted the commons to be brought under cultivation. Moreover, large landholders bought out the adjacent small farmers in order to increase production by scientific methods of agriculture. Both changes increased the number of landless laborers.]

Goldsmith, with his generous sympathies, was far in advance of his age in exploring the misery that resulted. He was wrong in supposing that the population was decreasing or that the landless laborers emigrated in large numbers. He was right in noting signs of luxury, for the long years of peace under Walpole had made England the wealthiest nation in the world. Whether accurate or not in his observations, Goldsmith's heart was in the right place.

The most charming features of the poem do not come from the author's observations in England, but from the memories of his childhood home in Ireland. The pastor was perhaps suggested by Goldsmith's brother Henry. The schoolmaster may have been Thomas ("Paddy") Byrne, a retired soldier. The scenes likewise reveal the idealizing fancy of one who longs for his early home.]

SWEET Auburn! loveliest village of the plain,  
Where health and plenty cheered the laboring swain,  
Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,

And parting summer's lingering blooms delayed;  
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,  
5 Seats of my youth, when every sport could please,  
How often have I loitered o'er thy green,  
Where humble happiness endeared each scene!  
How often have I paused on every charm,  
9 The sheltered cot,<sup>1</sup> the cultivated farm,  
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,  
The decent<sup>2</sup> church that topped the neighboring hill,  
The hawthorn bush with seats beneath the shade,  
For talking age and whispering lovers made!  
How often have I blessed the coming day,  
15 When toil remitting lent its turn to play,  
And all the village train,<sup>3</sup> from labor free,  
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree;  
While many a pastime circled in the shade,  
The young contending as the old surveyed;  
20 And many a gambol frolicked o'er the ground,  
And sleights of art and feats of strength went round;  
And still, as each repeated pleasure tired,  
Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspired;  
The dancing pair that simply sought renown,  
25 By holding out, to tire each other down;  
The swain mistrustless<sup>4</sup> of his smutted face,

<sup>1</sup> cot, cottage. <sup>2</sup> decent, having a neat beauty

<sup>3</sup> train, company of people.

<sup>4</sup> mistrustless, unaware.

While secret laughter tittered round the  
place;  
The bashful virgin's sidelong looks of  
love;  
The matron's glance that would those  
looks reprove. 30  
These were thy charms, sweet village!  
Sports like these,  
With sweet succession, taught e'en toil  
to please;  
These round thy bowers their cheerful  
influence shed,  
These were thy charms—but all these  
charms are fled.

Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the  
lawn! 35  
Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms  
withdrawn.  
Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's<sup>5</sup> hand is  
seen,  
And desolation saddens all thy green.  
One only master grasps the whole do-  
main,  
And half a tillage<sup>6</sup> stints thy smiling  
plain. 40  
No more thy glassy brook reflects the  
day,  
But choked with sedges works its weedy  
way;  
Along thy glades, a solitary guest,  
The hollow-sounding bittern guards its  
nest;  
Amidst thy desert-walks the lapwing  
flies, 45  
And tires their echoes with unvaried  
cries.  
Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless ruin  
all,  
And the long grass o'ertops the molder-  
ing wall;  
And trembling, shrinking from the  
spoiler's hand,  
Far, far away thy children leave the  
land. 50

<sup>5</sup> *tyrant*, landholder, who increased his hold-  
ings.

<sup>6</sup> *half a tillage*. The landlord tills only half  
the land, keeping the other half for hunting  
purposes.

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a  
prey,  
Where wealth accumulates, and men de-  
cay;<sup>7</sup>  
Princes and lords may flourish, or may  
fade—  
A breath<sup>8</sup> can make them, as a breath  
has made—  
But a bold peasantry, their country's  
pride, 55  
When once destroyed, can never be sup-  
plied.

A time<sup>9</sup> there was, ere England's  
griefs began,  
When every rood<sup>10</sup> of ground main-  
tained its man;  
For him light labor spread her whole-  
some store,  
Just gave what life required, but gave no  
more; 60  
His best companions, innocence and  
health;  
And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.

But times are altered; trade's unfeel-  
ing train  
Usurp the land and dispossess the swain.  
Along the lawn, where scattered hamlets  
rose, 65  
Unwieldy wealth and cumbrous pomp  
repose,  
And every want to opulence allied,  
And every pang that folly pays to pride.  
Those gentle hours that plenty bade to  
bloom,  
Those calm desires that asked but little  
room, 70  
Those healthful sports that graced the  
peaceful scene,  
Lived in each look, and brightened all  
the green.  
These, far departing, seek a kinder  
shore,  
And rural mirth and manners are no  
more.

<sup>7</sup> *decay*, become few. <sup>8</sup> *breath*, that is, the  
whim of the king, who confers titles of nobil-  
ity. <sup>9</sup> *a time*, not to be found in history—only  
in the poet's dream. <sup>10</sup> *rood*, one-fourth acre.



Sweet Auburn! parent of the blissful  
 hour, 75  
 Thy glades forlorn confess the tyrant's  
 power.  
 Here, as I take my solitary rounds  
 Amidst thy tangling walks and ruined  
 grounds,  
 And, many a year elapsed, return to  
 view  
 Where once the cottage stood, the haw-  
 thorn grew, 80  
 Remembrance wakes with all her busy  
 train,<sup>11</sup>  
 Swells at my breast, and turns the past  
 to pain.

In all my wanderings round this  
 world of care,  
 In all my griefs—and God has given my  
 share—  
 I still had hopes, my latest hours to  
 crown, 85  
 Amidst these humble bowers to lay me  
 down;  
 To husband out life's taper at the close,  
 And keep the flame from wasting by  
 repose;  
 I still had hopes—for pride attends us  
 still—  
 Amidst the swains to show my book-  
 learned skill, 90  
 Around my fire an evening group to  
 draw,  
 And tell of all I felt, and all I saw;  
 And, as an hare whom hounds and  
 horns pursue  
 Pants to the place from whence at first  
 she flew, 94  
 I still had hopes, my long vexations past,  
 Here to return—and die at home at  
 last.

O blest retirement! friend to life's de-  
 cline,  
 Retreats from care, that never must be  
 mine,  
 How blest is he who crowns in shades  
 like these

<sup>11</sup> *train*, train of memories.

A youth of labor with an age of ease; 100  
 Who quits a world where strong temp-  
 tations try,  
 And, since 'tis hard to combat, learns to  
 fly!  
 For him no wretches, born to work and  
 weep,  
 Explore the mine or tempt the danger-  
 ous deep;  
 No surly porter stands in guilty state, 105  
 To spurn imploring famine,<sup>12</sup> from the  
 gate;  
 But on he moves to meet his latter end,  
 Angels around befriending virtue's  
 friend;  
 Bends to the grave with unperceived de-  
 cay, 109  
 While resignation gently slopes the way;  
 And, all his prospects brightening to the  
 last,  
 His heaven commences ere the world be  
 past.

Sweet was the sound, when oft at  
 evening's<sup>13</sup> close  
 Up yonder hill the village murmur rose.  
 There, as I passed with careless steps  
 and slow, 115  
 The mingling notes came softened from  
 below:  
 The swain responsive as the milkmaid  
 sung;  
 The sober herd that lowed to meet their  
 young;  
 The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the  
 pool;  
 The playful children just let loose from  
 school; 120  
 The watch-dog's voice that bayed the  
 whispering wind,  
 And the loud laugh that spoke the va-  
 cant<sup>14</sup> mind—  
 These all in sweet confusion sought the  
 shade,  
 And filled each pause the nightingale  
 had made. 124

<sup>12</sup> *famine*, hungry beggars. <sup>13</sup> *evening's*, after-  
 noon's. <sup>14</sup> *vacant*, free from care.

But now the sounds of population fail,  
 No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the  
   gale,<sup>15</sup>  
 No busy steps the grass-grown footway  
   tread,  
 But all the bloomy flush of life is fled—  
 All but yon widowed, solitary thing  
 That feebly bends beside the plashy  
   spring; 130  
 She, wretched matron—forced in age,  
   for bread,  
 To strip the brook with mantling cresses  
   spread,  
 To pick her wintry fagot from the  
   thorn,  
 To seek her nightly shed, and weep till  
   morn—  
 She only left of all the harmless train, 135  
 The sad historian of the pensive plain.

Near yonder copse, where once the  
   garden smiled,  
 And still where many a garden flower  
   grows wild,  
 There, where a few torn shrubs the  
   place disclose,  
 The village preacher's modest mansion<sup>16</sup>  
   rose. 140  
 A man he was to all the country dear,  
 And passing<sup>17</sup> rich with forty pounds a  
   year.  
 Remote from towns, he ran his godly  
   race,  
 Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to  
   change his place;  
 Unpractised he to fawn or seek for  
   power, 145  
 By doctrines fashioned to the varying  
   hour;  
 Far other aims his heart had learned to  
   prize,  
 More skilled to raise the wretched than  
   to rise.  
 His house was known to all the vagrant  
   train,<sup>18</sup>

He chid their wanderings, but relieved  
   their pain; 150  
 The long-remembered beggar was his  
   guest,  
 Whose beard descending swept his aged  
   breast;  
 The ruined spendthrift, now no longer  
   proud,  
 Claimed kindred there, and had his  
   claims allowed; 154  
 The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,  
 Sat by his fire, and talked the night  
   away;  
 Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sor-  
   row done,  
 Shouldered his crutch, and showed how  
   fields were won.  
 Pleased with his guests, the good man  
   learned to glow,  
 And quite forgot their vices in their  
   woe; 160  
 Careless their merits or their faults to  
   scan,  
 His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his  
   pride,  
 And e'en his failings leaned to virtue's  
   side;  
 But in his duty prompt at every call, 165  
 He watched and wept, he prayed and  
   felt for all.  
 And as a bird each fond endearment  
   tries  
 To tempt its new-fledged offspring to  
   the skies,  
 He tried each art, reproved each dull  
   delay,  
 Allured to brighter worlds, and led the  
   way. 170

Beside the bed where parting life was  
   laid,  
 And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns  
   dismayed,  
 The reverend champion stood. At his  
   control  
 Despair and anguish fled the struggling  
   soul;

<sup>15</sup> *gale*, breeze.<sup>16</sup> *mansion*, here, dwelling.<sup>17</sup> *passing*, surpassingly.<sup>18</sup> *vagrant train*, wandering tramps.



PLUCKED HIS GOWN, TO SHARE THE GOOD MAN'S SMILE.

Comfort came down the trembling  
wretch to raise, 175  
And his last faltering accents whispered  
praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected  
grace,  
His looks adorned the venerable place;  
Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,  
And fools, who came to scoff, remained  
to pray. 180  
The service past, around the pious man,  
With steady zeal, each honest rustic  
ran;  
Even children followed, with endearing  
wile,  
And plucked his gown, to share the  
good man's smile.  
His ready smile a parent's warmth expressed, 185  
Their welfare pleased him, and their  
cares distressed;  
To them his heart, his love, his griefs,  
were given,  
But all his serious thoughts had rest in  
heaven;

As some tall cliff that lifts its awful  
form,  
Swell from the vale, and midway leaves  
the storm, 190  
Though round its breast the rolling  
clouds are spread,  
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts  
the way  
With blossomed furze unprofitably gay,  
There, in his noisy mansion, skilled to  
rule, 195  
The village master taught his little  
school.  
A man severe he was, and stern to view;  
I knew him well, and every truant  
knew.  
Well had the boding<sup>19</sup> tremblers learned  
to trace  
The day's disasters in his morning  
face; 200  
Full well they laughed, with counter-  
feited glee,  
At all his jokes, for many a joke had  
he;

<sup>19</sup> *boding*, fearing what was to happen.

Full well the busy whisper, circling  
 round,  
 Conveyed the dismal tidings when he  
 frowned. <sup>204</sup>  
 Yet he was kind, or, if severe in aught,  
 The love he bore to learning was in  
 fault.  
 The village all declared how much he  
 knew;  
 'Twas certain he could write, and cipher,  
 too;  
 Lands he could measure, terms<sup>20</sup> and  
 tides presage,  
 And even the story ran that he could  
 gauge;<sup>21</sup> <sup>210</sup>  
 In arguing, too, the parson owned his  
 skill,  
 For even though vanquished he could  
 argue still;  
 While words of learned length and  
 thundering sound  
 Amazed the gazing rustics ranged  
 around;  
 And still they gazed, and still the won-  
 der grew <sup>215</sup>  
 That one small head could carry all he  
 knew.  
 But past is all his fame. The very  
 spot  
 Where many a time he triumphed is  
 forgot.  
  
 Near yonder thorn, that lifts its head  
 on high,  
 Where once the signpost caught the  
 passing eye, <sup>220</sup>  
 Low lies that house where nut-brown  
 drafts inspired,  
 Where graybeard mirth and smiling toil  
 retired,  
 Where village statesmen talked with  
 looks profound,  
 And news much older than their ale  
 went round.  
 Imagination fondly stoops to trace <sup>225</sup>

The parlor splendors of that festive  
 place:  
 The whitewashed wall, the nicely  
 sanded floor,  
 The varnished clock that ticked behind  
 the door,  
 The chest, contrived a double debt to  
 pay,  
 A bed by night, a chest of drawers by  
 day, <sup>230</sup>  
 The pictures placed for ornament and  
 use,<sup>22</sup>  
 The twelve good rules,<sup>23</sup> the royal game  
 of goose,<sup>24</sup>  
 The hearth, except when winter chilled  
 the day,  
 With aspen boughs, and flowers, and  
 fennel gay,  
 While broken teacups, wisely kept for  
 show, <sup>235</sup>  
 Ranged o'er the chimney, glistened in a  
 row.

Vain, transitory splendors! could not  
 all  
 Reprieve the tottering mansion from its  
 fall?  
 Obscure it sinks, nor shall it more im-  
 part  
 An hour's importance to the poor man's  
 heart. <sup>240</sup>  
 Thither no more the peasant shall re-  
 pair  
 To sweet oblivion of his daily care;  
 No more the farmer's news, the barber's  
 tale,  
 No more the woodman's ballad<sup>25</sup> shall  
 prevail;  
 No more the smith his dusky brow shall  
 clear, <sup>245</sup>  
 Relax his ponderous strength, and lean  
 to hear;  
 The host himself no longer shall be  
 found

<sup>20</sup> *terms*, the sessions of the law courts. They were determined partly by certain days, such as Easter, that fall at different times in successive years.

<sup>21</sup> *gauge*, estimate the capacity of casks—a difficult feat.

<sup>22</sup> *use*, to hide holes in the wall. <sup>23</sup> *twelve good rules*. These rules of conduct, such as "urge no healths," "pick no quarrels," etc., were frequently engraved beneath a portrait of Charles I, to whom they were attributed.

<sup>24</sup> *game of goose*, a kind of checkers.  
<sup>25</sup> *woodman's ballad*, hunter's or forester's song

Careful to see the mantling bliss<sup>26</sup> go  
round;  
Nor the coy maid, half willing to be  
pressed,  
Shall kiss the cup to pass it to the rest. 250

Yes! let the rich deride, the proud disdain,  
These simple blessings of the lowly train;  
To me more dear, congenial to my heart,  
One native charm, than all the gloss of art.  
Spontaneous joys, where nature has its  
play, 255  
The soul adopts, and owns their first-born sway;  
Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant<sup>27</sup>  
mind,  
Unenvied, unmolested, unconfined.  
But the long pomp, the midnight masquerade,  
With all the freaks of wanton wealth  
arrayed— 260  
In these, ere triflers half their wish obtain,  
The toiling pleasure sickens into pain;  
And even while fashion's brightest arts decoy,  
The heart, distrusting, asks if this be  
joy.

Ye friends to truth, ye statesmen, who  
survey 265  
The rich man's joys increase, the poor's decay,  
'Tis yours to judge how wide the limits stand  
Between a splendid and a happy land.  
Proud swells the tide with loads of  
freighted ore,  
And shouting Folly hails them from her  
shore; 270  
Hoards e'en beyond the miser's wish abound,  
And rich men flock from all the world  
around.

Yet count our gains! This wealth is but  
a name  
That leaves our useful products still the  
same.  
Not so the loss. The man of wealth and  
pride 275  
Takes up a space that many poor supplied;  
Space for his lake, his park's extended  
bounds,  
Space for his horses, equipage, and  
hounds;  
The robe that wraps his limbs in silken  
sloth  
Has robbed the neighboring fields of  
half their growth;<sup>28</sup> 280  
His seat, where solitary sports are seen,  
Indignant spurns the cottage from the  
green;  
Around the world each needful product<sup>29</sup> flies,  
For all the luxuries the world supplies;  
While thus the land, adorned for pleasure,  
all 285  
In barren splendor feebly waits the fall.

As some fair female, unadorned and  
plain,<sup>30</sup>  
Secure to please while youth confirms  
her reign,  
Slights every borrowed charm that dress  
supplies,  
Nor shares with art the triumph of her  
eyes; 290  
But when those charms are past, for  
charms are frail,  
When time advances, and when lovers  
fail,  
She then shines forth, solicitous to bless,  
In all the glaring impotence of dress.  
Thus fares the land, by luxury betrayed,  
In nature's simplest charms at first arrayed; 295  
But, verging to decline, its splendors rise,  
Its vistas strike, its palaces surprise;

<sup>28</sup> *The robe . . . growth.* The man of wealth, in his silk robe, does not need to cultivate the soil. The numerous poor men would cultivate the same tract intensively. <sup>29</sup> *needful product,* product needed at home but shipped abroad to pay for luxuries. <sup>30</sup> *unadorned and plain,* without jewelry and plainly dressed.

<sup>26</sup> *mantling bliss*, foaming ale. <sup>27</sup> *vacant*, carefree.

While, scourged by famine from the  
 smiling land,  
 The mournful peasant leads his humble  
 band;<sup>31</sup> 300  
 And while he sinks, without one arm to  
 save,  
 The country blooms—a garden and a  
 grave.

Where then, ah! where shall poverty  
 reside,  
 To 'scape the pressure of contiguous  
 pride?  
 If to some common's fenceless limits  
 strayed, 305  
 He drives his flock to pick the scanty  
 blade,  
 Those fenceless fields the sons of wealth  
 divide,  
 And even the bare-worn common is de-  
 nied.<sup>32</sup>  
 If to the city sped, what waits him  
 there? 309  
 To see profusion that he must not  
 share;  
 To see ten thousand baneful arts com-  
 bined  
 To pamper luxury, and thin mankind;  
 To see those joys the sons of pleasure  
 know  
 Extorted from his fellow-creature's woe.  
 Here, while the courtier glitters in bro-  
 cade, 315  
 There the pale artist plies the sickly  
 trade;  
 Here, while the proud their long-drawn  
 pomps display,  
 There the black gibbet<sup>33</sup> glooms beside  
 the way.  
 The dome where Pleasure holds her  
 midnight reign,  
 Here, richly decked, admits the gor-  
 geous train; 320  
 Tumultuous grandeur crowds the blaz-  
 ing square,

<sup>31</sup> *band*, family.

<sup>32</sup> *And even . . . denied*. The landlord even incloses the publicly owned common for his own use.

<sup>33</sup> *black gibbet*. Even trifling crimes were punished by hanging.

The rattling chariots<sup>34</sup> clash, the torches  
 glare.  
 Sure scenes like these no troubles e'er  
 annoy!  
 Sure these denote one universal joy!  
 Are these thy serious thoughts? Ah!  
 turn thine eyes 325  
 Where the poor houseless shivering fe-  
 male lies.  
 She once, perhaps, in village plenty  
 blessed,  
 Has wept at tales of innocence dis-  
 tressed;  
 Her modest looks the cottage might  
 adorn,  
 Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the  
 thorn;<sup>35</sup> 330  
 Now lost to all—her friends, her virtue,  
 fled—  
 Near her betrayer's door she lays her  
 head,  
 And, pinched with cold, and shrinking  
 from the shower,  
 With heavy heart deplores that luckless  
 hour, 334  
 When idly<sup>36</sup> first, ambitious of the town,  
 She left her wheel, and robes of country  
 brown.

Do thine, sweet Auburn, thine, the  
 loveliest train,  
 Do thy fair tribes participate her pain?  
 Even now, perhaps, by cold and hunger  
 led,  
 At proud men's doors they ask a little  
 bread. 340

Ah, no! To distant climes, a dreary  
 scene,  
 Where half the convex world intrudes  
 between,  
 Through torrid tracts with fainting  
 steps they go,  
 Where wild Altama<sup>37</sup> murmurs to their  
 woe.  
 Far different there from all that charmed  
 before, 345

<sup>34</sup> *chariots*, coaches or carriages. <sup>35</sup> *thorn*, hawthorn bush. <sup>36</sup> *idly*, foolishly.

<sup>37</sup> *Altama*, the Altamaha River in Georgia. The colony had been founded in 1732.

The various terrors of that horrid shore:  
 Those blazing suns that dart a downward ray,  
 And fiercely shed intolerable day;  
 Those matted woods, where birds forget to sing, 349  
 But silent bats in drowsy clusters cling;  
 Those poisonous fields with rank luxuriance crowned,  
 Where the dark scorpion gathers death around;  
 Where at each step the stranger fears to wake  
 The rattling terrors of the vengeful snake;  
 Where crouching tigers wait their hapless prey, 355  
 And savage men more murderous still than they;  
 While oft in whirls the mad tornado flies,  
 Mingling the ravaged landscape with the skies.  
 Far different these from every former scene,  
 The cooling brook, the grassy-vested green, 360  
 The breezy covert of the warbling grove,  
 That only sheltered thefts of harmless love.

Good heaven! what sorrows gloomed that parting day  
 That called them from their native walks away;  
 When the poor exiles, every pleasure past, 365  
 Hung round the bowers, and fondly looked their last,  
 And took a long farewell, and wished in vain  
 For seats like these beyond the western main;  
 And, shuddering still to face the distant deep,  
 Returned and wept, and still returned to weep! 370  
 The good old sire the first prepared to go  
 To new-found worlds, and wept for others' woe;

But for himself, in conscious virtue brave,  
 He only wished for worlds beyond the grave.

His lovely daughter, lovelier in her tears, 375  
 The fond companion of his helpless years,  
 Silent went next, neglectful of her charms,  
 And left a lover's for a father's arms.  
 With louder plaints the mother spoke her woes,  
 And blessed the cot where every pleasure rose; 380  
 And kissed her thoughtless babes with many a tear,  
 And clasped them close, in sorrow doubly dear;  
 Whilst her fond husband strove to lend relief  
 In all the silent manliness of grief.

O luxury! thou cursed by Heaven's decree, 385  
 How ill exchanged are things like these for thee!  
 How do thy potions, with insidious joy,  
 Diffuse their pleasures only to destroy!  
 Kingdoms by thee, to sickly greatness grown,  
 Boast of a florid vigor not their own. 390  
 At every draft more large and large they grow,  
 A bloated mass of rank, unwieldy woe;<sup>38</sup>  
 Till sapped their strength, and every part unsound,  
 Down, down they sink, and spread a ruin round.

Even now the devastation is begun, 395  
 And half the business of destruction done;  
 Even now, methinks, as pondering here I stand,  
 I see the rural virtues leave the land.  
 Down where yon anchoring vessel spreads the sail 399

<sup>38</sup> woe, internal disease.

That, idly waiting, flaps with every  
gale,  
Downward they<sup>39</sup> move, a melancholy  
band,  
Pass from the shore, and darken all the  
strand.  
Contented Toil, and hospitable Care,  
And kind, connubial Tenderness are  
there;  
And Piety with wishes placed above, 405  
And steady Loyalty, and faithful Love.  
And thou, sweet Poetry, thou loveliest  
maid,  
Still first to fly where sensual joys in-  
vade;  
Unfit, in these degenerate times of  
shame,  
To catch the heart, or strike for honest  
fame; 410  
Dear charming nymph,<sup>40</sup> neglected and  
decried,  
My shame in crowds, my solitary pride;  
Thou source of all my bliss and all my  
woe,  
That found'st me poor at first, and  
keep'st me so;  
Thou guide, by which the nobler arts  
excel, 415  
Thou nurse of every virtue, fare thee  
well!  
Farewell! and oh! where'er thy voice be  
tried,  
On Torno's cliffs,<sup>41</sup> or Pambamarca's<sup>42</sup>  
side,  
Whether where equinoctial fervors  
glow,  
Or winter wraps the polar world in  
snow, 420  
Still let thy voice, prevailing over time,  
Redress the rigors of the inclement  
clime;  
Aid slighted truth with thy persuasive  
strain;  
Teach erring man to spurn the rage of  
gain;

<sup>39</sup> *they*, the rural virtues, enumerated in lines 403-407.

<sup>40</sup> *nymph*, poetry.

<sup>41</sup> *Torno's cliffs*, the cliffs of Lake Tornea in the north of Sweden.

<sup>42</sup> *Pambamarca*, a mountain in Ecuador.

Teach him that states of native strength  
possessed,<sup>43</sup> 425  
Though very poor, may still be very  
blest;  
That trade's proud empire hastes to  
swift decay,  
As ocean sweeps the labored mole away;  
While self-dependent power can time  
defy,  
As rocks resist the billows and the sky.

<sup>43</sup> *of native strength possessed*, relying on their own resources instead of foreign trade.

## RETALIATION

OLIVER GOLDSMITH

[In the last months of Goldsmith's life he was satirized in some poor verses written by Garrick and other friends. To get even, he wrote a series of "epitaphs" on several of his friends. They are full of wit and epigram. The two best are given below.]

DAVID GARRICK

HERE lies David Garrick, describe  
me who can  
An abridgment of all that was pleasant  
in man;  
As an actor, confessed without rival to  
shine;  
As a wit, if not first, in the very first  
line;  
Yet with talents like these, and an excel-  
lent heart, 5  
The man had his failings, a dupe to his  
art;  
Like an ill-judging beauty his colors he  
spread,  
And beplastered with rouge his own  
natural red.  
On the stage he was natural, simple,  
affecting;  
'Twas only that when he was off he was  
acting; 10  
With no reason on earth to go out of his  
way,  
He turned and he varied full ten times  
a day;



Though secure of our hearts, yet con-  
foundedly sick  
If they were not his own by finessing  
and trick;  
He cast off his friends as a huntsman his  
pack, 15  
For he knew when he pleased he could  
whistle them back.  
Of praise a mere glutton, he swallowed  
what came,  
And the puff of a dunce he mistook it  
for fame;  
Till his relish grown callous, almost to  
disease,  
Who peppered the highest was surest to  
please. 20  
But let us be candid, and speak out our  
mind—  
If dunces applauded, he paid them in  
kind.  
Ye Kenricks, ye Kellys, and Woodfalls<sup>1</sup>  
so grave,  
What a commerce was yours, while you  
got and you gave!  
How did Grub Street<sup>2</sup> re-echo the shouts  
that you raised 25  
When he was be-Rosciused<sup>3</sup> and you  
were bepraised!  
But peace to his spirit, wherever it flies,  
To act as an angel, and mix with the  
skies!  
Those poets who owe their best fame to  
his skill  
Shall still be his flatterers, go where he  
will; 30  
Old Shakespeare receive him with  
praise and with love,  
And Beaumonts and Bens<sup>4</sup> be his Kellys  
above.

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS

HERE Reynolds is laid, and to tell you  
my mind,  
He has not left a wiser or better behind.

<sup>1</sup> Kenricks, Kellys, Woodfalls, critics and dramatists of the time. <sup>2</sup> Grub Street, a mean London street where hack-writers lived.

<sup>3</sup> be-Rosciused, compared to Roscius, the greatest of early Roman comic actors. <sup>4</sup> Beaumonts and Bens, men of the quality of Francis Beaumont (a prominent Elizabethan playwright) and "rare Ben Jonson."

His pencil was striking, resistless, and  
grand;  
His manners were gentle, complying,  
and bland;  
Still<sup>1</sup> born to improve us in every part, <sup>5</sup>  
His pencil our faces, his manners our  
heart.  
To coxcombs averse, yet most civilly  
steering;  
When they judged without skill he was  
still hard of hearing;<sup>2</sup>  
When they talked of their Raphaels,  
Correggios<sup>3</sup> and stuff,  
He shifted his trumpet, and only took  
snuff. 10

<sup>1</sup> Still, always. <sup>2</sup> hard of hearing. Reynolds had caught a cold while studying the paintings in the Vatican at Rome. It resulted in deafness, which forced him to use an ear-trumpet. <sup>3</sup> Raphael, Correggio, famous Italian painters of the fifteenth century.

## STUDY AIDS

### I. CLASS DISCUSSIONS

*The Deserted Village.* 1. Where does Goldsmith show sincere sympathy with the poor? Where does he reveal a genuine liking for the simple pleasures of the country?

2. Which are the most enjoyable character sketches in the poem? Do you like Goldsmith's or Chaucer's parson (page 40) the better?

3. In a sense this is pastoral poetry. Compare it with Marlowe's "The Passionate Shepherd" (page 83). Which shows the better acquaintance with rural life? Quote to illustrate.

4. The purpose of the poem is brought out in the address to Poetry (lines 407-430). What early lines develop the main themes of the poem? In which passages does Goldsmith describe the effects of consolidating many small farms into one large estate?

*Retaliation.* 1. Which are the most telling strokes in the portrait of Garrick? What praise of Garrick is mingled with the satire?

2. What points does Goldsmith make about Reynolds? Which of the two men did the Club (page 304) admire the more? Get your evidence from this passage.

## II. INDIVIDUAL AND GROUP ACTIVITIES

1. Notwithstanding the sympathies expressed in "The Deserted Village," Goldsmith thought he was writing in the classic tradition. His diction betrays the effort to write in general terms instead of with specific details (page 334). For example, line 126, "To spurn imploring famine from the gate," means merely that a hungry beggar was turned from the door. Find other passages that result from this striving to state a universal condition rather than a particular instance. If you list the lines in your notes, you will lose no time when you make your report to the class.

2. Compare Goldsmith's heroic couplets in the poems here given with those of Dryden (page 235) and Pope (page 253). (a) How do the three poets differ in the use of balance and antithesis? In Goldsmith does the second line of a couplet always close the thought, as in Pope? Cite examples from both poets. (b) Which of the three poets seems to you the most graceful? Brilliant? Polished? Probably this exercise could be done better in a theme than in an oral report.

3. Pick out some poets of today who are interested in country life or humble characters, such as Robert Frost, W. W. Gibson, James Whitcomb Riley, and any others you know. Is Goldsmith as specific and realistic as our contemporary poets in treating of simple country characters? Of social conditions needing reform? Of childhood memories? Quote from both Goldsmith and modern poets to illustrate.

4. Contrast Edwin Markham's "The Man with the Hoe" with *The Deserted Village*. What ideals do the two poets hold in common? How do they differ in feeling? Be prepared to read from both poets when you report to the class.

## THE SNOWSTORM

JAMES THOMSON

[This passage from Thomson's long poem, *The Seasons*, reveals how different the new poetry was from Pope's. As you may have observed in reading *The Rape of the Lock*, Pope tried to describe typical scenes. A green meadow full of daisies

and buttercups became "meads forever crowned with flowers," because he wished his words to be true of any meadow with any kinds of flowers in it. In contrast to Pope, Thomson has a definite view in mind, keeps his eye on it, and frequently describes sharply individualized scenes. Note particularly the actions of the robin redbreast. Thomson was popular for a century largely because he broke away from the classic tradition that required poets to describe typical rather than specific scenes in nature.]

THROUGH the hushed air the  
whitening shower descends,  
At first thin wavering; till at last the  
flakes  
Fall broad, and wide, and fast, dimming  
the day  
With a continual flow. The cherished  
fields  
Put on their winter-robe of purest white.  
'Tis brightness all, save where the new  
snow melts  
Along the mazy current.<sup>1</sup> Low, the  
woods  
Bow their hoar head; and, ere the lan-  
guid sun  
Faint from the west emits his evening  
ray,  
Earth's universal face, deep-hid and  
chill,  
Is one wild dazzling waste, that buries  
wide  
The works of man. Drooping, the la-  
borer-ox  
Stands covered o'er with snow, and then  
demands  
The fruit of all his toil. The fowls of  
heaven,  
Tamed by the cruel season, crowd  
around  
The winnowing store,<sup>2</sup> and claim the  
little boon  
Which providence assigns them. One  
alone,

<sup>1</sup> mazy current, winding stream.

<sup>2</sup> winnowing store, grain from which the wind has blown the chaff.

The redbreast, sacred to the household  
 gods,  
 Wisely regardful of the embroiling sky,  
 In joyless fields and thorny thickets  
 leaves 20  
 His shivering mates, and pays to trusted  
 man  
 His annual visit. Half-afraid, he first  
 Against the window beats; then, brisk,  
 alights  
 On the warm hearth; then, hopping o'er  
 the floor,  
 Eyes all the smiling family askance, 25  
 And pecks, and starts, and wonders  
 where he is—  
 Till, more familiar grown, the table-  
 crumbs  
 Attract his slender feet. The foodless  
 wilds  
 Pour forth their brown inhabitants. The  
 hare,  
 Though timorous of heart, and hard  
 beset 30  
 By death in various forms, dark snares,  
 and dogs,  
 And more un pitying men, the garden  
 seeks,  
 Urged on by fearless want. The bleat-  
 ing kind<sup>1</sup>  
 Eye the black heaven, and next the  
 glistening earth  
 With looks of dumb despair; then, sad  
 dispersed, 35  
 Dig for the withered herb through heaps  
 of snow.

## ODE WRITTEN IN 1746

WILLIAM COLLINS

[Early in the year 1746, when Collins wrote this poem, England was engaged in a foreign and a civil war. During the war of the Austrian Succession (1740-1748) English soldiers had been mowed down at the battle of Fontenoy, May 11, 1745. In the war against the Young Pretender (grandson of James II), who claimed the British throne, English soldiers again fell

<sup>1</sup> *bleating kind*, sheep.

at Preston Pans, September 21, 1745, and at Falkirk, January 23, 1746. Collins may have had all these engagements in mind, but the feature that makes this short lyric great literature is the intensity of feeling that lies just below the simple words.]

HOW sleep the brave who sink to  
 rest  
 By all their country's wishes blessed!  
 When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,  
 Returns to deck their hallowed mold,  
 She there shall dress a sweeter sod 5  
 Than Fancy's<sup>1</sup> feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung,  
 By forms unseen their dirge is sung;  
 There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray, 9  
 To bless the turf that wraps their clay;  
 And Freedom shall awhile repair  
 To dwell a weeping hermit there!

## ODE TO EVENING

WILLIAM COLLINS

[The best way to enjoy this famous poem is to read it aloud to bring out the varied music of the verse. The mere rhythm will suggest the softness and quiet of twilight. The supposition stated in the first fourteen lines leads to the request in lines 15-20. The twilight described in lines 21-28 suggests another request, lines 29-32. The other sections, lines 33-40 and 41-52, contain a wish and a prophecy. In picturing to yourself the scenes described in these six divisions of the poem, keep in mind particularly the various landscapes which the poet enjoys at evening.]

IF AUGHT of oaten stop<sup>2</sup> or pastoral  
 song  
 May hope, O pensive Eve, to soothe  
 thine ear  
 Like thy own solemn springs,  
 Thy springs, and dying gales;

<sup>1</sup> *Fancy's*, Imagination's.<sup>2</sup> *oaten stop*, the shepherd's pipe, made of reed or oaten straw. The stops are the holes, the opening and closing of which produce the "pastoral song."

O nymph reserved—while now the  
 bright-haired sun 5  
 Sits in yon western tent, whose cloudy  
 skirts,  
 With brede<sup>1</sup> ethereal wove,  
 O'erhang his wavy bed;

Now air is hushed, save where the  
 weak-eyed bat  
 With short, shrill shriek flits by on leath-  
 ern wing, 10  
 Or where the beetle winds  
 His small but sullen horn,

As oft he rises 'midst the twilight path,  
 Against the pilgrim borne in heedless  
 hum—  
 Now teach me, maid composed, 15  
 To breathe some softened strain,

Whose numbers, stealing through thy  
 darkening vale,  
 May not unseemly with its stillness suit,  
 As, musing slow, I hail  
 Thy genial loved return. 20

For when thy folding-star<sup>2</sup> arising shows  
 His paly circlet, at his warning lamp  
 The fragrant Hours, and elves  
 Who slept in buds the day,

And many a nymph who wreathes her  
 brows with sedge, 25  
 And sheds the freshening dew, and,  
 lovelier still,  
 The pensive Pleasures sweet,  
 Prepare thy shadowy car,

Then let me rove some wild and heathy  
 scene,  
 Or find some ruin midst its dreary dells,  
 Whose walls more awful nod 31  
 By thy religious gleams.

Or, if chill blustering winds or driving  
 rain

<sup>1</sup> *brede*, embroidery.

<sup>2</sup> *folding-star*, a star used by shepherds to indicate the time for putting the sheep into the fold, or inclosure.

Prevent my willing feet, be mine the  
 hut  
 That from the mountain's side 35  
 Views wilds and swelling floods,

And hamlets brown, and dim-discov-  
 ered spires,  
 And hears their simple bell, and marks  
 o'er all  
 Thy dewy fingers draw  
 The gradual dusky veil. 40

While Spring shall pour his showers, as  
 oft he wont,<sup>1</sup>  
 And bathe thy breathing tresses, meek-  
 est Eve;  
 While Summer loves to sport  
 Beneath thy lingering light;

While fallow Autumn fills thy lap with  
 leaves; 45  
 Or Winter, yelling through the trou-  
 blous air,  
 Affrights thy shrinking train  
 And rudely rends thy robes;<sup>2</sup>

So long, regardful of thy quiet rule,  
 Shall Fancy, Friendship, Science,<sup>3</sup> smil-  
 ing Peace, 50  
 Thy gentlest influence own,  
 And love thy favorite name!

<sup>1</sup> *wont*, is accustomed to do.

<sup>2</sup> *Affrights . . . robes*, that is, in winter twilight is short, night coming quickly.

<sup>3</sup> *Fancy, Friendship, Science*. These personifications stand for writing poetry, receiving friends, and studying books.

#### CLASS DISCUSSIONS

*The Snowstorm*. 1. In the first twelve lines what evidence do you find that Thomson had watched snowstorms very carefully?

2. Read aloud the particularly delightful lines about the redbreast. What phrases show this to be an individual scene?

3. What expressions reveal Thomson's sympathy with animals?

*Ode Written in 1746*. 1. What is the mood of this poem? How does it illus-

trate the quality of artistic restraint in expressing emotion?

2. Compare this poem with the modern poem "In Flanders Fields" by John McCrae. What similarities do you find? What differences?

*Ode to Evening.* 1. Of the two pictures in lines 5-14 which would you enjoy more? Compare one of them with *Macbeth*, III, ii, 40-43 (page 138). What is the difference in mood between Shakespeare and Collins?

2. Do you think the absence of rhyme helps to create the mood, or hinders? As an ode compare this with "Alexander's Feast," page 236, in regard to stanza and rhyme. Which do you consider the truer lyric?

## ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD

THOMAS GRAY

[This elegy has been called "the most popular poem ever written in any language." Gray thought that much of its popularity in his own day was due to the subject. In the eighteenth century, to be sure, many poems were written on death, but Gray was wrong in supposing that this universal interest explained the tremendous appeal of his poem. He had probably worked on it at intervals for eight years (1742-1750) and had thereby given it the beautiful consistency of a work of art. The quiet fall of dusk near the ivy-covered tower of the church (lines 1-12) leads us insensibly to think of the farmers and laborers buried in the churchyard (13-28) and to muse upon their obscure lives (29-76) and the rude gravestones above their last resting-places (77-92). In keeping with the scene are the closing glimpse of the poet's own death (93-116) and his epitaph (117-128).]

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting<sup>1</sup> day,  
The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,

<sup>1</sup> *parting*, departing, dying.

The plowman homeward plods his weary way,  
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,  
And all the air<sup>2</sup> a solemn stillness holds

Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,  
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower  
The moping owl does to the moon complain

Of such, as wandering near her secret bower,  
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,  
Where heaves the turf in many a mold'ring heap,  
Each in his narrow cell forever laid, 15  
The rude<sup>3</sup> forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,  
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,  
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,  
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.<sup>4</sup>

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,  
Or busy housewife ply her evening care;  
No children run to lisp their sire's return,  
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

<sup>2</sup> *air*, object of the verb *holds*. <sup>3</sup> *rude*, humble, unpolished.

<sup>4</sup> *lowly bed*, the bed on which they slept when alive.



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## THE CHURCH AT STOKE POGES

The scene of Gray's "Elegy."

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield;  
 Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe  
 has broke; 26  
 How jocund did they drive their team  
 afield!  
 How bowed the woods beneath their  
 sturdy stroke!

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,  
 Their homely joys, and destiny ob-  
 scure; 30  
 Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful  
 smile,  
 The short and simple annals of the  
 poor.

The boast of heraldry,<sup>5</sup> the pomp of  
 power,  
 And all that beauty, all that wealth  
 e'er gave,  
 Awaits<sup>6</sup> alike th' inevitable hour. 35  
 The paths of glory lead but to the  
 grave.

<sup>5</sup> *heraldry*, high descent. <sup>6</sup> *Awaits*, singular  
 because the subject is *hour*.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the  
 fault,  
 If memory o'er their tomb no tro-  
 phies raise,  
 Where through the long-drawn aisle  
 and fretted vault<sup>7</sup>  
 The pealing anthem swells the note  
 of praise. 40

Can storied urn<sup>8</sup> or animated<sup>9</sup> bust  
 Back to its mansion call the fleeting  
 breath?  
 Can honor's voice provoke<sup>10</sup> the silent  
 dust,  
 Or flattery soothe the dull, cold ear of  
 death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid 45  
 Some heart once pregnant with cele-  
 stial fire;

<sup>7</sup> *fretted vault*, the arched roof of the church,  
 ornamented with carvings.

<sup>8</sup> *storied urn*, a burial urn on which an in-  
 scription gives some of the deeds of the de-  
 parted. <sup>9</sup> *animated*, lifelike.

<sup>10</sup> *provoke*, call forth, arouse.

Hands, that the rod of empire might  
have swayed,  
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.

But knowledge to their eyes her ample  
page  
Rich with the spoils of time<sup>11</sup> did  
ne'er unroll;<sup>12</sup> 50  
Chill<sup>13</sup> penury repressed their noble  
rage,<sup>14</sup>  
And froze the genial current of the  
soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene  
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean  
bear;  
Full many a flower is born to blush un-  
seen, 55  
And waste its sweetness on the desert  
air.

Some village Hampden,<sup>15</sup> that with  
dauntless breast  
The little tyrant of his fields with-  
stood;  
Some mute, inglorious Milton here may  
rest,  
Some Cromwell guiltless of his coun-  
try's blood.<sup>16</sup> 60

The applause of listening senates to  
command,  
The threats of pain and ruin to de-  
spise,  
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,  
And read their history in a nation's  
eyes,

Their lot forbade; nor circumscribed  
alone 65  
Their growing virtues, but their  
crimes confined;

<sup>11</sup> *spoils of time*, treasures of knowledge accumulated through the centuries.

<sup>12</sup> *unroll*. Before the invention of printing, books were long rolls of parchment. <sup>13</sup> *Chill*, chilling. <sup>14</sup> *rage*, enthusiasm.

<sup>15</sup> *Hampden*, John (1594-1643), a statesman who resisted Charles the First's tax of ship-money. <sup>16</sup> *Cromwell . . . blood*. In the eighteenth century Oliver Cromwell, the great leader of the Puritan Revolution, was believed to have sacrificed his country to his ambition.

Forbade to wade through slaughter to  
a throne,  
And shut the gates of mercy on man-  
kind,

The struggling pangs of conscious truth  
to hide,  
To quench the blushes of ingenuous  
shame, 70  
Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride  
With incense kindled at the muse's  
flame.<sup>17</sup>

Far<sup>18</sup> from the madding<sup>19</sup> crowd's igno-  
ble strife,  
Their sober wishes never learned to  
stray;  
Along the cool, sequestered vale of life  
They kept the noiseless tenor of their  
way. 76

Yet ev'n these bones from insult to pro-  
tect,  
Some frail memorial still<sup>20</sup> erected  
nigh,  
With uncouth rimes and shapeless  
sculpture decked,  
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by th' un-  
lettered muse,<sup>21</sup> 81  
The place of fame and elegy supply;  
And many a holy text around she  
strews,  
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,  
This pleasing anxious being e'er re-  
signed,<sup>22</sup> 86

<sup>17</sup> *Or heap . . . flame*, a reference to the practice of writing verses flattering to the rich and great in order to secure their patronage. See Dr. Johnson's famous letter to Chesterfield, page 316.

<sup>18</sup> *Far*, being far. <sup>19</sup> *madding*, acting madly. <sup>20</sup> *frail memorial still*, crumbling headstone habitually. <sup>21</sup> *spelt by th' unlettered muse*, misspelled by the uneducated poet. There are several misspellings on the stones in the graveyard.

<sup>22</sup> *For who . . . resigned*, for who, realizing that death was near, ever willingly gave up his pleasant, though anxious life?

Left the warm precincts of the cheerful  
day,  
Nor cast<sup>23</sup> one longing, lingering  
look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul  
relies,  
Some pious drops the closing eye re-  
quires; <sup>90</sup>  
Ev'n from the tomb the voice of nature  
cries,  
Ev'n in our ashes live their wonted  
fires.<sup>24</sup>

For thee,<sup>25</sup> who mindful of th' unhon-  
ored dead  
Dost in these lines their artless tale  
relate;  
If chance,<sup>26</sup> by lonely contemplation led,  
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy  
fate, <sup>96</sup>

Haply some hoary-headed swain may  
say,  
"Oft have we seen him at the peep of  
dawn  
Brushing with hasty steps the dews  
away  
To meet the sun upon the upland  
lawn."<sup>27</sup> <sup>100</sup>

"There at the foot of yonder nodding  
beech  
That wreathes its old fantastic roots  
so high  
His listless length at noontide would he  
stretch,  
And pore upon the brook that bab-  
bles by.

"Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in  
scorn, <sup>105</sup>  
Muttering his wayward fancies he  
would rove,

Now drooping, woeful wan, like one  
forlorn,  
Or crazed with care, or crossed in  
hopeless love.

"One morn I missed him on the cus-  
tomed hill,  
Along the heath and near his favorite  
tree; <sup>110</sup>  
Another<sup>28</sup> came; nor yet beside the rill,  
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood  
was he;

"The next with dirges due in sad array  
Slow through the church-way path  
we saw him borne.  
Approach and read (for thou can'st  
read) the lay, <sup>115</sup>  
Graved on the stone beneath yon  
aged thorn."

## THE EPITAPH

*Here rests his head upon the lap of  
earth,  
A youth to fortune and to fame un-  
known.  
Fair science<sup>29</sup> frowned not on his hum-  
ble birth,  
And melancholy<sup>30</sup> marked him for  
her own.* <sup>120</sup>

*Large was his bounty, and his soul sin-  
cere,  
Heaven did a recompense as largely  
send.  
He gave to Misery, all he had, a tear,  
He gained from Heaven ('twas all he  
wished) a friend.<sup>31</sup>*

*No farther seek his merits to disclose, <sup>125</sup>  
Or draw his frailties from their dread  
abode  
(There they alike in trembling hope  
repose),  
The bosom of his Father and his God.*

<sup>23</sup> Nor cast, without casting.

<sup>24</sup> Ev'n . . . fires, our former affections and our desire to be remembered are still alive after the spark of life is put out. <sup>25</sup> thee, the poet—Gray himself. <sup>26</sup> chance, perchance. <sup>27</sup> lawn, a grassy field.

<sup>28</sup> Another, another morning. <sup>29</sup> science, learning. <sup>30</sup> melancholy. Gray was of an extremely melancholy disposition. <sup>31</sup> a friend, probably Gray's most intimate friend, Horace Walpole. See Gray's letter to him, page 358.



# ODE ON THE DEATH OF A FAVORITE CAT

DROWNED IN A TUB OF GOLDFISHES

THOMAS GRAY

[Gray's friend, Horace Walpole, had two cats, one a tortoiseshell, the other a tabby. In a letter to Gray he reported the death of one, but failed to tell which of them was drowned. Gray celebrates the loss with a poem of grace and humor, mentioning the tabby in the first stanza and the tortoiseshell in the second.]

'T WAS on a lofty vase's side,  
Where China's gayest art had dyed  
The azure flowers, that blow;  
Demurest of the tabby kind,  
The pensive Selima reclined,  
Gazed on the lake below.

Her conscious tail her joy declared;  
The fair round face, the snowy beard,  
The velvet of her paws,  
Her coat, that with the tortoise vies,<sup>1</sup> 10  
Her ears of jet, and emerald eyes,  
She saw; and purred applause.

Still had she gazed; but 'midst the tide  
Two angel forms were seen to glide,  
The Genii of<sup>2</sup> the stream: 15  
Their scaly armor's Tyrian<sup>3</sup> hue  
Through richest purple to the view  
Betrayed a golden gleam.

The hapless Nymph with wonder saw:  
A whisker first and then a claw, 20  
With many an ardent wish,  
She stretched in vain to reach the prize.  
What female heart can gold despise?  
What Cat's averse to fish?

Presumptuous Maid! with looks intent  
Again she stretched, again she bent, 25  
Nor knew the gulf between.  
(Malignant Fate sat by, and smiled)

<sup>1</sup> *Her coat . . . vies*, her coat, or hair, is colored like a tortoise, mottled black and yellow. <sup>2</sup> *Genii of*, spirits that preside over. <sup>3</sup> *Tyrian*, rich purple.

The slipp'ry verge her feet beguiled,  
She tumbled headlong in. 30

Eight times emerging from the flood  
She mew'd to ev'ry wat'ry god,  
Some speedy aid to send.  
No Dolphin<sup>4</sup> came, no Nereid<sup>5</sup> stirred,  
Nor cruel Tom, nor Susan<sup>6</sup> heard. 35  
A Fav'rite has no friend!

From hence, ye Beauties, undeceived,  
Know, one false step is ne'er retrieved,  
And be with caution bold. 39  
Not all that tempts your wand'ring eyes  
And heedless hearts, is lawful prize;  
Nor all, that glisters, gold.<sup>7</sup>

<sup>4</sup> *Dolphin*, a large fish. An old legend tells how a dolphin saved a Greek poet from drowning by bearing him to land on its back. <sup>5</sup> *Nereid*, sea nymph. <sup>6</sup> *Tom . . . Susan*, servants. <sup>7</sup> *Nor all . . . gold*. An old proverb Shakespeare, in *The Merchant of Venice*, expresses it thus: "All that glisters is not gold."

## TO HORACE WALPOLE

THOMAS GRAY

[The following letter gives a glimpse of Gray's very engaging personality. In it he talks familiarly and humorously about himself to one of his best friends. A year before he had apologized to Walpole, saying, "My letters are shorter and less frequent than they would be, had I any materials but myself to entertain you with." The excuse is really their merit—they show us Gray as he was to his friends.]

September, 1737.

I WAS hindered in my last, and so I could not give you all the trouble I would have done. The description of a road, which your coach wheels have so often honored, it would be needless to give you; suffice it that I arrived safe at my Uncle's, who is a great hunter in imagination; his dogs take up every chair in the house, so I am forced to stand at this present writing; and though the gout forbids him galloping after them in the field, yet he

continues still to regale his ears and nose with their comfortable noise and stink. He holds me mighty cheap, I perceive, for walking when I should ride, and reading when I should hunt. My comfort amidst all this is, that I have at the distance of half a mile, through a green lane, a forest (the vulgar call it a common) all my own, at least as good as so, for I spy no human thing in it but myself. It is a little chaos of mountains and precipices; mountains, it is true, that do not ascend much above the clouds, nor are the declivities quite so amazing as Dover cliff;<sup>1</sup> but just such hills as people who love their necks as well as I do may venture to climb, and crags that give the eye as much pleasure as if they were more dangerous. Both vale and hill are covered with most venerable beeches, and other very reverend vegetables,<sup>2</sup> that, like most other ancient people, are always dreaming out their old stories to the winds,

And as they bow their hoary tops, relate,  
In murmur'ing sounds, the dark decrees of  
fate;

While visions, as poetic eyes avow,  
Cling to each leaf, and swarm on every  
bough.

At the foot of one of these squats ME I (*il penseroso*<sup>3</sup>) and there grow to the trunk for a whole morning. The timorous hare and sportive squirrel gambol around me like Adam in Paradise, before he had an Eve; but I think he did not use to read Virgil, as I commonly do there. In this situation I often converse with my Horace, aloud too, that is talk to you, but I do not remember that I ever heard you answer me. I beg pardon for taking all the conversation to myself, but it is entirely

your own fault. We have old Mr. Southern<sup>4</sup> at a Gentleman's house<sup>5</sup> a little way off, who often comes to see us; he is now seventy-seven years old, and has almost wholly lost his memory; but is as agreeable as an old man can be, at least I persuade myself so when I look at him, and think of Isabella<sup>6</sup> and Oroonoko.<sup>7</sup> I shall be in town in about three weeks. Adieu.

<sup>4</sup> Southern, Thomas (1659-1746), a playwright. <sup>5</sup> *a Gentleman's house*, a home for aged men.

<sup>6</sup> *Isabella*, a character in Southern's tragedy, *The Fatal Marriage*. <sup>7</sup> *Oroonoko*, the hero of Southern's play, *Oroonoko: A Tragedy*.

#### CLASS DISCUSSIONS

*Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard*. 1. The descriptive passages are singularly suggestive. For example, why is *wind* (line 2) more picturesque than *winds* would be? How does Gray bring out the feeling of growing darkness and the keener hearing that comes with it? Compare the opening and closing descriptions with those in the "Ode to Evening" (page 352). Which poet's description do you prefer?

2. The poem is full of musing or reflection. Which stanzas express most clearly Gray's sympathy with humble people? Which of these thoughts seem as true today as in 1750? Which thoughts do the educational opportunities in democratic America today make less true than they were in the aristocratic England of Gray's eighteenth century?

3. Some of Gray's diction reminds us of Pope, e.g., "ply her evening care" (line 22) or "hoary-headed swain" (line 97). Such phrases present typical rather than individual or specific conceptions. But as you go through the poem, you will find also many concrete phrases that flash a picture on the mind. Quote examples of both types of diction.

4. The stanza form of this poem is famous—a quatrain of five-stress lines. What is the rhyme-scheme? Is the music of the verse appropriate in an elegy? Read stanzas that bear out your opinion.

<sup>1</sup> *Dover cliff*, a precipitous cliff near Dover, on the coast of England. <sup>2</sup> *vegetables*, humorously applied to any form of vegetation.

<sup>3</sup> *il penseroso*. In what ways does Gray resemble Milton's "Thoughtful Man"?

*Ode on the Death of a Favorite Cat.* 1. What are the sources of humor in this poem? What examples of satire do you find?

2. Why is this poem called "mock-heroic"? Compare it with Pope's *Rape of the Lock*. Which do you like better?

*To Horace Walpole.* 1. What satirical touches appear in Gray's account of his uncle? What other humorous phrases do you find in the letter?

2. Judging from this letter, indicate Gray's interests in life. Is there anything here that helps you recognize Gray as the author of the *Elegy*? What features of his personality, revealed in the letter, are not to be found in the *Elegy* at all?

## THE WINTER MORNING WALK

WILLIAM COWPER

[This selection from *The Task* represents the kind of poetry that Cowper wrote to amuse himself. *The Task*, in six books, was composed at the suggestion of Lady Austen, a fascinating widow. She believed that if Cowper's mind could be kept busy, his melancholy would pass away. The lines below reveal his love of nature, of animals, and of humble men. No painter could have presented the scene of the woodman and his dog more exactly.]

'TIS morning; and the sun with  
 ruddy orb  
 Ascending, fires the horizon; while the  
 clouds  
 That crowd away before the driving  
 wind,  
 More ardent as the disk emerges more,  
 Resemble most some city in a blaze, 5  
 Seen through the leafless wood. His  
 slanting ray  
 Slides ineffectual down the snowy vale,  
 And tinging all with his own rosy hue,  
 From every herb and every spiry blade  
 Stretches a length of shadow o'er the  
 field, 10  
 Mine, spindling into longitude im-  
 mense,

In spite of gravity, and sage remark  
 That I myself am but a fleeting shade,  
 Provokes me to a smile. With eye  
 askance 14

I view the muscular proportioned limb  
 Transformed to a lean shank. The  
 shapeless pair,

As they designed to mock me, at my side  
 Take step for step; and as I near ap-  
 proach

The cottage, walk along the plastered  
 wall,

Preposterous sight! the legs without the  
 man. 20

The verdure of the plain lies buried  
 deep

Beneath the dazzling deluge; and the  
 bents

And coarser grass, upspearing o'er the  
 rest,

Of late unsightly and unseen, now shine  
 Conspicuous, and in bright apparel clad,  
 And fledged with icy feathers, nod su-  
 perb. . . . 26

Forth goes the woodman, leaving un-  
 concerned

The cheerful haunts of man, to wield  
 the ax

And drive the wedge in yonder forest  
 drear,

From morn to eve his solitary task. 30  
 Shaggy, and lean, and shrewd, with  
 pointed ears

And tail cropped short, half lurcher<sup>1</sup>  
 and half cur,

His dog attends him. Close behind his  
 heel

Now creeps he slow; and now with  
 many a frisk

Wide scampering, snatches up the  
 drifted snow 35

With ivory teeth, or plows it with his  
 snout;

Then shakes his powdered coat, and  
 barks for joy.

Heedless of all his pranks, the sturdy  
 churl

<sup>1</sup> *lurcher*, a cross-bred dog used by poachers.

Moves right toward the mark; nor stops  
for aught,  
But now and then with pressure of his  
thumb 40  
To adjust the fragrant charge of a short  
tube  
That fumes beneath his nose: the trail-  
ing cloud  
Streams far behind him, scenting all the  
air.

## TO MARY

WILLIAM COWPER

[The tenderness and melancholy expressed in "To Mary" have made it one of Cowper's most famous poems. It is addressed to Mary Unwin, the dearest friend of his life. He had been living in the Unwin home since 1765, but the return of his melancholia—a form of insanity—in 1773 saddened both of them ("our sky was overcast"). The stroke of paralysis which she suffered in 1792 inspired the lines below, notable for their simplicity, sincerity, and vividness.]

THE twentieth year is well-nigh  
past,  
Since first our sky was overcast;  
Ah, would that this might be the last!  
My Mary!

Thy spirits have a fainter flow; 5  
I see thee daily weaker grow;  
'Twas my distress that brought thee  
low,  
My Mary!

Thy needles, once a shining store,  
For my sake restless heretofore, 10  
Now rust disused, and shine no more,  
My Mary!

For though thou gladly wouldst fulfill  
The same kind office for me still,  
Thy sight now seconds not thy will, 15  
My Mary!

But well thou playedst the housewife's  
part,  
And all thy threads with magic art  
Have wound themselves about this  
heart,  
My Mary! 20

Thy indistinct expressions seem  
Like language uttered in a dream;  
Yet me they charm, whate'er the theme,  
My Mary!

Thy silver locks, once auburn bright, 25  
Are still more lovely in my sight  
Than golden beams of orient light,  
My Mary!

For could I view nor them nor thee,  
What sight worth seeing could I see? 30  
The sun would rise in vain for me,  
My Mary!

Partakers of my sad decline,  
Thy hands their little force resign,  
Yet, gently pressed, press gently mine, 35  
My Mary!

Such feebleness of limbs thou provest,  
That now at every step thou movest  
Upheld by two, yet still thou lovest,  
My Mary! 40

And still to love, though pressed with  
ill,  
In wintry age to feel no chill,  
With me is to be lovely still.  
My Mary!

But, ah! by constant heed I know, 45  
How oft the sadness that I show  
Transforms thy smiles to looks of woe,  
My Mary!

And should my future lot be cast  
With much resemblance of the past,<sup>1</sup> 50  
Thy worn-out heart will break at last,  
My Mary!

<sup>1</sup> *the past*, a reference to his temporary insanity.

## TO THE REV. JOHN NEWTON

WILLIAM COWPER

[This letter pictures humorously the kind of life Cowper led in the Unwin home. The house, which is now a Cowper museum, stands on the market square of Olney. The lady who is knitting is Mrs. Unwin, for whom he is winding yarn. The other lady is Lady Austen, who inspired *The Task*. Puss is a pet hare, "Old Tiney, surliest of his kind," which could not be allowed to escape into the square.

The election to which Cowper refers determined whether the Commons should be entirely independent of King George III (1738-1820). The campaign was one of the most exciting in years, as you may infer from this unceremonious invasion of Cowper's quiet retreat. The people, unlike Cowper, decided in favor of the King.]

March 29, 1784

MY DEAR FRIEND: It being his Majesty's pleasure that I should yet have another opportunity to write before he dissolves the Parliament, I avail myself of it with all possible alacrity. I thank you for your last, which was not the less welcome for coming, like an extraordinary gazette, at a time when it was not expected. As when the sea is uncommonly agitated, the water finds its way into creeks and holes of rocks, which in its calmer state it never reaches, in like manner the effect of these turbulent times is felt even at Orchard side, where in general we live as undisturbed by the political element as shrimps or cockles that have been accidentally deposited in some hollow beyond the water mark, by the unusual dashing of the waves. We were sitting yesterday after dinner, the two ladies and myself, very composedly, and without the least apprehension of any such intrusion in our snug parlor, one lady knitting, the other netting, and the gentleman winding worsted, when to our

unspeakable surprise a mob appeared before the window; a smart rap was heard at the door, the boys hallooed, and the maid announced Mr. Grenville. Puss was unfortunately let out of her box, so that the candidate, with all his good friends at his heels, was refused admittance at the grand entry, and referred to the back door, as the only possible way of approach.

Candidates are creatures not very susceptible of affronts, and would rather, I suppose, climb in at a window than be absolutely excluded. In a minute, the yard, the kitchen, and the parlor were filled. Mr. Grenville, advancing toward me, shook me by the hand with a degree of cordiality that was extremely seducing. As soon as he and as many more as could find chairs were seated, he began to open the intent of his visit. I told him I had no vote, for which he readily gave me credit. I assured him I had no influence, which he was not equally inclined to believe, and the less, no doubt, because Mr. Ashburner, the draper, addressing himself to me at this moment, informed me that I had a great deal. Supposing that I could not be possessed of such a treasure without knowing it, I ventured to confirm my first assertion, by saying that if I had any I was utterly at a loss to imagine where it could be, or wherein it consisted. Thus ended the conference. Mr. Grenville squeezed me by the hand again, kissed the ladies, and withdrew. He kissed likewise the maid in the kitchen, and seemed upon the whole a most loving, kissing, kind-hearted gentleman. He is very young, genteel, and handsome. He has a pair of very good eyes in his head, which not being sufficient as it should seem for the many nice and difficult purposes of a senator, he has a third also, which he wore suspended by a ribband from his buttonhole. The boys hallooed, the dogs barked, Puss scampered; the hero,

with his long train of obsequious followers, withdrew. We made ourselves very merry with the adventure, and in a short time settled into our former tranquillity, never probably to be thus interrupted more. I thought myself, however, happy in being able to affirm truly that I had not that influence for which he sued; and which, had I been possessed of it, with my present views of the dispute between the Crown and the Commons, I must have refused him, for he is on the side of the former. It is comfortable to be of no consequence in a world where one cannot exercise any without disobliging somebody. The town however seems to be much at his service, and if he be equally successful throughout the country, he will undoubtedly gain his election. Mr. Ashburner perhaps was a little mortified, because it was evident that I owed the honor of his visit to his misrepresentation of my importance. But had he thought proper to assure Mr. Grenville that I had three heads, I should not, I suppose, have been bound to produce them. Many thanks for the worsted, which is excellent. We are as well as a spring hardly less severe than the severest winter will give us leave to be. With our united love, we conclude ourselves yours and Mrs. Newton's affectionate and faithful,

W. C.  
M. U.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> M. U., Mary Unwin.

#### CLASS DISCUSSIONS

*The Winter Morning Walk.* 1. What does Cowper enjoy about the sunrise? Where does he reveal his sense of humor? Which lines show the keenest observation? Quote lines that show his love of humble men; of animals.

2. Compare this description with Thomson's (page 351). Which poet writes the more simply? Which is farther from Pope?

*To Mary.* 1. Which lines most sincerely reveal Cowper's love for Mary Unwin? Which stanzas bring out most clearly the poetry of plain things?

2. How does this poem illustrate the return of tender personal feeling to English poetry? Contrast it in this respect with Pope's "Portrait of Addison" (page 257).

*To the Rev. John Newton.* 1. How does your impression of Cowper gained from this letter differ from the impression you form from his poems?

2. Cowper has been called the best letter writer in English. In what respects is this specimen an excellent revelation of his personality?

#### PIPING DOWN THE VALLEYS WILD

WILLIAM BLAKE

[This poem introducing *Songs of Innocence* should be read in connection with the account of Blake's childhood (page 336). He believed firmly in his visions of angels among haymakers and children sitting on clouds. This visionary, mystic poet sometimes wrote with child-like simplicity, as the following verses abundantly illustrate.]

PIPING down the valleys wild,  
Piping songs of pleasant glee,  
On a cloud I saw a child,  
And he laughing said to me:

"Pipe a song about a lamb!" 5  
So I piped with merry cheer.  
"Piper, pipe that song again."  
So I piped; he wept to hear.

"Drop thy pipe, thy happy pipe;  
Sing thy songs of happy cheer!" 10  
So I sung the same again,  
While he wept with joy to hear.

"Piper, sit thee down and write  
In a book, that all may read."  
So he vanished from my sight; 15  
And I plucked a hollow reed,

And I made a rural pen,  
 And I stained the water clear,<sup>1</sup>  
 And I wrote my happy songs  
 Every child may joy to hear. 20

### THE LAMB

WILLIAM BLAKE

[Blake's early belief in the innocence and beauty of the world is expressed perfectly in this address to a white lamb in a green meadow by a stream.]

**L**ITTLE Lamb, who made thee?  
 Dost thou know who made thee?  
 Gave thee life, and bid<sup>2</sup> thee feed,  
 By the stream and o'er the mead;  
 Gave thee clothing of delight, 5  
 Softest clothing, woolly, bright;  
 Gave thee such a tender voice,  
 Making all the vales rejoice?  
 Little Lamb, who made thee?  
 Dost thou know who made thee? 10

Little Lamb, I'll tell thee,  
 Little Lamb, I'll tell thee:  
 He is callèd by thy name,  
 For He calls Himself a Lamb,  
 He is meek, and He is mild; 15  
 He became a little child.  
 I a child, and thou a lamb,  
 We are callèd by His name.  
 Little Lamb, God bless thee!  
 Little Lamb, God bless thee! 20

### THE TIGER

WILLIAM BLAKE

[When you see a tiger at the zoo, you think chiefly of its liveness and grace. When you see it pouncing upon its prey in a film, you realize its cruelty. This combination of beauty and terror came to puzzle Blake. In the following poem from the *Songs of Experience* he pictures the glow-

<sup>1</sup> stained the water clear, dyed the clear water (that is, made ink).  
<sup>2</sup> bid, bade.

ering eyes of the tiger as it slinks through the forest. The poem symbolizes the presence of evil in a world of goodness.]

**T**IGER, tiger, burning bright  
 In the forest of the night,  
 What immortal hand or eye  
 Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies 5  
 Burned the fire of thine eyes?  
 On what wings dare he aspire?  
 What the hand dare seize the fire?

And what shoulder, and what art,  
 Could twist the sinews of thy heart? 10  
 When thy heart began to beat,  
 What dread hand forged thy dread feet?

What the hammer? What the chain?  
 In what furnace was thy brain?  
 What the anvil? What dread grasp 15  
 Dared its deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their spears,  
 And watered heaven with their tears,  
 Did He smile his work to see?  
 Did He who made the lamb make thee?

Tiger, tiger, burning bright 21  
 In the forest of the night,  
 What immortal hand or eye  
 Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

### CLASS DISCUSSIONS

*Piping Down the Valleys Wild, The Lamb, and The Tiger.* 1. How is perfect innocence expressed in the first two poems? What does Blake admire about the tiger? What does he shudder at? How does the tiger represent evil?

2. It is well to listen several times to the diction of these poems as they are read aloud. It is perfectly simple and natural. Not a trace of Pope's pedantic choice of words can be found in them. In what ways does the language resemble that of the Elizabethan lyrics (pages 83-88)?

## SELECTIONS FROM BURNS

## TO A LOUSE

ON SEEING ONE ON A LADY'S BONNET  
AT CHURCH

[This poem, which was based on an actual incident, appeared in the famous Kilmarnock edition. When the Edinburgh edition was in progress, friends urged Burns to keep this poem out, but he resisted both persuasion and remonstrance.

The Scotch dialect will at first seem queer and hard. This feeling will disappear as you read the poem aloud, pronouncing the words as they are spelled. The general meaning will then be clear, and in addition you will get a notion of the sound and the rhythm of Burns's verse. Explanations of the most difficult Scottish words and phrases are given in the footnotes.]

**H**A! whare ye gaun,<sup>1</sup> ye crowlin  
ferlie?<sup>2</sup>  
Your impudence protects you sairly,<sup>3</sup>  
I canna say but ye strunt<sup>4</sup> rarely,  
Owre<sup>5</sup> gauze and lace;  
Though, faith! I fear ye dine but sparely  
On sic<sup>6</sup> a place. 6

Ye ugly, creepin, blastit wonner,<sup>7</sup>  
Detested, shunned by saunt an' sinner,  
How daur<sup>8</sup> ye set your fit<sup>9</sup> upon her—  
Sae fine a lady? 10  
Gae somewhere else and seek your dinner

On some poor body.

Swith!<sup>10</sup> in some beggar's haffet<sup>11</sup> squat-  
tle;<sup>12</sup>  
There ye may creep, and sprawl, and  
sprattle,<sup>13</sup>  
Wi' iither kindred, jumping cattle, 15

<sup>1</sup> *gaun*, going. <sup>2</sup> *crowlin ferlie*, crawling wonder. <sup>3</sup> *sairly*, strongly. <sup>4</sup> *strunt*, strut. <sup>5</sup> *Owre*, over. <sup>6</sup> *sic*, such.

<sup>7</sup> *wonner*, wonder. <sup>8</sup> *daur*, dare. <sup>9</sup> *fit*, foot. <sup>10</sup> *Swith*, off and away. <sup>11</sup> *haffet*, hair at the temples. <sup>12</sup> *squattle*, settle. <sup>13</sup> *sprattle*, scramble.

In shoals and nations;  
Whaur horn nor bane<sup>14</sup> ne'er daur un-  
settle

Your thick plantations.

Now haud<sup>15</sup> you there, ye're out o' sight,  
Below the fatt'rels,<sup>16</sup> snug and tight; 20  
Na, faith ye yet! ye'll no be right  
Till ye've got on it—  
The vera tapmost, tow'rin height  
O' Miss's bonnet.

My sooth! right bauld<sup>17</sup> ye set your nose  
out, 25  
As plump an' gray as ony grozet<sup>18</sup>  
O for some rank, mercurial rozet,<sup>19</sup>  
Or fell, red smeddum!<sup>20</sup>  
I'd gie you sic a hearty dose o't,  
Wad dress your droddum.<sup>21</sup>

I wad na been surprised to spy 31  
You on an auld wife's flainen toy;<sup>22</sup>  
Or aiblins<sup>23</sup> some bit duddie<sup>24</sup> boy,  
On's wyliecoat;<sup>25</sup>  
But Miss's fine Lunardi!<sup>26</sup> fye! 35  
How daur<sup>27</sup> ye do't?

O Jenny, dinna<sup>28</sup> toss your head,  
An' set your beauties a' abroad!<sup>29</sup>  
Ye little ken what cursed speed  
The blastie's<sup>30</sup> makin! 40  
Thae<sup>31</sup> winks an' finger-ends, I dread,  
Are notice takin!

O wad some Power the giftie gie us  
To see oursels as ithers see us!  
It wad frae mony a blunder free us, 45

<sup>14</sup> *horn nor bane*, a comb (made of horn or bone). <sup>15</sup> *haud*, hold. <sup>16</sup> *fatt'rels*, ribbon-ends.

<sup>17</sup> *bauld*, bold. <sup>18</sup> *ony grozet*, any gooseberry. <sup>19</sup> *rozet*, rosin. <sup>20</sup> *smeddum*, powder. <sup>21</sup> *droddum*, breech.

<sup>22</sup> *flainen toy*, flannel cap. <sup>23</sup> *aiblins*, perhaps. <sup>24</sup> *bit duddie*, little ragged. <sup>25</sup> *wyliecoat*, under-vest. <sup>26</sup> *Lunardi*, balloon-shaped bonnet. *Lunardi* was the name of a famous balloonist.

<sup>27</sup> *daur*, dare. <sup>28</sup> *dinna*, do not. <sup>29</sup> *abroad*, abroad. <sup>30</sup> *blastie's*, little wretch is. <sup>31</sup> *Thae*, those.



An' foolish notion;  
 What airs in dress an' gait wad lea'e<sup>32</sup>  
 us,  
 An' ev'n devotion!

<sup>32</sup> *lea'e*, leave.

### THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT

["The Cotter's Saturday Night" gives a faithful picture of the conditions under which Burns grew up. The cotter is no other than his own father, and the cot is the "clay biggin," or cottage, in which the poet was born. It consisted of two rooms, the cow being kept under the same roof beyond a partition. So constant was the toil on the seven-acre farm that only on Saturday night could there be any relaxation. But these hard conditions developed strong hearts among the members of the family and a loving interest in one another's welfare.

The particular feature of this life which inspired Burns to write the poem was the family service; he thought "there was something peculiarly venerable in the phrase, 'Let us worship God,' used by a decent, sober head of a family." The inclusion of "The Cotter's Saturday Night" in the Kilmarnock edition helped to make Burns famous, and it has remained the best known of all his longer poems.]

**M**Y LOVED, my honored, much  
 respected friend!<sup>1</sup>  
 No mercenary bard his homage pays;  
 With honest pride, I scorn each selfish  
 end,  
 My dearest meed, a friend's esteem and  
 praise;  
 To you I sing, in simple Scottish lays, 5  
 The lowly train in life's sequestered  
 scene,  
 The native feelings strong, the guileless  
 ways,

<sup>1</sup> *friend*, Robert Aiken, a lawyer of Ayr, who had helped Burns gain local fame as a poet by reciting his verses.

What Aiken in a cottage would have  
 been;  
 Ah! tho' his worth unknown, far hap-  
 pier there, I ween!

November chill blows loud wi' angry  
 sigh;<sup>2</sup> 10  
 The short'ning winter-day is near a  
 close;  
 The miry beasts retreating frae the  
 plough;<sup>3</sup>  
 The black'ning trains o' craws<sup>4</sup> to their  
 repose;  
 The toil-worn Cotter frae his labor goes,  
 This night his weekly moil is at an end,  
 Collects his spades, his mattocks, and his  
 hoes, 16  
 Hoping the morn in ease and rest to  
 spend,  
 And weary, o'er the moor, his course  
 does hameward bend.

At length his lonely cot appears in view,  
 Beneath the shelter of an aged tree; 20  
 Th' expectant wee-things, toddlin,  
 stacher<sup>5</sup> through  
 To meet their dad, wi' flichterin<sup>6</sup> noise  
 and glee.  
 His wee-bit ingle,<sup>7</sup> blinkin bonilie,  
 His clean hearth-stane, his thrifty wifie's  
 smile,  
 The lispin infant, prattling on his  
 knee, 25  
 Does a' his weary kiaugh<sup>8</sup> and care be-  
 guile.  
 And makes him quite forget his labor  
 and his toil.

Belyve,<sup>9</sup> the elder bairns come drappin  
 in,  
 At service out, amang the farmers roun';  
 Some ca'<sup>10</sup> the pleugh, some herd, some  
 tentie rin<sup>11</sup> 30  
 A cannie<sup>12</sup> errand to a neebor town.

<sup>2</sup> *sugh*, *sough*, a rushing sound. <sup>3</sup> *frae the pleugh*, from the plow. <sup>4</sup> *craws*, crows.

<sup>5</sup> *stacher*, stagger. <sup>6</sup> *flichterin*, fluttering.

<sup>7</sup> *ingle*, fire. <sup>8</sup> *kiaugh*, anxiety.

<sup>9</sup> *Belyve*, soon. <sup>10</sup> *ca'*, drive. <sup>11</sup> *tentie rin*, heedful run. <sup>12</sup> *cannie*, careful.

Their eldest hope, their Jenny, woman-  
gown,  
In youthfu' bloom, love sparkling in her  
e'e,  
Comes hame, perhaps to show a braw<sup>13</sup>  
new gown,  
Or deposite her sair-won penny-fee,<sup>14</sup> 35  
To help her parents dear, if they in  
hardship be.

With joy unfeigned brothers and sisters  
meet,  
And each for other's weelfare kindly  
spiers;<sup>15</sup>  
The social hours, swift-winged, unno-  
ticed fleet;  
Each tells the uncos<sup>16</sup> that he sees or  
hears. 40  
The parents, partial, eye their hopeful  
years;  
Anticipation forward points the view;  
The mother, wi' her needle an' her  
sheers,  
Gars auld claes<sup>17</sup> look amaist as weel's  
the new;  
The father mixes a' wi' admonition  
due. 45

Their master's and their mistress's com-  
mand  
The youngers a' are warnèd to obey;  
And mind their labors wi' an eydent<sup>18</sup>  
hand,  
And ne'er, tho' out o' sight, to jauk<sup>19</sup> or  
play; 49  
"And oh! be sure to fear the Lord  
always,  
And mind your duty, duly, morn and  
night;  
Lest in temptation's path ye gang  
astray,  
Implore His counsel and assisting  
might—  
They never sought in vain that sought  
the Lord aright!"

But hark! a rap comes gently to the  
door; 55  
Jenny, wha kens the meaning o' the  
same,  
Tells how a neebor lad cam o'er the  
moor,  
To do some errands, and convoy her  
hame.  
The wily mother sees the conscious  
flame  
Sparkle in Jenny's e'e, and flush her  
cheek; 60  
With heart-struck, anxious care, in-  
quires his name,  
While Jenny hafflins<sup>20</sup> is afraid to speak;  
Weel pleased the mother hears it's nae  
wild, worthless rake.

Wi' kindly welcome Jenny brings him  
ben,<sup>21</sup>  
A strappin youth; he takes the mother's  
eye; 65  
Blythe Jenny sees the visit's no ill taen;  
The father cracks of horses, pleughs, and  
kye.  
The youngster's artless heart o'erflows  
wi' joy,  
But blate and laithfu',<sup>22</sup> scarce can weel  
behave;  
The mother, wi' a woman's wiles, can  
spy 70  
What makes the youth sae bashfu' and  
sae grave,  
Weel-pleased to think her bairn's re-  
spected like the lave.<sup>23</sup>

O happy love! where love like this is  
found!  
O heart-felt raptures! bliss beyond com-  
pare!  
I've pacèd much this weary, mortal  
round, 75  
And sage experience bids me this de-  
clare—  
"If Heaven a draft of heavenly pleasure  
spare,

<sup>13</sup> *braw*, fine. <sup>14</sup> *sair-won penny-fee*, hard-earned wages.

<sup>15</sup> *spiers*, asks. <sup>16</sup> *uncos*, strange things.

<sup>17</sup> *Gars auld claes*, make old clothes.

<sup>18</sup> *eydent*, diligent. <sup>19</sup> *jauk*, trifle.

<sup>20</sup> *hafflins*, half-way, partly.

<sup>21</sup> *ben*, inside. <sup>22</sup> *blate and laithfu'*, shy and bashful. <sup>23</sup> *lave*, others.



PERHAPS TO SHOW A BRAW NEW GOWN

One cordial in this melancholy vale,  
'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest  
pair  
In other's arms breathe out the tender  
tale, 80  
Beneath the milk-white thorn<sup>24</sup> that  
scents the ev'ning gale."

Is there, in human form, that bears a  
heart,  
A wretch! a villain! lost to love and  
truth!  
That can, with studied, sly, ensnaring  
art,  
Betray sweet Jenny's unsuspecting  
youth? 85  
Curse on his perjured arts! dissembling  
smooth!

Are honor, virtue, conscience, all  
exiled?  
Is there no pity, no relenting ruth,  
Points to the parents fondling o'er their  
child;

Then paints the ruined maid, and  
their distraction wild? 90

<sup>24</sup> *thorn*, hawthorn.

But now the supper crowns their simple  
board,  
The halesome parritch,<sup>25</sup> chief o' Scotia's  
food;  
The sowpe<sup>26</sup> their only hawkie<sup>27</sup> does  
afford,  
That 'yont the hallan<sup>28</sup> snugly chows  
her cood;  
The dame brings forth, in complimentary  
mood, 95  
To grace the lad, her weel-hained keb-  
buck, fell;<sup>29</sup>  
And aft<sup>30</sup> he's prest, and aft he ca's it  
guid;<sup>31</sup>  
The frugal wife, garrulous, will tell  
How 'twas a towmond auld, sin' lint  
was i' the bell.<sup>32</sup>

The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious  
face, 100  
They round the ingle form a circle  
wide;

<sup>25</sup> *halesome parritch*, wholesome porridge.  
<sup>26</sup> *sowpe*, here, milk. <sup>27</sup> *hawkie*, cow. <sup>28</sup> *'yont*  
*the hallan*, beyond the partition. <sup>29</sup> *weel-hained*  
... *fell*, well-saved, strong cheese. <sup>30</sup> *aft*, often.  
<sup>31</sup> *ca's it guid*, calls it good. <sup>32</sup> *towmond* ...  
*bell*, twelvemonth old, since flax was in flower.

The sire turns o'er, with patriarchal  
 grace,  
 The big ha' Bible,<sup>33</sup> ance his father's  
 pride;  
 His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,  
 His lyart haffets<sup>34</sup> wearing thin and  
 bare; 105  
 Those strains that once did sweet in  
 Zion glide,  
 He wales<sup>35</sup> a portion with judicious  
 care;  
 And "Let us worship God!" he says  
 with solemn air.

They chant their artless notes in simple  
 guise,  
 They tune their hearts, by far the noblest  
 aim; 110  
 Perhaps "Dundee's" wild, warbling  
 measures rise,  
 Or plaintive "Martyrs," worthy of the  
 name;  
 Or noble "Elgin"<sup>36</sup> beets<sup>37</sup> the heaven-  
 ward flame,  
 The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays.  
 Compared with these, Italian trills are  
 tame; 115  
 The tickled ears no heart-felt raptures  
 raise;  
 Nae unison hae they with our Cre-  
 ator's praise.

The priest-like father reads the sacred  
 page,  
 How Abram was the friend of God on  
 high;  
 Or Moses bade eternal warfare wage 120  
 With Amalek's ungracious progeny;<sup>38</sup>  
 Or how the royal bard<sup>39</sup> did groaning  
 lie  
 Beneath the stroke of Heaven's aveng-  
 ing ire;  
 Or Job's pathetic plaint,<sup>40</sup> and wailing  
 cry;

<sup>33</sup> *ha' Bible*, hall Bible, family Bible. <sup>34</sup> *lyart haffets*, gray locks.

<sup>35</sup> *wales*, selects. <sup>36</sup> *Dundee, Martyrs, Elgin*, familiar old Scottish tunes for hymns. <sup>37</sup> *beets*, fans.

<sup>38</sup> *Moses . . . progeny*. See Exodus xvii, 8-16. <sup>39</sup> *royal bard*, King David. <sup>40</sup> *Job's pathetic plaint*. See Job xxx.

Or rapt Isaiah's wild, seraphic fire; 125  
 Or other holy seers that tune the sa-  
 cred lyre.

Perhaps the Christian volume<sup>41</sup> is the  
 theme,  
 How guiltless blood for guilty man was  
 shed;  
 How He, who bore in Heaven the sec-  
 ond name,  
 Had not on earth whereon to lay His  
 head; 130  
 How His first followers and servants  
 sped;  
 The precepts sage they wrote to many a  
 land;  
 How he, who lone<sup>42</sup> in Patmos ban-  
 ishèd,  
 Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand,  
 And heard great Bab'lon's doom pro-  
 nounced by Heav'n's command. 135

Then kneeling down to Heaven's Eter-  
 nal King,  
 The saint, the father, and the husband  
 prays:  
 Hope "springs exulting on triumphant  
 wing,"  
 That thus they all shall meet in future  
 days,  
 There ever bask in uncreated rays, 140  
 No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear,  
 Together hymning their Creator's  
 praise,  
 In such society, yet still more dear,  
 While circling Time moves round in  
 an eternal sphere.

Compared with this, how poor Reli-  
 gion's pride 145  
 In all the pomp of method and of art,  
 When men display to congregations  
 wide  
 Devotion's ev'ry grace, except the heart!  
 The Pow'r, incensed, the pageant will  
 desert,

<sup>41</sup> *the Christian volume*, the New Testament.  
<sup>42</sup> *he, who lone*, St. John, author of Revelation.

The pompous strain, the sacerdotal  
 stole; 160  
 But haply, in some cottage far apart,  
 May hear, well pleased, the language of  
 the soul,  
 And in His Book of Life the inmates  
 poor enrol.

Then homeward all take off their sev'ral  
 way; 154  
 The youngling cottagers retire to rest;  
 The parent-pair their secret homage pay,  
 And proffer up to Heav'n the warm re-  
 quest,  
 That He who stills the raven's clam'rous  
 nest,  
 And decks the lily fair in flow'ry pride,  
 Would, in the way His wisdom sees the  
 best, 180  
 For them and for their little ones pro-  
 vide;  
 But chiefly, in their hearts with grace  
 divine preside.

From scenes like these old Scotia's<sup>43</sup>  
 grandeur springs,  
 That makes her loved at home, revered  
 abroad.  
 Princes and lords are but the breath of  
 kings, 165  
 "An honest man's the noblest work of  
 God";<sup>44</sup>  
 And certes, in fair Virtue's heavenly  
 road,  
 The cottage leaves the palace far be-  
 hind;

<sup>43</sup> *Scotia's*, Scotland's. <sup>44</sup> *An honest man's*  
 . . . *God*, from Pope's *Essay on Man*

What is a lordling's pomp? a cumbrous  
 load,  
 Disguising oft the wretch of human  
 kind, 170  
 Studied in arts of hell, in wickedness  
 refined!

O Scotia! my dear, my native soil!  
 For whom my warmest wish to Heaven  
 is sent,  
 Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil  
 Be blest with health, and peace, and  
 sweet content! 175  
 And oh! may Heaven their simple lives  
 prevent  
 From luxury's contagion, weak and  
 vile!  
 Then, howe'er crowns and coronets be  
 rent,  
 A virtuous populace may rise the while,  
 And stand a wall of fire around their  
 much-loved isle. 180

O Thou! who poured the patriotic tide  
 That streamed thro' Wallace's<sup>45</sup> un-  
 daunted heart,  
 Who dared to nobly stem tyrannic  
 pride,  
 Or nobly die, the second glorious part,  
 (The patriot's God peculiarly thou art,  
 His friend, inspirer, guardian, and re-  
 ward!) 188  
 O never, never Scotia's realm desert,  
 But still the patriot, and the patriot-  
 bard,  
 In bright succession raise, her orna-  
 ment and guard!

<sup>45</sup> *Wallace*, the Scottish patriot, Sir William  
 Wallace (1274-1305).

## LOVE SONGS BY BURNS

No poet has equaled Burns as a writer of love songs. The language is natural and heartfelt. The six love songs that follow are among the most charming in our language. "Jean" is addressed to Jean Armour, who became his wife. "Highland Mary" was inspired by Mary Campbell, the daughter of a sailor at Clyde. "Bonie Doon," which has been called the most perfect love song in any language, is sung by a young woman who is wandering along the Doon River near Burns's birthplace. "Bonie Lesley"

was addressed to Miss Lesley Baillie. Burns had accompanied her and her father on horseback some fifteen miles on the road to England. He composed the poem as he rode back to Dumfries. "Duncan Gray" surpasses in ludicrous effect the old Scotch poems that suggested it. "A Red, Red Rose," among the last songs that Burns composed, must be sung if one would feel its beauty and ardor. The music for these songs is not hard to get and would provide a delightful class program.

## JEAN

OF A' the airts<sup>1</sup> the wind can blaw  
 I dearly like the west,  
 For there the bonie lassie lives,  
 The lassie I lo'e<sup>2</sup> best.  
 There wild woods grow, and rivers  
 row,<sup>3</sup>  
 And monie a hill between;  
 But day and night my fancy's flight  
 Is ever wi' my Jean.

I see her in the dewy flowers,  
 I see her sweet and fair;  
 I hear her in the tunefu' birds,  
 I hear her charm the air.  
 There's not a bonie flower that springs  
 By fountain, shaw,<sup>4</sup> or green,  
 There's not a bonie bird that sings  
 But minds<sup>5</sup> me o' my Jean.

## HIGHLAND MARY

YE BANKS and braes and streams  
 around  
 The castle of Montgomery,  
 Green be your woods, and fair your  
 flowers,  
 Your waters never drumlie!<sup>6</sup>  
 There simmer first unfauld<sup>7</sup> her robes, 5  
 And there the langest tarry;  
 For there I took the last fareweel  
 O' my sweet Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloomed the gay, green  
 birk,<sup>8</sup>  
 How rich the hawthorn's blossom, 10  
 As underneath their fragrant shade  
 I clasped her to my bosom!

<sup>1</sup> airts, directions. <sup>2</sup> lo'e, love. <sup>3</sup> row, roll.  
<sup>4</sup> shaw, wood. <sup>5</sup> minds, reminds.  
<sup>6</sup> drumlie, muddy. <sup>7</sup> simmer first unfauld,  
 summer first unfold. <sup>8</sup> birk, birch.

The golden hours on angel wings  
 Flew o'er me and my dearie;  
 For dear to me as light and life 15  
 Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' monie a vow and locked embrace  
 Our parting was fu'<sup>1</sup> tender;  
 And pledging aft to meet again,  
 We tore oursels asunder; 20  
 But O! fell Death's untimely frost,  
 That nipped my flower sae early!  
 Now green's the sod, and cauld's<sup>2</sup> the  
 clay,  
 That wraps my Highland Mary!

O pale, pale now, those rosy lips, 25  
 I aft hae kissed sae fondly!  
 And closed for aye the sparkling glance  
 That dwelt on me sae kindly;  
 And moldering now in silent dust  
 That heart that lo'ed me dearly! 30  
 But still within my bosom's core  
 Shall live my Highland Mary.

## BONIE DOON

YE BANKS and braes<sup>3</sup> o' bonie  
 Doon  
 How can ye blume sae<sup>4</sup> fair!  
 How can ye chant, ye little birds,  
 And I sae fu' o' care!

Thou'll break my heart, thou bonie bird  
 That sings upon the bough; 6  
 Thou minds<sup>5</sup> me o' the happy days  
 When my fause<sup>6</sup> luvie was true.

Thou'll break my heart, thou bonie bird  
 That sings beside thy mate; 10

<sup>1</sup> fu', full. <sup>2</sup> cauld's, cold is.  
<sup>3</sup> braes, hillsides. <sup>4</sup> sae, so. <sup>5</sup> minds, reminds.  
<sup>6</sup> fause, false.

For sae I sat, and sae I sang,  
And wist na<sup>1</sup> o' my fate.

Aft hae<sup>2</sup> I roved by bonie Doon  
To see the woodbine twine,  
And ilka<sup>3</sup> bird sang o' its love;  
And sae did I o' mine.

Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd<sup>4</sup> a rose  
Frae aff its thorny tree;  
And my fause luvver staw<sup>5</sup> the rose,  
But left the thorn wi' me.

### BONIE LESLEY

**O** SAW ye bonie Lesley  
As she gaed o'er the Border:<sup>6</sup>  
She's gane,<sup>7</sup> like Alexander,<sup>8</sup>  
To spread her conquests farther.

To see her is to love her,  
And love but her forever;  
For nature made her what she is,  
And never made anither!

Thou art a queen, fair Lesley—  
Thy subjects, we before thee;  
Thou art divine, fair Lesley—  
The hearts o' men adore thee.

The Deil he could na skaith<sup>9</sup> thee,  
Or aught that wad belang thee;<sup>10</sup>  
He'd look into thy bonie face,  
And say, "I canna wrang thee!"

The Powers aboon will tent<sup>11</sup> thee;  
Misfortune sha'na steer<sup>12</sup> thee;  
Thou'rt like themsel' sae lovely  
That ill they'll ne'er let near thee.

Return again, fair Lesley,  
Return to Caledonie!<sup>13</sup>

<sup>1</sup> wist na, knew not. <sup>2</sup> Aft hae, often have.  
<sup>3</sup> ilka, every. <sup>4</sup> pu'd, pulled. <sup>5</sup> staw, stole  
<sup>6</sup> gaed . . . Border, went over the Border (the  
boundary between England and Scotland).  
<sup>7</sup> gane, gone. <sup>8</sup> Alexander, Alexander the  
Great. <sup>9</sup> skaith, harm.

<sup>10</sup> wad belang thee, belongs to thee.

<sup>11</sup> aboon will tent, above will watch over.

<sup>12</sup> steer, molest. <sup>13</sup> Caledonie, Caledonia, the  
poetic name for Scotland.

That we may brag we hae a lass  
There's nane<sup>1</sup> again sae bonie.

### DUNCAN GRAY

**D**UNCAN GRAY cam here to  
woo—

Ha, ha, the wooing o't!<sup>2</sup>  
On blythe Yule-night when we were  
fou<sup>3</sup>—

Ha, ha, the wooing o't!  
Maggie coost<sup>4</sup> her head fu' high,  
Looked asklent and unco skeigh,<sup>5</sup>  
Gart<sup>6</sup> poor Duncan stand abeigh<sup>7</sup>—  
Ha, ha, the wooing o't!

Duncan fleech<sup>8</sup>ed and Duncan prayed—  
Ha, ha, the wooing o't!

Meg was deaf as Ailsa Craig<sup>9</sup>—  
Ha, ha, the wooing o't!

Duncan sighed baith<sup>10</sup> out and in,  
Grat his een baith bleer't an' blin',<sup>11</sup>  
Spak o' lowpin o'er a linn<sup>12</sup>—  
Ha, ha, the wooing o't!

Time and chance are but a tide—  
Ha, ha, the wooing o't!

Slighted love is sair to bide<sup>13</sup>—  
Ha, ha, the wooing o't!

"Shall I, like a fool," quoth he,  
"For a haughty hizzie<sup>14</sup> die?"  
She may gae to—France for me!"  
Ha, ha, the wooing o't!

How it comes, let doctors tell—  
Ha, ha, the wooing o't!

Meg grew sick, as he grew hale—  
Ha, ha, the wooing o't!

Something in her bosom wrings,  
For relief a sigh she brings,

And, oh! her een, they spak sic<sup>15</sup> things!  
Ha, ha, the wooing o't!

<sup>1</sup> nane, none. <sup>2</sup> o't, of it. <sup>3</sup> fou, full (drunk).  
<sup>4</sup> coost, tossed. <sup>5</sup> asklent and unco skeigh,  
askance and very skittish. <sup>6</sup> Gart, made.  
<sup>7</sup> abeigh, aloof.

<sup>8</sup> fleech, wheedled. <sup>9</sup> Ailsa Craig, a rocky  
islet near the Ayrshire coast. <sup>10</sup> baith, both.  
<sup>11</sup> Grat . . . blin', wept so that his eyes were  
both bleared and blind. <sup>12</sup> lowpin o'er a linn,  
leaping over a waterfall.

<sup>13</sup> sair to bide, hard to endure. <sup>14</sup> hizzie,  
hussy.

<sup>15</sup> spak sic, spoke such.

Duncan was a lad o' grace—  
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't!  
 Maggie's was a piteous case— 35  
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't!  
 Duncan could na be her death,  
 Swelling pity smooored<sup>1</sup> his wrath;  
 Now they're crouse and canty<sup>2</sup> baith—  
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't! 40

As fair art thou, my bonie lass,  
 So deep in luvè am I;  
 And I will luvè thee still, my dear,  
 Till a' the seas gang<sup>2</sup> dry.  
 Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,  
 And the rocks melt wi' the sun; 10  
 And I will luvè thee still, my dear,  
 While the sands o' life shall run.

## A RED, RED ROSE

**M**Y LUVE<sup>3</sup> is like a red, red rose  
 That's newly sprung in June;  
 My luvè is like the melodie  
 That's sweetly played in tune.

And fare thee weel, my only luvè!  
 And fare thee weel awhile!  
 And I will come again, my luvè, 15  
 Though it were ten thousand mile.

<sup>1</sup> smooored, smothered. <sup>2</sup> crouse and canty, joyful and happy. <sup>3</sup> luvè, love, sweetheart.

<sup>1</sup> a', all.  
<sup>2</sup> gang, go.

## SONGS BY BURNS

The four songs that follow reveal the deep sympathy that was Burns's strongest quality as a man. The first two, which took their origin from earlier songs familiar to every Scottish peasant, exhibit his power to express supremely well sentiments that nearly everyone cherishes. The third shows Burns in one of his moments of confidence and courage. All the songs should be read aloud. It would be better still if the music for the first two were brought to class and they were sung.

AULD LANG SYNE<sup>1</sup>

**S**HOULD auld acquaintance be forgot,  
 And never brought to mind?  
 Should auld acquaintance be forgot,  
 And days o' lang syne?

*Chorus.*—For auld lang syne, my jo,<sup>2</sup> 5  
 For auld lang syne,  
 We'll tak a cup o' kindness  
 yet,  
 For auld lang syne.

And surely ye'll be your pint stowp<sup>3</sup>  
 And surely I'll be mine, 10  
 And we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,  
 For auld lang syne.  
 For auld, etc.

We twa hae<sup>1</sup> run about the braes,<sup>2</sup>  
 And pou'd the gowans<sup>3</sup> fine; 15  
 But we've wandered mony a weary fit,<<sup>4</sup>  
 Sin' auld lang syne.  
 For auld, etc.

We two hae paddled i' the burn<sup>5</sup>  
 Frae morning sun till dine;<sup>6</sup> 20  
 But seas between us braid<sup>7</sup> hae roared  
 Sin' auld lang syne.  
 For auld, etc.

And there's a hand, my trusty fiere,<sup>8</sup>  
 And gie's<sup>9</sup> a hand o' thine, 25  
 And we'll tak a right gude-willie  
 waught<sup>10</sup>  
 For auld lang syne.  
 For auld, etc.

<sup>1</sup> Auld Lang Syne, "A Long Time Ago." <sup>2</sup> jo, sweetheart.

<sup>3</sup> be your pint stowp, pay for your pint measure.

<sup>1</sup> twa hac, two have. <sup>2</sup> braes, hillsides.  
<sup>3</sup> pou'd the gowans, pulled the daisies. <sup>4</sup> fit, foot.

<sup>5</sup> paddled i' the burn, paddled in the brook.  
<sup>6</sup> dine, dinner-time. <sup>7</sup> braid, broad. <sup>8</sup> fiere, comrade. <sup>9</sup> gie's, give us.

<sup>10</sup> gude-willie waught, draft of good-will.



## JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO

JOHN ANDERSON my jo, John,  
 When we were first acquaint,<sup>1</sup>  
 Your locks were like the raven,  
 Your bonie brow was brent;<sup>2</sup>  
 But now your brow is beld,<sup>3</sup> John, 5  
 Your locks are like the snaw,  
 But blessings on your frosty pow,<sup>4</sup>  
 John Anderson my jo!

John Anderson my jo, John,  
 We clamb the hill thegither; 10  
 And monie a cantie<sup>5</sup> day, John,  
 We've had wi' ane anither:  
 Now we maun<sup>6</sup> totter down, John,  
 And hand in hand we'll go,  
 And sleep thegither at the foot, 15  
 John Anderson my jo!

## CONTENTED WI' LITTLE

CONTENTED wi' little and cantie<sup>7</sup>  
 wi' mair,  
 Whene'er I forgather wi' Sorrow and  
 Care,  
 I gie<sup>8</sup> them a skelp<sup>9</sup> as they're creepin  
 alang,  
 Wi' a cog o' guid swats<sup>10</sup> and an auld  
 Scottish sang.

I whyles claw<sup>11</sup> the elbow o' troublesome  
 thought, 5  
 But man is a soger,<sup>12</sup> and life is a  
 faught;<sup>13</sup>  
 My mirth and guid humor are coin in  
 my pouch,  
 And my freedom's my lairdship nae  
 monarch daur<sup>14</sup> touch.

A towmond<sup>15</sup> o' trouble, should that be  
 my fa',<sup>16</sup>  
 A night o' guid fellowship sowthers<sup>17</sup>  
 it a'; 10

<sup>1</sup> *acquaint*, acquainted. <sup>2</sup> *brent*, straight (not sloping from baldness). <sup>3</sup> *beld*, bald. <sup>4</sup> *pow*, head. <sup>5</sup> *cantie*, jolly. <sup>6</sup> *maun*, must.

<sup>7</sup> *cantie*, cheerful. <sup>8</sup> *gie*, give. <sup>9</sup> *skelp*, crack. <sup>10</sup> *cog o' guid swats*, bowl of good new ale.

<sup>11</sup> *whyles claw*, sometimes strike. <sup>12</sup> *soger*, soldier. <sup>13</sup> *faught*, fight. <sup>14</sup> *daur*, dare.

<sup>15</sup> *towmond*, twelve-month. <sup>16</sup> *fa'*, lot. <sup>17</sup> *sowthers*, solders—that is, make up for.

When at the blythe end o' our journey  
 at last,  
 Wha the deil ever thinks o' the road he  
 has passed?

Blind Chance, let her snapper and  
 stoyte<sup>1</sup> on her way;  
 Be't to me, be't frae me, e'en let the jad  
 gae!<sup>2</sup>

Come ease or come travail, come pleas-  
 ure or pain, 15  
 My warst word is, "Welcome, and wel-  
 come again!"

## SCOTS WHA HAE

[Among the old Scotch tunes with which Burns was familiar was one to which, tradition said, the army of Robert Bruce marched to Bannockburn. Bruce had taken up the fight for independence which had been waged until death by Sir William Wallace (1272-1305). The battle fought at Bannockburn (1314) is one of the proudest events in Scotch history, for Bruce there routed the English army of Edward II and drove it from the land. When this battle and the battle-tune came into Burns's mind on an evening walk, he declared, they roused him to a pitch of enthusiasm on the theme of liberty and independence, which he "threw into a kind of Scots ode, fitted to the air that one might suppose to be the gallant royal Scot's address to his heroic followers on that eventful morning."]

SCOTS, wha hae<sup>3</sup> wi' Wallace bled,  
 Scots, wham Bruce has aften led,  
 Welcome to your gory bed  
 Or to victorie!

Now's the day, and now's the hour; 5  
 See the front o' battle lour;<sup>4</sup>  
 See approach proud Edward's power—  
 Chains and slavery!

Wha will be a traitor knave?  
 Wha can fill a coward's grave? 10

<sup>1</sup> *snapper and stoyte*, stumble and stagger.  
<sup>2</sup> *jad gae*, jade go. <sup>3</sup> *wha hae*, who have.  
<sup>4</sup> *lour*, grow threatening.

What sae base as be a slave?  
Let him turn and flee!

Wha for Scotland's King and Law  
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,  
Freeman stand or freeman fa',<sup>1</sup> 15  
Let him follow me!

By Oppression's woes and pains,  
By your sons in servile chains,  
We will drain our dearest veins  
But they shall be free! 20

Lay the proud usurpers low!  
Tyrants fall in every foe!  
Liberty's in every blow!  
Let us do or die!

#### TO MRS. DUNLOP OF DUNLOP

[The woman to whom this letter was addressed, a daughter of Sir Thomas Wallace of Craigie, was descended from the brother of the Scottish hero, William Wallace. On first reading "The Cotter's Saturday Night" she was so much pleased that she sent a letter to Burns at once, expressing her warm admiration and ordering six copies of the Kilmarnock edition. How this recognition delighted Burns may be seen in his reply.]

Ayrshire, 1786

MADAM:

I am truly sorry I was not at home yesterday, when I was so much honored with your order for my copies, and incomparably more by the handsome compliments you are pleased to pay my poetic abilities. I am fully persuaded that there is not any class of mankind so feelingly alive to the titillations of applause as the sons of Parnassus;<sup>2</sup> nor is it easy to conceive how the heart of the poor bard dances with rapture,

<sup>1</sup> *fa'*, fall.

<sup>2</sup> *sons of Parnassus*, poets. Parnassus is a mountain near Delphi, Greece, sacred to the muses.

when those, whose character in life gives them a right to be polite judges, honor him with their approbation. Had you been thoroughly acquainted with me, Madam, you could not have touched my darling heart-chord more sweetly than by noticing my attempts to celebrate your illustrious ancestor, the savior of his country:

Great patriot hero! ill-requited chief!<sup>1</sup>

The first book I met with in my early years, which I perused with pleasure, was *The Life of Hannibal*;<sup>2</sup> the next was *The History of Sir William Wallace*.<sup>3</sup> For several of my earlier years I had few other authors; and many a solitary hour have I stole out, after the laborious vocations of the day, to shed a tear over their glorious but unfortunate stories. In those boyish days I remember, in particular, being struck with that part of Wallace's story where these lines occur—

Syne<sup>4</sup> to the Leglen wood,<sup>5</sup> when it was late,

To make a silent and a safe retreat.

I chose a fine summer Sunday, the only day my line of life allowed, and walked half a dozen of miles to pay my respects to the Leglen wood, with as much devout enthusiasm as ever pilgrim did to Loretto<sup>6</sup>; and, as I explored every den and dell where I could suppose my heroic countryman to have lodged, I recollect (for even then I was a rimer) that my heart glowed with a wish to be able to make a song on him in some measure equal to his merits.—R. B.

<sup>1</sup> *Great . . . chief*, from a spirited life of Sir William Wallace in verse, written by a Scottish poet known as "Henry the Minstrel" in the late fifteenth century.

<sup>2</sup> *Hannibal*, the great Carthaginian general (247-183 B.C.). <sup>3</sup> *The History of Sir William Wallace*, the poetical life referred to in note 1 above.

<sup>4</sup> *Syne*, then. The quotation is from the poem by Henry the Minstrel. <sup>5</sup> *Leglen wood*, a wood near Ayrshire, where Wallace hid when his enemies, the English, were searching for him.

<sup>6</sup> *Loretto*, a town in Italy, the site of a sanctuary of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

## STUDY AIDS

## I. CLASS DISCUSSIONS

*To a Louse.* 1. Which lines do you enjoy most?

2. What makes the final stanza one of the best known in all of Burns's writings?

3. The six-line stanza of this poem, which Burns had learned from the poems of Fergusson (page 338), was the most familiar stanza for Scottish poetry in his day. Has it a solemn or a humorous effect? Quote to prove.

*The Cotter's Saturday Night.* 1. What pleasure is there in Saturday night for the farmer? For the children? For Jenny?

2. Quote passages that show Burns's reverence for the family worship. What parts of the account of the services impressed you the most?

3. What does Burns most admire in his native land? What features that he admires may be found in America today?

*Love Songs.* 1. What difference do you note in the lover's situation in "Jean" and "Highland Mary"? What difference in the lover's feeling? Which song do you like better?

2. What is the mood of each of the remaining four songs? Who is the speaker in "Bonie Doon" and "A Red, Red Rose"? Which of the latter two seems to you the more simple and penetrating? Always quote lines or stanzas to support your answers.

*Songs.* 1. What sentiment or emotion is uppermost in each poem?

2. Which is the most personal of the four? What quality makes "Auld Lang Syne" the best known of Burns's songs all over the world?

3. What is the mood or spirit of "Scots Wha Hae"? Which lines give the most ringing expression to it?

*To Mrs. Dunlop.* What characteristic of Burns appears in this letter? What picture of his boyhood? What does the letter add to the account of his boyhood in the history (page 337)?

## II. INDIVIDUAL AND GROUP ACTIVITIES

1. What are the chief traits of Burns, the man, to be found in "The Cotter's Saturday Night"? How does the notion of him gained from this descriptive poem differ from the notion gained from his love songs? Draw your answers up as a report, reading or quoting passages to support your judgments.

2. Do you like Burns best for his humor, his patriotism, or his sentiment? In your report to the class quote passages from different poems to illustrate each of these qualities.

3. A series of reports might well be presented to the class on other poems of Burns. The following four groups might be made the basis for four reports: (a) "A Bard's Epitaph," "Poor Mailie's Elegy," "Tam Samson's Elegy"; (b) "Epistle to J. Lapraik," "Second Epistle to J. Lapraik," "Epistle to William Simpson"; (c) "The Auld Farmer's New Year Morning Salutation to His Auld Mare, Maggie," "Halloween," "Bessy and Her Spinning Wheel"; (d) "M'Pherson's Farewell," "It Was A' for Our Rightfu' King." Each report should bring out (1) what the poems in the group have in common, (2) what they show about Burns as a man and Scottish life in general.

## MORE READING

Balderston, John L., *Berkeley Square*. The period is 1784; the mystery is how a present-day character returns to live in that past day.

Barke, James, *The Wind that Shakes the Barley*. This novel of the life of Robert Burns to his twenty-fifth year is a pleasure to read.

Blake, William, *The Portable Blake*. The volume contains all that the ordinary reader can wish to read—poems, one of his prophetic books, and the complete illustrations for the Book of Job. The introduction by Alfred Kazin is the best treatment of Blake as artist, poet, and satirist.

Carlyle, Thomas, *Essay on Burns*. One of the most famous and eloquent of all writings upon Burns.

Dick, I. C., *Burns' Songs, Now First Printed with the Melodies for Which They Were Written*. The Oxford University Press has prepared this volume for those who would like to know the Burns lyrics in their musical setting.

Goldsmith, Oliver, *The Traveller*. This poetical account of Goldsmith's wanderings on the Continent brings out some of his most attractive traits.

Irving, Washington, *Life of Goldsmith*. Other good biographies are by Austin Dobson and F. F. Moore. Macaulay's famous sketch is in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*.

Nichol, John, *Robert Burns*. For reports on the life of Burns read first this excellent account in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*. Standard lives are by J. Stuart Blackie and J. C. Shairp. A more recent complete and authentic life is by Franklin Bliss Snyder.

Smith, D. N., *The Oxford Book of Eighteenth Century Verse*. A very useful collection for finding additional poems and poets for this period.

Thomas, Augustus, *Oliver Goldsmith*. A play in which the lovable Irishman is the hero.

Turberville, Arthur S., *English Men and Manners in the Eighteenth Century*. A general review of life and customs in England during the reign of form.

### A REVIEW OF PART THREE

1. To get a good notion of "The Reign of Form" (pages 221-376), list a set of passages to illustrate the care that writers took in expressing their thoughts. You might begin with "Achitophel" and go down to Goldsmith. Include prose, too, such as Johnson's letter to Chesterfield. With regard to the thought or content of the passages, point out how far the following elements appear: (a) intellectual interests, (b) universal ideas, (c) city life, (d) fashionable "correctness," (e) satire. If each of these topics is taken by a different student, a committee might decide which report contains the best illustrations. An additional report might be drawn up from Traill's *Social England* to show how buildings, gardens, dress, and so on, reflected the same ideals as the literature.

2. Though standards and rules tended to make writings uniform, the period is marked by a surprising number of new developments. You might begin with Dryden's satires, go on to the periodical essay, and so on down to biography. Tell how each form arose, what its qualities are, and what is the best specimen of each, so far as you can judge from your study. Which of these new forms is most popular

today? A separate report might be made on each development.

3. A lyric poem reflects the poet's nature and to some extent the temper of the age. List important lyric poems, from "Alexander's Feast" to "A Red, Red Rose." Show what each tells us about the author's feelings and, so far as possible, about the period or region in which it was written. If each pupil takes a separate poem, reads it aloud, and then explains these two features of it, a very interesting program can be drawn up.

4. An instructive program can be presented if a number of students will impersonate the chief authors of this period; one student might take Dryden, another Pope, and so on down to Burns. To prepare for such impersonation, the student should read a life of the author. These two points should be brought out in the talk or address: (a) how the author made a living, particularly how much of it he earned by his pen; (b) what position he held in the public eye as a result of his writings. At the end one of the students not in the program should sum up the changes in the lives of authors that took place during the period.

their families who could no longer earn a living in the country districts. This transformation, which continued all through the reign of George III, is called the Industrial Revolution.

**Democratic hopes**

One may inquire why politicians did not look after the interests of the poor. The answer is that the poor had no vote. The "Glorious Revolution of 1688" had given Parliament control of the country, but control of Parliament remained in the hands of wealthy men. No matter what party was in power, the interests of the farm laborer and the factory worker were in no way represented. In the country at large, however, sympathy with their cause rose steadily. Talk of the "rights of man" began during the American Revolution, when a large section of British opinion supported the colonies against the mother country. The discussion became eager during the French Revolution. French philosophers had long been advancing ideas that favored the common people—ideas that were followed eagerly in England by many who hoped to see justice prevail in their own land. When the French changed their form of government in 1789 to give the oppressed a part in it, the rejoicing in this victory for the rights of man was particularly strong in the industrial sections of England.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH (1770-1850)

**Wordsworth's revolutionary sympathies**

A reflection of this enthusiasm is to be found in the early life of William Wordsworth, the greatest English poet of the era. He was born in a region called the Lake District, which is beautiful not merely for its lakes but even more for its mountains. His first poems, begun before his sixteenth year, dealt with his wanderings through the region. When he went to Cambridge University, the outbreak of

the French Revolution stirred him to zeal for the rights of man. So fervent was his new hope of seeing the world made over that soon after receiving his degree at Cambridge he prevailed on his guardians to let him spend a year in France. There a captain in the army of the recently established republic became a firm friend, who fired him still more with democratic aspirations for mankind.

When the revolutionary leaders in Paris began in September, 1792, to massacre the nobles who had been put in prison as enemies of the republic, English lovers of freedom were horrified. Wordsworth's guardians, by cutting off the young man's funds, forced him to return to England. There public opinion had almost uniformly turned against France. Even the working classes joined the aristocracy in attacking anyone with radical French ideas. But it was not until French armies began to subjugate other peoples that a doubt came over Wordsworth himself concerning the principles underlying the whole movement.

In this period of conflicting loyalties a bequest from a friend enabled him to settle in the west of England, where he sought calm by writing poetry. His much loved sister Dorothy kept house for him, but her real service lay in drawing his mind once more to the beauties of nature. A second influence came in the person of a young poet and marvelous talker, Samuel Taylor Coleridge, who visited them in 1797. Wordsworth was inspired by his presence. Years afterwards he declared, "The only wonderful man I ever knew was Coleridge." To be near him Wordsworth and his sister moved into his neighborhood. The three walked through the yellowing woods of autumn or gazed at the broad waters of the Bristol Channel, talking all the time of poetry and the hopes of mankind. The fruit of this friendship



Courtesy of National Portrait Gallery

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

was *Lyrical Ballads* (published in Bristol in 1798), one of the few epoch-making books in English literature.

**A revolutionary volume** *Lyrical Ballads* contains poems by both young men, notably "The Ancient Mariner" of Coleridge and the "Tintern Abbey" of Wordsworth. The main contribution came from Wordsworth, whose verse arose from the ardent faith in man and nature which had been kindled in him by the French Revolution. His subjects were a challenge to the whole classical school of poetry. He proclaimed that the characters and scenes were "such as will be found in every village and its vicinity." Pope would have pronounced the subjects too "low" for poetry. What was worse from the Augustan point of view, Wordsworth denounced the whole poetical language of the classical school. He declared that poetry should use the "real language of men," even of humble men who herd sheep or work in the fields. In a word, *Lyrical Ballads*, by two young men, one twenty-five and the

other twenty-seven, affronted the cardinal beliefs which had been inherited from the conventional literary world in the eighteenth century.

**Nature of his revolt** Wordsworth's poetry, then, arose from a true revolt. It did more than protest against eighteenth century conceptions of what a poet should write about and what his language should be. As we saw in the last chapter, a succession of poets from Thomson to Blake had departed from the classical restrictions set up by Pope and Johnson. Wordsworth went further. He not only felt more deeply than most of them, but he unfurled the banner of a crusade and with prophet-like voice sought to lead mankind to the eternal verities.

In two respects his poems expressed new and inspiring convictions. In the first place, his view of mankind was more democratic than that taken by earlier poets like Gray or Cowper. Not only were his interests centered in humble people, but he considered them ideal



The Rischgitz Collection, London

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

men because they had never been corrupted by the luxury and artificiality of social life in cities.

In the second place, Wordsworth saw more in nature than did his predecessors, such as Collins or Burns. They observed the approach of evening or viewed the mountain daisy with exactness and delight. Burns in particular made nature reflect the feelings of man. But Wordsworth, in addition to noting color and motion in natural scenes and objects, discovered a mysterious and healing effect of nature on man. No earlier poet had believed in the power of nature to make men better and wiser, a doctrine to which Wordsworth constantly returned. In fine, he was a revolutionary poet, whether the subject were nature or man.

**His last  
fifty years**

This revolutionary inspiration lived in Wordsworth some ten years—from 1797 to 1807. Nearly all his best poetry was written in this period of abounding vitality. In 1799 he settled in the Lake District and continued to reside there the remaining half century of his life. His main literary productions were two: (1) *The Prelude* (1805), which is a kind of autobiography in verse, giving the "growth of a poet's mind" from early childhood (see page 391); (2) *Poems in Two Volumes* (1807), which contains some of the loftiest sonnets in the language and one of the profoundest of all our odes, the "Ode on Intimations of Immortality" (see pages 395-397, 400). His poetical life really ended at thirty-seven. He wrote constantly thereafter, but only occasionally did he produce a real poem. Nevertheless, his reputation gradually rose, and his theories about the proper subjects and language for poetry won more and more acceptance. In 1843 he was named poet laureate, the highest honor England can bestow on a writer. When he died in 1850, his reputation as one of the leading figures

in English literature had long been established. Wordsworth is still prized for the simple loveliness that he reveals in fields and birds and humble people, for the inspiring message that he brings us from deep woods or mountain lakes, and for those rarer lyrics in which powerful feeling is conveyed in singing rhythms that create a moment of imaginative beauty.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE (1772-1834)

**Personal  
influence of  
Wordsworth**

In the plan for the *Lyrical Ballads* Wordsworth was to deal with the beauty and inspiration in common things while Coleridge was to make the supernatural seem natural. In the latter subtle and difficult field "The Ancient Mariner" is a triumphant achievement. Yet it and all Coleridge's other poetry can be traced to Wordsworth's influence.

Born two years after Wordsworth, he arrived in Cambridge just as the older man was leaving. The French Revolution aroused in him little interest until he had quit the university without a degree. Then in a burst of enthusiasm for mankind he planned a Pantisocracy, an ideal community to be founded on the banks of the Susquehanna in Pennsylvania. In making speeches for this scheme he discovered that he had gifts as an orator. He wrote poetry also to further the project. But the scheme came to nothing. The truth is, Coleridge had no strong will-power. This lack Wordsworth for a time supplied. Moreover, their conversations revealed to Coleridge himself unsuspected powers. During the six years (1797-1803) that they enjoyed constant companionship Coleridge produced all the poems on which his reputation rests. They are poems to which the word *unique* may fairly be applied. There is nothing else just like them in English literature.



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## LAKE GRASMERE, IN THE "WORDSWORTH COUNTRY"

**Contrast between Wordsworth and Coleridge**

Coleridge's poems, as may be seen from the specimens on pages 406-412, are quite unlike Wordsworth's. Instead of finding a hidden meaning in common things he transports us to a world of ethereal beauty, not the familiar scenes of sky and earth but an imagined world of enchantment and gorgeous visions. The poets were both lovers of nature, but Coleridge observed more delicately the aspects of nature that he loved, such as the apple-green color in an evening sky. They helped each other to establish a romantic school of poetry. Wordsworth's romance, as we have just seen, lay essentially in breaking the eighteenth century poetic tradition in order to find new fields of truth and beauty. The spirit of romance which strives to escape from the bonds of everyday common-sense life has never found a purer expression than in Coleridge's master-

pieces. Both poets could rise to a perfect expression of their ideas, but Wordsworth often lapses into the prosaic, while Coleridge's verse flows on with a rhythm that haunts us for days, so subtly does it harmonize with the pictures and mood of the poem. Wordsworth was meditative; he liked to write of emotions recollected in tranquillity, often long after the original joy or pain had been experienced. Coleridge was intoxicated by poetry; his imagination worked at a white heat while the inspiration was still fresh and vigorous.

**Coleridge's attainments**

Coleridge wrote almost no poetry after he and Wordsworth parted company. His weakness of will led him to contract the habit of taking opium. After a period of ineffectual struggle to throw off the vice, he entered the home of a doctor, with whom he lived for the remaining eighteen years of his life. His unrivaled ability to develop ideas,



both in public lectures and in private conversations, gave him an influence in some ways superior to that of Dr. Johnson. His lectures on philosophy were thronged, and his criticism of Wordsworth and Shakespeare was so penetrating that it changed the point of view of readers and critics alike. But it is by his poetry that he attains one of the foremost places in English literature.

#### THE ROMANTIC ELEMENT

The revolt of Wordsworth and Coleridge against the conceptions of poetry that were traditional in the eighteenth century has generally been called romantic. In the case of Coleridge the romance is obvious to every reader, for most of his verse sweeps us into an imaginary world far removed from the affairs of practical life. The effect on the reader is the same in kind as the pleasure he derives from Malory, though Coleridge's creations are much more magical.

In the case of Wordsworth the romance is usually not so obvious. To understand it one must go back to the English Renaissance, when people exulted in the unlimited possibilities that seemed to lie before the individual. Men joyed in personal feeling; every individual impulse was thought worthy of expression. This is one reason why the songs of the age of Shakespeare in their freshness and vitality are unsurpassed in our literature.

Then came the classical school of Dryden and Pope, who by precept and example established the claims of reason and custom against the allurements of imagination. The true aim of the poet, they maintained, was to present truth in general or universal terms, and to deal with the intellectual concerns of society as a group of men.

Wordsworth and the romantic poets, on the other hand, wrote from a deep

conviction that the individual is of most worth, that truth is to be gained by freeing oneself from the constrictive force of organized society and established ways of thinking. Consequently as subjects for poetry Wordsworth preferred outdoor nature to rules for versification, humble shepherds to aristocrats in powdered wigs, spiritual refreshment gained in a green wood to wisdom drawn from ancient philosophers. All these preferences were in effect declarations that organized society and reasoned explanations are of little value in comparison with the insight of a poet's soul. To sum up, Wordsworth is romantic in the sense that he revels in personal feeling as against the restrictions of conventional thinking.

#### SIR WALTER SCOTT (1771-1832)

**His early hobby** Wordsworth and Coleridge waited long for an audience; it required years for the true significance of their work to penetrate beyond a small circle. With Scott popularity came early, and it grew by leaps and bounds during his lifetime. He was descended from Scottish border chieftains whose exploits had been related in medieval ballads. In his childhood his grandmother told him of their raids and narrow escapes. He became a storyteller himself in his youth; while still in high school he used to hold audiences on rainy days by his tales of the marvelous and the terrible. Bishop Percy's *Reliques* he read, he says, "with a delight which may be imagined but cannot be described." During his young manhood he would make expeditions year after year into remote country districts to add to his own growing collection of ballads. The fruit of this hobby was a ballad compilation which appeared in 1802 in two volumes under the title *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*.



From a painting by Thomas Faed

**SIR WALTER SCOTT AND HIS LITERARY FRIENDS AT ABBOTSFORD**

Scott is seated at the right, reading from a manuscript.

**His metrical tales**

The publication of this ballad compilation had one important consequence. A countess who had heard a legend about a mischievous goblin asked Scott to compose a ballad on it. The result was not a ballad but a verse romance in six sections or cantos, into which Scott poured all his enthusiasm about border frays and the medieval trappings of life. Because the story was so different from the classical verse still fashionable, he pretended it was chanted by one of those old minstrels who went about reciting ballads.

When the poem was published as *The Lay of the Last Minstrel* (1805), its adventures and its vivid pictures of border life caught the fancy of a public that was tired of the cold regularity of Pope and Johnson. His ideal, Scott said, was to write verse that should please "soldiers, sailors, and young people of bold and active disposition." He succeeded, for his poetry is easy to read and to remember. The characters are clearly sketched, the action rushes along, the scenes are graphically described. There is nothing difficult or magical about it. Its success was so extraordinary that Scott decided to give up law for literature. Thus through the romantic appeal of the Middle Ages, Scott carried by storm the stronghold of popular favor which Wordsworth and Coleridge had besieged in vain with their poetry about nature and lowly characters.

Two other metrical romances raised Scott's reputation far above that of any other author of the time. *Marmion* (1808) and *The Lady of the Lake* (1810) carried his name wherever poetry was read. He was the first great storyteller in verse since Dryden published his *Fables* in 1690. His verse tales still give pleasure to thousands, but his fame rests upon the long succession of his historical novels that began in 1814. They will be treated in the next chapter.

**SECOND GENERATION OF ROMANTIC POETS**

Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Scott effected a lasting reform in English poetry. They broadened human sympathies, revealed new beauty and significance in nature, and enlarged the interest in medieval legends and forms of literature. They were as successful in establishing a new trend as the Elizabethan poets and playwrights had been in the sixteenth century, and as Dryden and Pope had been in the Restoration and Queen Anne days. Two of them, Wordsworth and Coleridge, led the romantic revolt, which was with them a revolt in the realm of literature. The French Revolution, to be sure, gave them the initial urge, but their early interest in the rights of man was soon turned into poetic channels. As soon as England began to fight Napoleon their political faith reverted to their native land.

When the twenty years of warfare was ended in 1815 with the final defeat of Napoleon at Waterloo, men could once more think of bringing English life and government up to the more liberal ideas of the age. So far as poetry is concerned, its service to social reform in the next decade after 1815 was to be the work of the second generation of romantic poets. That generation contains three names of great importance, Byron, Shelley, and Keats, two of whom, Byron and Shelley, were rebellious critics of the established order of things.

**LORD BYRON (1788-1824)**

**Life of Byron** The oldest of the second generation of romantic poets, George Gordon, Lord Byron, had a meteoric career. He was an aristocrat, despising peasants and Wordsworth's poetry about them. Nevertheless he became the most romantic figure of his generation, because he represented the



Courtesy of National Portrait Gallery

LORD BYRON

(From a painting by Westall)

defiance which the individual hurls at society. At twenty-one he set off on his travels to Spain, Albania, Greece, and Asia Minor. From these wanderings he composed a kind of poetical travel book in Spenserian stanzas. Thinking of himself as a knight named Childe Harold in search of adventure, he filled the account with descriptions of strange scenery and his own unbridled emotions.

When the poem was published as *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage* (1812), it made him famous overnight. The surging vigor of the verse swept every reader along, but even more fascinating was the figure of Childe Harold, in revolt against most of the conventions that English society held dear. Riding on the crest of popularity for the next few years, Byron cast to the public a series of metrical tales which Scott gallantly said drove him from the field. The hero of these lays was always the same world-weary personality, whom readers identified with Byron himself. Only his su-

perb energy could have produced them amid the unbroken succession of dinner parties and balls to which he was invited. He married, but before a year was out quarrelled with his wife. The sudden and mysterious separation set society to talking and forced Byron in bitterness of spirit to leave England for good.

Though the exile wrecked his happiness, it stimulated him to the most ringing poetry of his career. With characteristic scorn and vigor he added the third and fourth cantos to *Childe Harold*. His masterpiece is *Don Juan*, a rambling conversational satire on which he worked at intervals to the end of his life. It has been pronounced "by far the most admirable specimen of the mixture of ease, strength, gayety, and seriousness extant in the whole body of English poetry." After Byron had spent several years in different parts of Italy, his hatred of tyranny drove him to Greece, where he raised an army to fight for Greek independence from Turkey. To this cause he gave his fortune and his life. His death at Missolonghi, April 19, 1824, helped to establish throughout Europe his fame as a revolutionary poet and a passionate lover of freedom.

**Byron as a poet** Byron's is essentially a poetry of revolt. A rebel against English society, he raised a loud voice against oppression everywhere because he hated tyranny profoundly, fiercely, nobly. His work was, in addition, intensely personal. He was always his own hero; even in his narrative and dramatic works we find chiefly the reflection of his own thoughts and feelings. Though the spirit of his verse is violent and self-centered, it has a strange power to win the sympathy of the reader for his wild and turbulent soul. It was this combination of qualities that made him in his own day the most eagerly read of the romantic poets.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY (1792-1822)

**Life of Shelley** Another aristocrat who became the voice of revolution was Percy Bysshe Shelley. In the first school that he attended the bullying by the older boys awoke in him a hatred of all kinds of tyranny. At Eton, a famous school that prepared for college, he rebelled against the traditional "fagging" system, by which the lower classmen were virtually the servants of the upper classmen. After he had been at Oxford a few months he printed a pamphlet, "The Necessity of Atheism," which was sent to bishops and other dignitaries and for which he was expelled from the university.

His father indignantly cut off his income, but the unworldly youth of nineteen stuck to his convictions. He made a runaway marriage which turned out so unhappily that in the end his wife drowned herself. The influence of William Godwin, a revolutionist who wrote *Political Justice*, increased Shelley's distaste for the despotism of English customs. In 1816 he married Godwin's daughter Mary and two years later went to Italy to reside for the rest of his short life. Here was written the most beautiful of his poetry. In the summer of 1822, after visiting some English friends who lived across the Gulf of Spezia, he started to sail back to his residence at Lerici. A squall came up. Ten days later his body, which had been washed ashore, was burned on the sands and the ashes taken to Rome for burial near the grave of Keats, his younger contemporary who had died in Rome.

**His lyric gift** Shelley is essentially a lyrical poet, all air and fire. Poems came from him as spontaneously as songs from a bird. He felt keenly and delicately; he aspired to the noble and the beautiful; his whole being yearned to free humanity from all kinds of tyranny. This rarely endowed spirit had to a supreme degree the power to

express its sorrows and longings in language that is natural, simple, and melodious. Shelley's verse is full of beautiful and vivid personifications in which clouds and winds speak with a personal voice and even abstract ideas become living, breathing beings.

But perhaps the chief excellence of his poetry is that the words and the rhythm fuse to provide an inspired expression of the poet's soul. As was said in this volume when lyric poetry was first mentioned, the feelings of a poet, like those of ordinary human beings, are likely to pass out of mind quickly. The swellings of the heart are soon stilled by the return to habitual ways of thinking. But Shelley caught these fleeting emotions in language of penetrating beauty; those fugitive moments of sadness or exaltation over some ideal he made immortal by the miracle of genius.

This supreme lyrical power is illustrated in two long poems. *Prometheus Unbound* (1820) is based on the old Greek myth of a giant condemned by Jove to unending torture because of his gift of fire to man. Shelley's so-called drama is nowhere very dramatic, and the final act is entirely lyrical; the spirits of the Hours and of the Human Mind (Shelley could invent his own mythology) sing triumphantly of a new world of love that is "good, great and joyous, beautiful and free." "Adonais" (1821) was an elegy in praise of Keats, whose poems Shelley had in his pocket when he was drowned. The distinction of the poem, which makes it in some ways the summit of his achievement, is the piercing voice with which it sings of some of the profoundest ideas about life and death. Only a genuine poet can combine abstract thought and personal emotion in one burning whole. Wordsworth accomplished this fusing in his "Intimations of Immortality" (page 400), and Shelley with intenser feeling in "Adonais." The great elegy links to-



Courtesy of National Portrait Gallery

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY



Courtesy of National Portrait Gallery

JOHN KEATS

gether for succeeding ages Shelley and Keats, two contrasting geniuses of the romantic revolt.

JOHN KEATS (1795-1821)

**Life of Keats** Keats, the third of the poetic geniuses of the second half of the romantic period, lived the shortest life of the three. Unlike the others, he was born of humble parents—in fact, in a London livery stable of which his father was manager. As a youngster at school he was full of fun, but at fourteen he began a serious study of poetry and mythology. The son of the headmaster lent him *The Faerie Queene*, which so delighted him that he began to write poems of his own. When he was twenty he sat up all one night reading a translation of *The Iliad* by Chapman, a contemporary of Spenser, and then wrote one of the most famous of English sonnets, “On First Looking into Chapman’s Homer.” Within the next five years he completed one of the most brilliant poetical careers in English literature.

Keats had been apprenticed to a surgeon and had pursued his studies faithfully, but the year after “Chapman’s Homer” he decided to give his whole soul to poetry. In the summer of 1818 he took a walking tour through the Lake Country and the Scottish Highlands, which overtaxed his strength and developed a latent tuberculosis. On returning to London he fell in love, and under that inspiration composed many of his finest poems. This period of productivity was cut short by the rapid progress of his disease. In the hope of recovery he at length went to Rome, where in a few months he died on February 23, 1821.

**Keats as a poet**

Shelley was spiritual, a lover of beautiful ideas. Keats was sensuous, a worshiper of the beauty that comes through the eyes and ears. When he went on a walk, according to a friend, nothing seemed to escape him; he noted “the song of a bird and the undernote of response from covert or hedge,” “the changing of the green and brown lights and furtive shadows” in the woods, and “the violent

passage of wind across a great field of barley." Yet along with this keen pleasure in sights and sounds he felt with Wordsworth that a poet is a kind of prophet who has a message for his public. He consciously strove to make himself a great poet and achieved more than once a rare expression of the delights and griefs of mankind.

Keats's poetry exhibits unusual versatility. His lyrics are not so spontaneous as Shelley's, yet in his odes he voices in magical phrases the romantic desire to escape from actual life, which is brief and full of suffering, into a world of beauty that will endure forever. This world of beauty he often sought among the Greek myths. Both "Endymion" and "Hyperion," long narratives in verse, reveal anew the attraction of the

ancient world, but in spite of their classical subjects they are romantic poems in the intensity of their personal feeling. The highest expression of this yearning for a fairer world than ours is revealed in his medieval narratives, such as "The Eve of St. Mark" or "The Eve of St. Agnes." Full of color and rich detail, they bring before us the haunting charm of remote ages in contrast with the dreary present. At the end of "St. Agnes" the poet is careful to remind us

And they are gone; aye, ages long ago  
These lovers fled away into the storm.

With all his variety, Keats is consistently a romantic poet. Indeed in his search for permanent beauty he carries nineteenth century English romanticism to its highest expression.

**Summary** This chapter has given fresh illustration of the now familiar truth that literature reflects the life of a period. The account begins with a record of glowing hopes for the future of mankind and the accompanying revolt from the literary standards of the eighteenth century. The poetry of Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Scott is called romantic because it asserts anew the triumph of the individual over the constraining forces of society. In this respect it is comparable with the Renaissance flowering of personal emotion into great poetry that filled with glory the closing years of Elizabeth's reign. With the second generation of romantic poets, notably Byron and Shelley, a revolt from the established political and social order also found a ringing voice in poetry. Keats preserves, in fresh and beautiful language for the pleasure and quickening of readers everywhere, the record of a mind that loved nature deeply and found in it surpassing beauty. All in all, the poetry of these men makes the romantic period one of the great eras in English literature.

## SELECTIONS FOR CHAPTER XI

### WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

#### THERE WAS A BOY

[The name of this boyhood companion of Wordsworth is unknown, but the experience described below came often to Wordsworth himself. Many other nature lovers suddenly find new beauties in a familiar scene. Love of nature, the central feature of Wordsworth's poetry, is here seen to have been part of his life from early boyhood. The lines are from Wordsworth's long autobiographical poem, *The Prelude*.]

THERE was a boy; ye knew him  
well, ye cliffs  
And islands of Winander!<sup>1</sup>—many a  
time  
At evening, when the earliest stars began  
To move along the edges of the hills,  
Rising or setting, would he stand alone  
Beneath the trees or by the glimmering  
lake,<sup>6</sup>  
And there, with fingers interwoven,  
both hands  
Pressed closely palm to palm, and to his  
mouth  
Uplifted, he, as through an instrument,  
Blew mimic hootings to the silent owls,  
That they might answer him; and they  
would shout<sup>11</sup>  
Across the watery vale, and shout again,  
Responsive to his call, with quivering  
peals,  
And long halloos and screams, and  
echoes loud,  
Redoubled and redoubled, concourse  
wild<sup>15</sup>  
Of jocund din; and, when a lengthened  
pause

<sup>1</sup> *Winander*, Windermere, one of the most beautiful lakes in the "Wordsworth Country."

Of silence came and baffled his best  
skill,  
Then sometimes, in that silence while he  
hung  
Listening, a gentle shock of mild surprise  
Has carried far into his heart the voice  
Of mountain torrents; or the visible  
scene<sup>21</sup>  
Would enter unawares into his mind,  
With all its solemn imagery, its rocks,  
Its woods, and that uncertain heaven,  
received  
Into the bosom of the steady lake.<sup>25</sup>

This boy was taken from his mates,  
and died  
In childhood, ere he was full twelve  
years old.  
Fair is the spot, most beautiful the vale  
Where he was born; the grassy church-  
yard hangs  
Upon a slope above the village school,  
And through that churchyard when my  
way has led<sup>31</sup>  
On summer evenings, I believe that  
there  
A long half hour together I have stood  
Mute, looking at the grave in which he  
lies!

#### WE ARE SEVEN

[This simple poem is typical of Wordsworth because it tells of a humble laborer's daughter and because its language has a simplicity in harmony with the subject. It reveals something of the poet's feeling and thought. First, he delighted in children, their health and vitality. Second, he believed they knew more of essential truth than older people. This little girl could not believe that her brother and sister had ceased to be members of the family when



they died. The fact that she sensed their presence as much as ever seemed to Wordsworth to reveal a profound truth about death and immortality.]

—A simple child,  
That lightly draws its breath,  
And feels its life in every limb,  
What should it know of death?

I met a little cottage girl; 5  
She was eight years old, she said;  
Her hair was thick with many a curl  
That clustered round her head.

She had a rustic, woodland air, 10  
And she was wildly clad;  
Her eyes were fair, and very fair;  
—Her beauty made me glad.

"Sisters and brothers, little maid,  
How many may you be?"  
"How many? Seven in all," she said, 15  
And wondering looked at me.

"And where are they? I pray you tell."  
She answered, "Seven are we;  
And two of us at Conway dwell,  
And two are gone to sea." 20

"Two of us in the churchyard lie,  
My sister and my brother;  
And, in the churchyard cottage, I  
Dwell near them with my mother."

"You say that two at Conway dwell, 25  
And two are gone to sea,  
Yet ye are seven! I pray you tell,  
Sweet maid, how this may be."

Then did the little maid reply, 30  
"Seven boys and girls are we;  
Two of us in the churchyard lie,  
Beneath the churchyard tree."

"You run about, my little maid,  
Your limbs, they are alive;  
If two are in the churchyard laid, 35  
Then ye are only five."

"Their graves are green; they may be  
seen,"

The little maid replied,  
"Twelve steps or more from my  
mother's door, 40  
And they are side by side.

"My stockings there I often knit,  
My kerchief there I hem;  
And there upon the ground I sit,  
And sing a song to them.

"And often after sunset, sir, 45  
When it is light and fair,  
I take my little porringer,  
And eat my supper there.

"The first that died was sister Jane;  
In bed she moaning lay, 50  
Till God released her of her pain;  
And then she went away.

"So in the churchyard she was laid;  
And, when the grass was dry,  
Together round her grave we played, 55  
My brother John and I.

"And when the ground was white with  
snow,  
And I could run and slide,  
My brother John was forced to go,  
And he lies by her side." 60

"How many are you, then," said I,  
"If they two are in heaven?"  
Quick was the little maid's reply,  
"O master! we are seven."

"But they are dead; those two are dead!  
Their spirits are in heaven!" 66  
'Twas throwing words away; for still  
The little maid would have her will,  
And said, "Nay, we are seven!"

#### SHE DWELT AMONG THE UNTRODDEN WAYS

[This love poem and the next one were written while the poet was spending a winter in Germany. Though they probably

were not based on actual events, they without doubt arose from the longings of his heart while in a foreign land. Wordsworth nowhere attained a more beautiful simplicity of expression.]

SHE dwelt among the untrodden  
ways  
Beside the springs of Dove;<sup>1</sup>  
A maid whom there were none to  
praise,  
And very few to love.

A violet by a mossy stone                   5  
Half-hidden from the eye!  
Fair as a star, when only one  
Is shining in the sky.

She lived unknown, and few could  
know  
When Lucy ceased to be;                   10  
But she is in her grave, and, oh,  
The difference to me!

#### A SLUMBER DID MY SPIRIT SEAL

A SLUMBER did my spirit seal;  
I had no human fears.  
She seemed a thing that could not feel  
The touch of earthly years.

No motion has she now, no force;           5  
She neither hears nor sees;  
Rolled round in earth's diurnal course<sup>2</sup>  
With rocks, and stones, and trees.

#### SHE WAS A PHANTOM OF DELIGHT

[The subject of this love poem was Wordsworth's wife. It was written about two years after their marriage to record both his first impression of her and his settled understanding.]

<sup>1</sup> *Dove*, the name of several streams in England.

<sup>2</sup> *earth's diurnal course*, the daily revolution of the earth.

SHE was a phantom of delight  
When first she gleamed upon my  
sight;

A lovely apparition sent  
To be a moment's ornament;  
Her eyes as stars of twilight fair;       5  
Like twilight's, too, her dusky hair;  
But all things else about her drawn  
From May-time and the cheerful dawn;  
A dancing shape, an image gay,  
To haunt, to startle, and waylay.       10

I saw her upon nearer view,  
A spirit, yet a woman too!  
Her household motions light and free,  
And steps of virgin-liberty;  
A countenance in which did meet       15  
Sweet records, promises as sweet;  
A creature not too bright or good  
For human nature's daily food,  
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,  
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and  
smiles.   20

And now I see with eye serene  
The very pulse of the machine;<sup>1</sup>  
A being breathing thoughtful breath,  
A traveler between life and death;  
The reason firm, the temperate will,       25  
Endurance, foresight, strength, and  
skill;  
A perfect woman, nobly planned,  
To warn, to comfort, and command;  
And yet a spirit still, and bright  
With something of angelic light.       30

#### PERSONAL TALK

[The four sonnets that compose "Personal Talk" picture the home life of Wordsworth after his marriage, and give us a notion of the kind of man he was. These glimpses satisfy that curiosity about an author which Addison makes fun of in the first paper of *The Spectator* (page 242) and likewise give us a clearer understanding of Wordsworth's poetry.]

<sup>1</sup> *machine*, body.

I AM not one who much or oft delight  
 To season my fireside with personal  
 talk.—  
 Of friends, who live within an easy  
 walk,  
 Or neighbors, daily, weekly, in my  
 sight;  
 And, for my chance acquaintance, ladies  
 bright, 5  
 Sons, mothers, maidens withering on the  
 stalk,  
 These all wear out of me, like forms  
 with chalk  
 Painted on rich men's floors,<sup>1</sup> for one  
 feast night.  
 Better than such discourse doth silence  
 long,  
 Long, barren silence, square with my  
 desire; 10  
 To sit without emotion, hope, or aim,  
 In the loved presence of my cottage fire,  
 And listen to the flapping of the flame,  
 Or kettle whispering its faint under-  
 song.

"Yet life," you say, "is life; we have seen  
 and see, 15  
 And with a living pleasure we describe;  
 And fits of sprightly malice do but bribe  
 The languid mind into activity.  
 Sound sense, and love itself, and mirth  
 and glee  
 Are fostered by the comment and the  
 gibe." 20  
 Even be it so; yet still among your tribe,  
 Our daily world's true worldlings, rank  
 not me!  
 Children are blest, and powerful; their  
 world lies  
 More justly balanced; partly at their feet,  
 And part far from them—sweetest mel-  
 odies 25  
 Are those that are by distance made  
 more sweet;  
 Whose mind is but the mind of his own  
 eyes,  
 He is a slave—the meanest we can meet!

<sup>1</sup> Painted . . . floors, as a guide to the dancers.

Wings have we, and as far as we can go  
 We may find pleasure—wilderness and  
 wood, 30  
 Blank ocean and mere sky, support that  
 mood  
 Which with the lofty sanctifies the low.  
 Dreams, books, are each a world; and  
 books, we know,  
 Are a substantial world, both pure and  
 good.  
 Round these, with tendrils strong as  
 flesh and blood, 35  
 Our pastimes and our happiness will  
 grow.  
 There find I personal themes, a plen-  
 teous store,  
 Matter wherein right voluble I am,  
 To which I listen with a ready ear;  
 Two shall be named, pre-eminently  
 dear— 40  
 The gentle lady<sup>2</sup> married to the Moor, 41  
 And heavenly Una<sup>3</sup> with her milk-white  
 lamb.

Nor can I not believe but that hereby  
 Great gains are mine; for thus I live  
 remote  
 From evil-speaking; rancor, never  
 sought, 45  
 Comes to me not; malignant truth, or  
 lie.  
 Hence have I genial seasons, hence  
 have I  
 Smooth passions, smooth discourse, and  
 joyous thought.  
 And thus from day to day my little boat  
 Rocks in its harbor, lodging peaceably. 50  
 Blessings be with them, and eternal  
 praise,  
 Who gave us nobler loves and nobler  
 cares—  
 The poets, who on earth have made us  
 heirs  
 Of truth and pure delight by heavenly  
 lays!

<sup>2</sup> The gentle lady, Desdemona, in Shakespeare's *Othello*.

<sup>3</sup> heavenly Una. In Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, Book One, she represents perfect holiness.

Oh! might my name be numbered  
among theirs, 55  
Then gladly would I end my mortal  
days.

## THE SOLITARY REAPER

["The Solitary Reaper" was based on an incident of a trip that the poet and his sister took through the Highlands of Scotland. The reaper was singing in Erse, the Celtic language of Scotland. This description of her is a perfect example of romantic poetry.]

**B**EHOLD her, single, in the field,  
Yon solitary Highland lass!  
Reaping and singing by herself;  
Stop here, or gently pass!  
Alone she cuts and binds the grain, 5  
And sings a melancholy strain;  
Oh, listen! for the vale profound  
Is overflowing with the sound.

No nightingale did ever chaunt  
More welcome notes to weary bands 10  
Of travelers in some shady haunt,  
Among Arabian sands.  
A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard  
In springtime from the cuckoo-bird  
Breaking the silence of the seas 15  
Among the farthest Hebrides.<sup>1</sup>

Will no one tell me what she sings?  
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow  
For old, unhappy, far-off things,  
And battles long ago. 20  
Or is it some more humble lay,  
Familiar matter of today?  
Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,  
That has been, and may be again?

Whate'er the theme, the maiden sang 25  
As if her song could have no ending;  
I saw her singing at her work,  
And o'er the sickle bending.  
I listened, motionless and still;  
And, as I mounted up the hill, 30  
The music in my heart I bore  
Long after it was heard no more.

<sup>1</sup> *Hebrides*, islands to the west of Scotland.

COMPOSED UPON WEST-  
MINSTER BRIDGE

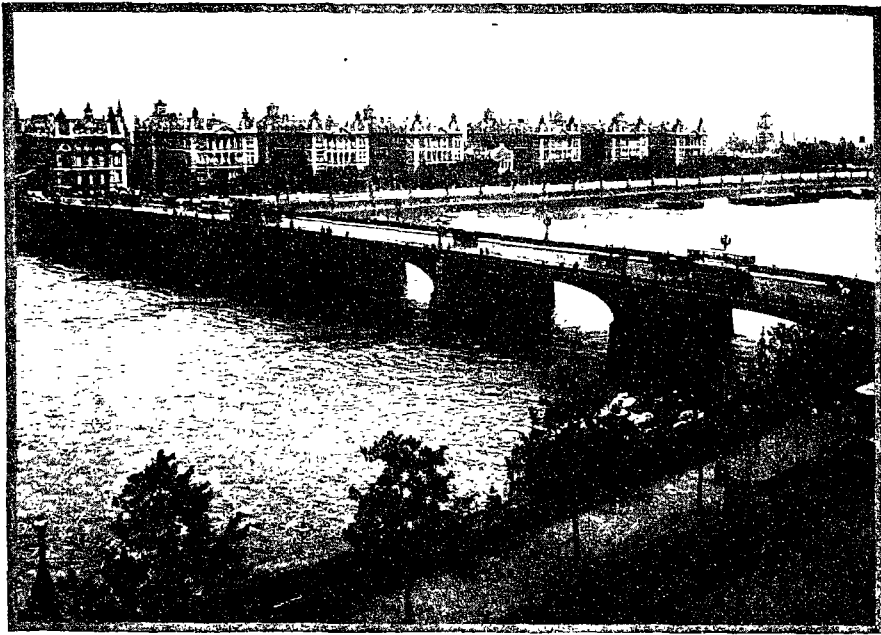
[In this, the best known of his sonnets, Wordsworth describes London as seen from the top of a bus when the poet and his sister were crossing a bridge over the Thames. She recorded in her diary that they passed over it between five and six in the morning, while the houses were not yet overhung with their usual clouds of smoke.]

**E**ARTH has not anything to show  
more fair;  
Dull would he be of soul who could pass  
by  
A sight so touching in its majesty.  
This city now doth, like a garment, wear  
The beauty of the morning; silent, bare,  
Ships, towers, domes, theaters, and tem-  
ples lie 6  
Open unto the fields, and to the sky—  
All bright and glittering in the smoke-  
less air.  
Never did sun more beautifully steep  
In his first splendor, valley, rock, or  
hill; 10  
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!  
The river glideth at his own sweet will.  
Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;  
And all that mighty heart is lying still!

## IT IS A BEAUTEOUS EVENING

[From London Wordsworth and his sister proceeded to France. This sonnet, which was composed on the beach at Calais, is addressed to his sister, who, he thinks, sees more deeply into nature than he does.]

**I**T IS a beauteous evening, calm and  
free;  
The holy time is quiet as a nun  
Breathless with adoration; the broad sun  
Is sinking down in its tranquility;  
The gentleness of heaven broods o'er the  
sea. 5



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## WESTMINSTER BRIDGE

Listen! the mighty being is awake,  
 And doth with his eternal motion make  
 A sound like thunder—everlastingly.  
 Dear child!<sup>1</sup> dear girl! that walkest with  
     me here,  
 If thou appear untouched by solemn  
     thought,<sup>10</sup>  
 Thy nature is not therefore less divine—  
 Thou liest in Abraham's bosom<sup>2</sup> all the  
     year,  
 And worship'st at the temple's inner  
     shrine,  
 God being with thee when we know it  
     not.

LONDON, 1802

[In France Wordsworth remained chiefly in the villages and country districts. When he got back to London, he was saddened by the vulgar display of wealth that had come to England during the war period.]

<sup>1</sup> *Dear child*, Wordsworth's sister Dorothy.  
<sup>2</sup> *in Abraham's bosom*, in the presence of God (Luke xvi, 22).

MILTON! thou should'st be living  
     at this hour;  
 England hath need of thee. She is a fen<sup>1</sup>  
 Of stagnant waters; altar, sword, and  
     pen,  
 Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and  
     bower,  
 Have forfeited their ancient English  
     dower<sup>5</sup>  
 Of inward happiness. We are selfish  
     men;  
 Oh! raise us up, return to us again,  
 And give us manners, virtue, freedom,  
     power.  
 Thy soul was like a star, and dwelt  
     apart.  
 Thou hadst a voice whose sound was  
     like the sea.<sup>10</sup>  
 Pure as the naked heavens, majestic,  
     free,  
 So didst thou travel on life's common  
     way,  
 In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart  
 The lowliest duties on herself did lay.

<sup>1</sup> *fen*, swamp.

THE WORLD IS TOO MUCH  
WITH US

[Composed four years later than the preceding sonnet and in the Lake District where the poet spent the rest of his days, this sonnet expresses Wordsworth's settled conviction about a life devoted to making and spending money.]

THE world is too much with us.  
Late and soon,  
Getting and spending, we lay waste our  
powers.  
Little we see in nature that is ours;  
We have given our hearts away, a sordid  
boon!  
The sea that bares her bosom to the  
moon,  
The winds that will be howling at all  
hours,  
And are up-gathered now like sleeping  
flowers—  
For this, for everything, we are out of  
tune;  
It moves us not.—Great God! I'd rather  
be  
A pagan suckled in a creed outworn; 10  
So might I, standing on this pleasant  
lea,  
Have glimpses that would make me less  
forlorn;  
Have sight of Proteus<sup>1</sup> rising from the  
sea;  
Or hear old Triton<sup>2</sup> blow his wreathèd  
horn.

I WANDERED LONELY AS A  
CLOUD

[The spot where Wordsworth saw the long belt of daffodils along the shore of a lake may still be viewed. Why the poem was not written until long afterwards is explained in the last stanza.]

<sup>1</sup> *Proteus*, the shepherd of Neptune's flock of seals.

<sup>2</sup> *Triton*, a son of Neptune. He could stir or calm the waves by blowing on his sea-shell.

I WANDERED lonely as a cloud  
That floats on high o'er vales and  
hills,

When all at once I saw a crowd,  
A host, of golden daffodils,  
Beside the lake, beneath the trees, 5  
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine  
And twinkle on the milky way,  
They stretched in never-ending line  
Along the margin of a bay. 10  
Ten thousand saw I at a glance  
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced, but they  
Outdid the sparkling waves in glee;  
A poet could not but be gay 15  
In such a jocund company.  
I gazed—and gazed—but little thought  
What wealth the show to me had  
brought;

For oft, when on my couch I lie  
In vacant or in pensive mood, 20  
They flash upon that inward eye  
Which is the bliss of solitude;  
And then my heart with pleasure fills,  
And dances with the daffodils.

## LINES

COMPOSED A FEW MILES ABOVE TINTERN  
ABBEY, ON REVISITING THE BANKS OF  
THE WYE DURING A TOUR.  
JULY 13, 1798.

[These lines were composed in July, 1798, during a walking tour that Wordsworth took with his sister. Not a line was written down until the end of the trip at Bristol, and once written down, not a line was altered. The poem deserves close study as the loftiest statement of Wordsworth's feeling about nature. Lines 1-22 describe the scenery along the Wye River with remarkable accuracy. Lines 22-57 tell what this beautiful scene has meant to the poet during the past five years. Lines 58-111 trace the three stages in his feeling for

nature during twenty years. Lines 111-159 express his love and admiration for his sister.]

FIVE years have passed; five summers, with the length  
Of five long winters! and again I hear  
These waters, rolling from their mountain-springs  
With a soft inland murmur.—Once again  
Do I behold these steep and lofty cliffs, 5  
That on a wild, secluded scene impress  
Thoughts of more deep seclusion; and connect  
The landscape with the quiet of the sky.  
The day is come when I again repose  
Here, under this dark sycamore, and view 10  
These plots of cottage-ground, these orchard-tufts,  
Which at this season, with their unripe fruits,  
Are clad in one green hue, and lose themselves  
'Mid groves and copses. Once again I see  
These hedgerows, hardly hedgerows, little lines 15  
Of sportive wood run wild; these pastoral farms,  
Green to the very door; and wreaths of smoke  
Sent up, in silence, from among the trees!  
With some uncertain notice, as might seem  
Of vagrant dwellers in the houseless woods, 20  
Or of some hermit's cave, where by his fire  
The hermit sits alone.  
These beauteous forms,  
Through a long absence, have not been to me  
As is a landscape to a blind man's eye;  
But oft, in lonely rooms, and 'mid the din 25

Of towns and cities, I have owed to them,  
In hours of weariness, sensations sweet,  
Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart;  
And passing even into my purer mind,  
With tranquil restoration—feelings too  
Of unremembered pleasure, such, perhaps, 31  
As have no slight or trivial influence  
On that best portion of a good man's life,  
His little, nameless, unremembered acts  
Of kindness and of love. Nor less, I trust, 35  
To them I may have owed another gift,  
Of aspect more sublime—that blessed mood,  
In which the burthen of the mystery,  
In which the heavy and the weary weight  
Of all this unintelligible world 40  
Is lightened—that serene and blessed mood,  
In which the affections gently lead us on,  
Until, the breath of this corporeal frame  
And even the motion of our human blood  
Almost suspended, we are laid asleep 45  
In body, and becoming a living soul;  
While with an eye made quiet by the power  
Or harmony, and the deep power of joy,  
We see into the life of things.

If this  
Be but a vain belief, yet, oh! how oft— 50  
In darkness and amid the many shapes  
Of joyless daylight; when the fretful stir  
Unprofitable, and the fever of the world,  
Have hung upon the beatings of my heart—  
How oft, in spirit, have I turned to thee,  
O sylvan Wye! thou wanderer through the woods, 55  
How often has my spirit turned to thee!  
And now, with gleams of half-extinguished thought,  
With many recognitions dim and faint,

And somewhat of a sad perplexity, 60  
 The picture of the mind revives again;  
 While here I stand, not only with the  
     sense  
 Of present pleasure, but with pleasing  
     thoughts  
 That in this moment there is life and  
     food  
 For future years. And so I dare to hope,  
 Though changed, no doubt, from what  
     I was when first 66  
 I came among these hills, when like a  
     roe  
 I bounded o'er the mountains, by the  
     sides  
 Of the deep rivers, and the lonely  
     streams,  
 Wherever nature led—more like a man  
 Flying from something that he dreads  
     than one 71  
 Who sought the thing he loved. For  
     nature then  
 (The coarser pleasures of my boyish  
     days,  
 And their glad animal movements all  
     gone by)  
 To me was all in all.—I cannot paint 75  
 What then I was. The sounding cat-  
     aract  
 Haunted me like a passion; the tall rock,  
 The mountain, and the deep and  
     gloomy wood,  
 Their colors and their forms, were then  
     to me  
 An appetite, a feeling and a love, 80  
 That had no need of a remoter charm,  
 By thought supplied, nor any interest  
 Unborrowed from the eye.—That time  
     is past,  
 And all its aching joys are now no  
     more,  
 And all its dizzy raptures. Not for this  
 Faint I, nor mourn nor murmur; other  
     gifts 86  
 Have followed; for such loss, I would  
     believe,  
 Abundant recompense. For I have  
     learned  
 To look on nature, not as in the hour

Of thoughtless youth, but hearing often-  
     times 90  
 The still, sad music of humanity,  
 Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample  
     power  
 To chasten and subdue. And I have felt  
 A presence that disturbs me with the joy  
 Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime 95  
 Of something far more deeply inter-  
     fused,  
 Whose dwelling is the light of setting  
     suns,  
 And the round ocean and the living air,  
 And the blue sky, and in the mind of  
     man;  
 A motion and a spirit that impels 100  
 All thinking things, all objects of all  
     thought,  
 And rolls through all things. Therefore  
     am I still  
 A lover of the meadows and the woods  
 And mountains; and of all that we be-  
     hold  
 From this green earth; of all the mighty  
     world 105  
 Of eye, and ear—both what they half  
     create,  
 And what perceive; well pleased to rec-  
     ognize  
 In nature and the language of the sense  
 The anchor of my purest thoughts, the  
     nurse,  
 The guide, the guardian of my heart,  
     and soul 110  
 Of all my moral being.  
                     Nor, perchance,  
 If I were not thus taught, should I the  
     more  
 Suffer my genial spirits to decay;  
 For thou art with me here upon the  
     banks  
 Of this fair river; thou, my dearest  
     friend, 115  
 My dear, dear friend; and in thy voice  
     I catch  
 The language of my former heart, and  
     read  
 My former pleasures in the shooting  
     lights



Of thy wild eyes. Oh! yet a little while  
 May I behold in thee what I was once,  
 My dear, dear sister! and this prayer I  
     make, 121  
 Knowing that nature never did betray  
 The heart that loved her; 'tis her privilege,  
 Through all the years of this our life, to  
     lead 124  
 From joy to joy; for she can so inform  
 The mind that is within us, so impress  
 With quietness and beauty, and so feed  
 With lofty thoughts, that neither evil  
     tongues,  
 Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish  
     men,  
 Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor  
     all 130  
 The dreary intercourse of daily life,  
 Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb  
 Our cheerful faith, that all which we  
     behold  
 Is full of blessings. Therefore let the  
     moon  
 Shine on thee in thy solitary walk; 135  
 And let the misty mountain-winds be  
     free  
 To blow against thee; and, in after years,  
 When these wild ecstasies shall be matured  
 Into a sober pleasure, when thy mind  
 Shall be a mansion for all lovely forms,  
 Thy memory be as a dwelling-place 141  
 For all sweet sounds and harmonies; oh! then,  
 If solitude, or fear, or pain, or grief  
 Should by thy portion, with what healing  
     thoughts  
 Of tender joy wilt thou remember me,  
 And these my exhortations! Nor, perchance— 146  
 If I should be where I no more can hear  
 Thy voice, nor catch from thy wild eyes  
     these gleams  
 Of past existence—wilt thou then forget  
 That on the banks of this delightful  
     stream 150  
 We stood together; and that I, so long  
 A worshiper of nature, hither came

Unwearied in that service—rather say  
 With warmer love—oh! with far deeper  
     zeal  
 Of holier love. Nor wilt thou then forget 155  
 That after many wanderings, many  
     years  
 Of absence, these steep woods and lofty  
     cliffs,  
 And this green pastoral landscape, were  
     to me  
 More dear, both for themselves and for  
     thy sake!

### MY HEART LEAPS UP

**M**Y HEART leaps up when I behold  
 A rainbow in the sky.  
 So was it when my life began;  
 So is it now I am a man;  
 So be it when I shall grow old, 5  
     Or let me die!  
 The child is father of the man;  
 And I could wish my days to be  
 Bound each to each by natural piety.<sup>1</sup>

### ODE

#### ON INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY FROM RECOLLECTIONS OF EARLY CHILDHOOD

[This ode, the greatest of Wordsworth's poems, gives fuller expression to the underlying belief of "We Are Seven" and "My Heart Leaps Up." In early boyhood Wordsworth felt so intensely his own existence that he did not see how he could ever die. In later life, however, this hopeful outlook was dimmed and saddened by his observation of the outward world and particularly of human life. In his great ode Wordsworth gives voice to his change in feeling, explaining it by the assumption that before birth his soul had lived among the splendors of heaven. In childhood he still remembered the glories of his heavenly

<sup>1</sup> *natural piety*, religious regard for nature.

home, but as he grew older, this memory gradually faded away.

This general idea is developed in stages. Lines 1-57 indicate that all his joy in nature is troubled with a sense of something missing. Lines 58-107 explain this feeling by declaring that the world of human activity makes us forget the vision we brought from our original home in heaven. Lines 108-128, addressed to the child, warn him that he will lose his heavenly vision. In lines 129-186 the poet rejoices that something of this earlier heavenly power survives through our ability to see beauty in nature. In lines 187-203 he gains comfort from the increased understanding of mankind that has come to him with the years.

You should not read this great ode merely for the thought that has just been outlined, but also for the deep feelings which are expressed in musical and frequently lofty verse.]

**T**HERE was a time when meadow,  
grove, and stream,  
The earth, and every common sight  
To me did seem  
Appareled in celestial light,  
The glory and the freshness of a dream. 5  
It is not now as it hath been of yore—  
Turn wheresoe'er I may,  
By night or day,  
The things which I have seen I now can  
see no more.

The rainbow comes and goes, 10  
And lovely is the rose;  
The moon doth with delight  
Look round her when the heavens are  
bare;  
Waters on a starry night  
Are beautiful and fair; 15  
The sunshine is a glorious birth;  
But yet I know, where'er I go,  
That there hath passed away a glory  
from the earth.

Now, while the birds thus sing a joyous  
song,  
And while the young lambs bound 20

As to the tabor's sound,  
To me alone there came a thought of  
grief;  
A timely utterance<sup>1</sup> gave that thought  
relief,  
And I again am strong.  
The cataracts blow their trumpets from  
the steep; 25  
No more shall grief of mine the season  
wrong;  
I hear the echoes through the mountains  
throng;  
The winds come to me from the fields of  
sleep,<sup>2</sup>  
And all the earth is gay;  
Land and sea 30  
Give themselves up to jollity,  
And with the heart of May  
Doth every beast keep holiday.  
Thou child of joy,  
Shout round me, let me hear thy shout,  
thou happy shepherd-boy! 35

Ye blessèd creatures, I have heard the  
call  
Ye to each other make; I see  
The heavens laugh with you in your  
jubilee;  
My heart is at your festival,  
My head hath its coronal, 40  
The fullness of your bliss, I feel—I feel it  
all.  
O evil day! if I were sullen  
While earth herself is adorning  
This sweet May-morning,  
And the children are culling 45  
On every side,  
In a thousand valleys far and wide,  
Fresh flowers; while the sun shines  
warm,  
And the babe leaps up on his mother's  
arm—  
I hear, I hear, with joy I hear! 50  
—But there's a tree, of many, one,  
A single field which I have looked upon;

<sup>1</sup> A *timely utterance*, the first four stanzas. These Wordsworth laid aside for two years before writing the rest of the poem.

<sup>2</sup> the *fields of sleep*, the remote fields filled with quiet and repose.

Both of them speak of something that is gone.

The pansy at my feet  
Doth the same tale repeat; 55  
Whither is fled the visionary gleam?  
Where is it now, the glory and the dream?

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting;  
The soul that rises with us, our life's star,  
Hath had elsewhere its setting 60

And cometh from afar;  
Not in entire forgetfulness,  
And not in utter nakedness,  
But trailing clouds of glory do we come

From God, who is our home. 65  
Heaven lies about us in our infancy!  
Shades of the prison-house begin to close  
Upon the growing boy,  
But he beholds the light, and whence it flows,

He sees it in his joy; 70  
The youth, who daily farther from the east

Must travel, still is nature's priest,  
And by the vision splendid  
Is on his way attended; 74  
At length the man perceives it die away,  
And fade into the light of common day.

Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own;

Yearnings she hath in her own natural kind,

And, even with something of a mother's mind

And no unworthy aim, 80  
The homely nurse doth all she can  
To make her foster-child, her inmate man,<sup>3</sup>

Forget the glories he hath known,  
And that imperial palace whence he came.

Behold the child among his new-born blisses, 85  
A six years' darling of a pigmy size!

<sup>3</sup> *The homely nurse . . . man*, nature does everything she can to make her adopted child, man, whose true parent is God, etc.

See, where 'mid work of his own hand he lies,

Fretted by sallies of his mother's kisses,  
With light upon him from his father's eyes!

See, at his feet, some little plan or chart,  
Some fragment from his dream of human life, 91

Shaped by himself with newly-learned art;

A wedding or a festival,

A mourning or a funeral;

And this hath now his heart, 95

And unto this he frames his song.

Then will he fit his tongue

To dialogues of business, love, or strife;  
But it will not be long

Ere this be thrown aside, 100

And with new joy and pride

The little actor cons another part;

Filling from time to time his "humorous stage"<sup>4</sup>

With all the persons<sup>5</sup> down to palsied age,

That life brings with her in her equipage; 105

As if his whole vocation

Were endless imitation.

Thou,<sup>6</sup> whose exterior semblance doth belie

Thy soul's immensity;

Thou best philosopher, who yet dost keep 110

Thy heritage, thou eye among the blind,  
That, deaf and silent, read'st the eternal deep,<sup>7</sup>

Haunted forever by the eternal mind—  
Mighty prophet! seer blest!

On whom those truths do rest 115  
Which we are toiling all our lives to find,

In darkness lost, the darkness of the grave;

Thou, over whom thy immortality<sup>8</sup>

<sup>4</sup> *humorous stage*, the stage of life, on which men and women are exhibited as affected by various whims or moods. <sup>5</sup> *persons*, characters in the play. <sup>6</sup> *Thou*, the child. <sup>7</sup> *eternal deep*, deep mysteries of eternity. <sup>8</sup> *immortality*, the light from the eternal world from which the child has recently come.

Broods like the day, a master o'er a slave,  
 A presence which is not to be put by; 120  
 Thou little child, yet glorious in the  
 might  
 Of heaven-born freedom on thy being's  
 height,  
 Why with such earnest pains dost thou  
 provoke  
 The years to bring the inevitable yoke,  
 Thus blindly with thy blessedness at  
 strife? 125  
 Full soon thy soul shall have her earthly  
 freight,  
 And custom lie upon thee with a weight  
 Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life!<sup>9</sup>

O joy! that in our embers  
 Is something that doth live, 130  
 That nature yet remembers  
 What was so fugitive!  
 The thought of our past years in me  
 doth breed  
 Perpetual benediction; not indeed  
 For that which is most worthy to be  
 blest, 135  
 Delight and liberty, the simple creed  
 Of childhood, whether busy or at rest,  
 With new-fledged hope still fluttering in  
 his breast—  
 Not for these I raise 139  
 The song of thanks and praise;  
 But for those obstinate questionings  
 Of sense and outward things,<sup>10</sup>  
 Fallings from us, vanishings;  
 Blank misgivings of a creature  
 Moving about in worlds not realized, 145  
 High instincts, before which our mortal  
 nature  
 Did tremble like a guilty thing sur-  
 prised.  
 But for those first affections,  
 Those shadowy recollections,  
 Which, be they what they may, 150  
 Are yet the fountain-light of all our day,  
 Are yet a master-light of all our seeing;  
 Uphold us, cherish, and have power to  
 make

Our noisy years seem moments in the  
 being  
 Of the eternal silence: truths that wake,  
 To perish never; 156  
 Which neither listlessness, nor mad en-  
 deavor,  
 Nor man nor boy,  
 Nor all that is at enmity with joy,  
 Can utterly abolish or destroy! 160  
 Hence, in a season of calm weather  
 Though inland far we be,  
 Our souls have sight of that immortal  
 sea  
 Which brought us hither;  
 Can in a moment travel thither, 165  
 And see the children sport upon the  
 shore,  
 And hear the mighty waters rolling  
 evermore.

Then sing, ye birds, sing, sing a joyous  
 song!  
 And let the young lambs bound  
 As to the tabor's sound! 170  
 We, in thought, will join your throng,  
 Ye that pipe and ye that play,  
 Ye that through your hearts today  
 Feel the gladness of the May!  
 What though the radiance which was  
 once so bright 175  
 Be now forever taken from my sight,  
 Though nothing can bring back the  
 hour  
 Of splendor in the grass, of glory in the  
 flower;  
 We will grieve not, rather find  
 Strength in what remains behind;  
 In the primal sympathy 181  
 Which having been must ever be;  
 In the soothing thoughts that spring  
 Out of human suffering;  
 In the faith that looks through  
 death, 185  
 In years that bring the philosophic  
 mind.

And O ye fountains, meadows, hills, and  
 groves,  
 Forbode not any severing of our loves!

<sup>9</sup> custom (line 127), conventional notions.

<sup>10</sup> obstinate questionings . . . things, doubts concerning the actual existence of physical things.

Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your  
might;

I only have relinquished<sup>11</sup> one delight  
To live beneath your more habitual  
sway. 181

I love the brooks which down their  
channels fret

Even more than when I tripped lightly  
as they;

The innocent brightness of a new-born  
day

Is lovely yet; 185  
The clouds that gather round the setting  
sun

Do take a sober coloring from an eye  
That hath kept watch o'er man's mor-  
tality;

Another race hath been, and other palms  
are won.

Thanks to the human heart by which  
we live, 200

Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and  
fears,

To me the meanest flower that blows  
can give

Thoughts that do often lie too deep for  
tears.

<sup>11</sup> *relinquished*, lost (not voluntarily).

## STUDY AIDS

### I. CLASS DISCUSSIONS

*There Was a Boy.* 1. What act of the boy showed that he had listened to owls with uncommon accuracy? Read the lines which show how beautiful the familiar scene suddenly seemed to him.

2. How does this selection express Wordsworth's own love of nature?

*We Are Seven.* State, in your own words, the two reasons mentioned in the headnote why the meeting with this little girl inspired Wordsworth to write the poem. Quote passages that illustrate each point.

*She Dwelt* and *A Slumber.* What is the emotion of Wordsworth in each of these poems? Where is it best expressed in each?

*She Was a Phantom of Delight.* 1. For what different qualities does the poet prize his wife?

2. Some pupil should read aloud to the class "O Dearer Far Than Light" written to his wife twenty years later. Has any change taken place?

*Personal Talk.* 1. What leading interests of Wordsworth are revealed in this poem?

2. How does this kind of life, which Wordsworth continued for some fifty years, compare with Milton's or Shakespeare's or Burns's?

*The Solitary Reaper.* 1. Quote lines that best express Wordsworth's feeling about this humble country girl.

2. Quote lines or a stanza that seem uncommonly beautiful. What do particular phrases in these lines or stanzas suggest to you?

*Composed upon Westminster Bridge* and *It is a Beauteous Evening.* What does Wordsworth enjoy in each scene? How do the two scenes differ?

*London, 1802* and *The World is Too Much With Us.* 1. How are these two sonnets alike in subject and mood? How do they differ in thought?

2. How far does the criticism in these sonnets apply to America today?

*I Wandered Lonely as a Cloud.* What two pleasures does Wordsworth get from nature? Quote the lines that express them. Do you get both?

*Lines Composed above Tintern Abbey.* 1. How does the beauty described in lines 1-22 differ from that described in "I Wandered Lonely as a Cloud"?

2. What three gifts has Wordsworth owed to his memory of his previous visit to the banks of the Wye?

3. Contrast the feeling about nature that Wordsworth had in his youth with his feeling at the time of this second visit.

4. In which stage is his sister now? What service will nature render her?

5. Tennyson considered line 97 one of the grandest lines in all English poetry. Pick out lines or longer passages that you particularly like.

*Ode: Intimations of Immortality.* 1. Which passage in lines 1-57 best expresses the poet's joy? His discontent?

2. Lines 58-107 answer the question in

lines 56-57. The thought of this passage is explained in the headnote. What lines express the thought most picturesquely or musically or with deepest emotion? Apply the same question to the apostrophe to the child (lines 108-128).

3. In the last two sections (lines 129-203) several passages are lofty in thought and feeling. Read two or three that express the solace and inspiration that Wordsworth finds in nature. Which passage do you like best?

4. One belief of Wordsworth about children is given in "We Are Seven"; another in the sonnet, "It Is a Beauteous Evening." State each belief in a single sentence. How is each related to this "Ode"?

5. It is said that the feeling for nature running through this ode is implied in the short poem, "My Heart Leaps Up." By quoting from both poems show whether this is true.

## II. INDIVIDUAL AND GROUP ACTIVITIES

1. Looking over all of Wordsworth's poetry in this volume, draw up a list of the subjects that interest him. What features of childhood and youth does he love? Quote poems to illustrate. What relation does he find between nature and human life? What qualities does he admire in men? In women? Why does he love England? Perhaps you will wish to work your answers up into a theme.

2. What are the outstanding qualities of Wordsworth's style? Compare him with Pope in diction, imagery, and rhythm. Keep in mind the discussion in the history, pages 380-384. This assignment might well be worked out in a carefully phrased paper.

3. Those who wish to make a fuller acquaintance with Wordsworth's poetry, will find many of his best poems listed below. The titles under each heading are arranged in the order in which they were written.

(a) *Narratives*: "Simon Lee," "Nutting," "Matthew," "The Two April Mornings," "The Fountain," "To Joanna," "Resolution and Independence," "Yarrow Unvisited," "The Affliction of Margaret," "The Fir Grove," and "Yarrow Visited." The report or paper on these poems ought

to include a statement of the phases of nature that Wordsworth especially liked, his sympathies with human life, and the influence he thought nature has on human life. Include comparisons on these points with poems in this volume. Compare Wordsworth as a narrative poet with Scott.

(b) *Lyrics*: "The Reverie of Poor Susan," "Lines Written in Early Spring," "Expostulation and Reply," "The Tables Turned," "The Sparrow's Nest," "Written in March," "To a Butterfly" (two poems), "To a Skylark" (two poems), "To the Small Celandine" (two poems), "To the Daisy" (four poems), "The Green Linnet," "At the Grave of Burns," "To the Cuckoo," "O Nightingale, Thou Surely Art." On the basis of these poems a paper or oral report might be drawn up by members of the class, comparing Wordsworth with Milton or with Burns as a lyric poet. Illustrate the subjects that stir emotion in each poet, the intensity and sincerity of feeling in each poet, and the music of the verse.

(c) *Sonnets*: "On the Extinction of the Venetian Republic," "When I Have Borne in Memory," "Nuns Fret Not," "To Sleep," "Methought I Saw," "Surprised by Joy," "There, Said a Stripling," "Most Sweet It Is." On the basis of these sonnets, compare Wordsworth with Shakespeare or Milton as a writer of sonnets. Always illustrate your points by quotations.

## FURTHER READING

Wordsworth, William, *Selected Poems*, edited by Howard Judson Hall. The advantage of this volume is that it gives the best of Wordsworth's poems, with full explanations for those who wish them. Of the many editions of his complete poetical works perhaps the most useful for students is the Cambridge.

Harper, G. M., *William Wordsworth*. This is a complete life in two volumes.

de Selincourt, Ernest, *Dorothy Wordsworth*. A lively account of a remarkable woman and of the Wordsworth circle of friends.

Winchester, C. T., *Wordsworth, How to Know Him*. An interesting volume, which combines biography with explanation.

## SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

KUBLA KHAN: OR, A VISION  
IN A DREAM

## A FRAGMENT

[Coleridge tells us that this is part of a poem of two to three hundred lines which was composed in a dream. On awaking he eagerly wrote down the following passage just as he had dreamed it, but at the last line here preserved a visitor came in. When the visitor left, Coleridge could not remember the rest of the poem.]

**I**N XANADU<sup>1</sup> did Kubla Khan<sup>2</sup>  
A stately pleasure-dome decree;  
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran  
Through caverns measureless to man  
Down to a sunless sea. 5

So twice five miles of fertile ground  
With walls and towers were girdled  
round;  
And here were gardens bright with  
sinuous rills,  
Where blossomed many an incense-bearing  
tree;  
And here were forests ancient as the  
hills, 10  
Enfolding sunny spots of greenery.

But, oh! that deep romantic chasm  
which slanted  
Down the green hill athwart a cedarn  
cover!  
A savage place! as holy and enchanted  
As e'er beneath a waning moon was  
haunted 15  
By woman wailing for her demon-lover!  
And from this chasm, with ceaseless  
turmoil seething,  
As if this earth in fast, thick pants were  
breathing,  
A mighty fountain momentarily was  
forced;

Amid whose swift, half-intermitted  
burst 20  
Huge fragments vaulted like rebound-  
ing hail,  
Or chaffy grain beneath the thresher's  
flail.  
And 'mid these dancing rocks at once  
and ever  
It flung up momentarily the sacred river.  
Five miles meandering with a mazy  
motion 25  
Through wood and dale the sacred river  
ran,  
Then reached the caverns measureless  
to man,  
And sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean.  
And 'mid this tumult Kubla heard from  
far  
Ancestral voices prophesying war! 30

The shadow of the dome of pleasure  
Floated midway on the waves;  
Where was heard the mingled meas-  
ure  
From the fountain and the caves.  
It was a miracle of rare device, 35  
A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of  
ice!

A damsel with a dulcimer<sup>3</sup>  
In a vision once I saw;  
It was an Abyssinian maid,  
And on her dulcimer she played, 40  
Singing of Mount Abora.<sup>4</sup>  
Could I revive within me  
Her symphony and song,  
To such a deep delight 'twould win  
me,  
That with music loud and long, 45  
I would build that dome in air,  
That sunny dome! those caves of ice!  
And all who heard should see them  
there—

<sup>1</sup> *Xanadu*, a region in Tartary. <sup>2</sup> *Kubla Khan*, Kubla the Khan (Emperor).

<sup>3</sup> *dulcimer*, a stringed musical instrument.  
<sup>4</sup> *Mount Abora*, an imaginary place.

And all should cry, "Beware! Beware!—  
His flashing eyes, his floating hair! 50  
Weave a circle round him thrice,  
And close your eyes with holy dread,  
For he on honey-dew hath fed,  
And drunk the milk of Paradise."

### ALICE DU CLOS: OR, THE FORKED TONGUE

#### A BALLAD

[Among the saddest events in life are those which bring suffering to the innocent. If the misfortune is caused by jealousy and treachery, our sorrow may change to indignation. At the close of the following tale, ask yourself how you feel.]

Like the ballads you read in Chapter III (pages 58-64), this poem tells a story in dramatic fashion; that is, the five separate scenes consist of speeches such as you might hear if it were acted on a stage and vivid descriptions of what you might see. The reader must often supply the connection of scene with scene by noting carefully where speeches and descriptions begin and end and who is speaking in each stanza. As you follow the story, watch for the five steps: Sir Hugh's message (1-59), Alice's departure (60-96), Lord Julian's impatience (97-112), Sir Hugh's report (113-169), Lord Julian's rage (170-193).]

One word with two meanings is the traitor's shield and shaft: and a slit tongue be his blazon<sup>1</sup>—*Caucasian Proverb*.

"THE SUN is not yet risen,  
But the dawn lies red on the dew;  
Lord Julian has stolen from the hunters  
away,  
Is seeking, Lady, for you.  
Put on your dress of green, 5  
Your buskins,<sup>2</sup> and your quiver;  
Lord Julian is a hasty man,  
Long waiting brooked he never.  
I dare not doubt him, that he means

To wed you on a day, 10  
Your lord and master for to be,  
And you his lady gay.  
O Lady! throw your book aside!  
I would not that my Lord should chide."

Thus spake Sir Hugh the vassal  
knight 15  
To Alice, child of old Du Clos,  
As spotless fair, as airy light  
As that moon-shiny doe,  
The gold star on its brow, her sire's  
ancestral crest!<sup>3</sup>  
For ere the lark had left his nest, 20  
She in the garden bower<sup>4</sup> below  
Sate loosely wrapt in maiden white,  
Her face half drooping from the sight,<sup>5</sup>  
A snow-drop on a tuft of snow!

O close your eyes, and strive to see 25  
The studious maid, with book on  
knee—  
Ah! earliest-opened flower;  
While yet with keen unblunted light  
The morning star shone opposite  
The lattice of her bower— 30  
Alone of all the starry host,  
As if in prideful scorn  
Of flight and fear he<sup>6</sup> stayed behind,  
To brave the advancing morn.

O! Alice could read passing well, 35  
And she was conning then  
Dan Ovid's<sup>7</sup> mazy tale of loves,  
And gods, and beasts, and men.

The vassal's speech, his taunting vein,  
It thrilled like venom through her  
brain; 40  
Yet never from the book  
She raised her head, nor did she deign  
The knight a single look.

"Off, traitor friend! how dar'st thou fix  
Thy wanton gaze on me? 45

<sup>3</sup> *ancestral crest*, the helmet decoration that had descended to him in the family line.

<sup>4</sup> *bower*, private resting-place.

<sup>5</sup> *from the sight*, from view.

<sup>6</sup> *he*, the morning star.

<sup>7</sup> *Dan Ovid*, Master Ovid, a Roman poet.

<sup>1</sup> *blazon*, decoration on his shield.

<sup>2</sup> *buskins*, boots.



And why, against my earnest suit,  
Does Julian send by thee?

"Go, tell thy Lord, that slow is sure:  
Fair speed his shafts today!  
I follow here a stronger lure, 50  
And chase a gentler prey,"

She said: and with a baleful smile  
The vassal knight reeled off—  
Like a huge billow from a bark  
Toiled<sup>8</sup> in the deep sea-trough, 55  
That shouldering sideways in mid  
plunge,  
Is traversed<sup>9</sup> by a flash,  
And staggering onward, leaves the ear  
With dull and distant crash.

And Alice sate with troubled mien 60  
A moment; for the scoff was keen,  
And through her veins did shiver!  
Then rose and donned her dress of  
green,  
Her buskins, and her quiver.

There stands the flowering may-thorn  
tree! 65  
From through the veiling mist you see  
The black and shadowy stem;—  
Smit by the sun, the mist in glee  
Dissolves to lightsome jewelry—  
Each blossom hath its gem! 70

With tear-drop glittering to a smile,  
The gay maid on the garden-stile  
Mimics the hunter's shout.  
"Hip! Florian, hip! To horse, to horse!  
Go, bring the palfrey out. 75

"My Julian's out with all his clan,  
And, bonny boy, you wis,<sup>10</sup>  
Lord Julian is a hasty man—  
Who comes late, comes amiss."

Now Florian was a stripling squire,<sup>11</sup> 80  
A gallant boy of Spain,

<sup>8</sup> Toiled, pulled and pushed about  
<sup>9</sup> traversed, that is, the flash of lightning  
seems to pass from top to bottom of the sail-  
ing vessel.

<sup>10</sup> wis, know.

<sup>11</sup> squire, youth in training to become a  
knight

That tossed his head in joy and pride,  
Behind his Lady fair to ride,  
But blushed to hold her train.

The huntress is in her dress of green—85  
And forth they go; she with her bow,  
Her buskins, and her quiver!—  
The squire—no younger e'er was seen—  
With restless arm and laughing een,<sup>12</sup>  
He makes his javelin quiver. 90

And had not Alice stayed the race,  
And stopped to see, a moment's space,  
The whole great globe of light  
Give the last parting kiss-like touch  
To the eastern ridge, it lacked not  
much, 95  
They had o'erta'en the knight.

It chanced that up the covert<sup>13</sup> lane,  
Where Julian waiting stood,  
A neighbor knight pricked<sup>14</sup> on to join  
The huntsmen in the wood. 100

And with him must Lord Julian go,  
Though with an angered mind:  
Betrothed not wedded to his bride.  
In vain he sought, 'twixt shame and  
pride,  
Excuse to stay behind. 105

He bit his lip, he wrung his glove,  
He looked around, he looked above,  
But pretext none could find or frame.  
Alas! alas! and well-a-day!  
It grieves me sore to think, to say, 110  
That names<sup>15</sup> so seldom meet with Love,  
Yet Love wants<sup>16</sup> courage without a  
name!

Straight from the forest's skirt, the trees,  
O'er-branching, made an aisle,  
Where hermit old might pace and  
chaunt 115  
As in a minster's pile.<sup>17</sup>

<sup>12</sup> een, eyes.

<sup>13</sup> covert, covered by the branches meeting  
overhead

<sup>14</sup> pricked, galloped

<sup>15</sup> names, persons of noble birth.

<sup>16</sup> wants, lacks.

<sup>17</sup> a minster's pile, a church building.



DARK AS A DREAM LORD JULIAN STOOD.

From underneath its leafy screen,  
And from the twilight shade,  
You pass at once into a green,  
A green and lightsome glade. 120

And there Lord Julian sate on steed;  
Behind him, in a round,  
Stood knight and squire, and menial  
train;  
Against the leash the greyhounds strain;  
The horses pawed the ground, 125

When up the alley green, Sir Hugh  
Spurred in upon the sward,  
And mute, without a word, did he  
Fall in behind his lord.

Lord Julian turned his steed half  
round— 130  
“What! doth not Alice deign  
To accept your loving convoy, knight?  
Or doth she fear our woodland sleight,<sup>18</sup>  
And join us on the plain?”

With stifled tones the knight replied, 135  
And looked askance on either side—  
“Nay, let the hunt proceed!—  
The Lady’s message that I bear,  
I guess would scantily please your ear,  
And less deserves your heed. 140

“You sent betimes. Not yet unbarred  
I found the middle door;—  
Two stirrers only met my eyes,  
Fair Alice, and one more.

“I came unlooked for; and, it seemed, 145  
In an unwelcome hour;  
And found the daughter of Du Clos  
Within the latticed bower.

“But hush! the rest may wait. If lost,  
No great loss, I divine; 150  
And idle<sup>19</sup> words will better suit  
A fair maid’s lips than mine.”

<sup>18</sup> *sleight*, skilful pursuit; i. e., hunting.

<sup>19</sup> *idle*, empty, vain.

“God’s wrath! speak out, man,” Julian  
cried,  
O’ermastered by the sudden smart;  
And feigning wrath, sharp, blunt, and  
rude, 155

The knight his subtle shift<sup>20</sup> pursued.—  
“Scowl not at me; command my skill,  
To lure your hawk back, if you will,  
But not a woman’s heart.

“Go! (said she) tell him—slow is  
sure; 160  
Fair speed his shafts today!  
I follow here a stronger lure,  
And chase a gentler prey.”

“The game, pardie, was full in sight,  
That then did, if I saw aright, 165  
The fair dame’s eyes engage;  
For turning, as I took my ways,  
I saw them fixed with steadfast gaze  
Full on her wanton page.”

The last word of the traitor knight 170  
It had but entered Julian’s ear—  
From two o’erarching oaks between,  
With glistening helm-like cap is seen,  
Borne on in giddy cheer,<sup>21</sup>

A youth, that ill his steed can guide; 175  
Yet with reverted face doth ride,  
As answering to a voice,  
That seems at once to laugh and chide—  
“Not mine, dear mistress,” still he cried,  
“’Tis this mad filly’s choice.” 180

With sudden bound, beyond the boy,  
See! see! that face of hope and joy,  
That regal front!<sup>22</sup> those cheeks  
aglow!

Thou needed’st but the crescent sheen,<sup>23</sup>  
A quivered Dian<sup>24</sup> to have been, 185  
Thou lovely child of old Du Clos!

Dark as a dream Lord Julian stood;  
Swift as a dream, from forth the wood,

<sup>20</sup> *shift*, trick.

<sup>21</sup> *giddy cheer*, reckless gayety.

<sup>22</sup> *regal front*, queenly forehead

<sup>23</sup> *crescent sheen*, brightness of the new moon.

<sup>24</sup> *Dian*, Diana, the goddess of hunting.

Sprang on the plighted Maid!<sup>25</sup>  
 With fatal aim, and frantic force, 100  
 The shaft was hurled!—a lifeless corse,  
 Fair Alice from her vaulting horse,  
 Lies bleeding on the glade.

### ANSWER TO A CHILD'S QUESTION

[This poem and the following, written nearly a quarter of a century apart, express two contrasting moods of Coleridge. In the first poem, he is thirty, full of the happiness that has come from creating some of the most beautiful poetry in our language, such as "Kubla Khan." In the second, though he is only fifty-three and clearly remembers the days when his poetic inspiration was at high pitch, he can seldom rouse himself to write anything.]

**D**O YOU ask what the birds say?  
 The Sparrow, the Dove,  
 The Linnet and Thrush say, "I love and  
 I love!"

In the winter they're silent—the wind is  
 so strong;

What it says, I don't know, but it sings  
 a loud song.

But green leaves, and blossoms, and  
 sunny warm weather, 5

And singing, and loving—all come back  
 together.

But the Lark is so brimful of gladness  
 and love,

The green fields below him, the blue  
 sky above,

That he sings, and he sings; and forever  
 sings he—

"I love my Love, and my Love loves  
 me!" 10

### WORK WITHOUT HOPE

**A**LL Nature seems at work. Slugs  
 leave their lair—

The bees are stirring—birds are on the  
 wing—

<sup>25</sup> *Sprang* . . . *Maid*, the maid betrothed to him galloped forward.

And Winter slumbering in the open air,  
 Wears on his smiling face a dream of  
 Spring!

And I the while, the sole unbusy thing, 5  
 Nor honey make, nor pair, nor build,  
 nor sing.

Yet well I ken the banks where ama-  
 ranths<sup>1</sup> blow,  
 Have traced the fount whence streams  
 of nectar<sup>2</sup> flow.

Bloom, O ye amaranths! bloom for  
 whom ye may,

For me ye bloom not! Glide, rich  
 streams, away! 10

With lips unbrightened, wreathless  
 brow, I stroll:

And would you learn the spells<sup>3</sup> that  
 drowse my soul?

Work without Hope draws nectar in a  
 sieve,

And Hope without an object cannot live.

### THE KNIGHT'S TOMB

[It is thought that the oak lives for a thousand years. The tree under which the good knight of this poem was buried had reached full growth at the time, as may be inferred from lines 5-8. Though it lived on for centuries after his burial, it has fallen and rotted away since he joined his fathers.]

**W**HERE is the grave of Sir Ar-  
 thur O'Kellyn?

Where may the grave of that good man  
 be?

By the side of a spring, on the breast  
 of Helvellyn,

Under the twigs of a young birch tree!  
 The oak that in summer was sweet to

hear, 5

And rustled its leaves in the fall of the  
 year,

<sup>1</sup> *amaranth*, an imaginary flower that never fades.

<sup>2</sup> *nectar*, the drink of the immortal gods of Greece.

<sup>3</sup> *spells*, magic charms or enchantment.

And whistled and roared in the winter  
 alone,  
 Is gone—and the birch in its stead is  
 grown.  
 The Knight's bones are dust,  
 And his good sword rust; 10  
 His soul is with the saints, I trust.

### STUDY AIDS

#### I. CLASS DISCUSSIONS

*Kubla Khan.* 1. Pick out two or three descriptions that paint in words scenes such as could never be found in an ordinary landscape. Which one seems to you most haunting and romantic?

2. Note that the poem employs different rhythms to suggest the feeling of different scenes. Which lines are most melodious and suggestive?

*Alice Du Clos.* 1. Why do Sir Hugh and Alice dislike each other so much? What delayed Alice in her plan to overtake Lord Julian? How does the delay affect his mood? Why does Sir Hugh make false report to his liege lord? Describe the contrast in the last two stanzas. How does the sudden conclusion make you feel? Is it a surprise?

2. Among imitators of the medieval ballad, Coleridge stands preëminent for his power to create and maintain the mood of a tale. (a) In what phrases does he early in the poem hint at the tragic outcome? (b) Compare this modern ballad with "Baby Lon" (p. 58) and "The Cruel Brother" (p. 60) with regard to the kind of tragedy each presents, the types of character who appear, and the way in which each tale is concluded. Which gives you the more pleasure, the medieval or the modern ballad?

*Answer to a Child's Question and Work without Hope.* 1. Pick out lines in each poem that show most clearly the poet's feeling at the time. Was his mood in each poem due to the season of the year?

2. Compare these two poems with such personal poems of Wordsworth as "She Dwelt" (p. 392), "A Slumber" (p. 393), "It Is a Beauteous Evening" (p. 395), and "I Wandered" (p. 397). (a) What appears to give each poet joy? (b) What causes him sadness?

*The Knight's Tomb.* What feeling about the knight does this short poem arouse in you?

#### II. INDIVIDUAL AND GROUP ACTIVITIES

1. Select the most beautiful of Coleridge's descriptions of nature to read to the class. Find out whether they reveal a power of minute observation or merely record general impressions. Read selected passages from Wordsworth's poems to show how the two poets differed in this power.

2. "Kubla Khan" has been called "the ultimate expression of a whole romantic world." "Alice Du Clos" likewise reflects the romantic view. Pick out passages in Coleridge's poems that illustrate romantic interest in (a) nature, (b) remote times or places, (c) types of character. This review of the poems might be worked up into a written paper with quotations or into a talk illustrated by reading of the selected passages.

3. A paragraph in the history (p. 383) explains the difference between Wordsworth's poetry and Coleridge's. Illustrate some of the points made in that paragraph by quotations from both poets. Are there other differences which you consider important? If so, illustrate them.

## SIR WALTER SCOTT

## ROSABELLE

[From *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*]

[Scott's love of the old ballads (see page 384) led him to imitate them often. In this ballad-like poem he introduces various medieval superstitions to arouse our fear for the lady Rosabelle on her trip across the narrow bay to her father's castle.]

O LISTEN, listen, ladies gay!  
No haughty feat of arms I tell;  
Soft is the note, and sad the lay  
That mourns the lovely Rosabelle.

"Moor, moor the barge, ye gallant crew!  
And, gentle ladye, deign to stay! 6  
Rest thee in Castle Ravensheuch,  
Nor tempt the stormy firth today.

"The blackening wave is edged with  
white;  
To inch<sup>1</sup> and rock the sea-mews fly; 10  
The fishers have heard the water-sprite,  
Whose screams forbode that wreck is  
nigh.

"Last night the gifted seer did view  
A wet shroud swathed round ladye  
gay;

Then stay thee, Fair, in Ravensheuch;  
Why cross the gloomy firth today?" 16

"'Tis not because Lord Lindesay's heir  
Tonight at Roslin leads the ball,  
But that my ladye-mother there  
Sits lonely in her castle-hall. 20

"'Tis not because the ring they ride,<sup>2</sup>  
And Lindesay at the ring rides well,  
But that my sire the wine will chide  
If 'tis not filled by Rosabelle."

<sup>1</sup> inch, island

<sup>2</sup> the ring they ride, an amusement of the nobility which replaced tournaments. The horseman tried to carry off on his spear a ring which was suspended high above the course.

—O'er Roslin all that dreary night 25  
A wondrous blaze was seen to gleam;  
'Twas broader than the watch-fire light,  
And redder than the bright moon-  
beam.

It glared on Roslin's castled rock,  
It ruddied all the copsewood glen; 30  
'Twas seen from Dryden's groves of  
oak,  
And seen from caverned Hawthorn-  
den.

Seemed all on fire that chapel proud  
Where Roslin's chiefs uncoffined lie,  
Each baron, for a sable shroud, 35  
Sheathed in his iron panoply.

Seemed all on fire within, around,  
Deep sacristy and altar's pale;<sup>3</sup>  
Shone every pillar foliage-bound,<sup>4</sup>  
And glimmered all the dead men's  
mail. 40

Blazed battlement and pinnet<sup>5</sup> high,  
Blazed every rose-carved<sup>6</sup> buttress  
fair—  
So still they blaze, when fate is nigh  
The lordly line of high Saint Clair.

There are twenty of Roslin's barons  
bold 45  
Lie buried within that proud chapel;  
Each one the holy vault doth hold—  
But the sea holds lovely Rosabelle!

And each Saint Clair was buried there,  
With candle, with book, and with  
knell; 50  
But the sea-caves rung, and the wild  
winds sung  
The dirge of lovely Rosabelle.

<sup>3</sup> pale, inclosure. <sup>4</sup> foliage-bound. Foliage was carved round each pillar. <sup>5</sup> pinnet, pinnacle.

<sup>6</sup> rose-carved. The rose was carved because of the name Roslin, though the name meant a waterfall.

## JOCK OF HAZELDEAN

[In this poem Scott began with a fragment of an old ballad and then continued it to show how fruitless were the pleadings of the rich lord who wished the beautiful young lady to become his daughter-in-law.]

“WHY weep ye by the tide,  
ladie?

Why weep ye by the tide?  
I'll wed ye to my youngest son,  
And ye sall be his bride.

And ye sall be his bride, ladie, 5  
Sac comely to be seen”—

But aye she loot<sup>1</sup> the tears down fa'  
For Jock of Hazeldean.

“Now let this willfu' grief be done,  
And dry that cheek so pale; 10

Young Frank is chief of Errington  
And lord of Langley-dale;

His step is first in peaceful ha',<sup>2</sup>  
His sword in battle keen”—

But aye she loot the tears down fa' 15  
For Jock of Hazeldean.

“A chain of gold ye sall not lack,  
Nor braid to bind your hair;

Nor mettled hound, nor managed<sup>3</sup>  
hawk, 20

Nor palfrey fresh and fair;  
And you, the foremost o' them a',  
Shall ride our forest queen”—

<sup>1</sup> loot, let. <sup>2</sup> ha', hall. <sup>3</sup> managed, trained.

But aye she loot the tears down fa'  
For Jock of Hazeldean.

The kirk<sup>4</sup> was decked at morning-tide,  
The tapers glimmered fair; 28

The priest and bridegroom wait the  
bride,

And dame and knight are there.

They sought her baith by bower and  
ha';

The ladie was not seen! 30

She's o'er the Border, and awa'  
Wi' Jock of Hazeldean.

<sup>4</sup> kirk, church.

## CLASS DISCUSSIONS

*Rosabelle* and *Jock of Hazeldean*. 1. Compare these “literary ballads” with true medieval ballads, such as “Hind Horn” (page 59). Is Scott or the folk balladist the more dramatic? Which brings out more strongly the emotion in the situation? Read passages to illustrate.

2. “*Rosabelle*” is taken from the sixth canto of Scott's *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*. (a) A student might volunteer to read the whole *Lay*, rehearse the story briefly, and indicate the exact circumstances under which the ballad “*Rosabelle*” is sung. (b) The class will gain a fair notion of the *Lay* if a series of the famous passages are read aloud; for example, Deloraine's night ride, the preparation in Branksome Hall to repel the besiegers, the coming of Watt Tinlinn to Branksome, and the celebrated description of Melrose Abbey by moonlight.

## GEORGE GORDON, LORD BYRON

## WORDSWORTH

[Byron's first volume of any consequence, a collection of verse, *Hours of Idleness* (1808), was published when he was barely twenty. It was reviewed severely in *The Edinburgh Review*. Byron replied in *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers* (1809), an attack not only on the critics but on all the new romantic poets.

The following passage about Wordsworth shows how much personal malice and youthful zest he put into his satire.]

NEXT comes the dull disciple of  
thy school,  
That mild apostate from poetic rule,  
The simple Wordsworth, framer of a  
lay

As soft as evening in his favorite May,  
 Who warns his friend to shake off toil  
     and trouble, 5  
 And quit his books, for fear of growing  
     double;<sup>1</sup>  
 Who, both by precept<sup>2</sup> and example,  
     shows  
 That prose is verse, and verse is merely  
     prose.  
 Convincing all, by demonstration plain:  
 Poetic souls delight in prose insane; 10  
 And Christmas stories tortured into  
     rime  
 Contain the essence of the true sublime.  
 Thus, when he tells the tale of Betty  
     Foy,  
 The idiot mother of "an idiot boy,"<sup>3</sup>  
 A moon-struck, silly lad, who lost his  
     way, 15  
 And, like his bard, confounded night  
     with day;  
 So close on each pathetic part he dwells,  
 And each adventure so sublimely tells,  
 That all who view the "idiot in his  
     glory" 19  
 Conceive the bard the hero of the story.

The dew of the morning  
 Sunk chill on my brow; 10  
 It felt like the warning  
 Of what I feel now.  
 Thy vows are all broken,  
 And light is thy fame;  
 I hear thy name spoken 15  
 And share in its shame.

They name thee before me,  
 A knell to mine ear;  
 A shudder comes o'er me—  
 Why wert thou so dear? 20  
 They know not I knew thee,  
 Who knew thee too well;  
 Long, long shall I rue thee,  
 Too deeply to tell.

In secret we met; 25  
 In silence I grieve  
 That thy heart could forget,  
 Thy spirit deceive.  
 If I should meet thee  
 After long years, 30  
 How should I greet thee?—  
 With silence and tears.

## WHEN WE TWO PARTED

[This lyric and the one that follows it are personal. "When We Two Parted" was probably inspired by a love affair when Byron was only fifteen. He wrote the lyric five years later.]

WHEN we two parted  
 In silence and tears,  
 Half broken-hearted,  
 To sever for years,  
 Pale grew thy cheek and cold, 5  
 Colder thy kiss;  
 Truly that hour foretold  
 Sorrow to this!

<sup>1</sup> Who warns . . . double, a reference to the opening lines of Wordsworth's poem "The Tables Turned":

"Up! Up! My friend and quit your books,  
 Or surely you'll grow double."  
 Wordsworth urges his friend to get outdoors and "Let Nature be your teacher."

<sup>2</sup> by precept, in the preface to the *Lyrical Ballads*. <sup>3</sup> Thus . . . boy, a reference to Wordsworth's poem "The Idiot Boy."

## SHE WALKS IN BEAUTY

[This poem Byron wrote on returning from a ballroom where he had seen the wife of a cousin. As she was in mourning, she wore black, but her dress had many spangles.]

SHE walks in beauty, like the night  
 Of cloudless climes and starry skies,  
 And all that's best of dark and bright  
 Meet in her aspect and her eyes;  
 Thus mellowed to that tender light 5  
 Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

One shade the more, one ray the less,  
 Had half impaired the nameless grace  
 Which waves in every raven tress  
 Or softly lightens o'er her face, 10  
 Where thoughts serenely sweet express  
 How pure, how dear their dwelling-  
 place.



And on that cheek and o'er that brow  
 So soft, so calm, yet eloquent, 14  
 The smiles that win, the tints that glow  
 But tell of days in goodness spent,  
 A mind at peace with all below,  
 A heart whose love is innocent.

### CHILDE HAROLD

[The following three selections give a fair notion of the strength and variety of *Childe Harold*. "Lake Leman" is taken from Canto III, which was written in 1816 immediately after Byron exiled himself from England. It reveals the inspiration which he secured from Shelley, who was his companion on the shores of Lake Leman. Of course, the real subject, as always in Byron, is his own tumultuous soul.]

#### LAKE LEMAN

LAKE Leman woos me with its crystal face,  
 The mirror where the stars and mountains view  
 The stillness of their aspect in each trace  
 Its clear depth yields of their far height and hue;  
 There is too much of man here, to look through 5  
 With a fit mind the might which I behold;  
 But soon in me shall loneliness renew  
 Thoughts hid, but not less cherished than of old,  
 Ere mingling with the herd had penned me in their fold.  
 To fly from, need not be to hate, mankind; 10  
 All are not fit with them to stir and toil,  
 Nor is it discontent to keep the mind  
 Deep in its fountain, lest it overboil  
 In the hot throng, where we become the spoil  
 Of our infection, till too late and long 15  
 We may deplore and struggle with the coil,

In wretched interchange of wrong for wrong  
 Midst a contentious world, striving where none are strong.

There, in a moment, we may plunge our years  
 In fatal penitence, and in the blight 20  
 Of our own soul turn all our blood to tears,  
 And color things to come with hues of night;  
 The race of life becomes a hopeless flight  
 To those that walk in darkness; on the sea  
 The boldest steer but where their ports invite, 25  
 But there are wanderers o'er eternity  
 Whose bark drives on and on, and anchored ne'er shall be.

Is it not better, then, to be alone,  
 And love earth only for its earthly sake?  
 By the blue rushing of the arrowy<sup>1</sup> Rhone, 30  
 Or the pure bosom of its nursing lake,  
 Which feeds it as a mother who doth make  
 A fair but froward infant her own care,  
 Kissing its cries away as these awake—  
 Is it not better thus our lives to wear,  
 Than join the rushing crowd, doomed to inflict or bear? 36

I live not in myself, but I become  
 Portion of that around me; and to me  
 High mountains are a feeling, but the hum  
 Of human cities torture; I can see 40  
 Nothing to loathe in nature, save to be  
 A link reluctant in a fleshly chain,  
 Classed among creatures, when the soul can flee,  
 And with the sky, the peak, the heaving plain  
 Of ocean, or the stars, mingle, and not in vain. 45

<sup>1</sup> arrowy, swift.

And thus I am absorbed, and this is  
life;

I look upon the peopled desert past  
As on a place of agony and strife,  
Where, for some sin, to sorrow I was  
cast,

To act and suffer, but remount at last  
With a fresh pinion; which I feel to  
spring, 51

Though young, yet waxing vigorous as  
the blast

Which it would cope with, on delighted  
wing,

Spurning the clay-cold bonds which  
round our being cling.

And when, at length, the mind shall be  
all free 55

From what it hates in this degraded  
form,

Reft of its carnal life, save what shall  
be

Existent happier in the fly and worm—  
When elements to elements conform,

And dust is as it should be, shall I  
not

Feel all I see, less dazzling, but more  
warm? 61

The bodiless thought? the spirit of each  
spot?

Of which, even now, I share at times  
the immortal lot?

Are not the mountains, waves, and skies  
a part

Of me and of my soul, as I of them? 65

Is not the love of these deep in my heart  
With a pure passion? Should I not con-  
temn

All objects, if compared with these?  
And stem

A tide of suffering, rather than fore-  
go

Such feelings for the hard and worldly  
phlegm 70

Of those whose eyes are only turned  
below,

Gazing upon the ground, with  
thoughts which dare not glow?

## THE COLISEUM

[This selection from *Childe Harold* is taken from Canto IV, which was completed in 1818. "The Coliseum" reveals Byron's fierce pride and the splendid eloquence to which he was particularly aroused by the remains of ancient art and architecture.]

AND if my voice break forth, 'tis not  
that now

I shrink from what is suffered; let him  
speak

Who hath beheld decline upon my  
brow,

Or seen my mind's convulsion leave it  
weak;

But in this page a record will I seek. 5

Not in the air shall these my words dis-  
perse,

Though I be ashes; a far hour shall  
wreak

The deep prophetic fullness of this  
verse,

And pile on human heads the moun-  
tain of my curse!

That curse shall be forgiveness. Have I  
not— 10

Hear me, my mother Earth! behold it,  
Heaven!—

Have I not had to wrestle with my lot?

Have I not suffered things to be for-  
given?

Have I not had my brain seared, my  
heart riven,

Hopes sapped, name blighted, Life's life  
lied away? 15

And only not to desperation driven,

Because not altogether of such clay

As rots into the souls of those whom  
I survey.<sup>1</sup>

From mighty wrongs to petty perfidy

Have I not seen what human things  
could do? 20

From the loud roar of foaming calumny

<sup>1</sup> not . . . survey. This is perhaps the most arrogant passage in English poetry.

To the small whisper of the as paltry  
 few,  
 And subtler venom of the reptile crew,  
 The Janus glance<sup>2</sup> of whose significant  
 eye,  
 Learning to lie with silence, would *seem*  
 true, 25  
 And without utterance, save the shrug  
 or sigh,  
 Deal round to happy fools its speech-  
 less obloquy.

But I have lived, and have not lived in  
 vain.  
 My mind may lose its force, my blood  
 its fire,  
 And my frame perish even in conquer-  
 ing pain; 30  
 But there is that within me which shall  
 tire  
 Torture and Time, and breathe when I  
 expire.  
 Something unearthly which they deem  
 not of,  
 Like the remembered tone of a mute  
 lyre,  
 Shall on their softened spirits sink, and  
 move 35  
 In hearts all rocky now the late re-  
 morse of love.

The seal is set.<sup>3</sup>—Now welcome, thou  
 dread power!<sup>4</sup>  
 Nameless, yet thus omnipotent, which  
 here<sup>5</sup>  
 Walk'st in the shadow of the midnight  
 hour  
 With a deep awe, yet all distinct from  
 fear. 40  
 Thy haunts are ever where the dead  
 walls rear  
 Their ivy mantles, and the solemn scene  
 Derives from thee a sense so deep and  
 clear

<sup>2</sup> *Janus glance*, a glance in two directions at the same time; from Janus, a Roman god, who was represented as having two opposite faces.

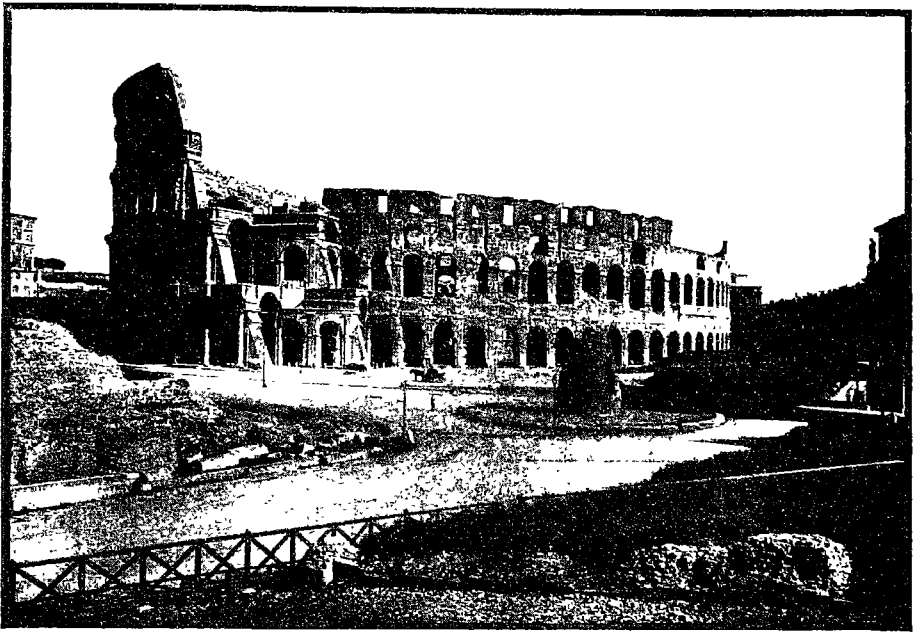
<sup>3</sup> *The seal is set*, the curse is ended. <sup>4</sup> *dread power*, spirit of the past. <sup>5</sup> *here*, in the Coliseum.

That we become a part of what has  
 been,  
 And grow unto the spot, all-seeing but  
 unseen. 45

And here the buzz of eager nations ran,  
 In murmured pity or loud-roared ap-  
 plause,  
 As man was slaughtered by his fellow  
 man.  
 And wherefore slaughtered? Where-  
 fore, but because  
 Such were the bloody Circus<sup>6</sup> genial  
 laws, 50  
 And the imperial pleasure.—Wherefore  
 not?  
 What matters where we fall to fill the  
 maws  
 Of worms—on battle-plains or listed  
 spot?<sup>7</sup>  
 Both are but theaters where the chief  
 actors rot.

I see before me the gladiator lie.<sup>8</sup> 55  
 He leans upon his hand—his manly  
 brow  
 Consents to death, but conquers agony,  
 And his drooped head sinks gradually  
 low—  
 And through his side the last drops, ebb-  
 ing slow  
 From the red gash, fall heavy, one by  
 one, 60  
 Like the first of a thunder-shower; and  
 now  
 The arena swims around him—he is  
 gone,  
 Ere ceased the inhuman shout which  
 hailed the wretch who won.  
 He heard it, but he heeded not—his  
 eyes  
 Were with his heart, and that was far  
 away; 65

<sup>6</sup> *Circus*, the Roman amphitheater, where contests were held, such as sword combats. <sup>7</sup> *listed spot*, the "lists," or arena, of a tournament. <sup>8</sup> *I see . . . he*, suggested by a famous statue of a dying Gaul in the museum on the Capitol Hill. Byron thought it represented a dying gladiator.



THE COLISEUM AT ROME

He recked not of the life he lost, nor  
 prize,  
 But where his rude hut by the Danube  
 lay;  
*There* were his young barbarians all at  
 play,  
*There* was their Dacian<sup>9</sup> mother—he,  
 their sire,  
 Butchered to make a Roman holiday<sup>10</sup>—  
 All this rushed with his blood.—Shall he  
 expire 71  
 And unavenged?—Arise! ye Goths,<sup>11</sup>  
 and glut your ire!

But here, where Murder breathed her  
 bloody steam;  
 And there, where buzzing nations  
 choked the ways,

<sup>9</sup> *Dacian*, of Dacia, a province of the Roman empire.

<sup>10</sup> *a Roman holiday*, a phrase frequently used to describe a bloody or gruesome spectacle.

<sup>11</sup> *Goths*, members of a barbaric Teutonic tribe which overran the Roman empire in the early Christian era.

And roared or murmured like a moun-  
 tain stream 75  
 Dashing or winding as its torrent strays;  
 Here, where the Roman millions' blame  
 or praise  
 Was death or life, the playthings of a  
 crowd,  
 My voice sounds much, and fall the  
 stars' faint rays  
 On the arena void—seats crushed—walls  
 bowed— 80  
 And galleries, where my steps seem  
 echoes strangely loud.

A ruin—yet what ruin! From its mass,  
 Walls, palaces, half-cities have been  
 reared;<sup>12</sup>  
 Yet oft the enormous skeleton ye pass,  
 And marvel where the spoil could have  
 appeared. 85  
 Hath it indeed been plundered, or but  
 cleared?

<sup>12</sup> *From . . . reared*. For centuries the ruined Coliseum supplied stone for builders

Alas! developed, opens the decay,  
 When the colossal fabric's form is  
     neared.  
 It will not bear the brightness of the  
     day,  
 Which stream too much on all, years,  
     man have reft away. 90

But when the rising moon begins to  
     climb  
 Its topmost arch, and gently pauses  
     there;  
 When the stars twinkle through the  
     loops of time,  
 And the low night-breeze waves along  
     the air  
 The garland forest,<sup>13</sup> which the gray  
     walls wear 95  
 Like laurels on the bald first Caesar's  
     head;<sup>14</sup>  
 When the light shines serene but doth  
     not glare,  
 Then in this magic circle raise the  
     dead—  
 Heroes have trod this spot—'tis on  
     their dust ye tread.

"While stands the Coliseum, Rome shall  
     stand; 100  
 When falls the Coliseum, Rome shall  
     fall;  
 And when Rome falls—the World!"<sup>15</sup>  
     From our own land  
 Thus spake the pilgrims o'er this mighty  
     wall  
 In Saxon times, which we are wont to  
     call  
 Ancient; and these three mortal things  
     are still 105  
 On their foundations, and unaltered all;  
 Rome and her Ruin past Redemption's  
     skill,  
 The World, the same wide den—of  
     thieves, or what ye will.

<sup>13</sup> *garland forest*, the growth of shrubs and weeds that sprang up from the crevices.  
<sup>14</sup> *Like . . . head*. It is said that Caesar liked to wear laurel to hide his baldness.

<sup>15</sup> *While stands . . . World*. The quotation is ascribed to the Venerable Bede, about the beginning of the eighth century.

## THE OCEAN

[*"The Ocean,"* like the preceding selection, is taken from Canto IV of *Childe Harold*. It is perhaps the most famous passage in all Byron, and deals with a subject as old as English poetry, but nowhere treated with more intense feeling.]

THERE is a pleasure in the pathless  
     woods,  
 There is a rapture on the lonely shore,  
 There is society, where none intrudes,  
 By the deep sea, and music in its roar:  
 I love not man the less, but nature more  
 From these our interviews, in which I  
     steal 6  
 From all I may be, or have been be-  
     fore,  
 To mingle with the universe, and feel  
     What I can ne'er express, yet cannot  
     all conceal.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean  
     —roll! 10  
 Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in  
     vain;  
 Man marks the earth with ruin—his  
     control  
 Stops with the shore; upon the watery  
     plain  
 The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth  
     remain  
 A shadow of man's ravage, save his  
     own, 15  
 When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,  
 He sinks into thy depths with bubbling  
     groan,  
 Without a grave, unknelled, uncof-  
     fined, and unknown.

His steps are not upon thy paths—thy  
     fields  
 Are not a spoil for him—thou dost arise  
 And shake him from thee; the vile  
     strength he wields 21  
 For earth's destruction thou dost all  
     despise,  
 Spurning him from thy bosom to the  
     skies,

And send'st him, shivering in thy playful spray  
 And howling, to his gods, where haply  
 lies 25  
 His petty hope in some near port or bay,  
 And dashest him again to earth—  
 there let him lay.

The armaments which thunderstrike  
 the walls  
 Of rock-built cities, bidding nations  
 quake,  
 And monarchs tremble in their capitals,  
 The oak leviathans,<sup>1</sup> whose huge ribs  
 make 31  
 Their clay creator the vain title take  
 Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war—  
 These are thy toys, and, as the snowy  
 flake,  
 They melt into thy yeast of waves,  
 which mar 35  
 Alike the Armada's pride or spoils of  
 Trafalgar.<sup>2</sup>

Thy shores are empires, changed in all  
 save thee—  
 Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what  
 are they?  
 Thy waters washed them power while  
 they were free,  
 And many a tyrant since; their shores  
 obey 40  
 The stranger, slave, or savage; their decay  
 Has dried up realms to deserts: not so  
 thou—  
 Unchangeable, save to thy wild waves'  
 play,  
 Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure  
 brow;  
 Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou  
 rollest now. 45

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form  
 Glasses itself in tempests; all in time—

<sup>1</sup> *leviathans*, huge ships. <sup>2</sup> *Trafalgar*, a naval battle in which the English fleet, under Lord Nelson's command, defeated the combined French and Spanish fleet (1805).

Calm or convulsed, in breeze, or gale,  
 or storm,  
 Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime  
 Dark-heaving—boundless, endless, and  
 sublime, 50  
 The image of eternity, the throne  
 Of the Invisible; even from out thy  
 slime  
 The monsters of the deep are made;  
 each zone  
 Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread,  
 fathomless, alone.

And I have loved thee, Ocean! and my  
 joy 55  
 Of youthful sports was on thy breast to  
 be  
 Borne, like thy bubbles, onward; from a  
 boy  
 I wantoned with thy breakers—they to  
 me  
 Were a delight; and if the freshening  
 sea  
 Made them a terror—'twas a pleasing  
 fear, 60  
 For I was as it were a child of thee,  
 And trusted to thy billows far and near,  
 And laid my hand upon thy mane—as  
 I do here.

#### ON THIS DAY I COMPLETE MY THIRTY-SIXTH YEAR

[On his last birthday, only a few weeks before his death, Byron showed the following verses to some friends. He thought the poem better than most of his lyrics, and it did indeed come with complete sincerity from his heart. It was his last poem.]

'TIS time this heart should be un-  
 moved,  
 Since others it hath ceased to move:  
 Yet, though I cannot be beloved,  
 Still let me love!

My days are in the yellow leaf; 5  
 The flowers and fruits of love are  
 gone;

The worm, the canker, and the grief  
Are mine alone!

The fire that on my bosom preys  
Is lone as some volcanic isle; 10  
No torch is kindled at its blaze—  
A funeral pile.

The hope, the fear, the jealous care,  
The exalted portion of the pain  
And power of love, I cannot share, 15  
But wear the chain.

But 'tis not *thus*—and 'tis not *here*—  
Such thoughts should shake my soul,  
nor *now*,  
Where glory decks the hero's bier,  
Or binds his brow. 20

The sword, the banner, and the field,  
Glory and Greece, around me see!  
The Spartan, borne upon his shield,<sup>1</sup>  
Was not more free.

Awake! (not Greece—she *is* awake!) 25  
Awake, my spirit! Think through  
*whom*  
Thy life-blood tracks its parent lake,<sup>2</sup>  
And then strike home!

Tread those reviving passions down,  
Unworthy manhood!—unto thee 30  
Indifferent should the smile or frown  
Of beauty be.

If thou regrett'st thy youth, *why live*?  
The land of honorable death  
Is here:—up to the field, and give 35  
Away thy breath!

Seek out—less often sought than found—  
A soldier's grave, for thee the best;  
Then look around, and choose thy  
ground,  
And take thy rest. 40

<sup>1</sup> *The Spartan . . . shield.* The wounded or slain Spartan was carried from the battlefield on his own shield. <sup>2</sup> *Think . . . lake.* Through his mother Byron was descended from James I; through his father, from heroes of the time of William the Conqueror.

## STUDY AIDS

### I. CLASS DISCUSSIONS

*Wordsworth.* 1. Which couplets are the most amusing? Compare them with Pope's in the "Portrait of Addison" (page 257). Which satire is to you the more brilliant?

2. Do you think Byron's satire applies to any of Wordsworth's poems in this volume? Explain and illustrate.

*When We Two Parted* and *She Walks in Beauty.* Which of these two lyrics seems to you the more musical? The more genuine in sentiment? How do they differ from the lyrics of Burns?

*Lake Leman.* Why does Byron dislike crowds and men? What attracts him in nature? Compare his feeling with Wordsworth's in "Tintern Abbey" (page 397). Quote passages from both poems.

*The Coliseum.* 1. In lines 1-36 what is the sentiment? Where is it most fierce or intense? Most proud or arrogant?

2. What feeling does the Coliseum arouse in Byron? In describing the gladiator, does he give his own feelings or those of the gladiator? What is the most eloquent part of the description of this statue? What two striking contrasts does Byron draw in lines 64-81?

3. In the description of the ruin (82-108), where does Byron's personality appear most clearly?

*The Ocean.* 1. What are the grandest stanzas in this passage? What side of Byron's nature do they express?

2. Do you like the magnificence of this passage or the quieter description in "Lake Leman" the better? Read a stanza from each to illustrate.

*On This Day I Complete My Thirty-sixth Year.* Which stanzas show best that Byron was tired of life? Which best express the true aspiration of his soul?

### II. INDIVIDUAL AND GROUP ACTIVITIES

1. A good view of Byron as a lyric poet may be gained by reading "The Dream," "The Glory that Was Greece," "The De-

struction of Sennacherib," "Know Ye the Land." What new notion of his lyrical powers do these poems give you?

2. *Childe Harold* is written in the Spenserian stanza. Pick out a stanza or two from Spenser (page 92) for comparison. Which poet gives the more dream-like impression? Which is more forceful? More musical? Read stanzas to illustrate.

3. Reports on *Childe Harold* might include Canto III, stanzas xvii-xlv, Canto IV, stanzas clxxv-clxxxvi. Read also *Mazeppa*,

stanzas ix-xx, *Don Juan*, Canto II, stanzas xxiv-li. Review "The Prisoner of Chillon." What new sides to Byron's personality do you find in these passages? What further illustrations of aspects already studied?

#### FURTHER READING

Drinkwater, John, *The Pilgrim of Eternity*.

Reveals Byron's personality.

Trelawny, E. J., *Records of Byron, Shelley, and the Author*. A personal account that is truly entertaining.

## PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

### TO A SKYLARK

[This lyric, as perfect as any in our tongue, was written in Italy in the summer of Shelley's twenty-eighth year. Mrs. Shelley records: "It was on a beautiful summer evening while wandering among the lanes, whose myrtle hedges were the bowers of fireflies, that we heard the caroling of the skylark which inspired one of the most beautiful of his poems."]

If you read the poem aloud, you will see that the movement of the verse changes in harmony with the thought. The four short lines of the stanza give us a sense of the lark rising into the air, while the long fifth line brings to mind the pause in flight as the bird sings. Lines 1-30 describe the skylark; lines 31-60 express the spirit of the bird through comparisons that flit into the poet's mind; lines 61-90 contrast the bird's joy with man's sorrow; lines 91-105 reveal the poet's delight in the bird's song.]

HAIL to thee, blithe spirit!  
Bird thou never wert,  
That from heaven, or near it,  
Pourest thy full heart  
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still and higher  
From the earth thou springest  
Like a cloud of fire;

The blue deep thou wingest,  
And singing still dost soar, and soaring  
ever singest. 10

In the golden lightning  
Of the sunken sun,  
O'er which clouds are brightning,  
Thou dost float and run,  
Like an unbodied<sup>1</sup> joy whose race is  
just begun. 15

The pale purple even  
Melts around thy flight;  
Like a star of heaven  
In the broad daylight  
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy  
shrill delight, 20

Keen as are the arrows  
Of that silver sphere,  
Whose intense lamp narrows  
In the white dawn clear,  
Until we hardly see—we feel that it is  
there. 25

All the earth and air  
With thy voice is loud,  
As, when night is bare,  
From one lonely cloud  
The moon rains out her beams, and  
heaven is overflowed. 30

<sup>1</sup> unbodied, disembodied.



What thou art we know not;  
 What is most like thee?  
 From rainbow clouds there flow not  
 Drops so bright to see  
 As from thy presence showers a rain of  
 melody. 35

Like a poet hidden  
 In the light of thought,  
 Singing hymns unbidden,  
 Till the world is wrought  
 To sympathy with hopes and fears it  
 heeded not; 40

Like a high-born maiden  
 In a palace-tower,  
 Soothing her love-laden  
 Soul in secret hour  
 With music sweet as love, which over-  
 flows her bower; 45

Like a glowworm golden  
 In a dell of dew,  
 Scattering unbeholden  
 Its ærial hue  
 Among the flowers and grass, which  
 screen it from the view; 50

Like a rose embowered  
 In its own green leaves,  
 By warm winds deflowered,<sup>2</sup>  
 Till the scent it gives  
 Makes faint with too much sweet these  
 heavy-winged thieves; 55

Sound of vernal showers  
 On the twinkling grass,  
 Rain-awakened flowers,  
 All that ever was  
 Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music  
 doth surpass. 60

Teach us, sprite or bird,  
 What sweet thoughts are thine.  
 I have never heard  
 Praise of love or wine  
 That panted forth a flood of rapture so  
 divine. 65

<sup>2</sup> *deflowered*, opened out.

Chorus hymeneal,<sup>3</sup>  
 Or triumphant chaunt,  
 Matched with thine would be all  
 But an empty vaunt,  
 A thing wherein we feel there is some  
 hidden want. 70

What objects are the fountains  
 Of thy happy strain?  
 What fields, or waves, or mountains?  
 What shapes of sky or plain?  
 What love of thine own kind? What  
 ignorance of pain? 75

With thy clear, keen joyance  
 Languor cannot be;  
 Shadow of annoyance  
 Never came near thee;  
 Thou lovest, but ne'er knew love's sad  
 satiety. 80

Waking or asleep,  
 Thou of death must deem  
 Things more true and deep  
 Than we mortals dream,  
 Or how could thy notes flow in such a  
 crystal stream? 85

We look before and after,  
 And pine for what is not;  
 Our sincerest laughter  
 With some pain is fraught;  
 Our sweetest songs are those that tell of  
 saddest thought. 90

Yet if we could scorn  
 Hate, and pride, and fear;  
 If we were things born  
 Not to shed a tear,  
 I know not how thy joy we ever should  
 come near. 95

Better than all measures<sup>4</sup>  
 Of delightful sound,  
 Better than all treasures  
 That in books are found,  
 Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of  
 the ground! 100

<sup>3</sup> *Chorus hymeneal*, wedding song.

<sup>4</sup> *measures*, musical strains.

Teach me half the gladness  
 That thy brain must know,  
 Such harmonious madness  
 From my lips would flow,  
 The world should listen then, as I am  
 listening now. 105

## THE CLOUD

[This lyric was suggested to Shelley when he saw a cloud moving across the blue sky as he floated in his boat on the Thames. The first and second stanzas contrast summer clouds with those of winter; the third and fourth contrast the effects of sun and moon on the clouds; the fifth and sixth contrast the cloudy sky and the blue heavens.]

**I** BRING fresh showers for the thirst-  
 ing flowers  
 From the seas and the streams;  
 I bear light shade for the leaves when  
 laid  
 In their noonday dreams;  
 From my wings are shaken the dews  
 that waken 5  
 The sweet buds every one,  
 When rocked to rest on their mother's  
 breast,  
 As she dances about the sun.  
 I wield the flail of the lashing hail,  
 And whiten the green plains under;  
 And then again I dissolve it in rain, 11  
 And laugh as I pass in thunder.

I sift the snow on the mountains below,  
 And their great pines groan aghast;  
 And all the night 'tis my pillow white, 15  
 While I sleep in the arms of the blast.  
 Sublime on the towers of my skyey  
 bowers,  
 Lightning, my pilot, sits;  
 In a cavern under is fettered the thun-  
 der—  
 It struggles and howls by fits; 20  
 Over earth and ocean, with gentle mo-  
 tion,  
 This pilot is guiding me,

Lured by the love of the genii that move  
 In the depths of the purple sea;  
 Over the rills, and the crags, and the  
 hills, 25  
 Over the lakes, and the plains,  
 Wherever he dream, under mountain or  
 stream,  
 The spirit he loves remains;  
 And I, all the while, bask in heaven's  
 blue smile,  
 Whilst he is dissolving in rains. 30

The sanguine sunrise, with his meteor  
 eyes,  
 And his burning plumes outspread,  
 Leaps on the back of my sailing rack,<sup>1</sup>  
 When the morning-star shines dead,  
 As on the jag of a mountain-crag, 35  
 Which an earthquake rocks and  
 swings,  
 An eagle, alit, one moment may sit,  
 In the light of its golden wings.  
 And when sunset may breathe, from the  
 lit sea beneath,  
 Its ardors of rest and love, 40  
 And the crimson pall of eve may fall  
 From the depth of heaven above,  
 With wings folded I rest, on mine airy  
 nest,  
 As still as a brooding dove.

That orbèd Maiden, with white fire  
 laden, 45  
 Whom mortals call the Moon,  
 Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like  
 floor,  
 By the midnight breezes strewn;  
 And wherever the beat of her unseen  
 feet,  
 Which only the angels hear, 50  
 May have broken the woof of my tent's  
 thin roof,  
 The stars peep behind her, and peer!  
 And I laugh to see them whirl and flee,  
 Like a swarm of golden bees;  
 When I widen the rent in my wind-built  
 tent, 55  
 Till the calm rivers, lakes, and seas,  
<sup>1</sup> rack, flying, broken cloud.

Like strips of the sky fallen through me  
on high,  
Are each paved with the moon and  
these.<sup>2</sup>

I bind the sun's throne with a burning  
zone,<sup>3</sup>  
And the moon's with a girdle of  
pearl; 60

The volcanoes are dim, and the stars reel  
and swim,  
When the whirlwinds my banner unfurl.

From cape to cape, with a bridge-like  
shape,

Over a torrent of sea,  
Sunbeam proof, I hang like a roof, 65  
The mountains its columns be.

The triumphal arch through which I  
march

With hurricane, fire, and snow,  
When the powers of the air are chained  
to my chair,

Is the million-colored bow; 70  
The sphere-fire above its soft colors  
wove,

While the moist earth was laughing  
below.

I am the daughter of earth and water,  
And the nursling of the sky;

I pass through the pores of the ocean  
and shores; 75

I change, but I cannot die.

For after the rain, when, with never a  
stain,

The pavilion of heaven is bare,  
And the winds and sunbeams, with  
their convex gleams,

Build up the blue dome of air, 80  
I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,<sup>4</sup>

And out of the caverns of rain,  
Like a child from the womb, like a  
ghost from the tomb,

I arise and unbuild it again.

<sup>2</sup> these, the stars.

<sup>3</sup> zone, girdle.

<sup>4</sup> cenotaph, empty tomb (the "blue dome of air").

## TO NIGHT

[Many poets have loved night for its stars and mystery and soothing influence, but none of them has seen Night as a person more distinctly than Shelley in this prayer for her presence.]

SWIFTLY walk over the western  
wave,

Spirit of Night!

Out of the misty eastern cave  
Where, all the long and lone daylight,  
Thou wovest dreams of joy and fear 5  
Which make thee terrible and dear—  
Swift be thy flight!

Wrap thy form in a mantle gray  
Star-inwrought;<sup>1</sup>

Blind with thine hair the eyes of Day; 10  
Kiss her until she be wearied out.

Then wander o'er city and sea and land,  
Touching all with thine opiate wand—  
Come, long-sought!

When I arose and saw the dawn, 15  
I sighed for thee;

When light rode high, and the dew was  
gone,

And noon lay heavy on flower and tree,  
And the weary Day turned to his rest,

Lingering like an unloved guest, 20  
I sighed for thee.

Thy brother Death came, and cried,  
"Wouldst thou me?"

Thy sweet child Sleep, the filmy-eyed,  
Murmured like a noontide bee, 25

"Shall I nestle near thy side?

Wouldst thou me?"—And I replied,  
"No, not thee!"

Death will come when thou art dead,  
Soon, too soon— 30

Sleep will come when thou art fled;  
Of neither would I ask the boon

I ask of thee, beloved Night—  
Swift be thine approaching flight,

Come soon, soon! 35

<sup>1</sup> Star-inwrought, with stars worked into it.

## A DIRGE

[Written only a short time before Shelley's death, this brief poem arises from the dominant passion of his life—a desire to remove every kind of injustice from the world.]

**R**OUGH wind, that moanest loud  
 Grief too sad for song;  
 Wild wind, when sullen cloud  
 Knells all the night long;  
 Sad storm whose tears are vain, 5  
 Bare woods whose branches strain,  
 Deep caves and dreary main—  
 Wail for the world's wrong!

ONE WORD IS TOO OFTEN  
PROFANED

[The ethereal quality of Shelley comes out nowhere better than in his love lyrics, two of which follow.]

**O**NE word<sup>1</sup> is too often profaned  
 For me to profane it;  
 One feeling too falsely disdained  
 For thee to disdain it;  
 One hope is too like despair 5  
 For prudence to smother,  
 And pity from thee more dear  
 Than that<sup>2</sup> from another.

I can give not what men call love,  
 But wilt thou accept not 10  
 The worship the heart lifts above  
 And the heavens reject not—  
 The desire of the moth for the star,  
 Of the night for the morrow,  
 The devotion to something afar 15  
 From the sphere of our sorrow?

## MUSIC WHEN SOFT VOICES DIE

**M**USIC, when soft voices die,  
 Vibrates in the memory;  
 Odors, when sweet violets sicken,  
 Live within the sense they quicken.

<sup>1</sup> One word, love. <sup>2</sup> that, love.

Rose leaves, when the rose is dead, 5  
 Are heaped for the beloved's bed;  
 And so thy thoughts, when thou art  
 gone,  
 Love itself shall slumber on.

## OZYMANDIAS

[One of the grandest and simplest specimens of ancient sculpture is the Sphinx, which rises above the drifting sands at Gizeh in Egypt and which may date from 2900 B.C. The thought of this ruin fired Shelley's imagination, and without borrowing a single detail, he created a statue more enduring than human hands have ever made.]

**I**MET a traveler from an antique  
 land<sup>1</sup>  
 Who said: "Two vast and trunkless  
 legs of stone  
 Stand in the desert. Near them, on the  
 sand,  
 Half sunk, a shattered visage lies, whose  
 frown,  
 And wrinkled lip, and sneer of cold  
 command, 5  
 Tell that its sculptor well those passions  
 read  
 Which yet survive,<sup>2</sup> stamped on these  
 lifeless things,  
 The hand<sup>3</sup> that mocked them,<sup>4</sup> and the  
 heart that fed;<sup>5</sup>  
 And on the pedestal these words appear:  
 'My name is Ozymandias, king of  
 kings; 10  
 Look on my works, ye Mighty, and de-  
 spair.'  
 Nothing beside remains. Round the de-  
 cay  
 Of that colossal wreck, boundless and  
 bare  
 The lone and level sands stretch far  
 away."

<sup>1</sup> an antique land, Egypt. <sup>2</sup> yet survive, are still apparent in the sculptured face. <sup>3</sup> The hand, the sculptor's hand. <sup>4</sup> them, the passions (line 6). <sup>5</sup> the heart that fed, the king's heart that fed those passions.

## ODE TO THE WEST WIND

[This poem reflects the power of a poet to escape from the real world to his own world of dreams and aspirations. It was composed in a wood skirting the Arno River near Florence while a tempestuous wind was blowing. The first forty-two lines are addressed to the wind, whose spirit is observed in the leaves, clouds, and waves. Lines 43-70, comparing the poet's spirit with the wind, end triumphantly.]

O WILD West Wind, thou breath  
of autumn's being,  
Thou, from whose unseen presence the  
leaves dead  
Are driven, like ghosts from an en-  
chanter fleeing,  
Yellow, and black, and pale, and hectic  
red,  
Pestilence-stricken multitudes; O thou,<sup>5</sup>  
Who chariotest to their dark, wintry  
bed  
The wingèd seeds, where they lie cold  
and low,  
Each like a corpse within its grave, until  
Thine azure sister of the spring shall  
blow  
Her clarion o'er the dreaming earth,  
and fill<sup>10</sup>  
(Driving sweet buds like flocks to feed  
in air)  
With living hues and odors plain and  
hill;  
Wild Spirit, which art moving every-  
where,  
Destroyer and preserver<sup>1</sup>—hear, oh,  
hear!

Thou on whose stream, 'mid the steep  
sky's commotion,<sup>15</sup>  
Loose clouds like earth's decaying leaves  
are shed,  
Shook from the tangled boughs of  
heaven and ocean,  
Angels of rain and lightning; there are  
spread

<sup>1</sup> *Destroyer and preserver.* The wild west wind of autumn (lines 1-8) is destructive; the gentle west wind of spring (lines 9-11) renews life.

On the blue surface of thine airy surge,  
Like the bright hair uplifted from the  
head<sup>20</sup>  
Of some fierce Maenad,<sup>2</sup> even from the  
dim verge  
Of the horizon to the zenith's height,  
The locks of the approaching storm.  
Thou dirge  
Of the dying year, to which this clos-  
ing night<sup>3</sup>  
Will be the dome of a vast sepulcher,<sup>25</sup>  
Vaulted with all thy congregated might  
Of vapors, from whose solid atmos-  
phere  
Black rain, and fire, and hail will burst  
—oh, hear!

Thou who didst waken from his sum-  
mer dreams  
The blue Mediterranean, where he lay,  
Lulled by the coil<sup>4</sup> of his crystalline  
streams,<sup>31</sup>  
Beside a pumice isle<sup>5</sup> in Baiae's bay,<sup>6</sup>  
And saw in sleep old palaces and tow-  
ers  
Quivering within the wave's intenser  
day,  
All overgrown with azure moss and  
flowers,<sup>35</sup>  
So sweet, the sense faints picturing  
them! Thou  
For whose path the Atlantic's level  
powers  
Cleave themselves into chasms, while  
far below  
The sea-blooms and the oozy woods  
which wear  
The sapless foliage of the ocean, know<sup>40</sup>  
Thy voice, and suddenly grow gray with  
fear,  
And tremble and despoil themselves—  
oh, hear!

<sup>2</sup> *Maenad.* The Maenads, usually represented as mad or frenzied, were the priestesses of Bacchus, god of vegetation and wine.

<sup>3</sup> *closing night,* night closing down over the earth.

<sup>4</sup> *coil,* windings.

<sup>5</sup> *pumice isle,* island composed of pumice—a light, volcanic substance.

<sup>6</sup> *Baiae's bay,* a resort at the western end of the Bay of Naples.

If I were a dead leaf thou mightest bear;  
 If I were a swift cloud to fly with thee;  
 A wave to pant beneath thy power, and share

The impulse of thy strength, only less free<sup>45</sup>

Than thou, O uncontrollable! If even  
 I were as in my boyhood, and could be

The comrade of thy wanderings over  
 heaven,

As then, when to outstrip thy skyey  
 speed

Scarce seemed a vision<sup>50</sup>—I would ne'er  
 have striven

As thus with thee in prayer in my sore  
 need.

Oh! lift me as a wave, a leaf, a cloud!  
 I fall upon the thorns of life! I bleed!

A heavy weight of hours has chained  
 and bowed<sup>55</sup>

One too like thee: tameless, and swift,  
 and proud.

Make me thy lyre, even as the forest is;  
 What if my leaves are falling like its  
 own!

The tumult of thy mighty harmonies  
 Will take from both a deep, autumnal  
 tone,<sup>60</sup>

Sweet though in sadness. Be thou,  
 spirit fierce,

My spirit! Be thou me, impetuous one!  
 Drive my dead thoughts over the uni-  
 verse

Like withered leaves to quicken a new  
 birth!

And, by the incantation of this verse,<sup>65</sup>  
 Scatter, as from an unextinguished  
 hearth

Ashes and sparks, my words among  
 mankind!

Be through my lips to unawakened  
 earth

The trumpet of a prophecy! O Wind,  
 If winter comes, can spring be far be-  
 hind?<sup>70</sup>

<sup>7</sup>when to outstrip . . . vision. In his boy-  
 hood days, Shelley says, he could run almost  
 as fast as the wind.

## STUDY AIDS

### I. CLASS DISCUSSIONS

*To a Skylark.* 1. Sum up in a single sentence the *thought* of each of the four parts of the poem as it is outlined in the headnote. What is the *feeling* of the poet in each part?

2. What yearning of the poet's soul pervades the poem? Select the stanzas that express it most poignantly.

3. Which stanza sounds most musical to you? Which contains the most beautiful image or picture?

*The Cloud.* 1. State in three sentences the three contrasts mentioned in the headnote. How many of the cloud pictures noted by Shelley have you observed? Tell of an occasion on which you saw one of the pictures.

2. Which lines best express Shelley's delight in nature?

3. Which description of the cloud is to you personally the most beautiful?

*To Night* and *A Dirge.* 1. How does the mood of each poem differ from that of "To a Skylark"? Read stanzas from each to bring out the contrast clearly. Read a stanza from "To a Skylark" that shows Shelley capable of the dejection expressed in "A Dirge."

2. In "To Night" why does Shelley long for the coming of night? Which personification pleases you most?

3. In "A Dirge" what is the occasion of the poet's grief?

*One Word Is Too Often Profaned* and *Music When Soft Voices Die.* Which of these lyrics better expresses the aspiring quality of Shelley? Which is the more flattering to the woman addressed? How do these lyrics differ from Burns's love songs?

*Ozymandias.* What contrast does the sonnet develop? How does Shelley feel about the material achievements of mankind?

*Ode to the West Wind.* 1. What is the spirit of the wind as described in the first three stanzas? Read lines from each stanza that express this spirit.

2. In what ways is the poet's spirit like the wind's? Read lines that bring out this similarity.

3. In the conclusion what gives the poet hope? How does the conclusion resemble the close of "To a Skylark"? How do the two poems differ in mood? Read stanzas from both to illustrate.

## II. INDIVIDUAL AND GROUP ACTIVITIES

1. Draw up a comparison between Shelley and Wordsworth. (a) Which dwells more on the poetry of common things? Which seems more often inspired by thoughts and ideals? Read stanzas or whole poems to illustrate. (b) Find poems by each poet that were inspired by the same subject, such as a skylark or autumn. What aspects of nature did each love? (c) Which poet creates the more magically suggestive phrases, such as Milton's "On the light, fantastic toe"? The more delicately undulating music in the verse? Quote passages to bear out your opinions.

If each of these three sets of questions is taken by a separate student or group of students, the class discussion should result in a better understanding of both poets.

The hour might close with a class vote on the question, "Which is the greater lyric poet"?

2. Further reading of Shelley's poems might include: (a) "I Fear thy Kisses," "The Indian Serenade," "The Flight of Love," "When the Lamp is Shattered," "Love's Philosophy," "To the Moon." (b) "With a Guitar: To Jane," "To Jane, The Invitation, The Recollection." (c) "The Question," "Lines Written Among the Euganean Hills." (d) "Arethusa," "Song of Proserpine." (e) "On a poet's lips I slept" (*Prometheus Unbound*, I, 11. 737-749). "Life of life, thy lips enkindle" (*Prometheus Unbound*, II, v, 48-71). "My Soul is an enchanted boat" (*Prometheus Unbound*, II, v, 72-110). (f) A particularly ambitious student might report on *Adonais*, Shelley's passionate elegy on Keats. A different student or committee of students might take each of these six groups, trying to bring out some new aspect of Shelley's genius revealed in each group of poems.

3. The best general biography of Shelley is *Shelley, a Life Story*, by Edmund Blunden, a living English poet. It awakens enthusiasm for Shelley's genius.

## JOHN KEATS

### ON FIRST LOOKING INTO CHAPMAN'S HOMER

[Keats could not read Greek, but a friend showed him a translation of the *Iliad* into English verse made by George Chapman, an Elizabethan dramatist. They sat up nearly all night reading it, Keats leaving only at dawn. When the friend sat down to breakfast the next morning, he found by his plate this sonnet, which Keats had written and sent him in the interval.]

MUCH have I traveled in the  
realms of gold,<sup>1</sup>  
And many goodly states and kingdoms  
seen;

<sup>1</sup>traveled . . . gold, read great poems or other great literature.

Round many western islands have I  
been

Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.<sup>2</sup>  
Oft of one wide expanse had I been told  
That deep-browed Homer ruled as his  
demesne;<sup>3</sup>

Yet did I never breathe its pure serene<sup>4</sup>  
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud  
and bold.

Then felt I like some watcher of the  
skies

When a new planet swims into his ken;  
Or like stout Cortez<sup>5</sup> when with eagle  
eyes

11

<sup>2</sup>western islands . . . Apollo hold. Keats refers here to England and English poets. Apollo was the god of music and poetry.

<sup>3</sup>Oft . . . demesne, I had often been told of Homer's poetry. The word *demesne* means "realm." <sup>4</sup>serene, serene air. <sup>5</sup>Cortez, a mis- take for Balboa.

He stared at the Pacific, and all his men  
Looked at each other with a wild sur-  
mise—  
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

## ON THE SEA

[Keats wrote this sonnet on the Isle of Wight, where the sea has worked thousands of caves in the chalky cliffs. The scene he had in mind is consequently quite different from the wide flat beaches on most parts of the American coast.]

**I**T KEEPS eternal whisperings around  
Desolate shores, and with its mighty  
swell  
Gluts twice ten thousand caverns, till  
the spell  
Of Hecate<sup>1</sup> leaves them their old shad-  
ow sound.  
Often 'tis in such gentle temper found <sup>5</sup>  
That scarcely will the very smallest shell  
Be moved for days from where it some-  
time fell,  
When last the winds of heaven were un-  
bound.  
O ye! who have your eyeballs vexed and  
tired,  
Feast them upon the wideness of the  
sea; <sup>10</sup>  
O ye! whose ears are dinned with up-  
roar rude,  
Or fed too much with cloying melody—  
Sit ye near some old cavern's mouth,  
and brood  
Until ye start, as if the sea nymphs  
quired!<sup>2</sup>

## Proem to ENDYMION

[In Greek mythology Endymion was a beautiful shepherd with whom Diana, goddess of the moon, fell in love. The following lines are the proem, or preface, which Keats wrote for his retelling of the story in some four thousand lines. The

<sup>1</sup> *Hecate*, goddess of the infernal regions. See *Macbeth*, II, i, 52 (page 127). <sup>2</sup> *quired*, sang.

proem tells us, first (lines 1-33), that poetry is a constant source of happiness to Keats, an escape from the despondency of earthly life, and, second (lines 34-62), that this particular poem, which he is beginning in the green spring, he hopes to finish when the leaves turn golden in the fall.]

**A**THING of beauty is a joy for-  
ever;  
Its loveliness increases; it will never  
Pass into nothingness; but still will keep  
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep  
Full of sweet dreams, and health, and  
quiet breathing. <sup>5</sup>  
Therefore on every morrow are we  
wreathing  
A flowery band to bind us to the earth,  
Spite of despondence, of the inhuman  
dearth  
Of noble natures, of the gloomy days,  
Of all the unhealthy and o'er-darkened  
ways <sup>10</sup>  
Made for our searching. Yes, in spite  
of all,  
Some shape of beauty moves away the  
pall  
From our dark spirits. Such the sun, the  
moon,  
Trees old and young, sprouting a shady  
boon <sup>14</sup>  
For simple sheep; and such are daffodils  
With the green world they live in; and  
clear rills  
That for themselves a cooling covert  
make  
'Gainst the hot season; the mid-forest  
brake,<sup>1</sup>  
Rich with a sprinkling of fair musk-rose  
blooms. <sup>18</sup>  
And such, too, is the grandeur of the  
dooms<sup>2</sup> <sup>20</sup>  
We have imagined for the mighty dead;  
All lovely tales that we have heard or  
read—  
An endless fountain of immortal drink,  
Pouring unto us from the heaven's  
brink.

<sup>1</sup> *brake*, thicket.

<sup>2</sup> *dooms*, destinies.



Nor do we merely feel these essences  
 For one short hour; no, even as the  
     trees 26  
 That whisper round a temple become  
     soon  
 Dear as the temple's self, so does the  
     moon,  
 The passion poesy, glories infinite,  
 Haunt us till they become a cheering  
     light 30  
 Unto our souls, and bound to us so fast,  
 That, whether there be shine, or gloom  
     o'ercast,  
 They always must be with us, or we die.

Therefore, 'tis with full happiness  
     that I  
 Will trace the story of Endymion. 35  
 The very music of the name has gone  
 Into my being, and each pleasant scene  
 Is growing fresh before me as the green  
 Of our own valleys. So I will begin  
 Now while I cannot hear the city's din;  
 Now while the early budders are just  
     new, 41  
 And run in mazes of the youngest<sup>1</sup> hue  
 About old forests; while the willow  
     trails  
 Its delicate amber; and the dairy pails  
 Bring home increase of milk. And, as  
     the year 45  
 Grows lush in juicy stalks, I'll smoothly  
     steer  
 My little boat, for many quiet hours,  
 With streams that deepen freshly into  
     bowers.  
 Many and many a verse I hope to write,  
 Before the daisies, vermeil<sup>2</sup> rimmed and  
     white, 50  
 Hide in deep herbage; and ere yet the  
     bees  
 Hum about globes of clover and sweet  
     peas,  
 I must be near the middle of my story.  
 O may no wintry season, bare and  
     hoary, 54

<sup>1</sup> youngest, earliest. <sup>2</sup> vermeil, bright red.  
 The underside of the English daisy is red or  
 rose colored.

See it half finished; but let autumn bold,  
 With universal tinge of sober gold,  
 Be all about me when I make an end.  
 And now at once, adventuresome, I  
     send  
 My herald thought into a wilderness;  
 There let its trumpet blow, and quickly  
     dress 60  
 My uncertain path with green, that I  
     may speed  
 Easily onward, thorough<sup>1</sup> flowers and  
     weed.

### THE MERMAID TAVERN

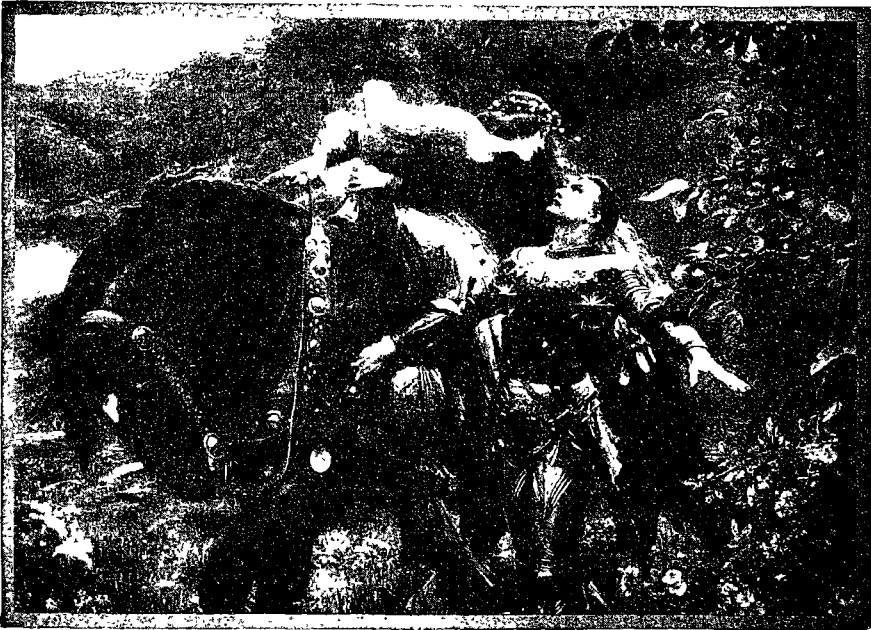
[The Mermaid Tavern was a London  
 inn frequented by Shakespeare, Ben Jon-  
 son, Francis Beaumont, and other poets.  
 The very great pleasure which the Eliza-  
 bethan poets gave Keats is reflected in this  
 poem.]

SOULS of poets dead and gone,  
 What Elysium<sup>2</sup> have ye known,  
 Happy field or mossy cavern,  
 Choicer than the Mermaid Tavern?  
 Have ye tippled drink more fine 5  
 Than mine host's Canary wine?  
 Or are fruits of Paradise  
 Sweeter than those dainty pies  
 Of venison? O generous food!  
 Dressed as though bold Robin Hood 10  
 Would, with his Maid Marian,<sup>3</sup>  
 Sup and bowse<sup>4</sup> from horn and can.

I have heard that on a day  
 Mine host's signboard flew away,  
 Nobody knew whither, till 15  
 An astrologer's old quill  
 To a sheepskin gave the story—  
 Said he saw you in your glory,  
 Underneath a new-old sign  
 Sipping beverage divine, 20  
 And pledging with contented smack  
 The Mermaid in the zodiac.

<sup>1</sup> thorough, through.

<sup>2</sup> Elysium, in Greek mythology, the dwelling-  
 place of happy spirits after death. <sup>3</sup> Maid  
 Marian, Robin Hood's sweetheart. <sup>4</sup> bowse,  
 drink heavily.



From a painting by Frank Dicksee

Courtesy of Rudolf Lesch Fine Arts, Inc.

"I SET HER ON MY PACING STEED."

Souls of poets dead and gone,  
 What Elysium have ye known,  
 Happy field or mossy cavern,  
 Choicer than the Mermaid Tavern?

25

### LA BELLE DAME SANS MERCI

[The title, meaning "the beautiful lady without compassion," is taken from a French poem, but Keats borrowed nothing else. The verse is the product of his own romantic imagination. As in the old English ballads, a mortal has been beguiled into a world of enchantment. The poem begins after the knight has been returned to real life; the person who encounters him is puzzled, and the knight tries to explain.]

"O WHAT can ail thee, knight-at-  
 arms,  
 Alone and palely loitering?  
 The sedge has withered from the lake,  
 And no birds sing.

"O what can ail thee, knight-at-arms! 5  
 So haggard and so woebegone?  
 The squirrel's granary is full,  
 And the harvest's done.

"I see a lily on thy brow  
 With anguish moist and fever-dew, 10  
 And on thy cheeks a fading rose  
 Fast withereth, too."

"I met a lady in the meads,  
 Full beautiful—a fairy's child;  
 Her hair was long, her foot was light, 15  
 And her eyes were wild.

"I made a garland for her head,  
 And bracelets, too, and fragrant  
 zone;<sup>1</sup>  
 She looked at me as<sup>2</sup> she did love,  
 And made sweet moan. 20

"I set her on my pacing steed,  
 And nothing else saw all day long,

<sup>1</sup> zone, girdle. <sup>2</sup> as, as if.

For sidelong would she bend, and sing  
A fairy's song.

"She found me roots of relish sweet, 25  
And honey wild, and manna-dew,  
And sure in language strange she said,  
'I love thee true.'

"She took me to her elfin grot,  
And there she wept and sighed full  
sore; 30  
And there I shut her wild, wild eyes  
With kisses four.

"And there she lullèd me asleep,  
And there I dreamed—ah! woe be-  
tide!  
The latest dream I ever dreamed 35  
On the cold hill's side.

"I saw pale kings and princes, too,  
Pale warriors; death-pale were they  
all,  
Who cried—'La belle dame sans merci  
Hath thee in thrall!' 40

"I saw their starved lips in the gloam  
With horrid warning gapèd wide,  
And I awoke and found me here  
On the cold hill's side.

"And this is why I sojourn here 45  
Alone and palely loitering,  
Though the sedge is withered from the  
lake,  
And no birds sing."

### ODE TO A NIGHTINGALE

[In the spring after Keats's brother Tom died, the poet took great pleasure in the song of a nightingale that had built a nest near the house in which he was staying. One morning he took his chair from the breakfast table and placed it under a plum-tree in the yard. In two or three hours he returned to the house with scraps of verse which were later put together to form the ode.]

MY HEART aches, and a drowsy  
numbness pains

My sense, as though of hemlock<sup>1</sup> I had  
drunk,  
Or emptied some dull opiate to the  
drains

One minute past, and Lethe-wards<sup>2</sup>  
had sunk.

'Tis not through envy of thy<sup>3</sup> happy lot,  
But being too happy in thine happi-  
ness— 6

That thou, light-wingèd dryad of  
the trees,

In some melodious plot  
Of beechen green, and shadows num-  
berless,

Singest of summer in full-throated  
ease. 10

O for a draft of vintage! that hath been  
Cooled a long age in the deep-delvèd  
earth,

Tasting of Flora<sup>4</sup> and the country green,  
Dance, and Provençal song,<sup>5</sup> and sun-  
burnt mirth!

O for a beaker full of the warm south, 15  
Full of the true, the blushful Hippo-  
crene,<sup>6</sup>

With beaded bubbles winking at  
the brim,

And purple-stainèd mouth;  
That I might drink, and leave the world  
unseen,

And with thee fade away into the for-  
est dim— 20

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget  
What thou among the leaves hast  
never known,

The weariness, the fever, and the fret  
Here, where men sit and hear each  
other groan;

<sup>1</sup> *hemlock*, a drug made from the leaves of the poisonous hemlock herb. <sup>2</sup> *Lethe-wards*, toward Lethe, a river in Hades. To drink of its waters caused one to forget the past. <sup>3</sup> *thy*, the nightingale's.

<sup>4</sup> *Flora*, Roman goddess of flowers. <sup>5</sup> *Provençal song*, poetry of the troubadours of Provence, in southern France. <sup>6</sup> *Hippocrene*, the spring from which the Muses drank on Mount Helicon, in Greece.

Where palsy shakes a few sad last gray  
hairs, 25

Where youth grows pale, and specter-  
thin, and dies;

Where but to think is to be full of  
sorrow

And leaden-eyed despairs;

Where beauty cannot keep her lustrous  
eyes,

Or new love pine at them beyond  
tomorrow. 30

Away! away! for I will fly to thee,

Not charioted by Bacchus and his  
pards,

But on the viewless wings of Poesy,<sup>7</sup>

Though the dull brain perplexes and  
retards.

Already with thee!<sup>8</sup> tender is the night,  
And haply the Queen-Moon is on her  
throne, 36

Clustered around by all her starry  
fays;

But here there is no light,

Save what from heaven is with the  
breezes blown

Through verdurous glooms and wind-  
ing mossy ways. 40

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,  
Nor what soft incense hangs upon the  
boughs,

But, in embalmèd<sup>9</sup> darkness, guess each  
sweet

Wherewith the seasonable month en-  
dows

The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree  
wild; 45

White hawthorn, and the pastoral  
eglantine;

Fast fading violets covered up in  
leaves;

And mid-May's eldest child,

<sup>7</sup> *Not charioted . . . Poesy*, not drawn to you by the help of wine but on the invisible (viewless) wings of poetry. The chariot of Bacchus, god of wine, was drawn by leopards (pards).

<sup>8</sup> *Already with thee!* He imagines that he is now with the nightingale in the forest.  
<sup>9</sup> *embalmèd*, balmy.

The coming musk-rose, full of dewy  
wine,

The murmurous haunt of flies on  
summer eves. 50

Darkling I listen; and, for many a time  
I have been half in love with easeful

Death,

Called him soft names in many a musèd  
rime,

To take into the air my quiet breath;  
Now more than ever seems it rich to  
die, 55

To cease upon the midnight with no  
pain,

While thou art pouring forth thy  
soul abroad

In such an ecstasy!

Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears  
in vain—

To thy high requiem become a  
sod.<sup>10</sup> 60

Thou wast not born for death, immortal  
bird!

No hungry generations tread thee  
down;

The voice I hear this passing night was  
heard

In ancient days by emperor and  
clown;<sup>11</sup>

Perhaps the selfsame song that found a  
path 65

Through the sad heart of Ruth,<sup>12</sup>  
when, sick for home,

She stood in tears amid the alien corn;

The same that oftentimes hath  
Charmed magic casements, opening on  
the foam

Of perilous seas, in fairy lands for-  
lorn. 70

Forlorn! the very word is like a bell

To toll me back from thee to my sole  
self!

Adieu! the fancy cannot cheat so well

<sup>10</sup> *I have cars . . . sod*, I could not hear your song for the dead (requiem) because I would be lifeless. <sup>11</sup> *clown*, peasant. <sup>12</sup> *Ruth*. See *Ruth ii* in the Bible.

As she is famed to do, deceiving elf.  
 Adieu! adieu! thy plaintive anthem  
       fades 75  
 Past the near meadows, over the still  
       stream,  
 Up the hillside; and now 'tis buried  
       deep  
       In the next valley-glades.  
 Was it a vision, or a waking dream?  
 Fled is that music—do I wake or  
       sleep? 80

### ODE ON A GRECIAN URN

[This superb ode, written four years after "On First Looking into Chapman's Homer," reveals Keats's sensitive delight in Greek art, just as the sonnet expresses his delight in Greek literature. The inspiration for it was found in the Elgin Marbles which had recently been placed in the British Museum. These, among the finest specimens of Greek sculpture, were brought to England by Lord Elgin. In the Museum and elsewhere Keats saw also marble vases, on which were cut in low relief various scenes. The poem shows how Greek art satisfied Keats's longing for a permanent beauty as a solace for the tragical shortness of human life.]

**T**HOU still unravished bride of  
       quietness,  
 Thou foster-child of silence and slow  
       time,  
 Silvan historian, who canst thus express  
       A flowery tale more sweetly than our  
       rime—  
 What leaf-fringed legend haunts about  
       thy shape 5  
       Of deities or mortals, or of both,  
       In Tempé<sup>1</sup> or the dales of Arcady?<sup>2</sup>  
 What men or gods are these? What  
       maidens loath?

<sup>1</sup> *Tempé*, a beautiful valley in Thessaly, Greece.

<sup>2</sup> *Arcady*, a region in Greece surrounded by mountains. Poets have long sung of it as the scene of ideal rural life in the Golden Age.

What mad pursuit? What struggle  
       to escape?  
 What pipes and timbrels? What  
       wild ecstasy? 10  
 Heard melodies are sweet, but those un-  
       heard  
       Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes,  
       play on;  
 Not to the sensual ear, but, more en-  
       deared,  
       Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone.  
 Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou canst  
       not leave 15  
 Thy song nor ever can those trees be  
       bare;  
       Bold lover, never, never canst thou  
       kiss,  
 Though winning near the goal—yet, do  
       not grieve;  
 She cannot fade, though thou hast not  
       thy bliss,  
       Forever will thou love, and she be  
       fair! 20  
 Ah, happy, happy boughs! that cannot  
       shed  
       Your leaves, nor ever bid the spring  
       adieu;  
 And, happy melodist, unwearied,  
       Forever piping songs forever new; 24  
 More happy love! more happy, happy  
       love!  
       Forever warm and still to be enjoyed,  
       Forever panting, and forever  
       young;  
 All breathing human passion far above,  
       That leaves a heart high-sorrowful  
       and cloyed,  
       A burning forehead, and a parching  
       tongue. 30  
 Who are these coming to the sacrifice?  
       To what green altar, O mysterious  
       priest,  
 Lead'st thou that heifer lowing at the  
       skies,  
       And all her silken flanks with gar-  
       lands dressed?

What little town by river or seashore, 35  
 Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel,  
 Is emptied of this folk, this pious morn?  
 And, little town, thy streets forevermore  
 Will silent be; and not a soul to tell  
 Why thou art desolate, can e'er  
 return. 40

O Attic shape!<sup>1</sup> Fair attitude! with  
 brede<sup>2</sup>  
 Of marble men and maidens over-  
 wrought,  
 With forest branches and the trodden  
 weed;  
 Thou, silent form, dost tease us out  
 of thought  
 As doth eternity. Cold pastoral! 45  
 When old age shall this generation  
 waste,  
 Thou shalt remain, in midst of  
 other woe  
 Than ours, a friend to man, to whom  
 thou say'st,  
 "Beauty is truth, truth beauty"—that  
 is all  
 Ye know on earth, and all ye need  
 to know. 50

## WHEN I HAVE FEARS

[This cry from the very heart of Keats records prophetically what actually happened. His death cut short the development of a great poetic genius.]

WHEN I have fears that I may  
 cease to be  
 Before my pen has gleaned my teeming  
 brain,<sup>3</sup>  
 Before high-pilèd books, in character,<sup>4</sup>  
 Hold like rich garners the full ripened  
 grain;

<sup>1</sup> *Attic shape*, object made in Athens, where the highest perfection in sculpture was obtained. <sup>2</sup> *brede*, decoration.

<sup>3</sup> *Before . . . brain*, before I have written out the stores of poetry in my prolific brain.

<sup>4</sup> *character*, printed characters.

When I behold, upon the night's starred  
 face, 5  
 Huge cloudy symbols of a high romance,<sup>1</sup>  
 And think that I may never live to trace  
 Their shadows, with the magic hand of  
 chance;<sup>2</sup>  
 And when I feel, fair creature of an  
 hour!  
 That I shall never look upon thee more,  
 Never have relish in the fairy power 11  
 Of unreflecting love!—then on the shore  
 Of the wide world I stand alone, and  
 think  
 Till love and fame to nothingness do  
 sink.

<sup>1</sup> *romance*, the wonders of the heavens, of all creation. <sup>2</sup> *hand of chance*, the inspiration that comes to a poet.

## STUDY AIDS

## I. CLASS DISCUSSIONS

*On First Looking into Chapman's Homer.* Which lines best express Keats's delight in Homer? Does the mistake of Cortez for Balboa affect in any way the truth of the emotion?

*On the Sea.* How does the thought of this sonnet differ from that in "It Is a Beauteous Evening" or "The World Is Too Much with Us"?

*Proem to Endymion.* 1. What features of actual life put Keats in low spirits? What two kinds of beauty give him joy and release from his despondency?

2. From the description of the seasons during which he will be writing, what time of year do you think was the poet's favorite? Read passages to illustrate.

3. How does the heroic couplet as Keats uses it differ from the couplet in Dryden and Pope?

*The Mermaid Tavern.* 1. Is the tone of this poem playful or grave? Quote to illustrate.

2. Did Keats find more enjoyment in picturing the actual Mermaid or the fancied tavern in the sky? Again quote lines from the poem.

*La Belle Dame Sans Merci.* 1. Which lines comprise the question to the knight? Which lines comprise his answer? What experiences had he had?

2. What is suggested by the lines, "The squirrel's granary is full, And the harvest's done"? What other particularly suggestive phrases do you find?

3. This tale may be taken as an allegory. What lines express the delight of romantic notions? Which suggest the bareness and prose of a life from which romance has fled?

*Ode to a Nightingale.* 1. Each stanza in this ode is a unit. What gives each its unity?

2. What mood runs through the whole poem? Quote lines that convey it most beautifully. Note that lines 1 and 26 refer to the death of Keats's brother.

3. What lines or expressions, such as lines 68-70, seem to you most magical in melody or suggestiveness? Which seem to you particularly romantic? Does the romance arise from the supernatural, or a love of nature, or a desire to escape from ordinary life?

*Ode on a Grecian Urn.* 1. What feeling is uppermost in Keats's mind as he views the carvings on the urn? What contrast brings his mood out most clearly? What picture suggests the mood?

2. The three central stanzas are often said to contain the supreme poetry of the ode. Express the thought of these stanzas in your own words. Quote from another poem of Keats a stanza or shorter passage expressing the same conviction.

*When I Have Fears.* 1. In what form does Keats repeat the opening phrase, "When I have fears"?

2. Is the sonnet Italian (page 88) or English (page 89) in form? How does it differ from "On the Sea" and "On First Looking into Chapman's Homer" in form? In mood?

## II. INDIVIDUAL AND GROUP ACTIVITIES

1. An interesting program could be worked up to bring out the peculiar qualities of Keats, if one or more pupils would take each of the following comparisons:

(a) Of the stages of love of nature described in "Lines Written a Few Miles above Tintern Abbey," which did Keats share with Wordsworth? Quote from both poets to establish your opinion.

(b) How does Keats differ from Shelley as a lyric poet in mood? In the spontaneous quality of expression? In yearning or aspiration? Poems or passages from both poets should be read.

(c) How does Keats differ from Byron in love of nature? Feeling for men? Love of art? Again quote.

2. Another series of reports might be drawn up from either the Globe or the Cambridge edition of Keats's poetical works:

(a) *Narratives*: "The Eve of St. Mark," "The Eve of St. Agnes," "Isabella," "Hyperion." The story of each poem might be told very briefly, and passages which the reporter particularly likes or which are very important in the narrative read aloud to the class.

(b) *Odes*: Other odes, to be read for comparison with his greatest, which are printed in this volume: "Melancholy," "Indolence," "To Psyche," "To Autumn." Which of these seems to you the finest? What do they add to your conception of Keats?

(c) *Sonnets*: "To Sleep," "On the Grasshopper and the Cricket," "To One Who Has Been Long in City Pent," "On Sitting Down to Read King Lear Once Again," "To Homer," "The Last Sonnet." Compare them with Wordsworth's and Milton's sonnets.

(d) *Letters*: Two students might report on Keats's interests and character as seen in his letters. For example, one might read those to his brother George, and the other those to his friends Haydon and Brown. A useful collection is included in the Cambridge edition of Keats's poetry.

(e) *Biography*: Sidney Colvin's *John Keats, His Life and Poetry* and H. W. Garrod's *Keats* are interesting biographies. *Autobiography of John Keats* is entertainingly put together by Earle Vonard Weller from the poet's letters and essays and from accounts by his friends. The editor fills the gaps in the narrative.

## LESSER POETS OF THE ROMANTIC PERIOD

## HOHENLINDEN

THOMAS CAMPBELL

[The Scotch poet Campbell was near the battle fought between the Austrians and the French in 1800 at the village of Hohenlinden in Germany. The poem was written about a year later.]

ON LINDEN, when the sun was  
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,  
And dark as winter was the flow  
Of Iser,<sup>1</sup> rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight, 5  
When the drum beat at dead of night,  
Commanding fires of death to light  
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast arrayed,  
Each horseman drew his battle blade, 10  
And furious every charger neighed,  
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven,  
Then rushed the steed to battle driven,  
And louder than the bolts of heaven, 15  
Far flashed the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall glow,  
On Linden's hills of stained snow,  
And bloodier yet the torrent flow  
Of Iser, rolling rapidly. 20

'Tis morn, but scarce yon level sun  
Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,  
Where furious Frank,<sup>2</sup> and fiery Hun,<sup>3</sup>  
Shout in their sulphurous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave, 25  
Who rush to glory, or the grave!  
Wave, Munich! all thy banners wave!  
And charge with all thy chivalry!

<sup>1</sup> *Iser*, a river in Bavaria.

<sup>2</sup> *Frank*, the French.

<sup>3</sup> *Hun*, the Austrians.

Few, few, shall part where many meet!  
The snow shall be their winding-sheet,  
And every turf beneath their feet 31  
Shall be a soldier's sepulcher.

THE HARP THAT ONCE  
THROUGH TARA'S HALLS

THOMAS MOORE

[Moore, who was an Irishman and the most popular song-writer of his day, here mourns the ancient glories and present condition of his country. Tara, the legendary residence of the Irish kings, was near Dublin.]

THE harp that once through Tara's  
halls  
The soul of music shed,  
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls  
As if that soul were fled.  
So sleeps the pride of former days, 5  
So glory's thrill is o'er,  
And hearts that once beat high for praise  
Now feel that pulse no more!

No more to chiefs and ladies bright  
The harp of Tara swells; 10  
The chord alone that breaks at night  
Its tale of ruin tells.  
Thus Freedom now so seldom wakes,  
The only throb she gives  
Is when some heart indignant breaks, 15  
To show that still she lives.

## ROSE AYLMER

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR

[This poem and the one that follows it express the austere emotion of an eminent and learned English author of the period. Rose Aylmer was the daughter of Lord Aylmer, a friend of Landor's.]

AH, what avails the sceptered race,<sup>1</sup>  
Ah, what the form divine!  
What every virtue, every grace!  
Rose Aylmer, all were thine.

<sup>1</sup> *sceptered race*, a reference to the titled Aylmer family.



Rose Aylmer, whom these wakeful eyes  
 May weep, but never see, 6  
 A night of memories and of sighs  
 I consecrate to thee.

### ON HIS SEVENTY-FIFTH BIRTHDAY

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR

**I** STROVE with none, for none was  
 worth my strife;  
 Nature I loved, and next to nature,  
 art;  
 I warmed both hands before the fire of  
 life;  
 It sinks, and I am ready to depart.

### A WET SHEET AND A FLOWING SEA

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM

[Though written by a "landlubber,"  
 this poem is among Englishmen one of the  
 most admired songs of the sea.]

**A** WET sheet and a flowing sea,  
 A wind that follows fast,  
 And fills the white and rustling sail  
 And bends the gallant mast;  
 And bends the gallant mast, my boys, 5  
 While, like the eagle free,  
 Away the good ship flies, and leaves  
 Old England on the lee.

"O for a soft and gentle wind!"  
 I heard a fair one cry; 10  
 But give to me the snoring breeze  
 And white waves heaving high;  
 And white waves heaving high, my lads,  
 The good ship tight and free—  
 The world of waters is our home, 15  
 And merry men are we.

There's tempest in yon hornèd moon,  
 And lightning in yon cloud;  
 But hark the music, mariners!

The wind is piping loud; 20  
 The wind is piping loud, my boys,  
 The lightning flashes free—  
 While the hollow oak our palace is,  
 Our heritage the sea.

### SONG OF THE WESTERN MEN

ROBERT S. HAWKER

[This ringing verse is based on an historical incident. Sir Jonathan Trelawney (1650-1721) was a bishop who opposed James II and who was in 1688 imprisoned in the Tower, along with five other bishops, by that monarch. As Trelawney was born in Cornwall, which is Celtic, the Cornishmen made demonstrations in his favor. Lines 7-8 are borrowed from an old source, but Hawker composed the poem in 1825. Even so good a judge of folk-songs as Scott thought it an old ballad.]

**A** GOOD sword and a trusty hand!  
 A merry heart and true!  
 King James's men shall understand  
 What Cornish lads can do.

And have they fixed the where and  
 when? 5  
 And shall Trelawney die?  
 Here's twenty thousand Cornish men  
 Will know the reason why!

Out spake their captain brave and bold,  
 A merry wight was he: 10  
 "If London Tower were Michael's<sup>1</sup> hold,  
 We'll set Trelawney free!

"We'll cross the Tamar,<sup>2</sup> land to land,  
 The Severn<sup>2</sup> is no stay,  
 With 'one and all,' and hand in hand, 15  
 And who shall bid us nay?

"And when we come to London Wall,  
 A pleasant sight to view,

<sup>1</sup> *Michael*, one of the archangels, who defended Heaven against the attacks of Satan and his cohorts. <sup>2</sup> *Tamar*, *Severn*, rivers in Cornwall.

Come forth! come forth, ye cowards all,  
Here's men as good as you! 20

"Trelawny he's in keep and hold,  
Trelawny he may die;  
But here's twenty thousand Cornish  
bold  
Will know the reason why!"

## A PARENTAL ODE TO MY SON

AGED THREE YEARS AND FIVE MONTHS

THOMAS HOOD

[The poet, famous in his own day for his humor, here sits down to compose a serious ode to his infant son, but the active youngster causes so many interruptions that his father gives up in despair. The interruptions are put in parentheses.]

THOU happy, happy elf!  
(But stop—first let me kiss away that tear!)

Thou tiny image of myself!  
(My love, he's poking peas into his ear!)  
Thou merry, laughing sprite, 5  
With spirits feather-light,  
Untouched by sorrow, and unsoiled by sin—  
(My dear, the child is swallowing a pin!)

Thou little tricky Puck!<sup>1</sup>  
With antic toys so funnily bestuck, 10  
Light as the singing bird that wings the air—  
(The door! the door! he'll tumble down the stair!)  
Thou darling of thy sire!  
(Why, Jane, he'll set his pinafore afire!)  
Thou imp of mirth and joy! 15  
In Love's dear chain so strong and bright a link,  
Thou idol of thy parents—(Drat the boy!  
There goes my ink!)

<sup>1</sup> Puck, a mischievous goblin, called also Robin Goodfellow and Hobgoblin.

Thou cherub—but of earth;  
Fit playfellow for Fays, by moonlight pale, 20  
In harmless sport and mirth,  
(That dog will bite him, if he pulls its tail!)  
Thou human humming-bee, extracting honey  
From every blossom in the world that blows,  
Singing in youth's Elysium<sup>2</sup> ever sunny.— 25  
(Another tumble! That's his precious nose!)

Thy father's pride and hope!  
(He'll break the mirror with that skipping-rope!)  
With pure heart newly stamped from nature's mint,  
(Where *did* he learn that squint?) 30  
Thou young domestic dove!  
(He'll have that jug off with another shove!)  
Dear nursling of the hymeneal nest!  
(Are these torn clothes his best?)  
Little epitome of man! 35  
(He'll climb upon the table, that's his plan!)  
Touched with the beauteous tints of dawning life—  
(He's got a knife!)

Thou enviable being!  
No storms, no clouds, in thy blue sky foreseeing, 40  
Play on, play on,  
My elfin John!  
Toss the light ball, bestride the stick—  
(I knew so many cakes would make him sick!)  
With fancies, buoyant as the thistle-down, 45  
Prompting the face grotesque, and antic brisk,  
With many a lamb-like frisk!  
(He's got the scissors, snipping at your gown!)

<sup>2</sup> Elysium, paradise.

Thou pretty opening rose!  
 (Go to your mother, child, and wipe  
     your nose!) 50  
 Balmy and breathing music like the  
     South—  
 (He really brings my heart into my  
     mouth!)

Fresh as the morn, and brilliant as its  
     star—  
 (I wish that window had an iron bar!)

Bold as the hawk, yet gentle as the  
     dove— 55  
 (I'll tell you what, my love,  
 I cannot write unless he's sent above.)

## CLASS DISCUSSIONS

*Lesser Poets of the Romantic Period.*

1. Which of the poems in this group is in your opinion the most stirring? Heartfelt? Sentimental? Hearty? Humorous? Romantic? Realistic? Stoical? Martial? Read a stanza or two to support your judgment.

2. Take prominent features of romantic poetry—love of nature, interest in humble men, fondness for remote times and places, love of freedom—and show which of these poems illustrate qualities of the romantic era.

## MORE READING

Craik, Dinah M., *John Halifax, Gentleman*. English town and country life during the period covered by this chapter.

Gaskell, Elizabeth C., *Sylvia's Lovers*. A romance of Yorkshire at the time of the *Lyrical Ballads*, which is descriptive of the life of an English village.

Hardy, Thomas, *The Trumpet Major*. A story of the south coast of England at the time when Napoleon was threatening to cross the Channel with an army.

Lever, Charles, *Charles O'Malley*. A lively story of travel and campaigning against Napoleon under the "Iron Duke" (Wellington), ending at Waterloo.

Phillpotts, Eden, *The American Prisoner*. The story of a prisoner of the War of 1812 confined in a British prison.

Stevenson, Robert Louis, *St. Ives*. A romance of a French prisoner in Edinburgh, who escapes to pursue adventures in England and on the continent.



## CHAPTER XII: Prose During the Romantic Revolt

**Preview** This chapter, which covers the same period (1798-1832) as the preceding, centers attention on the fiction and essays of the generation that was influenced by the French Revolution. The important developments are singled out by the following questions:

- (1) Why is Jane Austen among the foremost of English novelists?
- (2) What qualities of Scott's novels made them the most popular form of literature during the period?
- (3) What conditions led to the rise of the familiar essay?
- (4) How was the personality of each of the two leading essayists of the period reflected in his writings?

JANE AUSTEN (1775-1817)

**Reaction against Gothic romance**

Jane Austen, the first important prose writer of this romantic generation, produced novels that are the direct opposite of romantic. Born in a country rectory in the south of England, she lived all her life in the small towns of that region. She never married. Much of her mature life was taken up with domestic activities, yet her books are among the most perfect of English novels. Her first completed story, like Fielding's, was a burlesque. It made fun of the most popular fiction of the day, the Gothic romances. Their scene, it will be recalled, was usually some haunted castle; the two chief characters were a high-born, sentimental heroine and a villain guilty of dark crimes; the events, mysterious and often seemingly supernatural, were ingeniously narrated to hold the reader's interest to the very end.

To Jane Austen, a woman of keen observation and ironic humor, such tales seemed absurd. In *Northanger Abbey* (written in 1798 but not published until 1818) the heroine imme-

diately after arriving at her destination discovers that her host lives, not in the hoped-for ruined castle, but in a very comfortable mansion. The manuscript which she finds in an old cabinet contains no hints of mysterious crimes; indeed, it turns out to be merely a bundle of laundry lists. In this satiric fashion the whole novel opposes real life to romantic delusions.

**Perfection of her plots**

Failure to get this burlesque published caused Jane Austen to lay aside her pen for a time. More than a dozen years later she rewrote two earlier stories and published them as *Sense and Sensibility* (1811) and *Pride and Prejudice* (1813). Broader and richer pictures of life are given in *Mansfield Park* (1814) and *Emma* (1816), but the popular favorite has remained *Pride and Prejudice*. Two features of her work merit particular attention. The first is her mastery of narrative. The plot unfolds so naturally that it seems inevitable. The characters are very convincingly sketched members of the upper middle classes in English country towns who always act in keep-



JANE AUSTEN

ing with their own natures. In other words, her plots attain the ideal of realistic fiction, in which the events are from beginning to end the natural result of the way the characters think and feel.

**Her ironical spirit**

The second merit in Jane Austen's novels is the atmosphere of comedy which pervades them. This arises from her attitude of detachment. She does not take sides with or against her characters, but stands off very much as Chaucer and Shakespeare do, exhibiting with an amused smile their superficial failings. We too stand aloof, watching the characters fool themselves in pursuing mistaken notions. This ironical humor makes her pages unobtrusively bright and sparkling. The language, which is as lifelike as the characters, flows so pleasantly that we seldom pause to consider its wit and cadence. In both deftness of satire and perfection of form she attains the excellence of the classicist.

SIR WALTER SCOTT (1771-1832)

**Scott's influence** The preceding chapter described the amazing popularity which Sir Walter Scott attained with his verse tales. The publication of *Waverley* (1814) started him

on his career as a prose writer. He had begun the story nearly ten years earlier, but had laid it aside. Finally he set to work and brought it to completion in six weeks. Before his death he had turned out more than thirty novels and stories, the popularity of which established historical fiction as the dominant form of the novel for a generation. More than that—he exalted the novel to the first place among literary forms for the entire century. His influence on the prosperity of writers was equally notable. For the first time in English literature an author earned a vast income with his pen. To be sure, Pope had raised from subscriptions among the wealthy a handsome sum from his *Homer*. Byron's lays kept a steady stream flowing into his bank account. But Scott's revenue enabled him to live like a prince—a degree of success which many later authors emulated and some few exceeded.

**His heroic character**

With the income from his poems Scott had already bought Abbotsford, an estate which he developed with a castle and grounds in imitation of medieval lords. Moreover, he lived like a lord, giving hunting parties and dinners in a lavish style. Then in the depression of 1826 his publishing house, in which he had a part interest, failed. Scott, feeling personally liable for a debt of £130,000, manfully set to work to pay off the creditors. In two years he paid back £40,000, but at the cost of wrecking his health. The warnings of friends were of no avail. He continued to produce novels and other works until shortly before his death in 1832. These stupendous efforts made good in the end most of the losses occasioned by the mismanagement of others, but they did more. They set him in the shining galaxy of heroes, from the legendary era of Beowulf to the present, on which the English-speaking peoples gaze with pride.

**Wide range of  
Scott's historical  
romance**

What are the characteristics of this fiction which raised up a host of imitators all over Europe and even in that young republic, the United States of America? In the first place, it was historical romance. *Waverley* deals with the Scotch attempt in 1745 to put the Stuarts back on the throne of England. Scottish life appears also in *Guy Mannering*, *The Antiquary*, *Old Mortality*, *Rob Roy*, *The Heart of Midlothian*. In this period (1814-1818) Scott was writing of scenes that he knew from personal exploration and of events about which old men still talked. A second group of novels (1820-1822) takes the reader into English history and leads him farther into the past. It opens with *Ivanhoe*, the most popular of all Scott's works. *The Monastery* and *The Abbot* deal with Mary Queen of Scots. *Kenilworth* recreates the age of Elizabeth, and *The Fortunes of Nigel* the reign of James I. In a third group Scott crosses to the continent of Europe. *Quentin Durward* pictures Louis XI of France (fifteenth century). *The Talisman* is a stirring story of the Crusades, in which the English King, Richard Coeur-de-Lion, distinguishes himself in the Holy Land.

The fact that these narratives taught history had the same effect on the public that Defoe's extraordinary realism had had—it turned the reading of fiction from a pastime into a laudable occupation. Indeed, Scott's type of fiction rose to such dignity that nearly every major nineteenth century novelist tried to write at least one historical romance.

**His narrative  
power**

The second reason for Scott's surpassing popularity lay in his powers as a born story-teller. To be sure, he wrote too hastily to produce finished works. His plots were never dovetailed together with care, for his interest cen-

tered in the successive adventures, not as with Jane Austen, in the influence of one event on another. His characters, particularly his heroes and heroines, are frequently conventional; that is, they do not stand forth as live individuals. On the other hand, Scott possesses the vitality characteristic of genius. The men and women of the lower classes, whom Scott introduces in all his tales, are often true creations; they have the lifelikeness that results from keen observation. Scott loved human nature, and has given us an incomparable picture of it in many different ages. He loved his story-telling, too. With what superb gusto could he relate adventure after adventure or narrate an event made memorable by some historical personage!

In these masterly episodes Scott's imagination lights up every detail to produce a splendid spectacle. This zest for both character and incident makes him one of the outstanding story-tellers of the world, whose creations have survived the varying literary fashions of more than a hundred years.

**Quality of  
his romance**

The third quality of Scott gives perhaps the chief clue to his popularity with later generations: his work holds the constant lure of romance. The time at which he wrote was one of revolution, as the discussion of Shelley and Byron has revealed. By going into the past and lending to noble families and other English institutions the glamour of old loyalties he took men's minds off the sharp discussions about factory conditions and the right to vote. Even today his pages carry our imagination to remote times and places, fascinate us with medieval combats, or keep us breathless over the outcome of an exciting adventure. His romance was not Wordsworth's romanticism, which sought inspiration in the teachings of nature; nor Coleridge's, which found magical suggestions in the supernat-



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ural; nor that of Shelley and Byron, rebelling against tyrants and long established custom. It was a much older kind of romance which satisfies the desire to get away from the routine life around us. It was the same kind which set men in the eighteenth century to reading Percy's *Reliques* and a long line of Gothic novels.

#### RISE OF THE FAMILIAR ESSAY

**The new periodicals** Scott's novels were reviewed in a new kind of periodical. Papers like *The Spectator* of Addison and Steele had long ceased to be popular. A new development in journalism came during the first decade of the nineteenth century. *The Edinburgh Review* was established in 1802 and *The Quarterly Review* in 1809 to support the policies of the two political parties, the Whigs and Tories. These periodicals paid well for contributions and thereby attracted to their pages young writers of fresh vigor and strong convictions. The success of these quarterlies, devoted to discussion of current books and topics, led

eventually to the establishment of a lighter periodical, *The London Magazine*, somewhat like the first-class monthly magazines of today. The continued popularity of the venture depended on the editor's ability to gather fresh and original material. New writers were found, handsomely paid, and told to follow their own interests in their contributions.

#### **The new type of essay**

One of the outgrowths of the literary magazine was a new type of essay, a type arising out of the romantic tendencies of the age. Its length was no longer confined to the two sides of a printed sheet, as Addison's and Steele's were. It might occupy six or eight pages if the author saw fit, or on occasions as many as twenty. These wider limits permitted a much greater variety of subject-matter. *The Spectator* was read by people living in town; it dealt with correct manners, questions of conduct, literary criticism, and large moral principles. It was predominantly social, in the sense that it was devoted to matters of common interest to the

cultured minority in London. The new essay might take anything as subject—the writer's friends, his pet prejudices, a solitary walk in the country. In other words, it was predominantly personal; instead of satirizing unconventional views or manners, it responded to the new romantic interest in individuals.

**Heroism of Charles Lamb (1775-1834)**

Charles Lamb, the most delightful of the new essayists, led a life of quiet heroism. At a little over seven he was entered in a charity school, Christ's Hospital, where he remained till his fifteenth year. Though his life there was often lonesome, he formed one enduring friendship, that with Coleridge. An impediment in his speech made it impossible for him to enter the university. Instead he became a bookkeeper, spending thirty-three years in the Accountant's office of the East India House. In his twenty-second year, his sister in an attack of insanity stabbed their mother to death. To secure her release from the institution to which she was committed, he became personally responsible for her conduct. The rest of his life was devoted to her, for in spite of his constant care the mania returned often and forced temporary separations while she was recovering her mental health. Most of the time they enjoyed true companionship; together they produced that work which has ever since been the delight of childhood, *Tales from Shakespeare* (1807).

**His interests** *Tales from Shakespeare* reveals one dominant interest of Lamb. He was extraordinarily fond of Elizabethan dramatists and of several prose writers in the time of Milton. A volume of *Specimens of English Dramatic Poets* not only exhibited this hobby of his, but its introductory notes gave him a reputation as a critic. He was at the same time an extremely friendly man; his humor,



Photo: W. F. Mansell

CHARLES LAMB

practical joking, and powers as a conversationalist were a constant pleasure; his evenings "at home" consequently attracted a brilliant circle.

**His essays** When the *London Magazine* was founded in 1820, Lamb contributed a series of essays exhibiting the wit, humor, and pathos of his delightful personality. The first one was signed Elia, the name of a light-hearted Italian who had been a fellow clerk in his early days as a bookkeeper. He continued to use the name, reprinting his effusions in volumes entitled *Elia* (1823) and *The Last Essays of Elia* (1833). The latter, though published only a year before his death, was composed chiefly of essays written for *The London Magazine* previous to its cessation in 1825. It had lasted long enough to found the new "personal" or "familiar" essay.

Like Montaigne, the great Renaissance originator of the essay, Lamb usually writes about himself. His early reminiscences of school days and friendships, his sympathies and prejudices



among books and people, his humorous observations of London life and characters—such are the topics on which he rambles. The language in which his musings are expressed reflects the diction of the Elizabethan and seventeenth century writers whom he loved and the quaintness of his own temperament. These inimitable essays, enjoyed by all readers of that romantic generation, preserve for us of today one of the most lovable personalities in English literature.

**Thomas  
De Quincey**  
(1785-1859)

Another man who attained distinction in *The London Magazine* was Thomas De Quincey. He was brought up in easy circumstances, was educated in desultory fashion, ran away from school, and as a lad of seventeen wandered about the streets of London for more than a year. The privations during this episode of his life led to his taking opium, to which he was in a measure addicted for the rest of

his days. During one of his vacation trips from Oxford, where he spent five years, he met Coleridge. Later he became intimate with Wordsworth, whose poetry he intensely admired.

Having to add to his income, he took to writing. Lamb introduced him to the editor of *The London Magazine*, to which in 1821 he contributed his *Confessions of an English Opium-Eater*. It was the one great success of his life. For nearly forty years he continued to write for various periodicals, but it was only after his articles were collected that he awakened a growing admiration. Today he is admired for his rambling recollections of Wordsworth and Coleridge and for the dreams which were hauntingly described in the *Confessions* and the visionary beauty of two later works, *The English Mail Coach* and *Suspiria de Profundis* (1845). He would stand still higher if he had not squandered his rare intellectual powers on too wide a diversity of subjects.

### Summary

In English literature there have been two great romantic periods. The first came in the reign of Elizabeth when the Renaissance filled the upper classes with a new and inspiring faith in the possibilities that lay before the individual. The second came when the French Revolution fired many Englishmen with ardent hopes of bringing even to the lower classes freedom from the tyranny of society. The preceding chapter traced the romantic revolt in two generations of poets: first against the kind of poetry that had been written for a century and a half, and second against the conditions of English life and indeed of all life when it falls below our dreams of beauty and happiness. The present chapter has dealt with prose. Sir Walter Scott, with his abounding vitality and rich imagination, stands for the romantic type of literature, as Jane Austen, with her satire and logically consistent plots, stands for the classic. The essayists, like the lyric poets, satisfied the prevailing interest in original personalities, their moods and fancies. Both the poetry and the prose of this second romantic period therefore resembled the dramas and songs of the English Renaissance in expressing a revolt against outworn ways of thinking and a consuming interest in the individual soul.

## SELECTIONS FOR CHAPTER XII

### THE PAGEANT AT KENILWORTH

SIR WALTER SCOTT

[Scott's power to make an historical event live, which was mentioned in the history (page 445), is illustrated by the following passage from *Kenilworth*. The visit of Queen Elizabeth to Kenilworth Castle, the estate held by her favorite, Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, actually occurred on the date Scott mentions, and his humorous, dramatic, and resplendent description enables us to take part, along with our old friend Raleigh and other nobles, in the Renaissance magnificence of the ceremonies.]

IT WAS the twilight of a summer night (9th July, 1575), the sun having for some time set, and all were in anxious expectation of the Queen's immediate approach. The multitude had remained assembled for many hours, and their numbers were still rather on the increase. A profuse distribution of refreshments, together with roasted oxen, and barrels of ale set a-broach<sup>1</sup> in different places of the road, had kept the populace in perfect love and loyalty toward the Queen and her favorite, which might have somewhat abated had fasting been added to watching. They passed away the time, therefore, with the usual popular amusements of whooping, hallooing, shrieking, and playing rude tricks upon each other, forming the chorus of discordant sounds usual on such occasions. These prevailed all through the crowded roads and fields, and especially beyond the gate of the chase, where the greater number of the common sort were stationed; when, all of a sudden, a single rocket was seen to shoot into the atmos-

phere, and, at the instant, far heard over flood and field, the great bell of the castle tolled.

Immediately there was a pause of dead silence, succeeded by a deep hum of expectation, the united voice of many thousands, none of whom spoke above their breath; or, to use a singular expression, the whisper of an immense multitude.

"They come now, for certain," said Raleigh. "Tressilian, that sound is grand. We hear it from this distance, as mariners, after a long voyage, hear, upon their night-watch, the tide rush upon some distant and unknown shore."

"Mass!" answered Blount, "I hear it rather as I used to hear mine own kine lowing from the close of Wittens Westlowe."

"He will assuredly graze presently," said Raleigh to Tressilian: "his thought is all of fat oxen and fertile meadows; he grows little better than one of his own beeves, and only becomes grand when he is provoked to pushing and goring."

"We shall have him at that presently," said Tressilian, "if you spare not your wit."

"Tush, I care not," answered Raleigh; "but thou too, Tressilian, hast turned a kind of owl, that flies only by night; hast exchanged thy songs for screechings, and good company for an ivy-tod."<sup>2</sup>

"But what manner of animal art thou thyself, Raleigh," said Tressilian, "that thou holdest us all so lightly?"

"Who, I?" replied Raleigh. "An eagle am I, that never will think of dull earth while there is a heaven to soar in and a sun to gaze upon."

"Well bragged, by Sir Barnaby!" said

<sup>1</sup> set *a-broach*, set at an angle upon supports so that the ale would flow freely.

<sup>2</sup> *ivy-tod*, a heavy growth of ivy.

Blount; "but, good Master Eagle, beware the cage, and beware the fowler. Many birds have flown as high, that I have seen stuffed with straw, and hung up to scare kites. But hark, what a dead silence hath fallen on them at once!"<sup>3</sup>

"The procession pauses," said Raleigh, "at the gate of the chase, where a sibyl, one of the *Fatidicae*,<sup>4</sup> meets the Queen, to tell her fortune. I saw the verses; there is little savor in them, and her Grace has been already crammed full with such poetical compliments. She whispered to me during the Recorder's speech yonder, at Ford Mill, as she entered the liberties<sup>5</sup> of Warwick, how she was '*pertaesa barbarae loquelae*.'<sup>6</sup>"

"The Queen whispered to *him*!" said Blount, in a kind of soliloquy. "Good God, to what will this world come!"<sup>7</sup>

His further meditations were interrupted by a shout of applause from the multitude, so tremendously vociferous that the country echoed for miles round. The guards, thickly stationed upon the road by which the Queen was to advance, caught up the acclamation, which ran like wildfire to the castle, and announced to all within that Queen Elizabeth had entered the royal chase of Kenilworth. The whole music of the castle sounded at once, and a round of artillery, with a salvo of small arms, was discharged from the battlements; but the noise of drums and trumpets, and even of the cannon themselves, was but faintly heard amidst the roaring and reiterated welcomes of the multitude.

As the noise began to abate, a broad glare of light was seen to appear from the gate of the park, and, broadening and brightening as it came nearer, advanced along the open and fair avenue that led toward the Gallery Tower;

which was lined on either hand by the retainers of the Earl of Leicester. The word was passed along the line, "The Queen! The Queen! Silence, and stand fast!" Onward came the cavalcade, illuminated by two hundred thick waxen torches, in the hands of as many horsemen, which cast a light like that of broad day all around the procession, but especially on the principal group, of which the Queen herself, arrayed in the most splendid manner, and blazing with jewels, formed the central figure. She was mounted on a milk-white horse, which she reined with peculiar grace and dignity; and in the whole of her stately and noble carriage you saw the daughter of an hundred kings.

The ladies of the court, who rode beside her Majesty, had taken especial care that their own external appearance should not be more glorious than their rank and the occasion altogether demanded, so that no inferior luminary might appear to approach the orbit of royalty. But their personal charms, and the magnificence by which, under every prudential restraint, they were necessarily distinguished, exhibited them as the very flower of a realm so far famed for splendor and beauty. The magnificence of the courtiers, free from such restraints as prudence imposed on the ladies, was yet more unabounded.

Leicester, who glittered like a golden image with jewels and cloth of gold, rode on her Majesty's right hand, as well in quality of her host as of her master of the horse. The black steed which he mounted had not a single white hair on his body, and was one of the most renowned chargers in Europe, having been purchased by the earl at large expense for this royal occasion. As the noble animal chafed at the slow pace of the procession, and, arching his stately neck, champed on the silver bits which restrained him, the foam flew from his mouth and specked his well-

<sup>3</sup> at once, suddenly. <sup>4</sup> the *Fatidicae*, the three Fates. <sup>5</sup> liberties, city limits. <sup>6</sup> *pertaesa . . . loquelae*, weary of a language not her own.

<sup>7</sup> The Queen . . . come! Raleigh was just coming into favor at the Court.

formed limbs, as if with spots of snow. The rider well became the high place which he held and the proud steed which he bestrode; for no man in England, or perhaps in Europe, was more perfect than Dudley in horsemanship and all other exercises belonging to his quality. He was bareheaded, as were all the courtiers in the train; and the red torchlight shone upon his long curled tresses of dark hair, and on his noble features, to the beauty of which even the severest criticism could only object the lordly fault, as it may be termed, of a forehead somewhat too high. On that proud evening, those features wore all the grateful solicitude of a subject to show himself sensible of the high honor which the Queen was conferring on him, and all the pride and satisfaction which became so glorious a moment. Yet, though neither eye nor feature betrayed aught but feelings which suited the occasion, some of the earl's personal attendants remarked that he was unusually pale, and they expressed to each other their fear that he was taking more fatigue than consisted with his health. . . .

The train, male and female, who attended immediately upon the Queen's person were, of course, of the bravest and the fairest—the highest born nobles and the wisest counselors of that distinguished reign, to repeat whose names were but to weary the reader. Behind came a long crowd of knights and gentlemen, whose rank and birth, however distinguished, were thrown into shade, as their persons into the rear of a procession whose front was of such august majesty.

Thus marshaled, the cavalcade approached the Gallery Tower, which formed, as we have often observed, the extreme barrier of the castle.

It was now the part of the huge porter to step forward; but the lubbard was so overwhelmed with confusion of

spirit—the contents of one immense black-jack<sup>8</sup> of double ale, which he had just drank to quicken his memory, having treacherously confused the brain it was intended to clear—that he only groaned piteously, and remained sitting on his stone seat; and the Queen would have passed on without greeting, had not the gigantic warder's secret ally, Flibbertigibbet,<sup>9</sup> who lay perdue<sup>10</sup> behind him, thrust a pin into the rear of the short femoral<sup>11</sup> garment which we elsewhere described.

The porter uttered a sort of a yell, which came not amiss into his part, started up with his club, and dealt a sound douse or two on each side of him; and then, like a coach-horse pricked by the spur, started off at once into the full career of his address, and, by dint of active prompting on the part of Dickie Sludge, delivered, in sounds of gigantic intonation, a speech which may be thus abridged, the reader being to suppose that the first lines were addressed to the throng who approached the gateway; the conclusion, at the approach of the Queen, upon sight of whom, as struck by some Heavenly vision, the gigantic warder dropped his club, resigned his keys, and gave open way to the goddess of the night and all her magnificent train:

What stir, what turmoil, have we for  
the nones<sup>12</sup>

Stand back, my masters, or beware your  
bones!

Sirs, I'm a warder, and no man of  
straw;

My voice keeps order, and my club  
gives law.

Yet soft—nay, stay—what vision have  
we here?

<sup>8</sup> *black-jack*, a large cup or stein. <sup>9</sup> *Flibbertigibbet*, Scott's nickname for the implish character, Dickie Sludge (twelve lines below).

<sup>10</sup> *perdue*, hidden. <sup>11</sup> *femoral*, covering the thigh. <sup>12</sup> *for the nones*, at this time; *nones* is literally "then once." The modern spelling is *nonce*.

What dainty darling's this—what peerless peer?  
 What loveliest face, that loving ranks enfold,  
 Like brightest diamond chased in purest gold?  
 Dazzled and blind, mine office I forsake,  
 My club, my key, my knee, my homage take.  
 Bright paragon, pass on in joy and bliss;—  
 Beshrew the gate that opes not wide at such a sight as this!

Elizabeth received most graciously the homage of the Herculean porter, and, bending her head to him in requital, passed through his guarded tower, from the top of which was poured a clamorous blast of warlike music, which was replied to by other bands of minstrelsy placed at different points on the castle walls, and by others again stationed in the chase; while the tones of the one, as they yet vibrated on the echoes, were caught up and answered by new harmony from different quarters.

Amidst these bursts of music, which, as if the work of enchantment, seemed now close at hand, now softened by distant space, now wailing so low and sweet as if that distance were gradually prolonged until only the last lingering strains could reach the ear, Queen Elizabeth crossed the Gallery Tower, and came upon the long bridge which extended from thence to Mortimer's Tower, and which was already as light as day, so many torches had been fastened to the palisades on either side. Most of the nobles here alighted, and sent their horses to the neighboring village of Kenilworth, following the Queen on foot, as did the gentlemen who had stood in array to receive her at the Gallery Tower. . . .

Meanwhile, the Queen had no sooner stepped on the bridge than a new spectacle was provided; for, as soon as the

music gave signal that she was so far advanced, a raft, so disposed as to resemble a small floating island, illuminated by a great variety of torches, and surrounded by floating pageants formed to represent sea-horses, on which sat Tritons, Nereids,<sup>13</sup> and other fabulous deities of the seas and rivers, made its appearance upon the lake, and issuing from behind a small heronry where it had been concealed, floated gently toward the farther end of the bridge.

On the islet appeared a beautiful woman, clad in a watchet-colored<sup>14</sup> silken mantle, bound with a broad girdle, inscribed with characters like the phylacteries<sup>15</sup> of the Hebrews. Her feet and arms were bare, but her wrists and ankles were adorned with gold bracelets of uncommon size. Amidst her long silky black hair she wore a crown or chaplet of artificial mistletoe, and bore in her hand a rod of ebony tipped with silver. Two nymphs attended on her, dressed in the same antique and mystical guise.

The pageant was so well managed that this Lady of the Floating Island, having performed her voyage with much picturesque effect, landed at Mortimer's Tower, with her two attendants, just as Elizabeth presented herself before that outwork. The stranger then, in a well-penned speech, announced herself as that famous Lady of the Lake, renowned in the stories of King Arthur, who had nursed the youth of the redoubted Sir Lancelot, and whose beauty had proved too powerful both for the wisdom and the spells of the mighty Merlin. Since that early period, she had remained possessed of her crystal dominions, she said, despite the various men of fame and might by whom Kenilworth had

<sup>13</sup> *Tritons, Nereids*, figures representing sea-gods and sea-nymphs. <sup>14</sup> *watchet-colored*, light blue. <sup>15</sup> *phylacteries*, small boxes containing slips of paper inscribed with Scriptural quotations.



A NEW SPECTACLE WAS PROVIDED.

been successively tenanted. The Saxons, the Danes, the Normans, the Saintlowes, the Clintons, the Montforts, the Mortimers, the Plantagenets,<sup>16</sup> great though they were in arms and magnificence, had never, she said, caused her to raise her head from the waters which hid her crystal palace. But a greater than all these great names had now appeared, and she came in homage and duty to welcome the peerless Elizabeth to all sport which the castle and its environs, which lake or land, could afford.

The Queen received this address also with great courtesy, and made answer in raillery, "We thought this lake had belonged to our own dominions, fair dame; but since so famed a lady claims it for hers, we will be glad at some other time to have further communing with you touching our joint interests."

With this gracious answer, the Lady of the Lake vanished, and Arion, who was amongst the maritime deities, appeared upon his dolphin. But Lambourne,<sup>17</sup> who had taken upon him the part in the absence of Wayland,<sup>18</sup> being chilled with remaining immersed in an element to which he was not friendly, having never got his speech by heart, and not having, like the porter, the advantage of a prompter, paid it off with impudence, tearing off his vizard, and swearing, 'Cog's bones!<sup>19</sup> he was none of Arion or Orion either, but honest Mike Lambourne, that had been drinking her Majesty's health from morning till midnight, and was come to bid her heartily welcome to Kenilworth Castle.'

<sup>16</sup> *Saintlowes . . . Plantagenets*, aristocratic families, including members of one of the ruling houses of England.

<sup>17</sup> *Lambourne*, a retainer of the Earl of Leicester.

<sup>18</sup> *Wayland*, a horseshoer and physician; Scott drew the character from the Scandinavian legend of Volundr the smith.

<sup>19</sup> *Cog's bones*, a mild oath (originally, "by God's bones").

This unpremeditated buffoonery answered the purpose probably better than the set speech would have done. The Queen laughed heartily, and swore, in her turn, that he had made the best speech she had heard that day. Lambourne, who instantly saw his jest had saved his bones, jumped on shore, gave his dolphin a kick, and declared he would never meddle with fish again, except at dinner.

At the same time that the Queen was about to enter the castle, that memorable discharge of fireworks by water and land took place, which Master Laneham, formerly introduced to the reader, has strained all his eloquence to describe.

"Such," says the clerk of the council-chamber door, "was the blaze of burning darts, the gleams of stars coruscant, the streams and hail of fiery sparks, lightnings of wildfire, and flight-shot of thunderbolts, with continuance, terror, and vehemency, that the heavens thundered, the waters surged, and the earth shook; and for my part, hardy as I am, it made me very vengeably afraid."

#### CLASS DISCUSSIONS

1. What is the most humorous incident of the pageant? Read the most dramatic passage. Where is the description most vivid or splendid?

2. Read a passage that makes you admire some character who figures in the scene. Where do you feel most clearly the majesty of the Queen? What passage makes her most human?

3. How does the impression left on your mind by this account differ from that left by the selection from Richardson (page 312)? Do you personally prefer realistic or romantic fiction?

4. How many of the qualities in Scott's fiction (page 445) are to be found in this passage? Select passages to read aloud illustrating these qualities.

(For suggested activities see page 467.)

A DISSERTATION UPON  
ROAST PIG

CHARLES LAMB

[This essay, which appeared in the *London Magazine* in September, 1822, was built upon an idea furnished Lamb by one of his oldest friends, Thomas Manning, who had traveled in China. Lamb satirizes solemn historical accounts by wholly imaginary references to a manuscript, the size of Pekin, the judges, and trials. The rhapsodies over roast pig in the latter half of the essay caused many readers of the *London Magazine* to send Lamb presents of pigs.]

MANKIND, says a Chinese manuscript, which my friend M. was obliging enough to read and explain to me, for the first seventy thousand ages ate their meat raw, clawing or biting it from the living animal, just as they do in Abyssinia to this day. This period is not obscurely hinted at by their great Confucius in the second chapter of his *Mundane Mutations*,<sup>1</sup> where he designates a kind of golden age by the term Cho-fang, literally, the Cook's holiday. The manuscript goes on to say that the art of roasting, or rather broiling (which I take to be the elder brother), was accidentally discovered in the manner following: The swineherd, Ho-ti, having gone out into the woods one morning, as his manner was, to collect mast for his hogs, left his cottage in the care of his eldest son, Bo-bo, a great lubberly boy, who being fond of playing with fire, as youngers of his age commonly are, let some sparks escape into a bundle of straw, which, kindling quickly, spread the conflagration over every part of their poor mansion, till it was reduced to ashes. Together with the cottage (a sorry antediluvian makeshift of a building, you may think it),

what was of much more importance, a fine litter of new-farrowed pigs, no less than nine in number, perished. China pigs have been esteemed a luxury all over the East from the remotest periods that we read of. Bo-bo was in the utmost consternation, as you may think, not so much for the sake of the tene-ment, which his father and he could easily build up again with a few dry branches, and the labor of an hour or two, at any time, as for the loss of the pigs. While he was thinking what he should say to his father, and wringing his hands over the smoking remnants of one of those untimely sufferers, an odor assailed his nostrils, unlike any scent which he had before experienced. What could it proceed from? Not from the burnt cottage—he had smelled that smell before—indeed this was by no means the first accident of the kind which had occurred through the negligence of this unlucky young firebrand. Much less did it resemble that of any known herb, weed, or flower. A premonitory moistening at the same time overflowed his nether lip. He knew not what to think. He next stooped down to feel the pig, if there were any signs of life in it. He burned his fingers, and to cool them he applied them in his booby fashion to his mouth. Some of the crumbs of the scorched skin had come away with his fingers, and for the first time in his life (in the world's life indeed, for before him no man had known it) he tasted —*crackling!* Again he felt and fumbled at the pig. It did not burn him so much now, still he licked his fingers from a sort of habit. The truth at length broke into his slow understanding—that it was the pig that smelled so, and the pig that tasted so delicious; and, surrendering himself up to the newborn pleasure, he fell to tearing up whole handfuls of the scorched skin with the flesh next it, and was cramming it down his throat in his

<sup>1</sup> *Mundane Mutations*, perhaps a reference to *The Book of Changes*, a book preserved and transmitted by Confucius, the celebrated Chinese philosopher.



beastly fashion when his sire entered amid the smoking rafters, armed with retributory cudgel, and finding how affairs stood, began to rain blows upon the young rogue's shoulders, as thick as hailstones, which Bo-bo heeded not any more than if they had been flies. The tickling pleasure, which he experienced in his lower regions, had rendered him quite callous to any inconveniences he might feel in those remote quarters. His father might lay on, but he could not beat him from his pig, till he had fairly made an end of it, when, becoming a little more sensible of his situation, something like the following dialogue ensued:

"You graceless whelp, what have you got there devouring? Is it not enough that you have burned me down three houses with your dog's tricks, and be hanged to you, but you must be eating fire, and I know not what—what have you got there, I say?"

"O father, the pig, the pig, do come and taste how nice the burnt pig eats."

The ears of Ho-ti tingled with horror. He cursed his son, and he cursed himself that ever he should beget a son that should eat burnt pig.

Bo-bo, whose scent was wonderfully sharpened since morning, soon raked out another pig, and fairly rending it asunder, thrust the lesser half by main force into the fists of Ho-ti, still shouting out, "Eat, eat, eat the burnt pig, father, only taste—O Lord"—with such-like barbarous ejaculations, cramming all the while as if he would choke.

Ho-ti trembled in every joint while he grasped the abominable thing, wavering whether he should not put his son to death for an unnatural young monster, when the crackling scorching his fingers, as it had done his son's, and applying the same remedy to them, he in his turn tasted some of its flavor, which, make what sour mouths he would for a pretense, proved not alto-

gether displeasing to him. In conclusion (for the manuscript here is a little tedious) both father and son fairly sat down to the mess, and never left off till they had dispatched all that remained of the litter.

Bo-bo was strictly enjoined not to let the secret escape, for the neighbors would certainly have stoned them for a couple of abominable wretches, who could think of improving upon the good meat which God had sent them. Nevertheless, strange stories got about. It was observed that Ho-ti's cottage was burned down now more frequently than ever. Nothing but fires from this time forward. Some would break out in broad day, others in the nighttime. As often as the sow farrowed, so sure was the house of Ho-ti to be in a blaze; and Ho-ti himself, which was the more remarkable, instead of chastising his son, seemed to grow more indulgent to him than ever. At length they were watched, the terrible mystery discovered, and father and son summoned to take their trial at Pekin, then an inconsiderable assize town.<sup>2</sup> Evidence was given, the obnoxious food itself produced in court, and verdict about to be pronounced, when the foreman of the jury begged that some of the burnt pig, of which the culprits stood accused, might be handed into the box. He handled it, and they all handled it, and burned their fingers, as Bo-bo and his father had done before them, and nature prompting to each of them the same remedy, against the face of all the facts, and the clearest charge which judge had ever given—to the surprise of the whole court, townsfolk, strangers, reporters, and all present—without leaving the box, or any manner of consultation whatever, they brought in a simultaneous verdict of Not Guilty.

<sup>2</sup> *assize town*, town where sessions of court are held.

The judge, who was a shrewd fellow, winked at the manifest iniquity of the decision, and, when the court was dismissed, went privily and bought up all the pigs that could be had for love or money. In a few days his Lordship's town house was observed to be on fire. The thing took wing, and now there was nothing to be seen but fires in every direction. Fuel and pigs grew enormously dear all over the districts. The insurance offices one and all shut up shop. People built slighter and slighter every day, until it was feared that the very science of architecture would in no long time be lost to the world. Thus this custom of firing houses continued, till in process of time, says my manuscript, a sage arose, like our Locke,<sup>3</sup> who made a discovery, that the flesh of swine, or indeed of any other animal, might be cooked (*burnt*, as they called it) without the necessity of consuming a whole house to dress it. Then first began the rude form of a gridiron. Roasting by the string, or spit, came in a century or two later, I forget in whose dynasty. By such slow degrees, concludes the manuscript, do the most useful, and seemingly the most obvious arts, make their way among mankind. . . .

Without placing too implicit faith in the account above given, it must be agreed that if a worthy pretext for so dangerous an experiment as setting houses on fire (especially in these days) could be assigned in favor of any culinary object, that pretext and excuse might be found in ROAST PIG.

Of all the delicacies in the whole *mundus edibilis*,<sup>4</sup> I will maintain it to be the most delicate—*princeps obsoniorum*.<sup>5</sup>

I speak not of your grown porkers—things between pig and pork—those

<sup>3</sup> Locke, John (1632-1704), a famous English philosopher.

<sup>4</sup> *mundus edibilis*, world of edible things.

<sup>5</sup> *princeps obsoniorum*, chief of delicacies.

hobbledehoys—but a young and tender suckling—under a moon old—guiltless as yet of the sty—with no original speck of the *amor immunditiae*,<sup>6</sup> the hereditary failing of the first parent, yet manifest—his voice as yet not broken, but something between a childish treble and a grumble—the mild forerunner, or *praeludium*,<sup>7</sup> of a grunt.

*He must be roasted.* I am not ignorant that our ancestors ate them seethed, or boiled—but what a sacrifice of the exterior tegument!

There is no flavor comparable, I will contend, to that of the crisp, tawny, well-watched, not over-roasted, *crackling*, as it is well called—the very teeth are invited to their share of the pleasure at this banquet in overcoming the coy, brittle resistance—with the adhesive oleaginous—O call it not fat—but an indefinable sweetness growing up to it—the tender blossoming of fat—fat cropped in the bud—taken in the shoot—in the first innocence—the cream and quintessence of the child-pig's yet pure food—the lean, no lean, but a kind of animal manna—or, rather, fat and lean (if it must be so) so blended and running into each other that both together make but one ambrosian result, or common substance.

Behold him, while he is “doing”—it seemeth rather a refreshing warmth, than a scorching heat, that he is so passive to. How equably he twirleth round the string! Now he is just done. To see the extreme sensibility of that tender age, he hath wept out his pretty eyes—radiant jellies—shooting stars—

See him in the dish, his second cradle, how meek he lieth! Wouldst thou have had this innocent grow up to the grossness and indocility which too often accompany maturer swinehood? Ten to one he would have proved a glutton, a sloven, an obstinate, disagreeable ani-

<sup>6</sup> *amor immunditiae*, love of filth. <sup>7</sup> *praeludium*, prelude.

mal—wallowing in all manner of filthy conversation—from these sins he is happily snatched away—

Ere sin could blight, or sorrow fade,  
Death came with timely care—

his memory is odoriferous—no clown curseth, while his stomach half rejecteth, the rank bacon—no coal-heaver bolteth him in reeking sausages—he hath a fair sepulcher in the grateful stomach of the judicious epicure—and for such a tomb might be content to die.

He is the best of Savors.<sup>9</sup> Pineapple is great. She is indeed almost too transcendent—a delight, if not sinful, yet so like to sinning, that really a tender-conscienced person would do well to pause—too ravishing for mortal taste, she woundeth and excoriateth the lips that approach her—like lovers' kisses, she biteth—she is a pleasure bordering on pain from the fierceness and insanity of her relish—but she stoppeth at the palate—she meddleth not with the appetite—and the coarsest hunger might barter her consistently for a mut-ton chop.

Pig—let me speak his praise—is no less provocative of the appetite than he is satisfactory to the criticalness of the censorious palate. The strong man may batten on him, and the weakling refuseth not his mild juices.

Unlike to mankind's mixed characters, a bundle of virtues and vices, inexplicably intertwined, and not to be unraveled without hazard, he is—good throughout. No part of him is better or worse than another. He helpeth, as far as his little means extend, all around. He is the least envious of banquets. He is all neighbors' fare.

I am one of those who freely and ungrudgingly impart a share of the good things of this life which fall to their lot (few as mine are in this kind)

to a friend. I protest I take as great an interest in my friend's pleasures, his relishes, and proper satisfactions, as in mine own. "Presents," I often say, "endear Absents." Hares, pheasants, partridges, snipes, barn-door chickens (those "tame villatic fowl"<sup>10</sup>), capons, plovers, brawn, barrels of oysters, I dispense as freely as I receive them. I love to taste them, as it were, upon the tongue of my friend. But a stop must be put somewhere. One would not, like Lear,<sup>10</sup> "give everything." I make my stand upon pig. Methinks it is an ingratitude to the Giver of all good favors, to extradomiciliate, or send out of the house, slightly (under pretext of friendship, or I know not what), a blessing so particularly adapted, predestined, I may say, to my individual palate. It argues an insensibility.

I remember a touch of conscience in this kind at school. My good old aunt, who never parted from me at the end of a holiday without stuffing a sweet-meat, or some nice thing, into my pocket, had dismissed me one evening with a smoking plum-cake, fresh from the oven. In my way to school (it was over London Bridge) a grayheaded old beggar saluted me (I have no doubt at this time of day that he was a counterfeit). I had no pence to console him with, and in the vanity of self-denial, and the very coxcombry of charity, schoolboy-like, I made him a present of—the whole cake! I walked on a little, buoyed up, as one is on such occasions, with a sweet soothing of self-satisfaction; but before I had got to the end of the bridge, my better feelings returned, and I burst into tears, thinking how ungrateful I had been to my good aunt, to go and give her good gift away to a stranger, that I had never seen before, and who might be a bad man for aught I knew; and then I thought of the

<sup>9</sup> *Savors*, delicacies or savory foods.

<sup>10</sup> *tame villatic fowl*, barnyard fowls. <sup>10</sup> *Lear*, in Shakespeare's play *King Lear*.

pleasure my aunt would be taking in thinking that I—I myself, and not another—would eat her nice cake—and what should I say to her the next time I saw her—how naughty I was to part with her pretty present—and the odor of that spicy cake came back upon my recollection, and the pleasure and the curiosity I had taken in seeing her make it, and her joy when she sent it to the oven, and how disappointed she would feel that I had never had a bit of it in my mouth at last—and I blamed my impertinent spirit of almsgiving, and out-of-place hypocrisy of goodness, and above all I wished never to see the face again of that insidious, good-for-nothing, old gray impostor.

Our ancestors were nice in their method of sacrificing these tender victims. We read of pigs whipped to death, with something of a shock, as we hear of any other obsolete custom. The age of discipline is gone by, or it would be curious to inquire (in a philosophical light merely) what effect this process might have toward intenerating and dulcifying<sup>11</sup> a substance naturally so mild and dulcet as the flesh of young pigs. It looks like refining a violet. Yet we should be cautious, while we condemn the inhumanity, how we censure the wisdom of the practice. It might impart a gusto—

I remember an hypothesis, argued upon by the young students, when I was at St. Omer's,<sup>12</sup> and maintained with much learning and pleasantry on both sides, "Whether, supposing that the flavor of a pig who obtained his death by whipping (*per flagellationem extremam*) superadded a pleasure upon the palate of a man more intense than any possible suffering we can conceive in the animal, is man justified in using that method of putting the animal to death?" I forget the decision.

<sup>11</sup> *intenerating and dulcifying*, making tender and sweet. <sup>12</sup> St. Omer's, a college.

His sauce should be considered. Decidedly, a few bread crumbs, done up with his liver and brains, and a dash of mild sage. But, banish, dear Mrs. Cook, I beseech you, the whole onion tribe. Barbecue your whole hogs to your palate, steep them in shalots, stuff them out with plantations of the rank and guilty garlic; you cannot poison them, or make them stronger than they are—but consider, he is a weakling—a flower.

#### CLASS DISCUSSIONS

1. What are the most amusing features of the satirical account of the origin of roast pig? Read the passages aloud.

2. Where does Lamb become most enthusiastic over the deliciousness of roast pig? Where does he make fun of himself?

3. What notion of the author do you form while reading this essay? Read passages to illustrate each point that you wish to make.

(For suggested activities see page 467.)

### THE VISION OF SUDDEN DEATH

THOMAS DE QUINCEY

[This selection is taken from a series of essays called *The English Mail Coach*. The event happened in the summer of 1817 or 1818, before locomotives and steam trains were thought of. The mail was carried by heavy coaches. This particular coach left Manchester after midnight, with De Quincey riding high up in front with the driver, a very large man who was blind in one eye.]

... From Manchester to Kendal, which virtually (though not in law) is the capital of Westmoreland, there were at this time seven stages of eleven miles each. The first five of these, counting from Manchester, terminate in Lancaster; which is therefore fifty-five

miles north of Manchester, and the same distance exactly from Liverpool. The first three stages terminate in Preston (called by way of distinction from other towns of that name, *Proud Preston*); at which place it is that the separate roads from Liverpool and from Manchester to the north become confluent. Within these first three stages lay the foundation, the progress, and termination of our night's adventure. During the first stage I found out that Cyclops<sup>1</sup> was mortal; he was liable to the shocking affection of sleep—a thing which previously I had never suspected. If a man indulges in the vicious habit of sleeping, all the skill in aurigation<sup>2</sup> of Apollo himself, with the horses of Aurora to execute his notions, avails him nothing. "O Cyclops!" I exclaimed, "thou art mortal. My friend, thou snoorest." Through the first eleven miles, however, this infirmity—which I grieve to say that he shared with the whole Pagan Pantheon<sup>3</sup>—betrayed itself only by brief snatches. On waking up, he made an apology for himself which, instead of mending matters, laid open a gloomy vista of coming disasters. The summer assizes, he reminded me, were now going on at Lancaster; in consequence of which, for three nights and three days he had not lain down in a bed. During the day he was waiting for his own summons as a witness on the trial in which he was interested, or else, lest he should be missing at the critical moment, was drinking with the other witnesses under the pastoral surveillance<sup>4</sup> of the attorneys. During the night, or that part of it which at sea would form the middle watch, he was driving. This explanation certainly accounted for his drowsiness, but in a

way which made it much more alarming; since now, after several days' resistance to this infirmity, at length he was steadily giving way. Throughout the second stage he grew more and more drowsy. In the second mile of the third stage he surrendered himself finally, and without a struggle, to his perilous temptation. All his past resistance had but deepened the weight of this final oppression. Seven atmospheres of sleep rested upon him; and, to consummate the case, our worthy guard, after singing "Love amongst the Roses" for perhaps thirty times, without invitation and without applause, had in revenge moodily resigned himself to slumber—not so deep, doubtless, as the coachman's, but deep enough for mischief. And thus at last, about ten miles from Preston, it came about that I found myself left in charge of his majesty's London and Glasgow mail, then running at the least twelve miles an hour.

What made this negligence less criminal than else it must have been thought was the condition of the roads at night during the assizes. At that time all the law business of populous Liverpool, and also of populous Manchester, with its vast cincture of populous rural districts, was called up by ancient usage to the tribunal of Lilliputian<sup>5</sup> Lancaster. To break up this old traditional usage required, 1, a conflict with powerful established interests, 2, a large system of new arrangements, and 3, a new parliamentary statute. But as yet this change was merely in contemplation. As things were at present, twice in the year so vast a body of business rolled northward from the southern quarter of the county that, for a fortnight at least, it occupied the severe exertions of two judges in its dispatch. The consequence of this was that every horse available

<sup>1</sup> *Cyclops*, the one-eyed giant in Homer's *Odyssey*. <sup>2</sup> *aurigation*, driving. <sup>3</sup> *the whole Pagan Pantheon*, all the gods. The Pantheon at Rome contained statues of the gods.

<sup>4</sup> *pastoral surveillance*. That is, he was watched as carefully as a shepherd watches his sheep.

<sup>5</sup> *Lilliputian*. What selection in an earlier part of this book does the name recall to you?

for such a service, along the whole line of road, was exhausted in carrying down the multitudes of people who were parties to the different suits. By sunset, therefore, it usually happened that, through utter exhaustion amongst men and horses, the road sank into profound silence. Except the exhaustion in the vast adjacent county of York from a contested election, no such silence succeeding to no such fiery uproar was ever witnessed in England.

On this occasion the usual silence and solitude prevailed along the road. Not a hoof nor a wheel was to be heard. And, to strengthen this false luxurious confidence in the noiseless roads, it happened also that the night was one of peculiar solemnity and peace. For my own part, though slightly alive to the possibilities of peril, I had so far yielded to the influence of the mighty calm as to sink into a profound reverie. The month was August; in the middle of which lay my own birthday—a festival to every thoughtful man suggesting solemn and often sigh-born thoughts. The county was my own native county—upon which, in its southern section, more than upon any equal area known to man past or present, had descended the original curse of labor in its heaviest form, not mastering the bodies only of men, as of slaves, or criminals in mines, but working through the fiery will.<sup>6</sup> Upon no equal space of earth was, or ever had been, the same energy of human power put forth daily. At this particular season also of the assizes, that dreadful hurricane of flight and pursuit, as it might have seemed to a stranger, which swept to and from Lancaster all day long, hunting the county up and down, and regularly subsiding back into silence about sunset, could not fail

(when united with this permanent distinction of Lancashire as the very metropolis and citadel of labor) to point the thoughts pathetically upon that countervision of rest, of saintly repose from strife and sorrow, toward which, as to their secret haven, the profounder aspirations of man's heart are in solitude continually traveling. Obliquely upon our left we were nearing the sea; which also must, under the present circumstances, be repeating the general state of halcyon<sup>7</sup> repose. The sea, the atmosphere, the light bore each an orchestral part in this universal lull. Moonlight and the first timid tremblings of the dawn were by this time blending; and the blendings were brought into a still more exquisite state of unity by a slight silvery mist, motionless and dreamy, that covered the woods and fields, but with a veil of equable transparency. Except the feet of our own horses—which, running on a sandy margin of the road, made but little disturbance—there was no sound abroad. In the clouds and on the earth prevailed the same majestic peace; and, in spite of all that the villain of a schoolmaster has done for the ruin of our sublimer thoughts, which are the thoughts of our infancy, we still believe in no such nonsense as a limited atmosphere. Whatever we may swear with our false feigning lips, in our faithful hearts we still believe, and must forever believe, in fields of air traversing the total gulf between earth and the central heavens. Still, in the confidence of children that tread without fear every chamber in their father's house, and to whom no door is closed, we, in that Sabbatic<sup>8</sup> vision which sometimes is revealed for an hour upon nights like this, ascend with easy steps from the sorrow-stricken fields of earth upward to the sandals of God.

<sup>6</sup> *The county . . . will.* The county is Lancashire, with its huge factories and coal mines. Here centered the agitation for reform in labor conditions during the early nineteenth century.

<sup>7</sup> *halcyon*, peaceful.

<sup>8</sup> *Sabbatic*, holy.

Suddenly, from thoughts like these I was awakened to a sullen sound, as of some motion on the distant road. It stole upon the air for a moment; I listened in awe; but then it died away. Once roused, however, I could not but observe with alarm the quickened motion of our horses. 'Ten years' experience had made my eye learned in the valuing of motion; and I saw that we were now running thirteen miles an hour. I pretend to no presence of mind. On the contrary, my fear is that I am miserably and shamefully deficient in that quality as regards action. The palsy of doubt and distraction hangs like some guilty weight of dark unfathomed remembrances upon my energies when the signal is flying for *action*. But, on the other hand, this accursed gift I have, as regards *thought*, that in the first step toward the possibility of a misfortune I see its total evolution; in the *radix*<sup>9</sup> of the series I see too certainly and too instantly its entire expansion; in the first syllable of the dreadful sentence I read already the last. It was not that I feared for ourselves. *Us* our bulk and impetus charmed against peril in any collision. And I had ridden through too many hundreds of perils that were frightful to approach, that were matter of laughter to look back upon; the first face of which was horror, the parting face a jest—for any anxiety to rest upon *our* interests. The mail was not built, I felt assured, nor bespoke, that could betray *me* who trusted to its protection. But any carriage that we could meet would be frail and light in comparison of ourselves. And I remarked this ominous accident of our situation—we were on the wrong side of the road.<sup>10</sup> But then, it may be said, the other party, if other there was, might also be on the

wrong side; and two wrongs might make a right. That was not likely. The same motive which had drawn us to the right-hand side of the road—viz., the luxury of the soft beaten sand as contrasted with the paved center—would prove attractive to others. The two adverse carriages would, therefore, to a certainty, be traveling on the same side; and from this side, as not being ours in law, the crossing over to the other would, of course, be looked for from us. Our lamps, still lighted, would give the impression of vigilance on our part. And every creature that met us would rely upon us for quartering.<sup>11</sup> All this, and if the separate links of the anticipation had been a thousand times more, I saw, not discursively, or by effort, or by succession, but by one flash of horrid simultaneous intuition.

Under this steady though rapid anticipation of the evil which might be gathering ahead, ah! what a sullen mystery of fear, what a sigh of woe, was that which stole upon the air, as again the far-off sound of a wheel was heard! A whisper it was—a whisper from, perhaps, four miles off—secretly announcing a ruin that, being foreseen, was not the less inevitable; that, being known, was not therefore healed. What could be done—who was it that could do it—to check the storm-flight of these maniacal horses? Could I not seize the reins from the grasp of the slumbering coachman? You, reader, think that it would have been in your power to do so. And I quarrel not with your estimate of yourself. But, from the way in which the coachman's hand was vised between his upper and lower thigh, this was impossible. Easy, was it? See, then, that bronze equestrian statue. The cruel rider has kept the bit in his horse's mouth for two centuries.

<sup>9</sup> *radix*, root, beginning.

<sup>10</sup> *wrong side of the road*. In England one keeps to the left, not to the right.

<sup>11</sup> *quartering*, crossing over to give the right of way to another vehicle.

Unbridle him for a minute, if you please, and wash his mouth with water. Easy, was it? Unhorse me, then, that imperial rider; knock me those marble feet from those marble stirrups of Charlemagne.

The sounds ahead strengthened, and were now too clearly the sounds of wheels. Who and what could it be? Was it industry in a taxed cart?<sup>12</sup> Was it youthful gayety in a gig? Was it sorrow that loitered, or joy that raced? For as yet the snatches of sound were too intermitting, from distance, to decipher the character of the motion. Whoever were the travelers, something must be done to warn them. Upon the other party rests the active responsibility, but upon *us*—and, woe is me! that *us* was reduced to my frail opium-shattered self<sup>13</sup>—rests the responsibility of warning. Yet, how should this be accomplished? Might I not sound the guard's horn? Already, on the first thought, I was making my way over the roof to the guard's seat. But this, from the accident of the foreign mails being piled upon the roof, was a difficult and even dangerous attempt to one cramped by nearly three hundred miles of outside traveling. And, fortunately, before I had lost much time in the attempt, our frantic horses swept round an angle of the road which opened upon us that final stage where the collision must be accomplished and the catastrophe sealed. All was apparently finished. The court was sitting; the case was heard; the judge had finished; and only the verdict was yet in arrear.

Before us lay an avenue straight as an arrow, six hundred yards, perhaps, in length; and the umbrageous trees,

which rose in a regular line from either side, meeting high overhead, gave to it the character of a cathedral aisle. These trees lent a deeper solemnity to the early light; but there was still light enough to perceive, at the further end of this Gothic aisle, a frail reedy gig, in which were seated a young man, and by his side a young lady. Ah, young sir! what are you about? If it is requisite that you should whisper your communications to this young lady—though really I see nobody, at an hour and on a road so solitary, likely to overhear you—is it therefore requisite that you should carry your lips forward to hers? The little carriage is creeping on at one mile an hour; and the parties within it, being thus tenderly engaged, are naturally bending down their heads. Between them and eternity, to all human calculation, there is but a minute and a half. Oh, Heavens! what is it that I shall do? Speaking or acting, what help can I offer? Strange it is, and to a mere auditor of the tale might seem laughable, that I should need a suggestion from the *Iliad* to prompt the sole resource that remained. Yet so it was. Suddenly I remember the shout of Achilles, and its effect. But could I pretend to shout like the son of Peleus, aided by Pallas?<sup>14</sup> No; but then I needed not the shout that should alarm all Asia militant; such a shout would suffice as might carry terror into the hearts of two thoughtless young people and one gig horse. I shouted—and the young man heard me not. A second time I shouted—and now he heard me, for now he raised his head.

Here, then, all had been done that, by me, could be done; more on my part was not possible. Mine had been the first step; the second was for the young

<sup>12</sup> a taxed cart, a two-wheeled spring-cart, on which the government imposed a heavy tax. <sup>13</sup> opium-shattered self. Before setting out on his journey De Quincey had taken "a small quantity of laudanum." His addiction to drugs is vividly told in the *Confessions of an English Opium-Eater*.

<sup>14</sup> Suddenly . . . Pallas. As told in the *Iliad*, the shouts of Pallas and Achilles, son of Peleus, terrified the Trojans at the siege of Troy, thus enabling the Greeks to rest from battle.





FROM MY ELEVATED STATION I LOOKED DOWN.

man; the third was for God. If, said I, this stranger is a brave man, and if indeed he loves the young girl at his side—or, loving her not, if he feels the obligation, pressing upon every man worthy to be called a man, of doing his utmost for a woman confided to his protection—he will at least make some effort to save her. If that fails, he will not perish the more, or by a death more cruel, for having made it; and he will die as a brave man should, with his face to the danger, and with his arm about the woman that he sought in vain to save. But if he makes no effort—shrinking without a struggle from his duty—he himself will not the less certainly perish for this baseness of poltroonery.<sup>15</sup> He will die no less; and why not? Where-

<sup>15</sup> *poltroonery*, cowardice.

fore should we grieve that there is one craven less in the world? No; let him perish, without a pitying thought of ours wasted upon him; and, in that case, all our grief will be reserved for the fate of the helpless girl who now, upon the least shadow of failure in him, must by the fiercest of translations—must without time for a prayer—must within seventy seconds—stand before the judgment-seat of God.

But craven he was not; sudden had been the call upon him, and sudden was his answer to the call. He saw, he heard, he comprehended the ruin that was coming down; already its gloomy shadow darkened above him; and already he was measuring his strength to deal with it. Ah! what a vulgar thing does courage seem when we see nations

buying it and selling it for a shilling a day.<sup>16</sup> Ah! what a sublime thing does courage seem when some fearful summons on the great deeps of life carries a man, as if running before a hurricane, up to the giddy crest of some tumultuous crisis from which lie two courses, and a voice says to him audibly, "One way lies hope; take the other, and mourn forever!" How grand a triumph if, even then, amidst the raving of all around him, and the frenzy of the danger, the man is able to confront his situation—is able to retire for a moment into solitude with God, and to seek his counsel from *Him*!

For seven seconds, it might be, of his seventy, the stranger settled his countenance, steadfastly upon us, as if to search and value every element in the conflict before him. For five seconds more of his seventy he sat immovably, like one that mused on some great purpose. For five more, perhaps, he sat with eyes upraised, like one that prayed in sorrow, under some extremity of doubt, for light that should guide him to the better choice. Then suddenly he rose; stood upright; and, by a powerful strain upon the reins, raising his horse's fore feet from the ground, he slewed<sup>17</sup> him round on the pivot of his hind legs, so as to plant the little equipage in a position nearly at right angles to ours. Thus far his condition was not improved, except as a first step had been taken toward the possibility of a second. If no more were done, nothing was done; for the little carriage still occupied the very center of our path, though in an altered direction. Yet even now it may not be too late; fifteen of the seventy seconds may still be unexhausted; and one almighty bound may avail to clear the ground. Hurry, then, hurry! for the flying moments—

*they* hurry. Oh, hurry, hurry, my brave young man! for the cruel hoofs of our horses—*they* also hurry! Fast are the flying moments, faster are the hoofs of our horses. But fear not for *him*, if human energy can suffice; faithful was he that drove to his terrific duty; faithful was the horse to his command. One blow, one impulse given with voice and hand, by the stranger, one rush from the horse, one bound as if in the act of rising to a fence, landed the docile creature's fore feet upon the crown or arching center of the road. The larger half of the little equipage had then cleared our overtowering shadow; that was evident even to my own agitated sight. But it mattered little that one wreck should float off in safety, if upon the wreck that perished were embarked the human freightage. The rear part of the carriage—was *that* certainly beyond the line of absolute ruin? What power could answer the question? Glance of eye, thought of man, wing of angel, which of these had speed enough to sweep between the question and the answer, and divide the one from the other? Light does not tread upon the steps of light more indivisibly than did our all-conquering arrival upon the escaping efforts of the gig. That must the young man have felt too plainly. His back was now turned to us; not by sight could he any longer communicate with the peril; but, by the dreadful rattle of our harness, too truly had his ear been instructed that all was finished as regarded any effort of his. Already in resignation he had rested from his struggle; and perhaps in his heart he was whispering, "Father, which art in heaven, do thou finish above what I on earth have attempted." Faster than ever mill-race we ran past them in our inexorable flight. Oh, raving of hurricanes that must have sounded in their young ears at the moment of our transit! Even in that moment the thunder of collision

<sup>16</sup> *a shilling a day*, the pay of a British soldier at the time—about twenty-five cents.

<sup>17</sup> *slewed*, turned.

spoke aloud. Either with the swingle-bar,<sup>18</sup> or with the haunch of our near leader, we had struck the off-wheel of the little gig; which stood rather obliquely, and not quite so far advanced as to be accurately parallel with the near wheel. The blow from the fury of our passage resounded terrifically. I rose in horror, to gaze upon the ruins we might have caused. From my elevated station I looked down, and looked back upon the scene; which in a moment told its own tale, and wrote all its records on my heart forever.

Here was the map of the passion<sup>19</sup> that now had finished. The horse was planted immovably, with his fore feet upon the paved crest of the central road. He of the whole party might be supposed untouched by the passion of death. The little cany<sup>20</sup> carriage—partly, perhaps, from the violent torsion of the wheels in its recent movement, partly from the thundering blow we had given to it—as if it sympathized with human horror, was all alive with tremblings and shiverings. The young man trembled not, nor shivered. He sat like a rock. But his was the steadiness of agitation frozen into rest by horror. As yet he dared not to look around; for he knew that, if anything remained to do, by him it could no longer be done. And as yet he knew not for certain if their safety were accomplished. But the lady—

But the lady—Oh, Heavens! will that spectacle ever depart from my dreams, as she rose and sank upon her seat, sank and rose, threw up her arms wildly to heaven, clutched at some visionary object in the air, fainting, praying, raving, despairing? Figure to yourself, reader, the elements of the case; suffer me to recall before your

mind the circumstances of that unparalleled situation. From the silence and deep peace of this saintly summer night—from the pathetic blending of this sweet moonlight, dawnlight, dreamlight—from the manly tenderness of this flattering, whispering, murmuring love—suddenly as from the woods and fields—suddenly as from the chambers of the air opening in revelation—suddenly as from the ground yawning at her feet, leaped upon her, with the flashing of cataracts, Death the crowned phantom, with all the equipage of his terrors, and the tiger roar of his voice.

The moments were numbered; the strife was finished; the vision was closed. In the twinkling of an eye, our flying horses had carried us to the termination of the umbrageous aisle; at the right angles we wheeled into our former direction; the turn of the road carried the scene out of my eyes in an instant, and swept it into my dreams forever.

## STUDY AIDS

### I. CLASS DISCUSSIONS

1. What were the steps that led up to the peril of the two young people? Begin with the constant traveling at this season, the sleepiness of the coachman, and proceed to the end. Read a passage that makes us fearful of the outcome. Why was the scene swept into De Quincey's dreams forever?

2. De Quincey is not so much interested in the events as in the way they impress him. Where does he describe the scene with vividness or delicacy? Where does he indulge in musing or imagination? Read to the class the best passage of each kind.

3. Basing your judgment solely on the selections in this volume, state the differences you see between Lamb and De Quincey. What passages in "The Vision of Sudden Death" could not possibly have been written by Lamb? Explain why.

<sup>18</sup> *swingle-bar*, whippetree. <sup>19</sup> *passion*, intense suffering. <sup>20</sup> *cany*, cane-like—that is, fragile.

## II. INDIVIDUAL AND GROUP ACTIVITIES

1. (a) An entertaining report may be made on *Jane* by Jean Gould. It tells Jane Austen's life and describes English village and literary conditions.

(b) The novels of Jane Austen listed on page 443 should be covered by volunteers. Each reporter might dwell on the skill with which the plot is unrolled and discuss the satire in the narrative.

(c) The novels of Sir Walter Scott would fill several programs. Books for review might be selected from each of the groups listed on page 443. The reports should dwell on three features of Scott's novels, discussed on pages 445-446.

(d) A student or group of students might report on Horace Walpole's *Castle of Otranto*, one of the earliest romances of mystery and horror. The report might compare this novel with one of Jane Austen's, bringing out the points discussed on pages 443-444.

2. A good volume by which to get acquainted with Lamb is *Essays of Elia* edited by Benedict.

(a) One group of reports might deal with the following essays reflecting differ-

ent aspects of Lamb's own life: "The South-Sea House," "Christ's Hospital Five-and-Thirty Years Ago," "Mackery End, in Hertfordshire," "Dream-Children: a Reverie," "My Relations," and "The Old Benchers of the Inner Temple." What are the most admirable and the most pathetic features of his life as thus revealed?

(b) After this first report or series of reports, any of the essays may be taken up to discover more of Lamb's personality.

3. (a) As you learned from the history (page 448), the most famous of De Quincey's writings is the *Confessions of an English Opium-Eater*. A report to the class, particularly on Part I, might bring out two points: first, how De Quincey's youth differed from that of an American boy today, and, second, the chief qualities of De Quincey displayed in the book, such as humor and imagination. These qualities might be presented to the class entertainingly by reading passages from the book.

(b) Other reports on De Quincey might deal with *The English Mail Coach* (from which the selection on page 459 is taken), *Flight of a Tartar Tribe*, and *Joan of Arc*. What does each add to your notion of the man and his power as a writer?

## A REVIEW OF PART FOUR

1. A very good way to review the romantic era is to select typical passages. Five of the features that reappear frequently through the period might be adopted as a basis for selection: love of nature, interest in humble characters, use of the supernatural, lure of remote times or places, naturalness of poetic diction. Each of these five topics might be traced through the period by a separate group of students. The group taking love of nature, for example, would select poems and paragraphs from each author who illustrates this element of romanticism, and then point out the meaning and beauty of each passage and explain how important that element was in the work of each author. The reports of the five com-

mittees might be discussed by the whole class.

2. An interesting project may be based on the outside reading from all authors treated in Chapters XI and XII. From these sources prepare an anthology of the most beautiful passages. Each selection should illustrate some characteristic of the author as these traits are set forth in the history. Write a brief headnote for each selection, pointing out what interest or quality of the author it brings out. The anthology may be drawn up by individual students who have read widely in some one author, or class groups may pool their readings from various books of the author. It would be well to have an anthology prepared for each important author.

## CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE FOR PART FOUR

## THE ROMANTIC REVOLT (1798-1832)

1750	1775	1800	1825	1850
1760	George III		1820	George IV
			1830	William IV
			1837	Victoria (1901)
1770	William Wordsworth			1850
1771	Sir Walter Scott		1832	
1772	Samuel T. Coleridge		1834	
1775	Jane Austen		1817	
1775	Charles Lamb		1834	
	1785	Thomas De Quincey		(1859)
	1788	Lord Byron		1824
	1792	Percy B. Shelley		1822
	1795	John Keats		1821

## Interesting Dates

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| 1798. <i>Lyrical Ballads</i> published.                           | 1813. <i>Pride and Prejudice</i> published.  |
| 1802. Scott's <i>Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border</i> published. | 1814. <i>Waverley</i> , Scott's first historical novel, published.                           |
| 1802. The <i>Edinburgh Review</i> founded.                        | 1821. <i>Confessions of an English Opium-Eater</i> published in the <i>London Magazine</i> . |
| 1805. Wordsworth's <i>Prelude</i> published.                      |  |
| 1809. <i>The Quarterly Review</i> founded.                        | 1823. Lamb's <i>Essays of Elia</i> published.  |
| 1812. <i>Childe Harold's Pilgrimage</i> , first part, published.  | 1843. Wordsworth made Poet Laureate.   |

## PART FIVE

# *Democracy and Science*

1832-1901

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### CHAPTER XIII: Miscellaneous Victorian Prose

**Preview** The period of democracy and science, covered by this and the next two chapters, begins with the Reform Bill of 1832, which made the government more democratic. It extends to the death of Queen Victoria in 1901, when Englishmen felt the greatest pride in controlling an empire that stretched round the world. The present chapter deals with the most important prose of the period, excepting the nineteenth century novel.

The following questions will draw your attention to the chief developments:

- (1) What changes came over English life during this period?
- (2) How are these changes reflected in the work of Thomas Babington Macaulay and Thomas Carlyle?
- (3) What criticism of English life is found in John Ruskin and Matthew Arnold?
- (4) How did science become prominent in English thinking?

#### SOCIAL CHANGES

**Industrial development, 1832-1901**

During the reign of Queen Victoria (1837-1901) England became the wealthiest country on the globe. The Industrial Revolution, which began in the reign of George III with several inventions whereby cloth could be woven much faster, brought the nation to its highest levels of prosperity for workman and employer toward the close of the nineteenth century. In 1830 a steam railway was inaugurated between Liverpool and Manchester—an event with which began the speeding up of all manufacturing. Steam power was applied also to looms and other machinery in factories. Thereupon coal became necessary, and factories had to be moved from remote districts where

waterpower was available to new and ugly towns on railways that brought the coal.

The change was so rapid that for a time much misery resulted. Long hours and insanitary housing made the lot of the hands who tended the looms pitiful, but their lot was no worse than that of the farm laborers. It was no uncommon event to find under the hedgerows that border English roads men who had starved to death. One reason was that the land-owners were protected by a high duty on wheat and other foodstuffs, so that bread was costly. When these duties were abolished in 1846, working people found it easier to keep the breath in their bodies. After 1850 English goods, now manufactured in vast quantities, were carried

all over the world in English ships, and wealth flowed in, at least for the upper classes, from every point of the compass. By the end of the century Great Britain became the most opulent nation in the world.

**Growth of democracy**

Along with this unexampled industrial development went a constant spread of democracy. The age of Victoria, as was remarked in the preview, should be dated from 1832. In that year was passed the Reform Bill. Up to that time the new industrial towns had no representatives at all in Parliament. Yet so tenaciously did the land-holding aristocracy oppose the granting of representation that England was threatened with a national uprising. Riots broke out all over the country, mobs in London hurled stones through the Premier's windows, the fear of massacres such as had marked the French Revolution gripped the government. After three defeats the Reform Bill was forced through Parliament. The areas which had grown populous because of numberless factories got the vote, and the upper or wealthier middle classes ruled the country for a generation.

After twenty years the fear of revolution subsided before the growing prosperity and optimism. In 1867 the vote was extended from shopkeepers and householders to nearly all the workingmen in the towns, and in 1884 and 1885 to miners and agricultural laborers as well. Along with this broadening of the franchise went an increase in education, though the nation did not until 1870 take into its own hands the task of providing schools for all the children. By such slow degrees were democracy and education spread through Victorian England.

**Intellectual activity**

These strides in industry and democracy were the basis for an intellectual life such as few periods in English history can equal. The energy of the Vic-

torians was astonishing, and it was not least in evidence in the realm of literature. Perhaps the dominant intellectual interest down to 1850 was history, but with the publication of Darwin's *Origin of Species* (1859) science took the lead. The reason for the earlier interest in history is clear. England was trying to change its laws to fit the new conditions brought about by the Industrial Revolution. The demand for the rights of man at the beginning of the French Revolution had been followed by Napoleon's ruthless oppression of other peoples. The early romantic enthusiasm of Wordsworth and Shelley for abstract principles of liberty had chilled. Englishmen now felt that they could make England over only in the light of the past. History became one of the primary concerns of intelligent men.

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY  
(1800-1859)

**His fortunate life**

The writer who most successfully fed the interest in history was Thomas Babington Macaulay. Few men have been more fortunate in their endeavors. After he had completed a brilliant career at Cambridge University, an historical article on Milton (1825) which he contributed to the *Edinburgh Review* made him the lion of the hour in London society. He was invited to nearly every aristocratic dinner table, where the clarity and force of his talk increased his reputation. In 1830 he entered Parliament, just in time to deliver several speeches for the Reform Bill, in which he drove his points home with many historical illustrations. In recognition of his services he was appointed at the early age of thirty-four to a position in India paying \$50,000 a year.

Returning to England a wealthy man at the end of four useful years, he re-entered politics and rose more than once to a position in the cabinet. In 1847,



The Rischgitz Collection, London

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY

however, on losing his seat in Parliament he turned his energies pretty much to literature. The first two volumes of his *History of England* appeared in 1848, the third and fourth in 1855, the fifth in 1859. The sales had never been equaled in the records of British publishing, one check for royalties on his books amounting to \$100,000.

**Character of his miscellaneous writing**

Macaulay's writings were all historical. At eight years of age he composed a *Compendium of Universal History*. His historical poetry, *Lays of Ancient Rome* (1842), was greeted enthusiastically, one critic declaring that "the first words come like a vanguard impatient for battle." The essays which for a score of years he had contributed to the *Edinburgh Review* were collected in 1843. These learned articles were totally different from the essays expressing personal whims and reveries that Lamb contributed to the *London Magazine*. Macaulay was supposedly reviewing books, but each article soon forsook criticism of the book or author to launch forth into history. His memory

was crammed with an incredible store of knowledge on topics ranging from ancient Greece to contemporary politics. From this store he illustrated his statements with pertinent quotations, allusions, and explanations. The reader is never at a loss to get the meaning; he is carried along rapidly by striking contrasts and vivid scenes. But the tone is unnecessarily dogmatic. At the end one may pause with the reflection ascribed to a political friend: "I wish I were as cocksure of any one thing as Macaulay is of everything."

**Qualities of his History**

In his *History of England* Macaulay's ambition was to write so graphically that every young lady would read his volumes in preference to the latest novel. He succeeded, for they form the most popular history of the century. It was his intention to cover the period from the Revolution of 1688 to his own time, but the end seemed farther off the longer he worked at the task; the fifth volume, the last he lived to finish, does not complete the reign of Queen Anne (1702-1714). To establish a fact he would go to no end of trouble, turning over old documents and even visiting battlefields and other famous spots for aid in picturing events truly. But in addition to accuracy, he had an imagination that set forth events and persons as clearly and boldly as if flashed upon a screen.

Another reason for the interest with which one reads Macaulay's history is his partisanship. By nature he had to take sides, and to support his side he could marshal the evidence in a manner both convincing and illuminating. In treating the leaders of the period he assumed the guise of a lawyer at the bar, attacking some and defending others with equal assurance. His interpretation of men and events therefore lacks that scrupulous impartiality aimed at by present-day scholarly historians, but his narrative gains thereby a great



deal of color and dramatic force. Only Sir Walter Scott has succeeded in making the past more alive.

THOMAS CARLYLE  
(1795-1881)

Macaulay was an optimist. He believed that laws would make England a model nation, and he lived to see a growth of prosperity such as no other country enjoyed. His great contemporary, Carlyle, was a pessimist. Parliamentary reforms were to him too superficial to count, and through famine and plenty he remained an unmerciful critic of his countrymen.

#### Carlyle's early struggles

Part of the contrast between the two men may be explained by the difference in their lives. Thomas Carlyle, born in the small town of Ecclefechan, Scotland, was the son of a stonemason. To prepare for the ministry he set out at fourteen to trudge a hundred miles to Edinburgh University. The study of science there led him to abandon thought of the ministry

as a career. He tried teaching, but gave it up because the pupils were all "donkeys." At twenty-five, the age when Macaulay burst into fame and social favor, Carlyle shrank from society and was just deciding to write for a living. The fabulous sums earned by Scott gave him high hopes of being able to live by his pen—hopes on which he married a beautiful and vivacious young woman, Jane Welsh. Hard times soon forced them to retire to Mrs. Carlyle's remote hill-top farm at Craigenputtock for eight years. Among Carlyle's magazine articles of this period was the now classic *Essay on Burns* (1828), contributed to the same *Edinburgh Review* which lifted Macaulay into fame.

**His philosophy** Only slender revenues trickled to Carlyle from his writings; as his wife recorded in one of her delightful letters, all but food, air, and bed was "a dream of the absent and distant, of things past and to come." Doing without things during this long period helped him form one of the cardinal elements of his philosophy. He expressed it in a quotation from Goethe: "It is only with renunciation that Life, properly speaking, can be said to begin." This notion of giving things up, of relinquishing one's personal desires for some higher good, became very influential during the century. Another tenet in Carlyle's faith was the doctrine of work, which likewise was an ideal of Victorian England: "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy whole might. Work while it is called today; for the Night cometh, wherein no man can work." Carlyle had early decided not to enter the ministry, but these two quotations show that he was by temperament and outlook a preacher. During those eight years on his lonely hill top, he had formed his own gospel of Renunciation and Work.



Photo: W. F. Mansell

THOMAS CARLYLE  
(From the painting by Whistler)



BIRTHPLACE OF THOMAS CARLYLE

**Sartor  
Resartus**

The quotations above are from Carlyle's first valuable book, *Sartor Resartus* (1835). It is in part autobiography, but one of the strangest in our language. In reading Macaulay, no intelligent person had to turn back to a sentence the second time to get its meaning, but Carlyle's abrupt exclamations and unexpected turns of thought, his mixture of satire, humor, pathos, poetry, and preaching, rendered *Sartor Resartus* difficult to understand. Publishers were afraid of it. The best Carlyle could do was to secure its appearance in installments in a London magazine. In America Emerson, who had conceived a strong affection for Carlyle on a visit to Craigenputtock farm, brought it out for him in book form. Thus it came about that the first important book of one of the greatest English authors was first published in the United States.

**His bid for  
success**

Still desperately poor but conscious of superior powers, Carlyle decided in 1834 to make a last bid for success by going to London. There he could consult the

books necessary for producing a history of the French Revolution. If he should fail to win recognition, there would be no hope for the future. When the first volume was completed, he lent it to his friend John Stuart Mill for criticism. Mill carelessly left it where the maid mistook it for waste paper and burned it. The desolating mischance did not defeat Carlyle. He doggedly rewrote the volume, though composition was always a slow task with him. When *The French Revolution* (1837) appeared in three volumes, it was recognized as a work of genius. Thus in his forty-second year Carlyle won his long battle for recognition in the literary world of Great Britain.

**His view of  
democracy**

Carlyle's historical method was derived from the novels of Scott, who, he said, had taught all men "that the bygone ages of the world were actually filled with living men." *The French Revolution* contains vivid condensed biographies of the actors in a story full of dramatic scenes. Unlike all earlier histories of the revolution, it centered at-

tention, not on the misfortunes of the aristocrats who were put in prison or led to the guillotine, but on the miseries of the common people whose sufferings brought on the revolt.

From this emphasis one might infer that Carlyle was an ardent democrat. On the contrary, his faith was pinned to great men, a faith which he expressed in a series of popular lectures published under the title *Heroes and Hero-Worship* (1841). The problem before England, which he treated brilliantly in *Past and Present* (1843), was defined as the difficulty of maintaining the power and authority of government in a democracy. "Certainly," he declared, "it is the hugest question ever heretofore propounded to mankind."

To find an answer to this question Carlyle went back to the Middle Ages, the "Past" referred to in the title. His solution angered men like Macaulay, who believed they were living in the best of all possible worlds. One reviewer characteristically declared: "Any school-boy would muster facts enough to show the infinite superiority of modern times in every particular, both moral and physical." Nevertheless, *Past and Present* exerted a long and powerful influence, not only on public opinion but on literature. Thereafter writers came to consider much more earnestly the problems of society.

#### His growing fame

The rest of Carlyle's life was passed in comfort. He continued to write history and biography till he was seventy. Among the best of his later books is the *Life of John Sterling* (1851), much more simple in style than the volumes discussed above, and one of the best of English biographies. Carlyle's influence continued to spread down to his death at the age of eighty-six. All his life he offered a sharp contrast with Macaulay. The latter with a smile of superb confidence praised the England

of his day for its incomparable civilization. Carlyle with a passionate scowl railed bitterly at England's materialism and complacent pride in "progress." In the end it was Carlyle who came to be accepted as a prophet, an inspired teacher who brings truth to the people.

#### JOHN HENRY NEWMAN (1801-1890)

The influence of Scott and the romantic interest in the Middle Ages appeared in a quite different way in the Oxford Movement. It is so named because it arose in Oxford University, where an Oxford tutor and Episcopal clergyman, John Henry Newman, gathered about himself an ardent following. Students imitated his short swift steps and rapid sentences, and older people were inspired by his unrivaled preaching of the beauty of holiness. For that beauty he went back to the Middle Ages, as Scott had gone back to them for the glamour of chivalry and Carlyle for a solution of current social problems. Newman also wrote



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CARDINAL NEWMAN

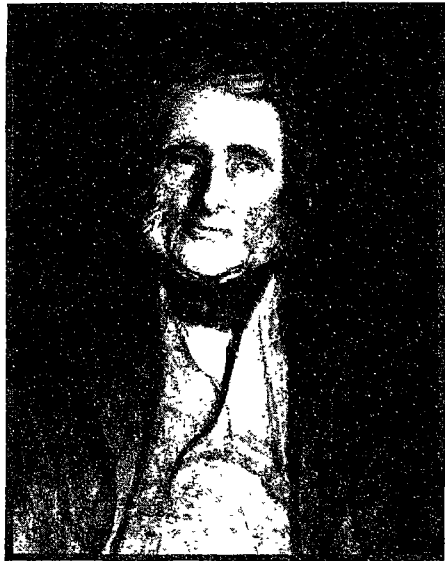
a series of tracts, culminating in the widely discussed *Tract XC* (1841). Some time later he entered the Roman Catholic Church, and years afterwards wrote his autobiography, *Apologia pro Vita Sua* (Defense of His Life, 1864), one of the most lucid and simple, yet eloquent, books of the century. Like Carlyle, he fought the materialism and complacency of Victorian England.

JOHN RUSKIN (1819-1900)

**The position  
of Ruskin**

Newman represents the effect of romanticism on religion, which turned to the ideals and faith of medieval times for fresh inspiration. The writings of Ruskin, another Victorian leader, reveal the effect of romanticism on art, which, like religion, turned to the past. For a time he defended a group of artists known as the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, who went for guidance to the Italian painters earlier than Raphael, that is, before the Italian Renaissance in art. According to their belief, young painters should avoid copying pictures of other artists; they must attain truth by studying nature itself. In pursuit of this ideal they introduced the practice of painting in the open instead of in studios. One member of the brotherhood nearly froze while painting at night the effect of lantern light against a barred door overgrown with weeds.

The fact that their principles and paintings were unfashionable did not frighten Ruskin. As the son of a wealthy and cultured wine merchant he had been trained from childhood to observe nature closely. Moreover, he had studied art and architecture independently on wide travels over England and Europe. These trips and private studies, during which he built up his own notions of art, were much more important than his formal training at Oxford.



Courtesy of National Portrait Gallery

JOHN RUSKIN

Hardly had he secured his degree at twenty-four when he published the first volume of *Modern Painters* (1843) praising an artist, J. M. W. Turner, whom the critics had dealt with severely. The critics in turn attacked Ruskin, but without in anywise shaking the confidence of the young author. To support and expound his views he issued other volumes of the work, the fifth coming out in 1860. In the interval he changed his own opinions several times, always giving excellent reasons for his new beliefs, but no one else ever convinced him that he was wrong.

**His art  
criticism**

The essence of Ruskin's doctrine was that painters ought to represent nature truly, and in the end he brought nearly all the art critics round to his way of thinking. In two works on architecture—*The Seven Lamps of Architecture* (1849) and *The Stones of Venice* (1851-3)—he praised the beauty of the medieval and thereby influenced people all over England to build Gothic churches and guildhalls. Two reasons may be given

for the popularity of his art criticism. First, he knew what he was talking about; everywhere that he traveled he made thousands of delicate and accurate drawings of what he saw. Second, he wrote in a rhythmical style more sonorous than De Quincey's. His sentences are full of picturesque detail and varied color. Whatever he wrote upon, people clamored for his books.

**His social ideals**

After 1860 Ruskin turned his attention to social problems. When *Past and Present* appeared (1843) he conceived an intense admiration for Carlyle. Into *Stones of Venice* he introduced diatribes against the materialism of the English people. The last forty years of his life were devoted to describing his Utopia. He felt that discourses on art were useless so long as people lived miserable and narrow lives. To do what he could to alleviate this misery and to bring beauty into life became his purpose. He lectured to workingmen, wrote articles on social ideals for magazines, and gave to charity about a million dollars which he had inherited from his father. The particular reforms of the industrial system which he advocated were never adopted, but he did succeed in arousing in the country at large a more humanitarian attitude toward labor. In literature he carried forward the tendency initiated by Carlyle for writers to broaden their interests from the individual to the whole of society.

MATTHEW ARNOLD (1822-1888)

**Contrast between Ruskin and Arnold**

Ruskin's popularity was tremendous. The upper classes thronged the lecture halls in which he told them that they despised art, literature, science, nature—and applauded him to the echo. They read his denunciations in book form so constantly that he had an income of \$20,000 a year



Photo: W. F. Mansell

**MATTHEW ARNOLD**

after giving away all his father's estate. It was his vehemence and sincerity that fascinated both reader and listener.

Matthew Arnold also found fault with the English. He termed the landed aristocracy "barbarians" because they were lured away from "sweetness and light" (his phrase meaning culture) by worldly splendor, power, and pleasure. He called the middle-class manufacturers "philistines" because they perversely opposed "sweetness and light" on account of their own vulgarity, narrow-mindedness, and self-satisfaction. But in these condemnations Arnold's manner was more polished, witty, and intellectual than Ruskin's.

**Arnold's life** His life partly accounts for this difference. He was the son of the most eminent British teacher of the age, Dr. Thomas Arnold, headmaster of Rugby. The character of Rugby under Dr. Arnold's direction is described in one of the best-known books about school-life, *Tom Brown at Rugby* by Thomas Hughes. To his father Matthew Arnold owed his superior intellectual training and a life-

long interest in education. For thirty-five years (1851-1886) he was a government inspector of schools—an office in which he helped awake the people to the need of the national system of education which was begun by the act of 1870.

**His books** To Arnold belongs the singular distinction of being almost equally famous in poetry and prose. His poetry, which will be treated in a later chapter, gained him a professorship of poetry at Oxford. His early lectures in that chair were published in book form, *On Translating Homer* (1861-1862). Articles in magazines were collected as *Essays in Criticism* (1865) and *Essays in Criticism, Second Series* (1888). Many other volumes dealt with religion and social ideals. Among the last was *Discourses in America* (1885), containing the addresses delivered in the United States. He declared it was of all his writings the book by which he “most desired to be remembered.” In nearly all these volumes his analysis and penetration placed him alongside of Ruskin as one of the two prophets of the era after 1859, as Carlyle and Macaulay had been the dominant figures in the Victorian era before 1859.

#### THE INFLUENCE OF SCIENCE

**Darwin's *Origin of Species*** The reason for dividing the period at the year 1859 is that it marks the appearance of the most influential book of the century—*The Origin of Species* by Charles Darwin (1809-1882). It revolutionized the thinking of the age by familiarizing everyone with the basic idea of evolution. In his investigations Darwin followed the Baconian system of examining a great many cases in order to arrive at a general statement, but he added to that system the procedure essential in all modern science—the adoption of an



Photo: W. F. Mansell

#### THOMAS HUXLEY

hypothesis. That is, he was always forming guesses (hypotheses) to explain the facts that he gathered, and then he sought to verify each hypothesis by patient investigation. His hypothesis that evolution is caused by the struggle of the fittest in the struggle for existence became a topic of discussion for the rest of the century.

**Thomas Henry Huxley (1825-1895)** One of Darwin's toughest champions was Thomas Henry Huxley.

Huxley had little formal schooling until he entered upon his medical studies. As a boy he was influenced by Carlyle's writings, from which, he said later, he learned “to make things clear and get rid of cant and shams of all sorts.” By the age of twenty-six he had cleared up several problems in biology in so convincing a fashion that he was elected Fellow of the Royal Society—the same organization of which Samuel Pepys was one time president. When Darwin was attacked, Huxley at once rose to defend him.

One reason that Huxley won the

public over to a profound interest in science is that he gave himself generously to the cause of education and public service. Another is the exceptional clarity of his exposition. His ideal was to write and talk, as he explained, "in such language that one can

stand cross-examination on each word." His plain and honest diction is strikingly different from the luxuriant language of Ruskin, yet Huxley, too, was an eminent writer, for he was able to show that science is a *human* concern of the deepest interest.

**Summary** The long reign of Queen Victoria witnessed tremendous changes in English life and literature. The people gained more and more control over the government as industry brought greater and greater wealth to the country. In the first half of the reign history was the center of intellectual concern, to which both Macaulay and Carlyle contributed. Carlyle, in addition, helped to turn writers from a romantic interest in the individual to a social interest in the welfare of the common people.

This mounting interest in social problems turned Ruskin from revolutionary criticism of art to vehement criticism of English life, and Arnold from classical poetry to well-mannered attacks on the landed aristocracy and the wealthy manufacturers of the century. During the last forty years of the reign natural or biological science rose to a position of commanding interest among thinking people and in the end influenced popular literature too. Thus, the vigor of the Victorians was demonstrated in thought and literature as well as in material achievement.

## SELECTIONS FOR CHAPTER XIII

### THE TRIAL OF WARREN HASTINGS

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY

[This brilliant passage is taken from an article in the *Edinburgh Review* for October, 1841. Macaulay was supposedly reviewing a biography of Warren Hastings, but he at once says, "We are inclined to think that we shall best meet the wishes of our readers, if, instead of minutely examining this book, we attempt to give, in a way necessarily hasty and imperfect, our own view of the life and character of Mr. Hastings." Thereupon follows an article of some forty thousand words—enough to fill a small book.

Warren Hastings, the first governor-general of India, was really the servant of a private corporation of English merchants, the East India Company, but his appointment came from Parliament. During the years of our Revolutionary War he displayed extraordinary ability in maintaining and consolidating British control over the native races of India, even though several of his acts were high-handed. When he returned to England in 1785, an enemy whom he had made in India, Philip Francis, secured vengeance by inflaming the party which was out of office (the Opposition) against him. At length the leaders of the party introduced into Parliament the charge that Hastings had mistreated the races in India subject to the British government.

The parliamentary procedure was for the House of Commons to impeach, that is, to accuse a public official, and for the trial to be conducted before the House of Lords, sitting as a court. Both bodies gathered in one of the oldest and most beautiful public buildings in England, Westminster Hall, which was erected in 1097 during the reign of William Rufus, son of William the Conqueror. The venerable scene of the trial which Macaulay describes vividly and eloquently may be visited today by anyone who goes to London.]

THE prorogation<sup>1</sup> soon interrupted the discussions respecting Hastings. In the following year, those discussions were resumed. The charge touching the spoliation of the begums<sup>2</sup> was brought forward by Sheridan,<sup>3</sup> in a speech which was so imperfectly reported that it may be said to be wholly lost, but which was, without doubt, the most elaborately brilliant of all the productions of his ingenious mind. The impression which it produced was such as has never been equaled. He sat down, not merely amidst cheering, but amidst the loud clapping of hands, in which the Lords below the bar and the strangers in the gallery joined. The excitement of the House was such that no other speaker could obtain a hearing; and the debate was adjourned. The ferment spread fast through the town. Within four and twenty hours, Sheridan was offered a thousand pounds for the copyright of the speech, if he would himself correct it for the press. The impression made by this remarkable display of eloquence on severe and experienced critics, whose discernment may be supposed to have been quickened by emulation, was deep and permanent. Mr. Windham,<sup>4</sup> twenty years later, said that the speech deserved all its fame, and was, in spite of some faults of taste, such as were seldom wanting either in the literary or in the parliamentary performances of Sheridan, the finest that had been delivered

<sup>1</sup> *The prorogation*, the adjournment of Parliament (1786). <sup>2</sup> *begums*, native princesses of India. Hastings had confiscated lands which were claimed by the daughter and granddaughter of the Nawab [prince] of Oude, a province of India.

<sup>3</sup> *Sheridan*. Richard Brinsley Sheridan, the dramatist, was a member of Parliament. He was one of the managers of the impeachment.

<sup>4</sup> *Windham*, William, another member of Parliament and of the impeachment committee.



within the memory of man. Mr. Fox,<sup>5</sup> about the same time, being asked by the late Lord Holland<sup>6</sup> what was the best speech ever made in the House of Commons, assigned the first place, without hesitation, to the great oration of Sheridan on the Oude charge.

When the debate was resumed, the tide ran so strongly against the accused that his friends were coughed and scraped down. Pitt<sup>7</sup> declared himself for Sheridan's motion; and the question was carried by a hundred and seventy-five votes against sixty-eight.

The Opposition, flushed with victory and strongly supported by the public sympathy, proceeded to bring forward a succession of charges relating chiefly to pecuniary transactions. The friends of Hastings were discouraged, and, having now no hope of being able to avert an impeachment, were not very strenuous in their exertions. At length the House, having agreed to twenty articles of charge, directed Burke<sup>8</sup> to go before the Lords, and to impeach the late Governor-General of high crimes and misdemeanors. Hastings was at the same time arrested by the serjeant-at-arms, and carried to the bar of the Peers.

The session was now within ten days of its close. It was, therefore, impossible that any progress could be made in the trial till the next year. Hastings was admitted to bail; and further proceedings were postponed till the houses should re-assemble.

When Parliament met in the following winter, the Commons proceeded to elect a committee for managing the impeachment. Burke stood at the head; and with him were associated most of

the leading members of the Opposition. But when the name of Francis<sup>9</sup> was read, a fierce contention arose. It was said that Francis and Hastings were notoriously on bad terms, that they had been at feud during many years, that on one occasion their mutual aversion had impelled them to seek each other's lives, and that it would be improper and indelicate to select a private enemy to be a public accuser. It was urged on the other side with great force, particularly by Mr. Windham, that impartiality, though the first duty of a judge, had never been reckoned among the qualities of an advocate; that in the ordinary administration of criminal justice among the English, the aggrieved party, the very last person who ought to be admitted into the jury-box, is the prosecutor; that what was wanted in a manager was, not that he should be free from bias, but that he should be able, well informed, energetic, and active. The ability and information of Francis were admitted; and the very animosity with which he was reproached, whether a virtue or a vice, was at least a pledge for his energy and activity. It seems difficult to refute these arguments. But the inveterate hatred borne by Francis to Hastings had excited general disgust. The House decided that Francis should not be a manager. Pitt voted with the majority, Dundas<sup>10</sup> with the minority.

In the meantime, the preparations for the trial had proceeded rapidly; and on the thirteenth of February, 1788, the sittings of the Court commenced. There have been spectacles more dazzling to the eye, more gorgeous with jewelry and cloth of gold, more attractive to grown-up children, than that which was then exhibited at Westminster; but, perhaps, there never was a spectacle so

<sup>5</sup> Fox, Charles James (1749-1806), an English statesman and orator. <sup>6</sup> Lord Holland, Henry Fox (1705-1774), a former member of Parliament.

<sup>7</sup> Pitt, William (1759-1806), Prime Minister of England at the time. <sup>8</sup> Burke, Edmund (1729-1797), the famous advocate of peace with America.

<sup>9</sup> Francis, Sir Philip (1740-1818), a member of Parliament. See the headnote, page 479.

<sup>10</sup> Dundas, Henry (1742-1811), a Scottish statesman and personal friend of Pitt.

well calculated to strike a highly cultivated, a reflecting, and imaginative mind. All the various kinds of interest which belong to the near and to the distant, to the present and to the past, were collected on one spot and in one hour. All the talents and all the accomplishments which are developed by liberty and civilization were now displayed, with every advantage that could be derived both from co-operation and from contrast. Every step in the proceedings carried the mind either backward, through many troubled centuries, to the days when the foundations of our constitution were laid; or far away, over boundless seas and deserts, to dusky nations living under strange stars, worshiping strange gods, and writing strange characters from right to left. The High Court of Parliament was to sit, according to forms handed down from the days of the Plantagenets,<sup>11</sup> on an Englishman accused of exercising tyranny over the lord of the holy city of Benares, and over the ladies of the princely house of Oude.<sup>12</sup>

The place was worthy of such a trial. It was the great hall of William Rufus, the hall which had resounded with acclamations at the inauguration of thirty kings, the hall which had witnessed the just sentence of Bacon<sup>13</sup> and the just absolution of Somers,<sup>14</sup> the hall where the eloquence of Strafford<sup>15</sup> had for a moment awed and melted a victorious party inflamed with just resentment, the hall where Charles<sup>16</sup> had confronted the High Court of Justice with the placid courage which has half

redeemed his fame. Neither military nor civil pomp was wanting. The avenues were lined with grenadiers.<sup>17</sup> The streets were kept clear by cavalry. The peers, robed in gold and ermine, were marshaled by the heralds under Garter King-at-Arms.<sup>18</sup> The judges in their vestments of state attended to give advice on points of law. Near a hundred and seventy lords, three-fourths of the Upper House as the Upper House then was, walked in solemn order from their usual place of assembling to the tribunal. The junior Baron<sup>19</sup> present led the way, George Eliott, Lord Heathfield, recently ennobled for his memorable defense of Gibraltar against the fleets and armies of France and Spain. The long procession was closed by the Duke of Norfolk, Earl Marshal<sup>20</sup> of the realm, by the great dignitaries, and by the brothers and sons of the King. Last of all came the Prince of Wales, conspicuous by his fine person and noble bearing. The gray old walls were hung with scarlet. The long galleries were crowded by an audience such as has rarely excited the fears or the emulation of an orator. There were gathered together, from all parts of a great, free, enlightened, and prosperous empire, grace and female loveliness, wit and learning, the representatives of every science and of every art. There were seated round the Queen the fair-haired young daughters of the house of Brunswick.<sup>21</sup> There the ambassadors of great kings and commonwealths gazed with admiration on a spectacle which no other country in the world could present. There Siddons,<sup>22</sup> in the prime of

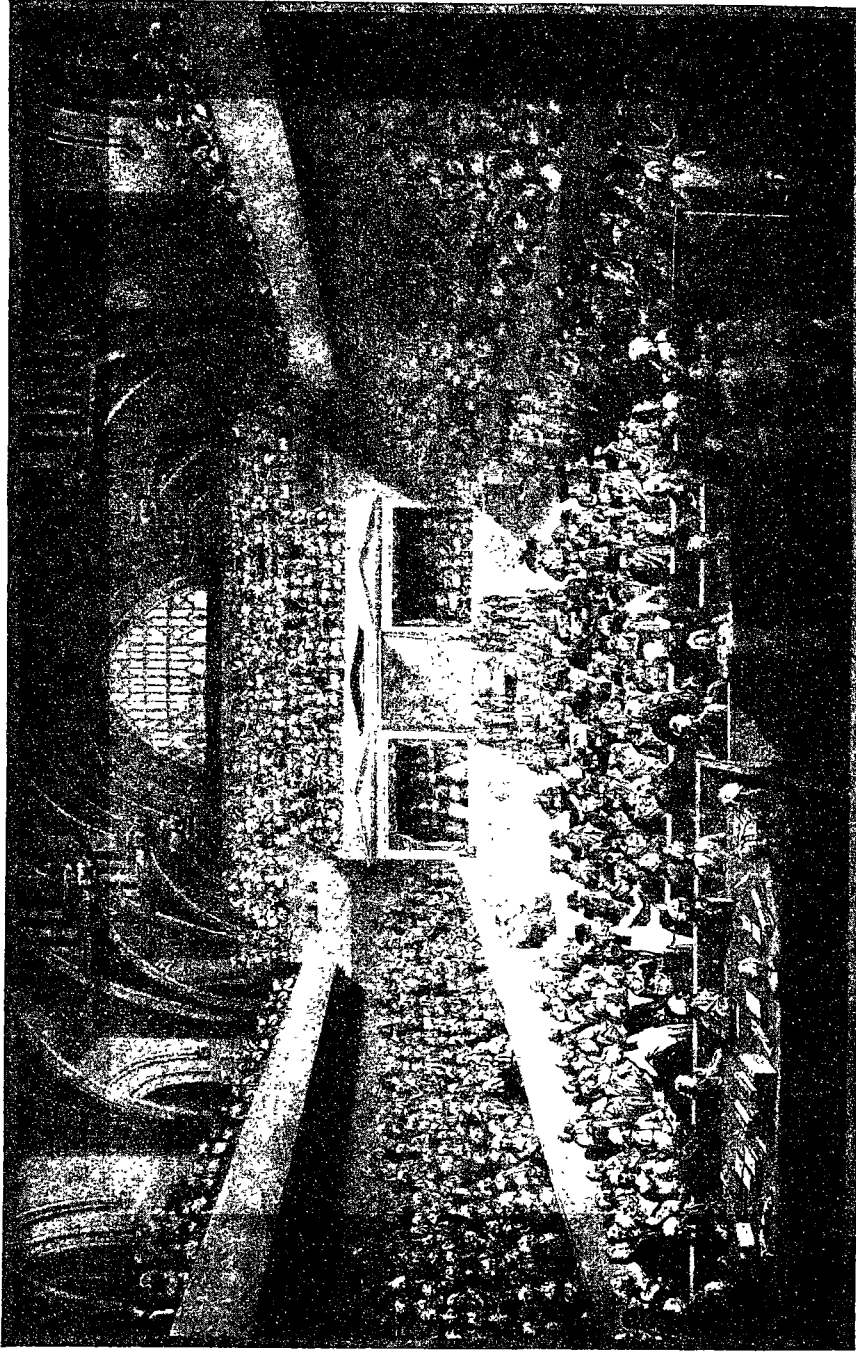
<sup>11</sup> *Plantagenets*, the line of English kings from Henry II (1154-1189) to Richard III (1483-1485). <sup>12</sup> *ladies . . . Oude*. See note 2, page 479. <sup>13</sup> *just sentence of Bacon*. See page 176. <sup>14</sup> *Somers*, Baron John, an English statesman who was impeached but acquitted in 1701.

<sup>15</sup> *Strafford*. Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Strafford, was impeached, condemned, and executed in 1641. <sup>16</sup> *Charles*, Charles I, who was executed for treason in 1649.

<sup>17</sup> *grenadiers*, brilliantly costumed soldiers.

<sup>18</sup> *Garter King-at-Arms*, the chief heraldic officer of England, who regulates the arms of the peers.

<sup>19</sup> *the junior Baron*, the youngest baron in the House of Lords. <sup>20</sup> *Earl Marshal*, the head of the Heralds' College in England. He arranges the order of state processions. <sup>21</sup> *house of Brunswick*, a royal house of Europe. <sup>22</sup> *Siddons*, Mrs. Sarah Kemble, the great tragic actress of the time.



From a rare old print

# THE TRIAL OF WARREN HASTINGS

Courtesy of Mr. A. Edward Newton

her majestic beauty, looked with emotion on a scene surpassing all the imitations of the stage. There the historian of the Roman Empire<sup>23</sup> thought of the days when Cicero pleaded the cause of Sicily against Verres,<sup>24</sup> and when, before a senate which still retained some show of freedom, Tacitus thundered against the oppressor of Africa.<sup>25</sup> There were seen, side by side, the greatest painter and the greatest scholar of the age. The spectacle had allured Reynolds<sup>26</sup> from that easel which has preserved to us the thoughtful foreheads of so many writers and statesmen, and the sweet smiles of so many noble matrons. It had induced Parr<sup>27</sup> to suspend his labors in that dark and profound mine from which he had extracted a vast treasure of erudition, a treasure too often buried in the earth, too often paraded with injudicious and inelegant ostentation, but still precious, massive, and splendid. There appeared the voluptuous charms of her to whom<sup>28</sup> the heir of the throne had in secret plighted his faith. There too was she,<sup>29</sup> the beautiful mother of a beautiful race, the Saint Cecilia, whose delicate features, lighted up by love and music, art has rescued from the common decay. There were the members of that

brilliant society which quoted, criticized, and exchanged repartees, under the rich peacock hangings of Mrs. Montague.<sup>30</sup> And there the ladies whose lips, more persuasive than those of Fox himself, had carried the Westminster election against palace and treasury, shone round Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire.<sup>31</sup>

The serjeants made proclamation. Hastings advanced to the bar, and bent his knee. The culprit was indeed not unworthy of that great presence. He had ruled an extensive and populous country, had made laws and treaties, had sent forth armies, had set up and pulled down princes. And in his high place he had so borne himself that all had feared him, that most had loved him, and that hatred itself could deny him no title to glory, except virtue. He looked like a great man, and not like a bad man. A person small and emaciated, yet deriving dignity from a carriage which, while it indicated deference to the Court, indicated also habitual self-possession and self-respect, a high and intellectual forehead, a brow pensive, but not gloomy, a mouth of inflexible decision, a face pale and worn, but serene, on which was written, as legibly as under the picture in the council-chamber at Calcutta, *Mens aequa in arduis*,<sup>32</sup> such was the aspect with which the great proconsul presented himself to his judges.

His counsel accompanied him, men all of whom were afterwards raised by their talents and learning to the highest posts in their profession, the bold and strong-minded Law, afterwards Chief Justice of the King's Bench; the more humane and eloquent Dallas, after-

<sup>23</sup> *historian of the Roman Empire*. Edward Gibbon (1737-1794), whose greatest work is *The Rise and Fall of the Roman Empire*.

<sup>24</sup> *Cicero . . . Verres*. Verres, Roman governor of Sicily, was brought to trial for plundering the province. Cicero directed one of his most famous speeches against him. <sup>25</sup> *Tacitus . . . Africa*. When Marius, a proconsul of Africa, was prosecuted in 99 A.D., the Roman historian and orator, Cornelius Tacitus, conducted the prosecution.

<sup>26</sup> *Reynolds*, Sir Joshua (1723-1792). <sup>27</sup> *Parr*, Samuel (1747-1825), was famed for the extent of his knowledge. <sup>28</sup> *her to whom*, etc., Mrs. Maria Anne Fitzherbert, to whom the Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV, was secretly married in 1785.

<sup>29</sup> *she*, Elizabeth Ann Sheridan, first wife of the dramatist Richard Brinsley Sheridan and grandmother of the three great beauties, Lady Dufferin, the Hon. Mrs. Norton, and the Duchess of Somerset. Mrs. Sheridan herself was celebrated for her beauty and for singing in oratorios, and she posed for Reynolds's picture "St. Cecilia and the Virgin."

<sup>30</sup> *Mrs. Montague*, Elizabeth (1720-1800), a celebrated lady of fashion whose home was a center of wit and conversation. <sup>31</sup> *Duchess of Devonshire*, Georgiana Cavendish, who canvassed for Fox in the Westminster election of 1784.

<sup>32</sup> *Mens . . . arduis*, a calm, serene mind among difficulties,

wards Chief Justice of the Common Pleas; and Plomer, who, near twenty years later, successfully conducted in the same high court the defense of Lord Melville, and subsequently became Vice-chancellor and Master of the Rolls.

But neither the culprit nor his advocates attracted so much notice as the accusers. In the midst of the blaze of red drapery, a space had been fitted up with green benches and tables for the Commons. The managers, with Burke at their head, appeared in full dress. The collectors of gossip did not fail to remark that even Fox, generally so regardless of his appearance, had paid to the illustrious tribunal the compliment of wearing a bag<sup>33</sup> and sword. Pitt had refused to be one of the conductors of the impeachment; and his commanding, copious, and sonorous eloquence was wanting to that great muster of various talents. Age and blindness had unfitted Lord North<sup>34</sup> for the duties of a public prosecutor; and his friends were left without the help of his excellent sense, his tact, and his urbanity. But in spite of the absence of these two distinguished members of the Lower House, the box in which the managers stood contained an array of speakers such as perhaps has not appeared together since the great age of Athenian eloquence. There were Fox and Sheridan, the English Demosthenes<sup>35</sup> and the English Hyperides.<sup>36</sup> There was Burke, ignorant indeed or negligent of the art of adapting his reasonings and his style to the capacity and taste of his hearers, but in amplitude of comprehension and richness of imagination superior to every orator, ancient or modern. There, with eyes reverentially

fixed on Burke, appeared the finest gentleman of the age, his form developed by every manly exercise, his face beaming with intelligence and spirit, the ingenious, the chivalrous, the high-souled Windham. Nor, though surrounded by such men, did the youngest manager<sup>37</sup> pass unnoticed. At an age when most of those who distinguish themselves in life are still contending for prizes and fellowships at college, he had won for himself a conspicuous place in Parliament. No advantage of fortune or connection was wanting that could set off to the height his splendid talents and his unblemished honor. At twenty-three he had been thought worthy to be ranked with the veteran statesmen who appeared as the delegates of the British Commons, at the bar of the British nobility. All who stood at that bar, save him alone, are gone, culprit, advocates, accusers. To the generation which is now in the vigor of life, he is the sole representative of a great age which has passed away. But those who, within the last ten years, have listened with delight, till the morning sun shone on the tapestries of the House of Lords, to the lofty and animated eloquence of Charles Earl Grey, are able to form some estimate of the powers of a race of men among whom he was not the foremost.

The charges and the answers of Hastings were first read. The ceremony occupied two whole days, and was rendered less tedious than it would otherwise have been by the silver voice and just emphasis of Cowper, the clerk of the court, a near relation of the amiable poet. On the third day Burke rose. Four sittings were occupied by his opening speech, which was intended to be a general introduction to all the charges. With an exuberance of

<sup>33</sup> a bag, a pouch to hold the back hair of a wig. English judges always wear wigs.

<sup>34</sup> Lord North, Prime Minister, 1770-1782.

<sup>35</sup> Demosthenes (384?-322 B.C.), the greatest Athenian orator. <sup>36</sup> Hyperides, another great Athenian orator, a pupil of Demosthenes.

<sup>37</sup> the youngest manager. Macaulay gives a long tribute to him before naming him. What is the effect of thus withholding the name?

thought and a splendor of diction which more than satisfied the highly raised expectation of the audience, he described the character and institutions of the natives of India, recounted the circumstances in which the Asiatic empire of Britain had originated, and set forth the constitution of the Company<sup>38</sup> and of the English presidencies. Having thus attempted to communicate to his hearers an idea of Eastern society, as vivid as that which existed in his own mind, he proceeded to arraign the administration of Hastings, as systematically conducted in defiance of morality and public law. The energy and pathos of the great orator extorted expressions of unwonted admiration from the stern and hostile Chancellor,<sup>39</sup> and, for a moment, seemed to pierce even the resolute heart of the defendant. The ladies in the galleries, unaccustomed to such displays of eloquence, excited by the solemnity of the occasion, and perhaps not unwilling to display their taste and sensibility, were in a state of uncontrollable emotion. Handkerchiefs were pulled out; smelling bottles were handed round; hysterical sobs and screams were heard; and Mrs. Sheridan was carried out in a fit. At length the orator concluded. Raising his voice till the old arches of Irish oak resounded, "Therefore," said he, "hath it with all confidence been ordered, by the Commons of Great Britain, that I impeach Warren Hastings of high crimes and misdemeanors. I impeach him in the name of the Commons' House of Parliament, whose trust he has betrayed. I impeach him in the name of the English nation, whose ancient honor he has sullied. I impeach him in the name of the people of India, whose rights he has trodden under foot,

and whose country he has turned into a desert. Lastly, in the name of human nature itself, in the name of both sexes, in the name of every age, in the name of every rank, I impeach the common enemy and oppressor of all!"

#### CLASS DISCUSSIONS

1. What was the effect of Sheridan's speech?
2. What aspects of the trial, according to Macaulay, made it impressive for a mature mind? Quote sentences from Macaulay to show what the place, the pomp, and the audience contributed to the scene. It is not necessary for you to identify all of the allusions which Macaulay's incredibly capacious memory sets down. Judge by the impression on your own mind.
3. Is Macaulay's opinion of the persons in the drama, such as Hastings, Burke, Earl Grey, impartial or partisan? To make sure, you may wish to read the life of each man in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* or some similar work of reference.
4. What impression do you gain of Burke from the final paragraph?
5. How many of the characteristics of Macaulay described on page 471 are illustrated in this selection? Give evidence for each answer.

(For suggested activities see page 506.)

#### PRACTICAL-DEVOTIONAL

[From *Past and Present*]

THOMAS CARLYLE

[In Scott's *Ivanhoe* your old friend, Richard of the Lion Heart, returned to his kingdom of England to rout his enemies. In these pages from Carlyle, he comes to life again along with tournaments and churchmen. But Carlyle's interest is centered in the Abbot of a wealthy monastery—a man whose masterly conduct of his office made him one of Carlyle's heroes. For us, however, the selection is chiefly valuable because it pictures the actual life of that romantic age. Carlyle was following a contemporary twelfth-cen-

<sup>38</sup> the Company, the English East India Company, a corporation which had been chartered by Queen Elizabeth in 1600 for exclusive trading rights in the East Indies. <sup>39</sup> Chancellor, the presiding judge.

tury account in Latin; from it he frequently quotes phrases, which his historical imagination translates with graphic realism.]

HERE indeed, perhaps, by rule of antagonisms, may be the place to mention that, after King Richard's return,<sup>1</sup> there was a liberty of tourneying given to the fighting men of England: that a Tournament was proclaimed in the Abbot's domain, "between Thetford and St. Edmundsbury"—perhaps in the Euston region, on Fakenham Heights, midway between these two localities: that it was publicly prohibited by our Lord Abbot; and nevertheless was held in spite of him—and by the parties, as would seem, considered "a gentle and free passage of arms."

Nay, next year, there came to the same spot four-and-twenty young men, sons of Nobles, for another passage of arms; who, having completed the same, all rode into St. Edmundsbury to lodge for the night. Here is modesty! Our Lord Abbot, being instructed of it, ordered the Gates to be closed; the whole party shut in. The morrow was the Vigil of the Apostles Peter and Paul; no outgate<sup>2</sup> on the morrow. Giving their promise not to depart without permission, those four-and-twenty young bloods dieted all day (*manducaverunt*) with the Lord Abbot, waiting for trial on the morrow. "But after dinner"—mark it, posterity!—"the Lord Abbot retiring into his *Thalamus*,<sup>3</sup> they all started up, and began caroling and singing (*carolare et cantare*); sending into the Town for wine; drinking, and afterwards howling (*ululantes*);—totally depriving the Abbot and Convent of their afternoon's nap; doing all this

in derision of the Lord Abbot, and spending in such fashion the whole day till evening, nor would they desist at the Lord Abbot's order! Night coming on, they broke the bolts of the Town-Gates, and went off by violence!" Was the like ever heard of? The roisterous young dogs; caroling, howling, breaking the Lord Abbot's sleep—after that sinful chivalry cockfight of theirs! They too are a feature of distant centuries, as of near ones. St. Edmund<sup>4</sup> on the edge of your horizon, or whatever else there, young scamps, in the dandy state, whether cased in iron or in whalebone,<sup>5</sup> begin to caper and carol on the green Earth! Our Lord Abbot excommunicated most of them; and they gradually came in for repentance.

Excommunication is a great recipe with our Lord Abbot; the prevailing purifier in those ages. Thus when the Townsfolk and Monks'-menials quarrelled once at the Christmas Mysteries<sup>6</sup> in St. Edmund's Churchyard, and "from words it came to cuffs, and from cuffs to cuttings and the effusion of blood"—our Lord Abbot excommunicates sixty of the rioters, with bell, book, and candle (*accensis candelis*), at one stroke. Whereupon they all come suppliant, indeed nearly naked, "nothing on but their breeches (*omnino nudi praeter femoralia*), and prostrate themselves at the "Church-door." Figure that!

In fact, by excommunication or persuasion, by impetuosity of driving or adroitness in leading, this Abbot, it is now becoming plain everywhere, is a man that generally remains master at last. He tempers his medicine to the malady, now hot, now cool; prudent

<sup>1</sup> *King Richard's return.* Richard I (1189-1199), led an expedition to recover the Holy Lands from the Mohammedans.

<sup>2</sup> *outgate*, going outside the gates. <sup>3</sup> *Thalamus*, den.

<sup>4</sup> *St. Edmund*, king of East Angles. When captured by the Danes, he refused to renounce Christianity and was shot to death with arrows. <sup>5</sup> *cased . . . whalebone.* Carlyle contrasts medieval dandies in armor with modern dandies wearing whalebone supports. <sup>6</sup> *Christmas Mysteries*, mystery, or religious, plays presented at Christmas time.

though fiery, an eminently practical man. Nay sometimes in his adroit practice there are swift turns almost of a surprising nature! Once, for example, it chanced that Geoffrey Riddell, Bishop of Ely, a prelate rather troublesome to our Abbot, made a request of him for timber from his woods towards certain edifices going on at Glemsford. The Abbot, a great builder himself, disliked the request; could not, however, give it a negative. While he lay, therefore, at his Manorhouse of Melford not long after, there comes to him one of the Lord Bishop's men or monks, with a message from his Lordship, "That he now begged permission to cut down the requisite trees in Elmswell Wood,"—so said the monk: *Elmswell*, where there are no trees but scrubs and shrubs, instead of *Elmset*, our true *nemus*<sup>7</sup> and high-towering oakwood, here on Melford Manor! *Elmswell*? The Lord Abbot, in surprise, inquires privily of Richard his Forester; Richard answers that my Lord of Ely has already had his *carpentarii*<sup>8</sup> in *Elmset*, and marked out for his own use all the best trees in the compass of it. Abbot Samson thereupon answers the monk: "*Elmswell*? Yes surely, be it as my Lord Bishop wishes." The successful monk, on the morrow morning, hastens home to Ely; but, on the morrow morning, "directly after mass," Abbot Samson too was busy! The successful monk, arriving at Ely, is rated for a goose and an owl; is ordered back to say that *Elmset* was the place meant. Alas, on arriving at *Elmset*, he finds the Bishop's trees, they "and a hundred more," all felled and piled, and the stamp of St. Edmund's Monastery burnt into them—for roofing of the great tower we are building there! Your importunate Bishop must seek wood for Glemsford edifices in some other *nemus* than this. A practical Abbot!

We said withal there was a terrible flash of anger in him: witness his address to old Herbert the Dean, who in a too thrifty manner has erected a windmill for himself on his glebelands<sup>9</sup> at Haberdon. On the morrow, after mass, our Lord Abbot orders the *Cellerarius*<sup>10</sup> to send off his carpenters to demolish the said structure *brevis manu*,<sup>11</sup> and lay up the wood in safe keeping. Old Dean Herbert, hearing what was toward, comes tottering along hither, to plead humbly for himself and his mill. The Abbot answers: "I am obliged to thee as if thou hadst cut off both my feet! By God's face (*per os Dei*), I will not eat bread till that fabric be torn in pieces. Thou art an old man, and shouldst have known that neither the King nor his Justiciary dare change aught within the Liberties,<sup>12</sup> without consent of Abbot and Convent; and thou hast presumed on such a thing? I tell thee, it will *not* be without damage to my mills; for the Townsfolk will go to thy mill and grind their corn (*bladum suum*) at their own good pleasure; nor can I hinder them, since they are free men. I will allow no new mills on such principle. Away, away; before thou gettest home again, thou shalt see what thy mill has grown to!"—The very reverend, the old Dean totters home again in all haste: tears the mill in pieces by his own *carpentarii* to save at least the timber; and Abbot Samson's workmen coming up, find the ground already clear of it.

Easy to bully down poor old rural Deans, and blow their wind mills away: but who is the man that dare abide King Richard's anger; cross the Lion in his path, and take him by the whiskers! Abbot Samson too; he is that

<sup>9</sup> *glebe-lands*, land assigned to a clergyman as part of his living. <sup>10</sup> *the Cellerarius*, the steward. <sup>11</sup> *brevis manu*, with a quick hand, swiftly. <sup>12</sup> *the Liberties*, the area within which the powers of the sheriff were taken over by another, here the Abbot.

<sup>7</sup> *nemus*, forest. <sup>8</sup> *carpentarii*, carpenters.



man, with justice on his side. The case was this. Adam de Cokefield, one of the chief feudatories<sup>13</sup> of St. Edmund, and a principal man in the Eastern Counties, died, leaving large possessions, and for heiress a daughter of three months; who, by clear law, as all men know, became thus Abbot Samson's ward; whom accordingly he proceeded to dispose of to such person as seemed fittest. But now King Richard has another person in view, to whom the little ward and her great possessions were a suitable thing. He, by letter, requests that Abbot Samson will have the goodness to give her to this person. Abbot Samson, with deep humility, replies that she is already given. Now letters from Richard, of severer tenor; answered with new deep humilities, with gifts and entreaties, with no promise of obedience. King Richard's ire is kindled; messengers arrive at St. Edmundsbury, with emphatic message to obey or tremble! Abbot Samson, wisely silent as to the King's threats, makes answer: "The King can send if he will and seize the ward: force and power he has to do his pleasure, and abolish the whole Abbey. But I, for my part, never can be bent to wish this that he seeks, nor shall it by me be ever done. For there is danger lest such things be made a precedent of, to the prejudice of my successors. *Videat Altissimus*, Let the Most High look on it. Whatsoever thing shall befall I will patiently endure."

Such was Abbot Samson's deliberate decision. Why not? Coeur-de-Lion is very dreadful, but not the dreadfulest. *Videat Altissimus*. I reverence Coeur-de-Lion to the marrow of my bones, and will in all right things be *homo suus*;<sup>14</sup> but it is not, properly speaking, with terror, with any fear at all. On the whole, have I not looked on the face

of "Satan with outspread wings"; steadily into Hellfire these seven-and-forty years;—and was not melted into terror even at that, such the Lord's goodness to me? Coeur-de-Lion!

Richard swore tornado oaths, worse than our armies in Flanders, to be revenged on that proud Priest. But in the end he discovered that the Priest was right; and forgave him, and even loved him. "King Richard wrote, soon after, to Abbot Samson, That he wanted one or two of the St. Edmundsbury dogs, which he heard were good." Abbot Samson sent him dogs of the best; Richard replied by the present of a ring, which Pope Innocent the Third had given him. Thou brave Richard, thou brave Samson! Richard too, I suppose, "loved a man," and knew one when he saw him.

#### CLASS DISCUSSIONS

1. For which of his masterly exploits do you think Carlyle most admired Abbot Samson? Which of them is to you most interesting?

2. Compare Carlyle's way of writing history with Macaulay's. Which do you like better? Give reasons.

(For suggested activities see page 507.)

#### KNOWLEDGE VIEWED IN RELATION TO LEARNING

JOHN HENRY, CARDINAL NEWMAN

[Now that you are about to complete your high-school course, you have doubtless been wondering what is the use of education. In the following address taken from a book entitled *The Idea of a University* (1857) Cardinal Newman gives his answer: The knowledge we gain in school and college is of value only so far as we make use of it. This is a fundamental truth, to which everyone today will agree. Knowledge may be put to many uses, but the kind of use which New-

<sup>13</sup> feudatories, landowners by feudal tenure.

<sup>14</sup> *homo suus*, his man, his devoted follower.

man was talking about had nothing to do with the practical activities of life in a business or profession. As a rector of the Catholic University of Dublin, he was addressing young men who expected to enter the priesthood. The kind of use he had in mind was therefore usefulness in the task of understanding the meaning and value of all the kinds of knowledge which they needed to form a view of mankind and man's destiny. That is, he wished his students to arrive at a comprehensive and philosophical outlook upon life.

With this central thought before you, read through the selection to find the following divisions. 1. What is required beyond knowledge for one to become truly educated (to page 490, "And yet . . .")? 2. What experiences give one an enlarged understanding of nature or people or the unseen world (to page 492, "Now from . . .")? 3. In what does this sense or consciousness of enlarged understanding consist (to end of page 492)? This section is the core of the address. 4. What experiences do *not* produce this enlargement (to page 494, "To have . . .")? 5. What is the value of this enlarged view of the world (to end of passage)? Having found these general divisions, you may study each section to discover how precisely Newman states his thought.]

**I** SUPPOSE the *prima-facie*<sup>1</sup> view which the public at large would take of a University, considering it as a place of education, is nothing more or less than a place for acquiring a great deal of knowledge on a great many subjects. Memory is one of the first developed of the mental faculties; a boy's business when he goes to school is to learn, that is, to store up things in his memory. For some years his intellect is little more than an instrument for taking in facts, or a receptacle for storing them; he welcomes them as fast as they come to him; he lives on what is without; he has his eyes ever about him; he has a lively susceptibility of

impressions; he imbibes information of every kind; and little does he make his own in a true sense of the word, living rather upon his neighbors all around him. He has opinions, religious and literary, and, for a boy, is very positive in them and sure about them; but he gets them from his schoolfellows, or his masters, or his parents, as the case may be. Such as he is in his other relations, such also is he in his school exercises; his mind is observant, sharp, ready, retentive; he is almost passive in the acquisition of knowledge. I say this in no disparagement of the idea of a clever boy. Geography, chronology, history, language, natural history, he heaps up the matter of these studies as treasures for a future day. It is the seven years of plenty<sup>2</sup> with him; he gathers in by handfuls, like the Egyptians, without counting; and though, as time goes on, there is exercise for his argumentative powers in the elements of mathematics, and for his taste in the poets and orators, still, while at school, or at least, till quite the last years of his time, he acquires, and little more; and when he is leaving for the University, he is mainly the creature of foreign influences and circumstances, and made up of accidents, homogeneous or not, as the case may be. Moreover, the moral habits, which are a boy's praise, encourage and assist this result; that is, diligence, assiduity, regularity, dispatch, persevering application; for these are the direct conditions of acquisition, and naturally lead to it. Acquirements, again, are emphatically producible, and at a moment; they are a something to show, both for master and scholar. An audience, even though ignorant themselves of the subject of an examination, can comprehend when questions are answered and when they are not. Here again is a reason why mental culture is in the minds of

<sup>1</sup> *prima-facie*, offhand.

<sup>2</sup> *seven years of plenty*, Genesis xli.

men identified with the acquisition of knowledge.

The same notion possesses the public mind, when it passes on from the thought of a school to that of a University; and with the best of reasons so far as this, that there is no true culture without acquirements, and that philosophy presupposes knowledge. It requires a great deal of reading, or a wide range of information, to warrant us in putting forth our opinions on any serious subject; and without such learning the most original mind may be able indeed to dazzle, to amuse, to refute, to perplex, but not to come to any useful result or any trustworthy conclusion. There are indeed persons who profess a different view of the matter, and even act upon it. Every now and then you will find a person of vigorous or fertile mind, who relies upon his own resources, despises all former authors, and gives the world, with the utmost fearlessness, his views upon religion, or history, or any other popular subject. And his works may sell for a while; he may get a name in his day; but this will be all. His readers are sure to find on the long run that his doctrines are mere theories, and not the expression of facts, that they are chaff instead of bread; and then his popularity drops as suddenly as it rose.

Knowledge then is the indispensable condition of expansion of mind, and the instrument of attaining to it. This cannot be denied; it is ever to be insisted on. I begin with it as a first principle. However, the very truth of it carries men too far, and confirms to them the notion that it is the whole of the matter. A narrow mind is thought to be that which contains little knowledge; and an enlarged mind that which holds a great deal; and what seems to put the matter beyond dispute is the fact of the great number of

studies which are pursued in a University, by its very profession. Lectures are given on every kind of subject; examinations are held; prizes awarded. There are moral, metaphysical, physical professors; professors of languages, of history, of mathematics, of experimental science. Lists of questions are published, wonderful for their range and depth, variety and difficulty; treatises are written, which carry upon their very face the evidence of extensive reading or multifarious information. What then is wanting for mental culture to a person of large reading and scientific attainments? What is grasp of mind but acquirement? Where shall philosophical repose be found but in the consciousness and enjoyment of large intellectual possessions?

And yet this notion is, I conceive, a mistake, and my present business is to show that it is one, and that the end of a liberal education is not mere knowledge, or knowledge considered in its *matter*; and I shall best attain my object by actually setting down some cases, which will be generally granted to be instances of the process of enlightenment or enlargement of mind, and others which are not, and thus, by the comparison, you will be able to judge for yourselves, gentlemen, whether knowledge, that is, acquirement, is, after all, the real principle of the enlargement, or whether that principle is not rather something beyond it.

For instance, let a person, whose experience has hitherto been confined to the more calm and unpretending scenery of these islands, whether here or in England, go for the first time into parts where physical nature puts on her wilder and more awful forms, whether at home or abroad, as into mountainous districts; or let one who has ever lived in a quiet village go for the first time to a great metropolis—then I suppose he will have a sensation which

perhaps he never had before. He has a feeling not in addition or increase of former feelings, but of something different in its nature. He will perhaps be borne forward, and find for a time that he has lost his bearings. He has made a certain progress, and he has a consciousness of mental enlargement. He does not stand where he did; he has a new center, and a range of thoughts to which he was before a stranger.

Again, the view of the heavens which the telescope opens upon us, if allowed to fill and possess the mind, may almost whirl it round and make it dizzy. It brings in a flood of ideas, and is rightly called an intellectual enlargement, whatever is meant by the term.

And so again, the sight of beasts of prey and other foreign animals, their strangeness, the originality—if I may use the term—of their forms and gestures and habits and their variety and independence of each other, throw us out of ourselves into another creation, and as if under another Creator, if I may so express the temptation which may come on the mind. We seem to have new faculties, or a new exercise for our faculties, by this addition to our knowledge; like a prisoner, who, having been accustomed to wear manacles or fetters, suddenly finds his arms and legs free.

Hence physical science generally, in all its departments, as bringing before us the exuberant riches and resources, yet the orderly course, of the universe, elevates and excites the student, and at first, I may say, almost takes away his breath, while in time it exercises a tranquilizing influence upon him.

Again, the study of history is said to enlarge and enlighten the mind. And why? Because, as I conceive, it gives it a power of judging passing events, and of all events, and a conscious supe-

riority over them, which before it did not possess.

And, in like manner, what is called seeing the world, entering into active life, going into society, traveling, gaining acquaintance with the various classes of the community, coming into contact with the principles and modes of thought of various parties, interests, and races, their views, aims, habits and manners, their religious creeds and forms of worship—gaining experience of how various yet how alike men are, how low-minded, how bad, how opposed, yet how confident in their opinions; all this exerts a perceptible influence upon the mind, which it is impossible to mistake, be it good or be it bad, and is popularly called its enlargement.

And then again, the first time the mind comes across the arguments and speculations of unbelievers, and feels what a novel light they cast upon what he has hitherto accounted sacred; and still more, if it gives in to them and embraces them, and throws off as so much prejudice what it has hitherto held, and, as if waking from a dream, begins to realize to its imagination that there is now no such thing as law and the transgression of law, that sin is a phantom, and punishment a bugbear, that it is free to sin, free to enjoy the world and the flesh; and still further, when it does enjoy them, and reflects that it may think and hold just what it will, that "the world is all before it where to choose,"<sup>3</sup> and what system to build up as its own private persuasion; when this torrent of willful thoughts rushes over and inundates it, who will deny that the fruit of the tree of knowledge, or what the mind takes for knowledge, has made it one of the gods, with a sense of expansion and elevation—an intoxication in real-

<sup>3</sup> *the world . . . choose*, from *Paradise Lost*, XII, 646.

ity, still, so far as the subjective state of the mind goes, an illumination? Hence the fanaticism of individuals or nations, who suddenly cast off their Maker. Their eyes are opened; and, like the judgment-stricken king in the tragedy, they see two suns, and a magic universe, out of which they look back upon their former state of faith and innocence with a sort of contempt and indignation, as if they were then but fools, and the dupes of imposture.

On the other hand, religion has its own enlargement, and an enlargement, not of tumult, but of peace. It is often remarked of uneducated persons, who have hitherto thought little of the unseen world, that, on their turning to God, looking into themselves, regulating their hearts, reforming their conduct, and meditating on death and judgment, heaven and hell, they seem to become, in point of intellect, different beings from what they were. Before, they took things as they came, and thought no more of one thing than another. But now every event has a meaning; they have their own estimate of whatever happens to them; they are mindful of times and seasons, and compare the present with the past; and the world, no longer dull, monotonous, unprofitable, and hopeless, is a various and complicated drama, with parts and an object, and an awful moral.

Now from these instances, to which many more might be added, it is plain, first, that the communication of knowledge certainly is either a condition or the means of that sense of enlargement or enlightenment, of which at this day we hear so much in certain quarters; this cannot be denied. But next, it is equally plain that such communication is not the whole of the process. The enlargement consists, not merely in the passive reception into the mind of a number of ideas hitherto unknown to it, but in the mind's energetic and

simultaneous action upon and toward and among those new ideas, which are rushing in upon it. It is the action of a formative power, reducing to order and meaning the matter of our acquirements; it is making the objects of our knowledge subjectively our own, or, to use a familiar word, it is a digestion of what we receive, into the substance of our previous state of thought; and without this no enlargement is said to follow. There is no enlargement, unless there be a comparison of ideas one with another, as they come before the mind, and a systematizing of them. We feel our minds to be growing and expanding *then*, when we not only learn, but refer what we learn to what we know already. It is not the mere addition to our knowledge that is the illumination; but the locomotion, the movement onward, of that mental center, to which both what we know, and what we are learning, the accumulating mass of our acquirements, gravitates. And therefore a truly great intellect, and recognized to be such by the common opinion of mankind, such as the intellect of Aristotle,<sup>4</sup> or of St. Thomas,<sup>5</sup> or of Newton,<sup>6</sup> or of Goethe<sup>7</sup> (I purposely take instances within and without the Catholic pale, when I would speak of the intellect as such), is one which takes a connected view of old and new, past and present, far and near, and which has an insight into the influence of all these one on another; without which there is no whole, and no center. It possesses the knowledge, not only of things, but also of their mutual and true relations; knowledge, not merely considered as acquirement, but as philosophy.

<sup>4</sup> *Aristotle* (384-322 B.C.), "master of them that know," the most famous and influential of ancient philosophers. <sup>5</sup> *St. Thomas*, Thomas Aquinas (1225-1274), the foremost theologian of the Middle Ages. <sup>6</sup> *Newton*, Sir Isaac (1642-1727), discoverer of the law of gravitation. <sup>7</sup> *Goethe*, Johann Wolfgang von (1749-1832), the greatest of German poets.

Accordingly, when this analytical, distributive, harmonizing process is away, the mind experiences no enlargement, and is not reckoned as enlightened or comprehensive, whatever it may add to its knowledge. For instance, a great memory, as I have already said, does not make a philosopher, any more than a dictionary can be called a grammar. There are men who embrace in their minds a vast multitude of ideas, but with little sensibility about their real relations toward each other. These may be antiquarians, annalists, naturalists; they may be learned in the law; they may be versed in statistics; they are most useful in their own place; I should shrink from speaking disrespectfully of them. Still there is nothing in such attainments to guarantee the absence of narrowness of mind. If they are nothing more than well-read men, or men of information, they have not what specially deserves the name of culture of mind, or fulfills the type of liberal education.

In like manner, we sometimes fall in with persons who have seen much of the world, and of the men who, in their day, have played a conspicuous part in it, but who generalize nothing, and have no observation, in the true sense of the word. They abound in information in detail, curious and entertaining, about men and things; and having lived under the influence of no very clear or settled principles, religious or political, they speak of everyone and everything only as so many phenomena, which are complete in themselves, and lead to nothing, not discussing them, or teaching any truth, or instructing the hearer, but simply talking. No one would say that these persons, well informed as they are, had attained to any great culture of intellect or to philosophy.

The case is the same still more strikingly where the persons in question are

beyond dispute men of inferior powers and deficient education. Perhaps they have been much in foreign countries, and they receive, in a passive, otiose, unfruitful way, the various facts which are forced upon them there. Seafaring men, for example, range from one end of the earth to the other; but the multiplicity of external objects which they have encountered forms no symmetrical and consistent picture upon their imagination; they see the tapestry of human life, as it were, on the wrong side, and it tells no story. They sleep, and they rise up, and they find themselves, now in Europe, now in Asia; they see visions of great cities and wild regions; they are in the marts of commerce, or amid the islands of the South; they gaze on Pompey's Pillar,<sup>8</sup> or on the Andes; and nothing which meets them carries them forward or backward, to any idea beyond itself. Nothing has a drift or relation; nothing has a history or a promise. Everything stands by itself, and comes and goes in its turn, like the shifting scenes of a show, which leave the spectator where he was. Perhaps you are near such a man on a particular occasion, and expect him to be shocked or perplexed at something which occurs; but one thing is much the same to him as another, or, if he is perplexed, it is as not knowing what to say, whether it is right to admire, or to ridicule, or to disapprove, while conscious that some expression of opinion is expected from him; for in fact he has no standard of judgment at all, and no landmarks to guide him to a conclusion. Such is mere acquisition, and, I repeat, no one would dream of calling it philosophy.

Instances such as these confirm, by the contrast, the conclusion I have already drawn from those which pre-

<sup>8</sup> *Pompey's Pillar*, a column of polished red granite nearly a hundred feet high, in Alexandria, Egypt.

ceded them. That only is true enlargement of mind which is the power of viewing many things at once as one whole, of referring them severally to their true place in the universal system, of understanding their respective values, and determining their mutual dependence. Thus is that form of universal knowledge, of which I have on a former occasion spoken, set up in the individual intellect, and constitutes its perfection. Possessed of this real illumination, the mind never views any part of the extended subject-matter of knowledge without recollecting that it is but a part, or without the associations which spring from this recollection. It makes everything in some sort lead to everything else; it would communicate the image of the whole to every separate portion, till that whole becomes in imagination like a spirit, everywhere pervading and penetrating its component parts, and giving them one definite meaning. Just as our bodily organs, when mentioned, recall their function in the body, as the word *creation* suggests the Creator, and *subjects* a sovereign, so, in the mind of the philosopher, as we are abstractedly conceiving of him, the elements of the physical and moral world, sciences, arts, pursuits, ranks, offices, events, opinions, individualities, are all viewed as one, with correlative functions, and as gradually by successive combinations converging, one and all, to the true center.

To have even a portion of this illuminative reason and true philosophy is the highest state to which nature can aspire, in the way of intellect; it puts the mind above the influences of chance and necessity, above anxiety, suspense, unsettlement, and superstition, which is the lot of the many. Men whose minds are possessed with some one object take exaggerated views of its importance, are feverish in the pursuit of it, make it the measure of things

which are utterly foreign to it, and are startled and despond if it happens to fail them. They are ever in alarm or in transport. Those, on the other hand, who have no object or principle whatever to hold by lose their way, every step they take. They are thrown out, and do not know what to think or say, at every fresh juncture; they have no view of persons, or occurrences, or facts, which come suddenly upon them, and they hang upon the opinion of others, for want of internal resources. But the intellect, which has been disciplined to the perfection of its powers, which knows, and thinks while it knows, which has learned to leaven the dense mass of facts and events with the elastic force of reason, such an intellect cannot be partial, cannot be exclusive, cannot be impetuous, cannot be at a loss, cannot but be patient, collected, and majestically calm, because it discerns the end in every beginning, the origin in every end, the law in every interruption, the limit in each delay; because it ever knows where it stands, and how its path lies from one point to another. It is the *τετράγωνος*<sup>9</sup> of the peripatetic, and has the *nil admirari*<sup>10</sup> of the Stoic:

Felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere  
causas,  
Atque metus omnes, et inexorabile  
fatum  
Subjecit pedibus, strepitumque Acher-  
ontis avari.<sup>11</sup>

There are men who, when in difficulties, originate at the moment vast ideas or dazzling projects; who, under the influence of excitement, are able to cast a light, almost as if from inspiration,

<sup>9</sup> A Greek word meaning "perfect thing."

<sup>10</sup> *nil admirari*, to wonder at nothing (that is, indifference).

<sup>11</sup> *Felix . . . avari*, happy is he who can know the causes of things and of all fears, and who places unyielding fate beneath his feet and the dread of insatiable Acheron [the river of woe in Hades].

on a subject or course of action which comes before them; who have a sudden presence of mind equal to any emergency, rising with the occasion, and an undaunted, magnanimous bearing, and an energy and keenness which is but made intense by opposition. This is genius, this is heroism; it is the exhibition of a natural gift, which no culture can teach, at which no institution can aim; here, on the contrary, we are concerned, not with mere nature, but with training and teaching. That perfection of the intellect, which is the result of education, and its *beau idéal*,<sup>12</sup> to be imparted to individuals in their respective measures, is the clear, calm, accurate vision and comprehension of all things, as far as the finite mind can embrace them, each in its place, and with its own characteristics upon it. It is almost prophetic from its knowledge of history; it is almost heart-searching from its knowledge of human nature; it has almost supernatural charity from its freedom from littleness and prejudice; it has almost the repose of faith, because nothing can startle it; it has almost the beauty and harmony of heavenly contemplation, so intimate is it with the eternal order of things and the music of the spheres.

<sup>12</sup> *beau idéal*, model.

#### CLASS DISCUSSIONS

1. In his first section Newman says that in the public schools of his day (corresponding to our private preparatory schools), memory was the chief instrument of learning. Has this been true in your high-school course? Cite courses in English composition, laboratory periods in science, and so on.

2. Have you ever had an experience which gave you an enlarged understanding of nature or people? If so, tell about it.

3. Have you ever met a person who had acquired a great deal of information but

was not truly educated? Explain, giving particulars about him.

4. Tell of some person whom you know who has the enlarged outlook on life that Newman talks about.

5. If you have pretty definite notions about the career which you would like to follow in life, explain how you will put your high-school education to use.

(For suggested activities see page 507.)

#### THE DIGNITY OF HAND-LABOR

JOHN RUSKIN

[It is often said that we live today in a machine age, but of course the whole industrial revolution (page 379) leading up to our age was brought about through the use of machinery. By Ruskin's day the factory system had expanded tremendously. How Ruskin felt about it may be seen in the following passage.]

GIVE me patience while I put the principle of machine labor before you, as clearly and in as short compass as possible; it is one that should be known at this juncture. Suppose a farming proprietor needs to employ a hundred men on his estate, and that the labor of these hundred men is enough, but not more than enough, to till all his land, and to raise from it food for his own family, and for the hundred laborers. He is obliged under such circumstances, to maintain all the men in moderate comfort, and can only by economy accumulate much for himself. But, suppose he contrive a machine that will easily do the work of fifty men, with only one man to watch it. This sounds like a great advance in civilization. The farmer of course gets his machine made, turns off the fifty men, who may starve or emigrate at their choice, and now he can keep half of the produce of his estate, which formerly went to feed them, all to himself. That is the essential and constant



operation of machinery among us at this moment.

Nay, it is at first answered; no man can in reality keep half the produce of an estate to himself, nor can he in the end keep more than his own human share of anything; his riches must diffuse themselves at some time; he must maintain somebody else with them, however he spends them. That is mainly true (not altogether so), for food and fuel are in ordinary circumstances personally wasted by rich people, in quantities which would save many lives. One of my own great luxuries, for instance, is candlelight—and I probably burn, for myself alone, as many candles<sup>1</sup> during the winter, as would comfort the old eyes, or spare the young ones, of a whole rushlighted<sup>2</sup> country village. Still, it is mainly true that it is not by their personal waste that rich people prevent the lives of the poor. This is the way they do it. Let me go back to my farmer. He has got his machine made, which goes creaking, screaming, and occasionally exploding, about modern Arcadia.<sup>3</sup> He has turned off his fifty men to starve. Now, at some distance from his own farm, there is another on which the laborers were working for their bread in the same way, by tilling the land. The machinist sends over to these, saying, "I have got food enough for you without your digging or plowing any more. I can maintain you in other occupations instead of plowing that land; if you rake in its gravel, you will find some hard stones—you shall grind those on mills till they glitter; then, my wife shall wear a necklace of them. Also, if you turn up the meadows below, you will find some fine white clay, of which you shall make a porcelain

service for me: and the rest of the farm I want for pasture for horses for my carriage—and you shall groom them, and some of you ride behind the carriage with staves in your hands, and I will keep you much fatter for doing that than you can keep yourselves by digging."

Well—but it is answered, are we to have no diamonds, nor china, nor pictures, nor footmen, then—but all to be farmers? I am not saying what we ought to do, I want only to show you with perfect clearness first what we *are doing*; and that, I repeat, is the upshot of machine-contriving in this country. And observe its effect on the national strength. Without machines, you have a hundred and fifty yeomen ready to join for defense of the land. You get your machine, starve fifty of them, make diamond-cutters or footmen of as many more, and for your national defense against an enemy, you have now, and *can* have, only fifty men, instead of a hundred and fifty; these also now with minds much alienated from you as their chief,<sup>4</sup> and the rest, lapidaries or footmen;—and a steam plow.

That is the one effect of machinery; but at all events, if we have thus lost in men, we have gained in riches; instead of happy human souls, we have at least got pictures, china, horses, and are ourselves better off than we were before. But very often, and in much of our machine-contriving, even *that* result does not follow. We are not one whit the richer for the machine; we only employ it for our amusement. For observe, our gaining in riches depends on the men who are out of employment consenting to be starved or sent out of the country. But suppose

<sup>1</sup> *candles*, tallow candles. <sup>2</sup> *rushlighted*, where homes are lighted with candles made of rushes dipped in grease. <sup>3</sup> *Arcadia*, an imaginary ideal commonwealth.

<sup>4</sup> *these also . . . chief*. Ruskin gives this note: "They were deserting, I am informed, in the early part of this year, 1873, at the rate of a regiment a week."

they do not consent passively to be starved, but some of them become criminals, and have to be taken charge of and fed at a much greater cost than if they were at work, and others, paupers, rioters, and the like, then you attain the real outcome of modern wisdom and ingenuity. You had your hundred men honestly at country work; but you don't like the sight of human beings in your fields; you like better to see a smoking kettle. You pay, as an amateur, for that pleasure, and you employ your fifty men in picking oakum,<sup>5</sup> or begging, rioting, and thieving.

By hand-labor, therefore, and that alone, we are to till the ground. By hand-labor also to plow the sea; both for food, and in commerce, and in war: not with floating kettles there neither, but with hempen bridle, and the winds of heaven in harness. That is the way the power of Greece rose on her Egean,<sup>6</sup> the power of Venice on her Adria,<sup>7</sup> of Amalfi<sup>8</sup> in her blue bay, of the Norman sea-riders from the North Cape to Sicily:—so, your own dominion also of the past. Of the past, mind you. On the Baltic and the Nile, your power is already departed. By machinery you would advance to discovery; by machinery you would carry your commerce;—you would be engineers instead of sailors; and instantly in the North seas you are beaten among the ice, and before the very Gods of Nile, beaten among the sand. Agriculture, then, by the hand or by the plow drawn only by animals; and shepherd and pastoral husbandry, are to be the chief schools of Englishmen. And this most royal academy of all academies you have to open over all the

land, purifying your heaths and hills, and waters, and keeping them full of every kind of lovely natural organism, in tree, herb, and living creature. All land that is waste and ugly, you must redeem into ordered fruitfulness; all ruin, desolateness, imperfectness of hut or habitation, you must do away with; and throughout every village and city of your English dominion, there must not be a hand that cannot find a helper, nor a heart that cannot find a comforter.

"How impossible!" I know, you are thinking. Ah! so far from impossible, it is easy, it is natural, it is necessary, and I declare to you that, sooner or later, it *must be done*, at our peril. If now our English lords of land will fix this idea steadily before them; take the people to their hearts, trust to their loyalty, lead their labor;—then indeed there will be princes again in the midst of us, worthy of the island throne,

This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle,

This fortress built by nature for herself  
Against infection and the hand of war;  
This precious stone set in the silver sea;  
This happy breed of men—this little world;

This other Eden, demi-Paradise.<sup>9</sup>

But if they refuse to do this, and hesitate and equivocate, clutching through the confused catastrophe of all things only at what they can still keep stealthily for themselves—their doom is nearer than even their adversaries hope, and it will be deeper than even their despisers dream.

That, believe me, is the work you have to do in England; and out of England you have room for everything else you care to do. Are her domin-

<sup>5</sup> *oakum*, fiber taken from old hemp ropes and used for calking seams, stopping leaks, etc.

<sup>6</sup> *Egean*, the Aegean Sea. <sup>7</sup> *Adria*, the Adriatic Sea. <sup>8</sup> *Amalfi*, an Italian city on the Gulf of Salerno.

<sup>9</sup> *This . . . demi-Paradise*, quoted from Shakespeare's *Richard II.*

ions in the world so narrow that she can find no place to spin cotton in but Yorkshire? We may organize emigration into an infinite power. We may assemble troops of the more adventurous and ambitious of our youth; we may send them on truest foreign service, founding new seats of authority, and centers of thought, in uncultivated and unconquered lands; retaining the full affection to the native country no less in our colonists than in our armies, teaching them to maintain allegiance to their fatherland in labor no less than in battle; aiding them with free hand in the prosecution of discovery, and the victory over adverse natural powers; establishing seats of every manufacture in the climates and places best fitted for it, and bringing ourselves into due alliance and harmony of skill with the dexterities of every race, and the wisdoms of every tradition and every tongue.

And then you may make England itself the center of the learning, of the arts, of the courtesies and felicities of the world. You may cover her mountains with pasture; her plains with corn, her valleys with the lily, and her gardens with the rose. You may bring together there in peace the wise and the pure, and the gentle of the earth, and by their work, command through its farthest darkness the birth of "God's first creature, which was Light." You know whose words those are; the words of the wisest of Englishmen.<sup>10</sup> He, and with him the wisest of all other great nations, have spoken always to men of this hope, and they would not hear. Plato, in the dialogue of Critias,<sup>11</sup> his last, broken off at his death—Pindar, in passionate singing of the fortunate islands<sup>12</sup>—Virgil, in the

prophetic tenth eclogue<sup>13</sup>—Bacon, in his fable of the New Atlantis<sup>14</sup>—More, in the book which, too impatiently wise, became the byword of fools<sup>15</sup>—these, all, have told us with one voice what we should strive to attain; they not hopeless of it, but for our follies forced, as it seems, by heaven, to tell us only partly and in parables, lest we should hear them and obey.

Shall we never listen to the words of these wisest of men? Then listen at least to the words of your children—let us in the lips of babes and sucklings find our strength; and see that we do not make them mock instead of pray, when we teach them, night and morning, to ask for what we believe never can be granted;—that the will of the Father—which is, that His creatures may be righteous and happy—should be done, *on earth*, as it is in Heaven.

<sup>10</sup> *Virgil . . . eclogue*. Ruskin no doubt refers to Virgil's *fourth* eclogue, which the poet wrote in 40 B.C. and which hailed the birth of a child who should bring back the Golden Age. The poem has been interpreted as a prophecy of the birth of Christ. <sup>14</sup> *Bacon . . . New Atlantis*. Bacon's *New Atlantis* describes an ideal commonwealth. <sup>15</sup> *More . . . fools*, Sir Thomas More's *Utopia* was considered by some a foolish dream of an ideal state.

#### CLASS DISCUSSIONS

1. According to Ruskin, what is the effect of the invention of machinery on workmen? On the employer? On the nation at large? What would be the effect, in Ruskin's opinion, of performing all work by hand?

2. In your opinion, what would be the effect in the United States of returning to hand-labor in making everything? You might apply this supposition to building houses or office-buildings, to making automobiles, to the amount of leisure left for education, reading, or music.

3. What qualities of Ruskin described on pages 475-476 appear in this selection? Quote to illustrate.

(For suggested activities see page 507.)

<sup>10</sup> *the wisest of Englishmen*, Sir Francis Bacon. <sup>11</sup> *Plato . . . Critias*. The Greek philosopher Plato wrote many of his works in the form of dialogues. <sup>12</sup> *Pindar . . . islands*. Pindar, a Greek lyric poet of the fifth century B. C., sang of the "Blessed Islands," where everyone was happy.

## ON A PIECE OF CHALK

THOMAS HENRY HUXLEY

[This address was delivered in 1868 to workmen in Norwich during a meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science. To follow this extraordinarily lucid explanation of a scientific topic, you should keep an atlas before you and look up the various places and regions mentioned in the course of the address.]

IF A well were to be sunk at our feet in the midst of the city of Norwich,<sup>1</sup> the diggers would very soon find themselves at work in that white substance, almost too soft to be called rock, with which we are all familiar as "chalk." Not only here, but over the whole county of Norfolk, the well-sinker might carry his shaft down many hundred feet without coming to the end of the chalk; and on the sea-coast, where the waves have pared away the face of the land which breasts them, the scarped faces of the high cliffs are often wholly formed of the same material. Northward the chalk may be followed as far as Yorkshire; on the south coast it appears abruptly in the picturesque western bays of Dorset, and breaks in to the Needles<sup>2</sup> of the Isle of Wight; while on the shores of Kent it supplies that long line of white cliffs to which England owes her name of Albion.<sup>3</sup>

Were the thin soil which covers it all washed away, a curved band of white chalk, here broader and there narrower, might be followed diagonally across England from Lulworth in Dorset to Flamborough Head in Yorkshire—a distance of over two hundred and eighty miles as the crow flies. From this band to the North Sea, on the east, and the Channel, on the south, the

chalk is largely hidden by other deposits; but, except in the Weald<sup>4</sup> of Kent and Sussex, it enters into the very foundation of all the southeastern counties.

Attaining, as it does in some places, a thickness of more than a thousand feet, the English chalk must be admitted to be a mass of considerable magnitude. Nevertheless, it covers but an insignificant portion of the whole area occupied by the chalk formation of the globe, which has precisely the same general characters as ours, and is found in detached patches, some less and others more extensive than the English. Chalk occurs in northwest Ireland; it stretches over a large part of France—the chalk which underlies Paris being, in fact, a continuation of that of the London basin; runs through Denmark and central Europe, and extends southward to North Africa; while eastward, it appears in the Crimea and in Syria, and may be traced as far as the shores of the Sea of Aral, in central Asia. If all the points at which true chalk occurs were circumscribed, they would lie within an irregular oval about three thousand miles in long diameter, the area of which would be as great as that of Europe, and would many times exceed that of the largest existing inland sea—the Mediterranean.

Thus the chalk is no unimportant element in the masonry of the earth's crust, and it impresses a peculiar stamp, varying with the conditions to which it is exposed, on the scenery of the districts in which it occurs. The undulating downs and rounded coombs,<sup>5</sup> covered with sweet-grassed turf, of our inland chalk country, have a peacefully domestic and mutton-suggesting prettiness, but can hardly be called either grand or beautiful. But on our southern coasts, the wall-sided cliffs, many

<sup>1</sup> *Norwich*, a town in Norfolk County, England. <sup>2</sup> *Needles*, three white, pointed rocks of chalk at the western end of the Isle of Wight. They are about a hundred feet tall.

<sup>3</sup> *Albion*, from the Latin *alba*, white.

<sup>4</sup> *Weald*, the Anglo-Saxon name for this region. <sup>5</sup> *coombs*, hollows inclosed on all sides but one by steep cliffs.

hundred feet high, with vast needles and pinnacles standing out in the sea, sharp and solitary enough to serve as perches for the wary cormorant, confer a wonderful beauty and grandeur upon the chalk headlands. And in the East, chalk has its share in the formation of some of the most venerable of mountain ranges, such as the Lebanon.<sup>6</sup>

What is this widespread component of the surface of the earth, and whence did it come?

You may think this no very hopeful inquiry. You may not unnaturally suppose that the attempt to solve such problems as these can lead to no result, save that of entangling the inquirer in vague speculations, incapable of refutation and of verification. If such were really the case, I should have selected some other subject than a "piece of chalk" for my discourse. But in truth, after much deliberation, I have been unable to think of any topic which would so well enable me to lead you to see how solid is the foundation upon which some of the most startling conclusions of physical science rest. A great chapter in the history of the world is written in the chalk. Few passages in the history of man can be supported by such an overwhelming mass of direct and indirect evidence as that which testifies to the truth of the fragment of the history of the globe which I hope to enable you to read, with your own eyes, tonight.

Let me add that few chapters of human history have a more profound significance for ourselves. I weigh my words well when I assert that the man who should know the true history of the bit of chalk which every carpenter carries about in his breeches-pocket, though ignorant of all other history, is likely, if he will think his knowledge out to its ultimate results, to have a truer, and therefore a better, concep-

tion of this wonderful universe, and of man's relation to it, than the most learned student who is deep read in the records of humanity and ignorant of those of nature. The language of the chalk is not hard to learn, not nearly so hard as Latin, if you only want to get at the broad features of the story it has to tell; and I propose that we now set to work to spell that story out together. . . .

[In the intervening portion of his address Huxley sets forth the following facts:

First. Chemically, chalk consists of carbonic acid and quicklime. Under the microscope it is seen to be made up of granules in which are imbedded numerous calcareous skeletons known as *Globigerinae*.<sup>7</sup>

Second. The bed of the North Atlantic, between Ireland and Newfoundland, is found to be a vast plain of deep-sea mud which is substantially chalk, deposited there by multitudes of organisms (*Globigerinae*), which in life have the power of separating from the ocean the small proportion of carbonate of lime which is dissolved in sea-water, and of building that substance into skeletons for themselves.

Third. The living *Globigerinae* are exclusively marine animals, and this, along with other evidence, compels the conclusion that the chalk beds of the dry land are the dried mud of an ancient deep sea.

Fourth. The thickness of the chalk bed and the character of its fossil remains prove that the period of deposit—the cretaceous epoch—was of great duration.]

Thus not only is it certain that the chalk is the mud of an ancient sea-bottom; but it is no less certain that the chalk sea existed during an extremely long period, though we may not be prepared to give a precise estimate of the length of that period in

<sup>6</sup> Lebanon, in the southern part of Syria.

<sup>7</sup> *Globigerinae* (pronounced glō-bij'ēr-ī'-nē), the Latin for a little object carrying a spear.

years. The relative duration is clear, though the absolute duration may not be definable. The attempt to affix any precise date to the period at which the chalk sea began, or ended, its existence, is baffled by difficulties of the same kind. But the relative age of the cretaceous epoch may be determined with as great ease and certainty as the long duration of that epoch.

You will have heard of the interesting discoveries recently made in various parts of western Europe of flint implements, obviously worked into shape by human hands, under circumstances which show conclusively that man is a very ancient denizen of these regions. It has been proved that the old populations of Europe, whose existence has been revealed to us in this way, consisted of savages, such as the Eskimos are now; that, in the country which is now France, they hunted the reindeer and were familiar with the ways of the mammoth and the bison. The physical geography of France was in those days different from what it is now—the river Somme, for instance, having cut its bed a hundred feet deeper between that time and this; and it is probable that the climate was more like that of Canada or Siberia than that of western Europe.

The existence of these people is forgotten even in the traditions of the oldest historical nations. The name and fame of them had utterly vanished until a few years back; and the amount of physical change which has been effected since their day renders it more than probable that, venerable as are some of the historical nations, the workers of the chipped flints of Hoxne<sup>8</sup> or of Amiens<sup>9</sup> are to them, as they are to us, in point of antiquity.

<sup>8</sup> *Hoxne*, a town in Suffolk, England, where flint implements were found as early as 1797.

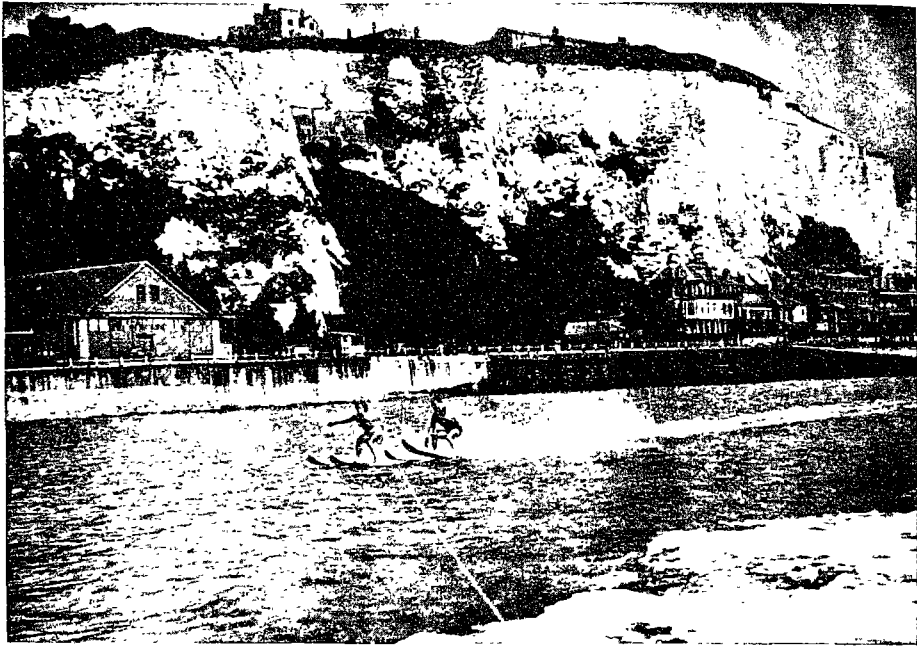
<sup>9</sup> *Amiens*, a city on the Somme in northern France, near which large numbers of flint instruments were found.

But if we assign to these hoar relics of long-vanished generations of men the greatest age that can possibly be claimed for them, they are not older than the drift, or bowlder clay, which, in comparison with the chalk, is but a very juvenile deposit. You need go no further than your own seaboard for evidence of this fact. At one of the most charming spots on the coast of Norfolk, Cromer, you will see the bowlder clay forming a vast mass, which lies upon the chalk, and must consequently have come into existence after it. Huge bowlders of chalk are, in fact, included in the clay, and have evidently been brought to the position they now occupy by the same agency as that which has planted blocks of syenite from Norway side by side with them.

The chalk, then, is certainly older than the bowlder clay. If you ask how much, I will again take you no further than the same spot upon your own coasts for evidence. I have spoken of the bowlder clay and drift as resting upon the chalk. That is not strictly true. Interposed between the chalk and the drift is a comparatively insignificant layer, containing vegetable matter. But that layer tells a wonderful history. It is full of stumps of trees standing as they grew. Fir trees are there with their cones, and hazel bushes with their nuts; there stand the stools<sup>10</sup> of oak and yew trees, beeches and alders. Hence this stratum is appropriately called the "forest-bed."

It is obvious that the chalk must have been upheaved and converted into dry land before the timber trees could grow upon it. As the boles of some of these trees are from two to three feet in diameter, it is no less clear that the dry land thus formed remained in the same condition for long ages. And not only do the remains of stately oaks and well-

<sup>10</sup> *stools*, stumps.



British Combine Photo, from James Sawders

#### CHALK CLIFFS AT DOVER

grown firs testify to the duration of this condition of things, but additional evidence to the same effect is afforded by the abundant remains of elephants, rhinoceroses, hippopotamuses, and other great wild beasts, which it has yielded to the zealous search of such men as the Reverend Mr. Gunn.<sup>11</sup> When you look at such a collection as he has formed, and bethink you that these elephantine bones did veritably carry their owners about, and these great grinders crunch, in the dark woods of which the forest-bed is now the only trace, it is impossible not to feel that they are as good evidence of the lapse of time as the annual rings of the tree-stumps.

Thus there is a writing upon the walls of cliffs at Cromer, and who so runs may read it. It tells us, with an authority which cannot be impeached,

<sup>11</sup> Gunn, Robert Campbell (1808-1881), who sent to the British Museum a large number of plants and animals from Tasmania.

that the ancient sea-bed of the chalk sea was raised up, and remained dry land until it was covered with forest, stocked with the great game whose spoils have rejoiced your geologists. How long it remained in that condition cannot be said; but "the whirligig of time brought its revenges"<sup>12</sup> in those days as in these. That dry land, with the bones and teeth of generations of long-lived elephants hidden away among the gnarled roots and dry leaves of its ancient trees, sank gradually to the bottom of the icy sea, which covered it with huge masses of drift and boulder clay. Sea beasts, such as the walrus, now restricted to the extreme north, paddled about where birds had twittered among the topmost twigs of the fir trees. How long this state of things endured we know not, but at length it came to an end. The upheaved glacial mud hardened into the

<sup>12</sup> *the whirligig . . . revenges*, from Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night*, V, i, 384.

soil of modern Norfolk. Forests grew once more, the wolf and the beaver replaced the reindeer and the elephant; and at length what we call the history of England dawned.

Thus you have, within the limits of your own county, proof that the chalk can justly claim a very much greater antiquity than even the oldest physical traces of mankind. But we may go further and demonstrate, by evidence of the same authority as that which testifies to the existence of the father of men, that the chalk is vastly older than Adam himself.

The Book of Genesis informs us that Adam, immediately upon his creation, and before the appearance of Eve, was placed in the Garden of Eden. The problem of the geographical position of Eden has greatly vexed the spirits of the learned in such matters, but there is one point respecting which, so far as I know, no commentator has ever raised a doubt. This is, that of the four rivers which are said to run out of it, Euphrates and Hiddekel<sup>13</sup> are identical with the rivers now known by the names of Euphrates and Tigris. But the whole country in which these mighty rivers take their origin, and through which they run, is composed of rocks which are either of the same age as the chalk, or of later date. So that the chalk must not only have been formed, but, after its formation, the time required for the deposit of these later rocks, and for their upheaval into dry land, must have elapsed before the smallest brook which feeds the swift stream of "the great river, the river of Babylon," began to flow.

Thus, evidence which cannot be rebutted, and which need not be strengthened, though if time permitted I might indefinitely increase its quantity, compels you to believe that the earth, from the time of the

chalk to the present day, has been the theater of a series of changes as vast in their amount as they were slow in their progress. The area on which we stand has been first sea and then land, for at least four alternations; and has remained in each of these conditions for a period of great length. Nor have these wonderful metamorphoses of sea into land, and of land into sea, been confined to one corner of England. During the chalk period, or "cretaceous epoch," not one of the present great physical features of the globe was in existence. Our great mountain ranges, Pyrenees, Alps, Himalayas, Andes, have all been upheaved since the chalk was deposited, and the cretaceous sea flowed over the sites of Sinai and Ararat. All this is certain, because rocks of cretaceous, or still later date, have shared in the elevatory movements which gave rise to these mountain chains; and may be found perched up, in some cases, many thousand feet high upon their flanks. And evidence of equal cogency demonstrates that, though in Norfolk the forest-bed rests directly upon the chalk, yet it does so, not because the period at which the forest grew immediately followed that at which the chalk was formed, but because an immense lapse of time, represented elsewhere by thousands of feet of rock, is not indicated at Cromer.

I must ask you to believe that there is no less conclusive proof that a still more prolonged succession of similar changes occurred before the chalk was deposited. Nor have we any reason to think that the first term in the series of these changes is known. The oldest sea-beds preserved to us are sands, and mud, and pebbles, the wear and tear of rocks which were formed in still older oceans.

But great as is the magnitude of these physical changes of the world, they have been accompanied by a no

<sup>13</sup> *Hiddekel*, Genesis ii, 14.



less striking series of modifications in its living inhabitants. All the great classes of animals, beasts of the field, fowls of the air, creeping things, and things which dwell in the waters, flourished upon the globe long ages before the chalk was deposited. Very few, however, if any, of these ancient forms of animal life were identical with those which now live. Certainly not one of the higher animals was of the same species of any of those now in existence. The beasts of the field, in the days before the chalk, were not our beasts of the field, nor the fowls of the air such as those which the eye of man has seen flying, unless his antiquity dates infinitely further back than we at present surmise. If we could be carried back into those times, we should be as one suddenly set down in Australia before it was colonized. We should see mammals, birds, reptiles, fishes, insects, snails, and the like, clearly recognizable as such, and yet not one of them would be just the same as those with which we are familiar, and many would be extremely different.

From that time to the present, the population of the world has undergone slow and gradual, but incessant, changes. There has been no grand catastrophe—no destroyer has swept away the forms of life of one period and replaced them by a totally new creation; but one species has vanished and another has taken its place; creatures of one type of structure have diminished, those of another have increased, as time has passed on. And thus, while the differences between the living creatures of the time before the chalk and those of the present day appear startling if placed side by side, we are led from one to the other by the most gradual progress if we follow the course of nature through the whole series of those relics of her operations which she has left behind.

And it is by the population of the chalk sea that the ancient and the modern inhabitants of the world are most completely connected. The groups which are dying out flourish side by side with the groups which are now the dominant forms of life. Thus the chalk contains remains of those strange flying and swimming reptiles, the pterodactyl, the ichthyosaurus, and the plesiosaurus, which are found in no later deposits, but abounded in preceding ages. The chambered shells called ammonites and belemnites, which are so characteristic of the period preceding the cretaceous, in like manner die with it. But amongst these fading remainders of a previous state of things are some very modern forms of life, looking like a Yankee peddler among a tribe of Red Indians. Crocodiles of modern type appear; bony fishes, many of them very similar to existing species, almost supplant the forms of fish which predominate in more ancient seas; and many kinds of living shellfish first become known to us in the chalk. The vegetation acquires a modern aspect. A few living animals are not even distinguishable as species from those which existed at that remote epoch. The *Globigerina* of the present day, for example, is not different specifically from that of the chalk; and the same may be said of many other *Foraminifera*.<sup>14</sup> I think it probable that critical and unprejudiced examination will show that more than one species of much higher animals have had a similar longevity; but the only example which I can at present give confidently is the snake's head lamp-shell (*Terebratulina caput serpentis*), which lives in our English seas and abounds (as *Terebratulina striata* of authors) in the chalk.

The longest line of human ancestry

<sup>14</sup> *Foraminifera* (pronounced fō-rām-i-nīf' ē-rā), little animals living in shells with pores (*foramina*).

must hide its diminished head before the pedigree of this insignificant shell-fish. We Englishmen are proud to have an ancestor who was present at the Battle of Hastings.<sup>15</sup> The ancestors of *Terebratulina caput serpentis* may have been present at a battle of *Ichthyosauria* in that part of the sea which, when the chalk was forming, flowed over the site of Hastings. While all around has changed, this *Terebratulina* has peacefully propagated its species from generation to generation, and stands, to this day, as a living testimony to the continuity of the present with the past history of the globe.

Up to this moment I have stated, so far as I know, nothing but well-authenticated facts, and the immediate conclusions which they force upon the mind. But the mind is so constituted that it does not willingly rest in facts and immediate causes, but seeks always after a knowledge of the remoter links in the chain of causation. Taking the many changes of any given spot of the earth's surface, from sea to land and from land to sea, as an established fact, we cannot refrain from asking ourselves how these changes have occurred. And when we have explained them—as they must be explained—by the alternate slow movements of elevation and depression which have affected the crust of the earth, we go still further back and ask, "Why these movements?"

I am not certain that anyone can give you a satisfactory answer to that question. Assuredly I cannot. All that can be said, for certain, is that such movements are part of the ordinary course of nature, inasmuch as they are going on at the present time. Direct proof may be given that some parts of the land of the northern hemisphere are at this moment insensibly rising and others insensibly sinking; and there is

indirect, but perfectly satisfactory, proof that an enormous area now covered by the Pacific has been deepened thousands of feet since the present inhabitants of that sea came into existence. Thus there is not a shadow of a reason for believing that the physical changes of the globe in past times have been effected by other than natural causes. Is there any more reason for believing that the concomitant modifications in the forms of the living inhabitants of the globe have been brought about in other ways?

Before attempting to answer this question, let us try to form a distinct mental picture of what has happened in some special case. The crocodiles are animals which, as a group, have a very vast antiquity. They abounded ages before the chalk was deposited; they throng the rivers in warm climates at the present day. There is a difference in the form of the joints of the backbone, and in some minor particulars, between the crocodiles of the present epoch and those which lived before the chalk; but in the cretaceous epoch, as I have already mentioned, the crocodiles had assumed the modern type of structure. Notwithstanding this, the crocodiles of the chalk are not identically the same as those which lived in the times called "older tertiary," which succeeded the cretaceous epoch, and the crocodiles of the older tertiaries are not identical with those of the newer tertiaries, nor are these identical with existing forms. (I leave open the question whether particular species may have lived on from epoch to epoch.) Thus each epoch has had its peculiar crocodiles; though all, since the chalk, have belonged to the modern type, and differ simply in their proportions, and in such structural particulars as are discernible only to trained eyes.

How is the existence of this long succession of different species of crocodiles

<sup>15</sup> *Battle of Hastings*, fought in 1066.

to be accounted for? Only two suppositions seem to be open to us—either each species of crocodile has been specially created, or it has arisen out of some pre-existing form by the operation of natural causes. Choose your hypothesis; I have chosen mine. I can find no warranty for believing in the distinct creation of a score of successive species of crocodiles in the course of countless ages of time. Science gives no countenance to such a wild fancy; nor can even the perverse ingenuity of a commentator pretend to discover this sense in the simple words in which the writer of Genesis records the proceedings of the fifth and sixth days of the creation. On the other hand, I see no good reason for doubting the necessary alternative, that all these varied species have been evolved from pre-existing crocodilian forms, by the operation of causes as completely a part of the common order of nature as those which have effected the changes of the inorganic world. Few will venture to affirm that the reasoning which applies to crocodiles loses its force among other animals, or among plants. If one series of species has come into existence by the operation of natural causes, it seems folly to deny that all may have arisen in the same way.

A small beginning has led us to a great ending. If I were to put the bit of chalk with which we started into the hot but obscure flame of burning hydrogen, it would presently shine like the sun. It seems to me that this physical metamorphosis is no false image of what has been the result of our subjecting it to a jet of fervent, though nowise brilliant, thought tonight. It has become luminous, and its clear rays, penetrating the abyss of the remote past, have brought within our ken<sup>16</sup> some stages of the evolution of the earth. And in the shifting "without

haste, but without rest"<sup>17</sup> of the land and sea, as in the endless variation of the forms assumed by living beings, we have observed nothing but the natural product of the forces originally possessed by the substance of the universe.

<sup>16</sup> without . . . rest, from Goethe's poem *Zukunft, Xenien*.

## STUDY AIDS

### I. CLASS DISCUSSIONS

1. What does Huxley say is his purpose in this address to carpenters and other workmen?
2. Trace the "four alternations," or physical changes in the world, between the chalk period and ours. What changes have taken place in animal life during these alternations? How does Huxley account for these changes?
3. Read passages in which Huxley's feelings raise the exposition into literature.

### II. INDIVIDUAL AND GROUP ACTIVITIES

*Macaulay.* 1. For anyone interested in India Macaulay furnishes an incomparable introduction to the subject. One report would be based on his essay *Clive* and another on *Warren Hastings*, from which the selection in this volume is taken. The report should bring out two points: (a) what each man did for English power in India and (b) where Macaulay rises to the height of his eloquence.

2. Conditions in modern India may be seen in an absorbing novel, *Passage to India* by E. M. Forster. So far as you can judge from this novel, what changes have come over India since the eighteenth century?

3. The most famous of Macaulay's articles in the *Edinburgh Review* dealt with Milton, Addison, Johnson, Goldsmith. If a different student reports on each article, the class will have a basis for discussing how Macaulay's views of these men differ from the views expressed in this book (pages 195, 228, 302, 304).

<sup>16</sup> ken, knowledge.

4. Macaulay's greatest work is his *History of England*. The third chapter, describing the condition of England in 1685, has been much admired, but a better notion of his narrative power may be gained from Chapter V. There should be a report on at least one chapter. In this connection read again the account of Macaulay the writer on page 471. How many of the points made there are illustrated in the chapter you chose?

*Carlyle*. 1. Two of Carlyle's magazine articles bring out the difference between Macaulay and Carlyle: *Burns* and *Boswell's Life of Johnson*. Compare the latter with Macaulay's *Johnson* (page 506, Activity 3).

2. The passage above (page 485) is taken from Book II of *Past and Present*. A report on this book should bring to the attention of the class other chapters in which Carlyle startlingly recreates the past.

3. Carlyle's way of writing history is best seen in his *French Revolution*. Read his graphic account of the flight of the king from Paris (Part II, Book iv) or of the Reign of Terror (Part III, Book v).

4. If you are interested enough in Carlyle the man to attempt *Sartor Resartus*, begin with the chapters entitled "The Everlasting No," "The Center of Indifference," and "The Everlasting Yea." What crisis of the spirit do they describe?

*Newman*. The best kind of education for any high-school student will be determined by the kind of life he or she is going to enter after commencement. As most graduating classes contain young people with varying ambitions, Newman's discussion ought to stir up a good deal of thinking. Let each member of the class write a theme or essay on "The Most Useful Parts of My High-school Course." Make this a personal estimate, but do not overlook the parts that have helped to give you a notion of what objects in life are most worth while, that is, to give you a philosophy of life.

*Ruskin*. 1. Ruskin's views on art are best found in *Modern Painters*. He treats outdoor scenery in Volume V, Chapter I. Possibly the best chapter setting forth his

view of painting is the comparison between Giorgione and Turner in Volume V, Part ix, Chapter 9. Students who are interested in art might draw up a statement of Ruskin's views and compare them with those held by art teachers today.

2. The most perfect of Ruskin's essays is probably "The Mystery of Life." It is usually bound up with two other famous essays in *Sesame and Lilies*. How does the notion of Ruskin which you gain from these writings differ from the opinion formed on reading the selection on page 495?

3. The charm of Ruskin's personality is revealed in his autobiography, *Praeterita*. What new notions does it give you of the man? What clue does it offer concerning his tremendous popularity? Your findings may be presented in an oral or written book report.

*Huxley*. 1. The story of how Huxley became a scientist is told in his "Autobiography," a sketch of a few pages. What notion does it give you of his personality?

2. Science is a field that is constantly expanding. Reports should be made on several of the books below to learn how far our knowledge has advanced since Huxley's day.

(a) The greatest scientist of the nineteenth century is made a living man by Gamaliel Bradford in *Darwin*. The contribution of Huxley is clearly set forth in Houston Peterson's *Huxley, Prophet of Science*.

(b) The following books summarize present scientific views on matters touched on in Huxley's "On a Piece of Chalk":

Fenton, Carrol Lane, and Fenton, Mildred A., *Mountains*. It explains simply every stage in the history of mountain development.

Geddes and Thomson, *Evolution*. An exposition by men who know.

Thomson, J. Arthur, *Introduction to Science*. A trustworthy summary of scientific knowledge in various fields.

Wells, H. G., *The Outline of History*. Books I and II give a clear scientific account of the making of our world and of the men who inhabit it.



## CHAPTER XIV: Victorian Fiction

**Preview** This chapter covers the same period as the last, which recorded the progress of democracy and science from 1832 to 1901, but it confines itself to the most democratic literary development of the century, the novel. The following questions bring to the fore the main points in the progress of fiction here described:

- (1) Why did Dickens supplant Scott as the most popular English novelist?
- (2) How were the life and work of Thackeray in contrast with those of Dickens?
- (3) What were the spirit and nature of George Eliot's fiction?
- (4) In what respects did Hardy's novels form the climax of realistic fiction in the nineteenth century?
- (5) How did Stevenson represent the return of romance to English fiction?

### THE INFLUENCE OF SCOTT

In the development of the nineteenth-century novel Scott exerted the greatest single influence. Once he became the rage, to read fiction ceased to be regarded as the pastime of idlers. In fact, the novel acquired much of the dignity of history. Thereafter every writer of fiction felt that he had to produce at least one historical romance, and many of these romances are still read today with gusto. *The Last Days of Pompeii* (1834) by Bulwer-Lytton, *Westward Ho!* (1853) by Charles Kingsley, and *The Cloister and the Hearth* (1861) by Charles Reade, are familiar to nearly every high-school student. Notwithstanding this long continued vogue, Scott's type of fiction was in the fourth decade of the century displaced in popular favor by the work of Dickens, who created more separate and distinct characters than any other English novelist.

### CHARLES DICKENS (1812-1870)

**Early career of Dickens** Charles Dickens early gained an intimate acquaintance with the lives of the poor. At ten he was forced to work in a blacking warehouse and to sleep at night under the counter because his father had been sent to a debtor's prison. Later service in a lawyer's office gave him an extensive and peculiar knowledge of sordid trials in the courts of justice. As a newspaper reporter he crammed his memory with all kinds of experiences in London and along the highways of England.

His literary career began with humorous sketches in a magazine. At twenty-five he attained fame in a surprising manner. A publishing firm engaged him to prepare episodes to accompany and explain a series of prints or drawings depicting the ludicrous activities of a club of cockney sportsmen. In keep-



The Rischgitz Collection, London

# A CHARLES DICKENS REVERIE

ing with a current form of publication that made an enormous appeal to un-literary readers, the prints and explanatory narrative were to be issued in pamphlets as monthly numbers. Quite unexpectedly the successive incidents contributed by Dickens became more interesting than the pictures by the artist. In the eighth number appeared the immortal Sam Weller. In succeeding issues Sam and Mr. Pickwick set all England to holding its sides with laughter—and not only the England of that day, for the *Pickwick Papers* (1837), with its inexhaustible high spirits, endless succession of events, and countless caricatures, has been the delight of every generation since.

**His versatile powers**

Eager to push his success, and conscious of extraordinary creative powers, Dickens rapidly produced a variety of "best sellers." *Oliver Twist* (1838) was a crime story making the reader shudder with horror. *Nicholas Nickleby* (1839) had a dark, sensational plot, but the humorous characters were irresistibly funny. Readers of *The Old Curiosity Shop* (1841), on the other hand, wept copious tears over the suffering and death of a child, Little Nell. These productions, so widely different in some respects, all display the overflowing high spirits of Dickens, the fertility of his imagination, and his power to make the public shudder or laugh or cry.

These novels appeared either in magazines or in monthly parts that sold at a shilling (about twenty-five cents) a copy and ran to twenty or more numbers. They thus reached a much wider and humbler audience than did Scott's novels, which cost a guinea and a half (\$7.50). These humbler readers wrote in to the author, expressing disapproval of some scene or begging him not to let a character like Little Nell die. Dickens thereby judged from month to month the success of his writing and

changed the story if the public seemed bored. Fiction had in this respect become much more democratic than in Scott's day and much less artistic than in Jane Austen's work. It had become more democratic because people who never before had read standard fiction eagerly awaited the next monthly installment. It had become less artistic because the author did not foresee the end from the beginning and fit all the incidents neatly together into a consistent plot.

**His reforming purpose**

With regard to purpose also fiction in the hands of Dickens became more democratic than in Scott's. The "Wizard of the North," as Scott was called, had written merely to amuse—to captivate the imagination with gorgeous scenes from the past. Dickens, knowing the life of the lower classes, endeavored to stir up sympathy for their lot and indignation at the injustices under which they suffered. *Oliver Twist* attacked the new government workhouses which had been established a few years before *Nicholas Nickleby* showed up the cruelties of private schools where middle-class children were gathered. In these crusades Dickens was always the partisan; the poor were depicted as innocent, kind, honest, and the middle class as cruel, grasping, self-satisfied. But his satire, savage enough at times, is enlivened with such a succession of broadly humorous incidents and hilariously burlesque characters that the whole picture reflects not so much narrow partisanship as democratic sympathies.

**His mature novels**

The great novels of his career belong to the decade 1850-1860. *David Copperfield* (1850), an imaginative rendering of his own life, exhibits on every page his power to make characters live. *A Tale of Two Cities* (1859), an historical novel of the French Revolution profoundly influenced by Carlyle, repre-



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## DICKENS GIVING A READING

sents equally well his vividness in dramatic scenes. *Great Expectations* (1861) is often regarded as the most artistic of his productions, because the plot hangs together exceptionally well. All bear the stamp of his originality and boundless fertility. They move us to both laughter and tears, and win us by that human sympathy which makes even his caricatures of men and women rise from the page before us vital and lifelike.

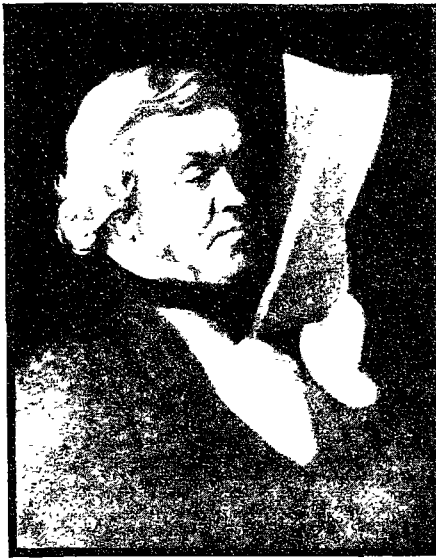
**The last decade** Dickens read himself to death. From young manhood he had liked to act, but only in the last decade of his life did he surrender himself to the fascination of reading to the public from his own works. For him this fascination came from his ability to sway the audience; the more they wept, the better pleased he was, and if twenty women were carried out in a dead faint, as once happened, he was overjoyed. Besides, reading was more profitable than writ-

ing. For a single lecture tour of America in 1867 he received about \$100,000. But he paid the price for continual excitement. He couldn't sleep. The restlessness natural to a man of his energy steadily increased until, one evening in 1870, he dropped from his chair at a dinner table. Scott, in keeping with his chivalric ideals, had worked himself to death to pay a debt. Dickens died from an effort to enjoy to the full the fruits of modern literary success.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY  
(1811-1863)

**Contrast between Thackeray and Dickens** If we think of Charles Dickens as shedding tears over the wretchedness of the down-trodden, we must picture William Makepeace Thackeray as smiling satirically at the hypocrisies of the upper classes. He was born in Calcutta into a family of civil service representatives of Great Britain. While he was attending one school after another in England until he left Cambridge University, his associates, unlike those of Dickens, were the youth of the upper classes. As an art student in Germany and Paris, he grew familiar with the free and easy life of unconventional idlers, which was equally removed from the world of Dickens. Then Thackeray lost his small fortune trying to establish a newspaper, but kept on in newspaper work to earn a living. It is amusing to remember that Dickens turned him down as a possible illustrator of the *Pickwick Papers* after the original artist died. Nevertheless for his satirical articles in magazines, which gradually gained him a reputation, he often drew humorous illustrations, and his great novels were later enlivened in the same way. As his wife lost her mind a few years after their marriage, he sought diversion in London society, where his personality made him a favorite. With such a back-





Courtesy of National Portrait Gallery

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

ground, his whole outlook on life was inevitably quite different from that of Dickens.

**His masterpiece** Thackeray's early work, like Fielding's burlesque of Richardson, was satirical in purpose. Of *Oliver Twist* and similar novels of crime he wrote ironically: "It is not everybody who can take a scoundrel, and cause us to weep and whimper over him as though he were a very saint." His own narratives were realistic; that is, they pictured life fearlessly as he saw it. The greatest of these novels, *Vanity Fair*, was issued in twenty-four monthly parts and reached completion in 1848. It reveals Thackeray's love of sincerity, his distrust of the sentimental and the romantic. The characters, who prevalently belong to the upper classes, are governed by self-interest, and even their good impulses are often defeated by the stupidity and deceitfulness of the world in which they move. Nowhere do we see, as constantly in Dickens, some pure soul suffering at the hands of a villain. Thackeray's people suffer,

to be sure, but from the consequences of their own failings, not from the persecution of malicious oppressors.

**Spirit of his work** Some critics decried *Vanity Fair* as cynical, but Thackeray really had a tender heart. There are very affecting scenes in *Pendennis* (1850) and *The Newcomes* (1854). While he was working on the first of these books a tax-gatherer entered his study and found him "blubbering over Helen Pendennis's death." On finishing *The Newcomes* he came out of the room with tears in his eyes, exclaiming, "I have killed Colonel Newcome." In much the same familiar and confidential manner he talks to his readers in interludes of the narrative. In one place, for example, he says concerning his characters that it is his desire "if they are good and kindly, to love and shake them by the hand; if they are silly, to laugh at them confidentially in the reader's sleeve; if they are wicked and heartless, to abuse them in the strongest terms politeness admits of."

**Henry Esmond** This chatty method of interrupting the flow of the narrative was not retained in another novel of the period, *Henry Esmond* (1852). Being one of the historical romances by which authors hoped to equal Scott, it was not composed piecemeal for issue in monthly parts, but was carefully planned, written, and revised before publication. In its pages Swift and Addison and Dick Steele come to life; we take part in famous battles, move familiarly through crowded coffee-houses, and breathe the whole atmosphere of Queen Anne's day. *Henry Esmond* is a triumph in historical fiction.

**His last years** Thackeray's temperament was in contrast with the restless energy of Dickens. More than once he would have quit writing if good opportunity had come. His mounting reputation made that

difficult. When in 1859 a new magazine was started, of which he was to be editor, the initial circulation reached 100,000 because subscribers hoped that another of his great novels would run in it serially. But, unlike Dickens, he was little affected by this public applause; to the first issues of the magazine he contributed only a novelette. Nor did he live to complete another novel before his death on December 24, 1863, at the early age of fifty-two.

**His fictitious world**

Thackeray's fiction is persuasively realistic. He created a whole social world, the characters from one novel reappearing in others, but all these varied figures appear and reappear with their mingled blemishes and shining qualities impartially displayed. They move naturally through the tangled relationships with family, friends, and acquaintances, much as people do in actual life. We soon come to love the author for the easy and graceful manner in which he leads us about in his world of very human men and women.

GEORGE ELIOT (1819-1880)

**Early life of George Eliot**

Dickens placed his romantic characters amid realistic scenes from humble life in London. Thackeray presented a whole realistic panorama of the upper classes there. George Eliot, by birth Mary Ann Evans, searched the souls of the country people among whom she grew up. Her father was manager of a large estate near Coventry, not far from Stratford-on-Avon. She became acquainted with many types of people who visited her father, and particularly with the villagers of the region. The religious and moral problems that confronted them made a deep impression on her as a growing girl, for her mind was extraordinarily strong and active. Possibly to satisfy her craving for cultured companionship, her father moved to Coventry, where she



Photo: W. F. Mansell

GEORGE ELIOT

entered into theological and philosophical discussions in a circle of intellectual acquaintances. After her father's death she met the editor of the *Westminster Review*, who on a visit to Coventry was so much impressed with her wide reading and keen intelligence that he invited her to London as assistant editor. The new connection gave the young woman of thirty-two entrance to the literary circle of the metropolis.

**Her great novels**

With one of the writers of the day, George Henry Lewes, she formed a union of the greatest value for her future. He helped her with her critical work for the *Westminster*, and also started her on an artistic career as a writer of fiction. Her very first book, *Scenes from Clerical Life* (1858), consisting of three novelettes, has been considered by some critics her best. It has the freshness and charm with which her memory invested the country scenes of her childhood. *Adam Bede* (1859), in which her father appears as the title character and an aunt as Dinah Morris, was tremendously successful. Its

popularity exceeded that of *The Mill on the Floss* (1860), which pictured her own girlhood in Maggie Tulliver, or the vogue of *Silas Marner* (1861), which is known to every American high-school student.

**Seriousness of her fiction** The merit of these works, on which her reputation rests, is a sympathetic insight into the souls of commonplace people. She enters their minds and reveals the problems with which they are perplexed. Moreover, she brings home to us the humor and pathos of their lives and the influences that mold their desires and ideals. Without creating any of those memorable dramatic scenes with which both Dickens and Thackeray hold us spell-bound, she is able to make real and living the unspoken dramas that take place in the conscience of humble characters. Her interest is so definitely centered in what goes on in the minds of people that she is called a psychological novelist.

GEORGE MEREDITH (1828-1909)

On the death of George Eliot in 1880 George Meredith was recognized as her successor, yet in some respects his finest novel is *The Ordeal of Richard Feverel* (1859), written before she attained fame. One scene in it, where Lucy and Richard Feverel part, has been pronounced the greatest dramatic scene since Shakespeare. Most of Meredith's other novels are very hard for high-school students to read, though among mature people of keen mind he is regarded as one of the major figures in the Victorian period.

THOMAS HARDY (1840-1928)

**Life of Hardy** Another reputation growing through the last half of the century was that of Thomas Hardy. He was born in southern England near the town of Dorchester, in the vicinity of which nearly his whole life was passed. Familiar with the

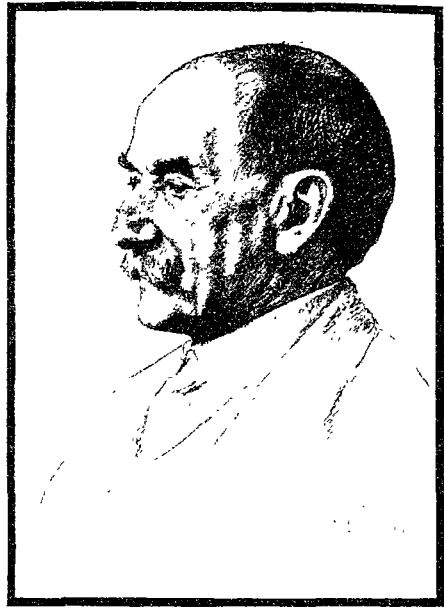


Photo: W. F. Mansell

THOMAS HARDY

country people from infancy, he gained a special insight into human nature in boyhood, as Richardson did, by writing love-letters for the peasant girls of the neighborhood. As a youth he wandered about the region learning all the family traditions and local customs of the people whose life was to fill his novels. While he was a young architect in London, he came to feel that country people were the proper subjects for fiction, because their acts reflected instinct and character much more clearly than did the conduct of conventionalized city people. Meeting with some encouragement in his literary efforts, he abandoned architecture to enter upon novel-writing—a career to which he devoted the remaining years of the century.

**His chief novels** When his first distinguished novel, *Far from the Madding Crowd* (1874), appeared in *The Cornhill Magazine*, it was for a time taken to be a new work by George Eliot. *The Return of the Native* (1878) is often pronounced his

masterpiece, but *The Mayor of Casterbridge* (1886), is preferred by many readers because it contains his most appealing heroine and has a happier ending than most of his plots. Although his reputation was gradually rising during these years, the height of his popularity was not attained until 1891 with *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*. Notwithstanding its wide appeal, *Tess* called forth severe criticism, and his next book, *Jude the Obscure* (1895), raised a perfect storm of abuse. Hardy declared that he was cured of novel writing. Thereafter he forsook prose for poetry, yet in the twentieth century public regard for his fiction continued to rise until he was honored on his seventieth and again on his eightieth birthday as "the last of the Victorians." The Dorchester region, which he disguised under the ancient name of Wessex, was the scene of all his narratives—a fact which caused them to be known collectively as the Wessex Novels and their author to be praised for adding a new province to England.

**His realism** In two respects Hardy's work marks the high tide of realism in the English novel of the nineteenth century. In the first place, he represents with uncompromising fidelity the peasants of his native region or characters who have risen from the peasant class. All the little acts and familiar talk of both the men and the women in his books are recounted with realistic detail that makes them stand before us as plain as life. Their thoughts and feelings are recorded in a just and unbiased fashion, without any of the sympathy and explanatory comment of George Eliot. Hardy allows no tug of sentiment to distort the perfectly detached presentation of character.

The second feature of Hardy's realism may be traced to the influence of science. He accepted the theory of evolution (see page 477) as the true ex-

planation of life. The persons in his stories are therefore depicted as engaged in a struggle with their environment. The struggle is never triumphant. The forces of nature are too powerful for his aspiring characters; at nearly every turn chance defeats their hopes and strivings. Indeed, at times it seems that helpless man is contending against a malevolent fate which thwarts his every effort. Often Hardy emphasizes by impressive description this dominance of nature, which outlasts successive generations of men, over the puny striving of human beings. In *The Return of the Native*, for example, a vast stretch of wild land, Egdon Heath, becomes the most important "character" in the book, crushing those who refuse to live with ox-like patience upon its wide expanse. This second element in his realism—the large influence of mischance upon the fortunes of his characters—is proving a weakness with readers today, who think that nature, with all its titanic power and unpredictable variability, favors human beings as often as it defeats them.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON (1850-1894)

**Stevenson's romantic life** The life of Robert Louis Stevenson, the last writer of fiction to be discussed in this chapter, had many romantic elements. He could not follow his father's profession—that of engineer and light-house builder—because of delicate health from childhood. He was admitted to the bar, but his ambition centered upon writing as a career. Ill health sent him to France, where he met and fell in love with an American woman. Against his father's wishes, he crossed the Atlantic ocean and the American continent as an immigrant in order to marry her in San Francisco. After vain search for health in Europe, he spent a winter at Saranac Lake, New York. The next year he cruised in the Pacific,

finally settling in Samoa, where he became a great favorite with the natives. They renamed him Tusitala, "Teller of Tales," and when he died in 1894, they bore him to his last resting place as one of their chiefs.

**His essays** As a writer, Stevenson first attracted attention by a series of magazine essays, collected in 1881 into a volume, *Virginibus Puerisque* (a Latin expression meaning, For Boys and Girls). Although it reflects the cheerful and brave temper of the man and contains some of his most distinguished writing, more characteristic are his first books, *An Inland Voyage* (1878) and *Travels with a Donkey* (1879). They are essays about two trips in France in search of health, which let us see why the author made friends wherever he went. As readers, our interest is fixed, not on the places he visited, but on his bearing in different experiences, and his comments and reflections, all of which mirror his rare and charming personality.

**His romantic novels** His novels were as romantic as his life. He had no use for realists. They give us, says he, "a picture of life in so far as it consists of mud and old iron, cheap desires and cheap fears." To him, "man's true life, that for which he consents to live, lies altogether in the field of fancy." Though he was repeatedly confined to his room by ill health, his imagination carried him through a life of bold and vigorous action. In *Treasure Island* (1882), written to please his wife's young son, he embarked with desperate pirates to search for buried gold. In *The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* (1886) he explored the romantic possibilities of science. Hardy had used science to impress us with the futility of man's effort. Stevenson here used it to make startling the inner debates between the good and evil impulses of man's nature.



Courtesy of National Portrait Gallery

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

As David Balfour in *Kidnapped* (1886), he found excitement by sea and land in company with Alan Breck Stewart, who is hunted as a murderer in the Highlands of Scotland. Its sequel, *David Balfour* (1893), introduced a captivating young woman into the hero's adventures. *Island Nights' Entertainments* (1893), containing three short tales, pictured the romance of the Pacific islands, upon one of which Stevenson died. All these books, and several others here unmentioned, illustrate his own definition of romance—the kind of story in which "we plunge into the tale in our own person and bathe in fresh experience."

**Contrast between Scott and Stevenson** The material which Stevenson put into his stories was essentially the same as Scott's: strange situations and striking adventure. Yet his romances can never be mistaken for Scott's. The intervening period of realistic fiction had made readers more critical of the way events

are narrated. Even the reader of a romance wished to accept it as true, at least while he was racing through it. He therefore came to demand more of the look of truth found in Defoe than Scott had provided.

This requirement Stevenson meets. For one thing, his narrative method is much more economical than Scott's. His stories fill one volume, whereas Scott's were written to fill three. Stevenson's pages are not peopled with peasants and high-born folk, lovers and humorous characters, as Scott's are, sometimes in bewildering numbers. On the contrary, only those characters are introduced that are necessary to the swiftly-moving adventure. Often our interest in them is heightened by sharp contrast—as the ruthless Long John Silver is set over against the impulsive Jim Hawkins. In presenting these relatively few characters Stevenson used to the full the command of truth-giving details that a half-century of realistic fiction-writing had given to novelists.

In the second place, Stevenson gains by abandoning the old convention, held to by Scott, that the author knows all the thoughts and feelings of his characters. Most of Stevenson's narratives are related by one person, and even when that person is not speaking, his point of view is kept uppermost. Thereby Stevenson maintains the naturalness of the events, their harmony one with another, so perfectly that the reader momentarily accepts as "a fresh experience," to use Stevenson's phrase, even the most startling adventure.

With a simple and beautiful style to support this consistent illusion of reality, Stevenson's romances become more artistic products than the novels of the "Wizard of the North." On the other hand, Scott had a vigor of imagination and a zest in narrating events that make his novels more sustained and powerful creations. The difference between the two types of romance is that between the conscious art of Stevenson and the native genius of Scott.

**Summary** Of the five nineteenth century novelists discussed in this chapter four are prevailingly realistic. Dickens, with marvelous creative powers, peopled his realistic scenes with an amazing variety of romantically conceived characters from the lower and middle classes, often with the purpose of reforming some abuse. Thackeray gently satirized the foibles and hypocrisy of the upper classes. George Eliot presented homely scenes among country people, being particularly successful with the type of character who struggles with some moral problem. Hardy, the uncompromising realist, depicted the unavailing struggles of the peasants in his native region. Toward the end of the period came Stevenson, whose imagination created a variety of romantic adventures and characters. The fiction of the century began with Scott's romance and ended with Stevenson's romance, but the final variety had been profoundly modified by the long intervening reign of realism. That realism had, in some degree, been created by the scientific temper of the age.

## SELECTIONS FOR CHAPTER XIV

### MR. WINKLE'S DILEMMA

[From *The Pickwick Papers*]

CHARLES DICKENS

[The benevolent Mr. Pickwick and his three friends of the Pickwick Club, including the modest and pacific Mr. Winkle, have arrived in Bath, the most fashionable watering-place in England. On the coach from London they became acquainted with Mr. Dowler, "a stern-eyed man of about five-and-forty, who had a bald and glossy forehead, with a good deal of black hair at the sides and back of his head, and large black whiskers." This dignified gentleman had a fierce and peremptory air derived from his service as captain in the army.

At Bath the members of the Pickwick Club settle in one of the most exclusive parts of the city. Mr. Pickwick takes for himself and his friends the upper portion of a house, and he invites Mr. and Mrs. Dowler to share the quarters with him. At the beginning of this episode Mrs. Dowler has gone to a party which "isn't expected to be over till late."]

THERE are few things more worrying than sitting up for somebody, especially if that somebody be at a party. You cannot help thinking how quickly the time passes with them, which drags so heavily with you; and the more you think of this, the more your hopes of their speedy arrival decline. Clocks tick so loud, too, when you are sitting up alone, and you seem as if you had an under garment of cobwebs on. First, something tickles your right knee, and then the same sensation irritates your left. You have no sooner changed your position than it comes again in the arms; when you have fidgeted your limbs into all sorts of odd shapes, you have a sudden relapse in the nose, which you rub as if to rub it off—as there is no doubt you

would, if you could. Eyes, too, are mere personal inconveniences; and the wick of one candle gets an inch and a half long, while you are snuffing<sup>1</sup> the other. These, and various other little nervous annoyances, render sitting up for a length of time after everybody else has gone to bed anything but a cheerful amusement.

This was just Mr. Dowler's opinion, as he sat before the fire, and felt honestly indignant with all the inhuman people at the party who were keeping him up. He was not put into better humor either by the reflection that he had taken it into his head, early in the evening, to think he had got an ache there, and so stopped at home. At length, after several droppings asleep, and fallings forward toward the bars, and catchings backward soon enough to prevent being branded in the face, Mr. Dowler made up his mind that he would throw himself on the bed in the back-room and *think*—not sleep, of course.

"I'm a heavy sleeper," said Mr. Dowler, as he flung himself on the bed. "I must keep awake. I suppose I shall hear a knock here. Yes, I thought so. I can hear the watchman. There he goes. Fainter now though. A little fainter. He's turning the corner. Ah!" When Mr. Dowler arrived at this point, *he* turned the corner at which he had been long hesitating, and fell fast asleep.

Just as the clock struck three, there was blown into the Crescent<sup>2</sup> a sedan-chair with Mrs. Dowler inside, borne by one short fat chairman, and one long thin one, who had had much ado to keep their bodies perpendicular: to say nothing of the chair. But on that high

<sup>1</sup> *snuffing*, trimming the wick of.

<sup>2</sup> *Crescent*, a group of houses in Bath built in the form of an arc or crescent moon.

ground, and in the Crescent, which the wind swept round and round as if it were going to tear the paving-stones up, its fury was tremendous. They were very glad to set the chair down, and give a good round loud double-knock at the street door.

They waited some time, but nobody came.

"Servants is in the arms o' Porpus,<sup>3</sup> I think," said the short chairman, warming his hands at the attendant link-boy's torch.<sup>4</sup>

"I wish he'd give 'em a squeeze and wake 'em," observed the long one.

"Knock again, will you, if you please," cried Mrs. Dowler from the chair. "Knock two or three times, if you please."

The short man was quite willing to get the job over, as soon as possible; so he stood on the step, and gave four or five most startling double knocks, of eight or ten knocks a piece: while the long man went into the road, and looked up at the windows for a light.

Nobody came. It was all as silent and dark as ever.

"Dear me!" said Mrs. Dowler. "You must knock again, if you please."

"There ain't a bell, is there, ma'am?" said the short chairman.

"Yes, there is," interposed the link-boy; "I've been a-ringing at it ever so long."

"It's only a handle," said Mrs. Dowler; "the wire's broken."

"I wish the servants' heads wos," growled the long man.

"I must trouble you to knock again, if you please," said Mrs. Dowler with the utmost politeness.

The short man did knock again several times, without producing the smallest effect. The tall man, growing very impatient, then relieved him, and kept

on perpetually knocking double-knocks of two loud knocks each, like an insane postman.

At length Mr. Winkle began to dream that he was at a club, and that the members being very refractory, the chairman was obliged to hammer the table a good deal to preserve order; then, he had a confused notion of an auction room where there were no bidders, and the auctioneer was buying everything in; and ultimately he began to think it just within the bounds of possibility that somebody might be knocking at the street door. To make quite certain, however, he remained quiet in bed for ten minutes or so, and listened; and when he had counted two or three and thirty knocks, he felt quite satisfied, and gave himself a great deal of credit for being so wakeful.

"Rap rap—rap rap—rap rap—ra, ra, ra, ra, ra rap!" went the knocker.

Mr. Winkle jumped out of bed, wondering very much what could possibly be the matter, and hastily putting on his stockings and slippers, folded his dressing-gown round him, lighted a flat candle from the rush-light that was burning in the fireplace, and hurried downstairs.

"Here's somebody comin' at last, ma'am," said the short chairman.

"I wish I wos behind him with a bradawl," muttered the long one.

"Who's there?" cried Mr. Winkle, undoing the chain.

"Don't stop to ask questions, cast-iron head," replied the long man, with great disgust, taking it for granted that the inquirer was a footman; "but open the door."

"Come, look sharp, timber eyelids," added the other encouragingly.

Mr. Winkle, being half asleep, obeyed the command mechanically, opened the door a little, and peeped out. The first thing he saw was the red glare of the link-boy's torch. Startled by the sud-

<sup>3</sup> *Porpus*. The chairman means *Morpheus*, the god of dreams. <sup>4</sup> *Link-boy's torch*. A link-boy carried a link, or torch, to light passengers.





"STAND BEFORE ME!" ROARED MR. WINKLE.

den fear that the house might be on fire, he hastily threw the door wide open, and holding the candle above his head, stared eagerly before him, not quite certain whether what he saw was a sedan-chair or a fire-engine. At this instant there came a violent gust of wind; the light was blown out; Mr. Winkle felt himself irresistibly impelled on to the steps; and the door blew to, with a loud crash.

"Well, young man, now you *have* done it!" said the short chairman.

Mr. Winkle, catching sight of a lady's face at the window of the sedan, turned hastily round, plied the knocker with all his might and main, and called frantically upon the chairman to take the chair away again.

"Take it away, take it away," cried Mr. Winkle. "Here's somebody coming out of another house; put me into the chair. Hide me! Do something with me!"

All this time he was shivering with cold; and every time he raised his hand to the knocker, the wind took the dressing gown in a most unpleasant manner.

"The people are coming down the Crescent now. There are ladies with 'em; cover me up with something. Stand before me!" roared Mr. Winkle. But the chairmen were too much exhausted with laughing to afford him the slightest assistance, and the ladies were every moment approaching nearer and nearer.

Mr. Winkle gave a last hopeless knock; the ladies were only a few doors off. He threw away the extinguished candle, which, all this time, he had held above his head, and fairly bolted into the sedan-chair where Mrs. Dowler was.

Now, Mrs. Craddock<sup>5</sup> had heard the

<sup>5</sup> Mrs. Craddock, the landlady from whom the lodgings were rented.

knocking and the voices at last; and, only waiting to put something smarter on her head than her nightcap, ran down into the front drawing-room to make sure that it was the right party. Throwing up the window-sash as Mr. Winkle was rushing into the chair, she no sooner caught sight of what was going forward below than she raised a vehement and dismal shriek, and implored Mr. Dowler to get up directly, for his wife was running away with another gentleman.

Upon this Mr. Dowler bounced off the bed as abruptly as an India-rubber ball, and rushing into the front room, arrived at one window just as Mr. Pickwick threw up the other; when the first object that met the gaze of both was Mr. Winkle bolting into the sedan-chair.

"Watchman," shouted Dowler furiously, "stop him—hold him—keep him tight—shut him in, till I come down. I'll cut his throat—give me a knife—from ear to ear, Mrs. Craddock—I will!" And breaking from the shrieking landlady and from Mr. Pickwick, the indignant husband seized a small supper-knife, and tore into the street.

But Mr. Winkle didn't wait for him. He no sooner heard the horrible threat of the valorous Dowler than he bounced out of the sedan, quite as quickly as he had bounced in, and throwing off his slippers into the road, took to his heels and tore round the Crescent, hotly pursued by Dowler and the watchman. He kept ahead; the door was open as he came round the second time; he rushed in, slammed it in Dowler's face, mounted to his bedroom, locked the door, piled a wash-hand-stand, chest of drawers, and table against it, and packed up a few necessities ready for flight with the first ray of morning.

Dowler came up to the outside of the door; avowed, through the keyhole, his steadfast determination of cutting

Mr. Winkle's throat next day; and, after a great confusion of voices in the drawing-room, amidst which that of Mr. Pickwick was distinctly heard endeavoring to make peace, the inmates dispersed to their several bed-chambers, and all was quiet once more.

#### CLASS DISCUSSIONS

1. Where is the modesty of Mr. Winkle most in evidence? The fierceness of Mr. Dowler? At what point is the humor most hilarious?

2. Draw up the details of life in the most luxurious of English resorts in the 1830's. Take such matters as the candles, the link-boy, the heating by open fireplaces, the use of sedan chairs, and contrast them with corresponding features of life today.

3. Of the various characteristics of Dickens and his work (pages 508-511), which are most prominent in this selection? Read passages to illustrate.

#### BECKY SHARP

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

[At the beginning of *Vanity Fair* we find Becky Sharp and Amelia Sedley about to leave the exclusive school for young ladies conducted by Miss Barbara Pinkerton (derisively called "Minerva") and her sister Jemima. In the passage reprinted below Thackeray introduces his greatest creation, Miss Rebecca Sharp.]

MISS SHARP'S father was an artist, and in that quality had given lessons of drawing at Miss Pinkerton's school. He was a clever man; a pleasant companion; a careless student; with a great propensity for running into debt, and a partiality for the tavern. When he was drunk, he used to beat his wife and daughter; and the next morning, with a headache, he would rail at the world for its neglect of his genius, and abuse, with a good deal of cleverness, and sometimes with

perfect reason, the fools, his brother painters. As it was with the utmost difficulty that he could keep himself, and as he owed money for a mile round Soho,<sup>1</sup> where he lived, he thought to better his circumstances by marrying a young woman of the French nation, who was by profession an opera-girl. The humble calling of her female parent Miss Sharp never alluded to, but used to state subsequently that the Entrechats were a noble family of Gascony, and took great pride in her descent from them. And curious it is, that as she advanced in life, this young lady's ancestors increased in rank and splendor.

Rebecca's mother had had some education somewhere, and her daughter spoke French with purity and a Parisian accent. It was in those days rather a rare accomplishment, and led to her engagement with the orthodox Miss Pinkerton. For her mother being dead, her father, finding himself not likely to recover, after his third attack of *delirium tremens*, wrote a manly and pathetic letter to Miss Pinkerton, recommending the orphan child to her protection, and so descended to the grave, after two bailiffs had quarrelled over his corpse. Rebecca was seventeen when she came to Chiswick,<sup>2</sup> and was bound over as an articted pupil; her duties being to talk French, as we have seen; and her privileges to live cost free, and, with a few guineas a year, to gather scraps of knowledge from the professors who attended the school.

She was small and slight in person; pale, sandy-haired, and with eyes habitually cast down: when they looked up they were very large, odd, and attractive; so attractive that the Reverend Mr. Crisp, fresh from Oxford, and

curate to the Vicar of Chiswick, the Reverend Mr. Flowerdew, fell in love with Miss Sharp; being shot dead by a glance of her eyes which was fired all the way across Chiswick Church from the school-pew to the reading-desk. This infatuated young man used sometimes to take tea with Miss Pinkerton, to whom he had been presented by his mamma, and actually proposed something like marriage in an intercepted note, which the one-eyed apple-woman was charged to deliver. Mrs. Crisp was summoned from Buxton, and abruptly carried off her darling boy; but the idea, even, of such an eagle in the Chiswick dovecot caused a great flutter in the breast of Miss Pinkerton, who would have sent away Miss Sharp, but that she was bound to her under a forfeit, and who never could thoroughly believe the young lady's protestations that she had never exchanged a single word with Mr. Crisp, except under her own eyes on the two occasions when she had met him at tea.

By the side of many tall and bounding young ladies in the establishment, Rebecca Sharp looked like a child. But she had the dismal precocity of poverty. Many a dun had she talked to, and turned away from her father's door; many a tradesman had she coaxed and wheedled into good humor, and into the granting of one meal more. She sat commonly with her father, who was very proud of her wit, and heard the talk of many of his wild companions—often but ill-suited for a girl to hear. But she never had been a girl, she said; she had been a woman since she was eight years old. O why did Miss Pinkerton let such a dangerous bird into her cage?

The fact is, the old lady believed Rebecca to be the meekest creature in the world, so admirably, on the occasions when her father brought her to Chiswick, used Rebecca to perform the

<sup>1</sup> *Soho*, a district of London inhabited chiefly by Italians and French.

<sup>2</sup> *Chiswick*, the name of a district and of a suburban town west of London. The Misses Pinkerton's school was in the town.

part of the *ingénue*; and only a year before the arrangement by which Rebecca had been admitted into her house, and when Rebecca was sixteen years old, Miss Pinkerton majestically, and with a little speech, made her a present of a doll—which was, by the way, the confiscated property of Miss Swindle, discovered surreptitiously nursing it in school hours. How the father and daughter laughed as they trudged home together after the evening party (it was on the occasion of the speeches, when all the professors were invited), and how Miss Pinkerton would have raged had she seen the caricature of herself which the little mimic, Rebecca, managed to make out of her doll. Becky used to go through dialogues with it; formed the delight of Newman Street, Gerrard Street, and the artists' quarter: and the young painters, when they came to take their gin-and-water with their lazy, dissolute, clever, jovial senior, used regularly to ask Rebecca if Miss Pinkerton was at home: she was as well known to them, poor soul! as Mr. Lawrence or President West. Once Rebecca had the honor to pass a few days at Chiswick; after which she brought back Jemima, and erected another doll as Miss Jemmy; for though that honest creature had made and given her jelly and cake enough for three children, and a seven-shilling piece at parting, the girl's sense of ridicule was far stronger than her gratitude, and she sacrificed Miss Jemmy quite as pitilessly as her sister.

The catastrophe came, and she was brought to the Mall as to her home. The rigid formality of the place suffocated her: the prayers and the meals, the lessons and the walks, which were arranged with a conventional regularity, oppressed her almost beyond endurance; and she looked back to the freedom and the beggary of the old studio in Soho with so much regret

that everybody, herself included, fancied she was consumed with grief for her father. She had a little room in the garret, where the maids heard her walking and sobbing at night; but it was with rage, and not with grief. She had not been much of a dissembler, until now her loneliness taught her to feign. She had never mingled in the society of women: her father, reprobate as he was, was a man of talent; his conversation was a thousand times more agreeable to her than the talk of such of her own sex as she now encountered. The pompous vanity of the old school-mistress, the foolish good humor of her sister, the silly chat and scandal of the elder girls, and the frigid correctness of the governesses equally annoyed her; and she had no soft maternal heart, this unlucky girl, otherwise the prattle and talk of the younger children, with whose care she was chiefly intrusted, might have soothed and interested her; but she lived among them two years, and not one was sorry that she went away. The gentle, tender-hearted Amelia Sedley was the only person to whom she could attach herself in the least; and who could help attaching herself to Amelia?

The happiness—the superior advantages of the young women round about her, gave Rebecca inexpressible pangs of envy. "What airs that girl gives herself, because she is an Earl's granddaughter!" she said of one. "How they cringe and bow to that Creole, because of her hundred thousand pounds! I am a thousand times cleverer and more charming than that creature, for all her wealth. I am as well-bred as the Earl's granddaughter, for all her fine pedigree; and yet everyone passes me by here. And yet, when I was at my father's, did not the men give up their gayest balls and parties in order to pass the evening with me?" She determined at any rate to get free from the prison

in which she found herself, and now began to act for herself, and for the first time to make connected plans for the future.

She took advantage, therefore, of the means of study the place offered her; and as she was already a musician and a good linguist, she speedily went through the little course of study which was considered necessary for ladies in those days. Her music she practiced incessantly, and one day, when the girls were out, and she had remained at home, she was overheard to play a piece so well that Minerva thought wisely she could spare herself the expense of a master for the juniors, and intimated to Miss Sharp that she was to instruct them in music for the future.

The girl refused; and for the first time, and to the astonishment of the majestic mistress of the school. "I am here to speak French with the children," Rebecca said abruptly, "not to teach them music, and save money for you. Give me money, and I will teach them."

Minerva was obliged to yield, and, of course, disliked her from that day. "For five-and-thirty years," she said, and with great justice, "I have never seen the individual who has dared in my own house to question my authority. I have nourished a viper in my bosom."

"A viper—a fiddlestick," said Miss Sharp to the old lady, almost fainting with astonishment. "You took me because I was useful. There is no question of gratitude between us. I hate this place, and want to leave it. I will do nothing here but what I am obliged to do."

It was in vain that the old lady asked her if she was aware she was speaking to Miss Pinkerton. Rebecca laughed in her face, with a horrid sarcastic demoniacal laughter, that almost sent the schoolmistress into fits. "Give me a sum of money," said the girl, "and get

rid of me—or, if you like better, get me a good place as governess in a nobleman's family—you can do so if you please." And in their further disputes she always returned to this point, "Get me a situation—we hate each other, and I am ready to go."

Worthy Miss Pinkerton, although she had a Roman nose and a turban, and was as tall as a grenadier, and had been up to this time an irresistible princess, had no will or strength like that of her little apprentice, and in vain did battle against her, and tried to overawe her. Attempting once to scold her in public, Rebecca hit upon the before-mentioned plan of answering her in French, which quite routed the old woman. In order to maintain authority in her school, it became necessary to remove this rebel, this monster, this serpent, this firebrand; and hearing about this time that Sir Pitt Crawley's family was in want of a governess, she actually recommended Miss Sharp for the situation, firebrand and serpent as she was. "I cannot, certainly," she said, "find fault with Miss Sharp's conduct, except to myself; and must allow that her talents and accomplishments are of a high order. As far as the head goes, at least, she does credit to the educational system pursued at my establishment."

And so the schoolmistress reconciled the recommendation to her conscience, and the indentures were canceled, and the apprentice was free. The battle here described in a few lines, of course, lasted for some months. And as Miss Sedley, being now in her seventeenth year, was about to leave school, and had a friendship for Miss Sharp ("Tis the only point in Amelia's behavior," said Minerva, "which has not been satisfactory to her mistress"), Miss Sharp was invited by her friend to pass a week with her at home, before she entered upon her duties as governess in a private family.

## CLASS DISCUSSIONS

1. What practical preparation for life did Becky get from companionship with her father? What features of her disposition came out at Miss Pinkerton's? From this introductory account, what future do you predict for her? Give reasons. How much of what was said about *Vanity Fair* in the history (page 512) can you illustrate from this passage?

2. How many of the experiences of Thackeray (page 511) may be traced in this account of Becky's girlhood?

3. Compare the realistic treatment of human beings in this account with the broad humorous caricature in the passage from Dickens (page 518). Which reflection of life is the more interesting to you? How do the two views of the human comedy bring out the differences between the two authors?

## THE PLAY OF CHANCE

[From *The Return of the Native*]

THOMAS HARDY

[To understand the game of dice described in this selection you should picture the scene. The contest, in which chance is the determining element, takes place at eleven o'clock at night in a hollow of Egdon Heath, the ever-present setting of *The Return of the Native* (see page 515). Wildeve is seated on one side of a flat stone which is lighted by a box lantern containing a candle. Before him lie three wooden dice and a box in which to shake them. He has just won one hundred guineas (about five hundred dollars) from Christian, a half-witted peasant, whom he had lured into the game by telling him that "once there was a young man in America" who gambled till he had lost everything and then won back his coat and won back his hat "and went out of the door a rich man."

Christian had been asked by Mrs. Yeobright to take this large sum of money to a wedding on a hill that night. She has instructed him to give half the guineas to Thomasin, Wildeve's wife, and half to Clym Yeobright, her son, who was marrying Eustacia, the granddaughter of a re-

tired sea captain at a house called Mistover. As Christian, the peasant, leaves the game and is swallowed up in the blackness of night, a strange figure steps into the dim circle of candlelight—a handsome young man with red hands and face. It is Dig-gory Venn, a reddleman, whose deep color comes from a red powder which he carries about in a van and sells to sheep owners. Considering himself the protector of Thomasin, Wildeve's young wife, he has followed husband and peasant to the secluded hollow. As you watch his actions, picture the two men by the flat stone in the candlelight.]

WILDEVE stared. Venn looked coolly towards Wildeve, and, without a word being spoken, he deliberately sat himself down where Christian had been seated, thrust his hand into his pocket, drew out a sovereign, and laid it on the stone.

"You have been watching us from behind that bush?" said Wildeve.

The reddleman nodded. "Down with your stake," he said. "Or haven't you pluck enough to go on?"

Now, gambling is a species of amusement which is much more easily begun with full pockets than left off with the same; and though Wildeve in a cooler temper might have prudently declined this invitation, the excitement of his recent success carried him completely away. He placed one of the guineas on the slab beside the reddleman's sovereign. "Mine is a guinea," he said.

"A guinea that's not your own," said Venn sarcastically.

"It is my own," answered Wildeve haughtily. "It is my wife's, and what is hers is mine."

"Very well; let's make a beginning." He shook the box, and threw eight, ten, and nine; the three casts amounted to twenty-seven.

This encouraged Wildeve. He took the box; and his three casts amounted to forty-five.

Down went another of the reddle-

man's sovereigns against his first one which Wildeve laid. This time Wildeve threw fifty-one points, but no pair. The reddleman looked grim, threw a raffle of aces,<sup>1</sup> and pocketed the stakes.

"Here you are again," said Wildeve contemptuously. "Double the stakes." He laid two of Thomasin's guineas, and the reddleman his two pounds. Venn won again. New stakes were laid on the stone, and the gamblers proceeded as before.

Wildeve was a nervous and excitable man; and the game was beginning to tell upon his temper. He writhed, fumed, shifted his seat; and the beating of his heart was almost audible. Venn sat with lips impassively closed and eyes reduced to a pair of unimportant twinkles; he scarcely appeared to breathe. He might have been an Arab, or an automaton; he would have been like a red-sandstone statue but for the motion of his arm with the dice-box.

The game fluctuated, now in favor of one, now in favor of the other, without any great advantage on the side of either. Nearly twenty minutes were passed thus. The light of the candle had by this time attracted heath-flies, moths, and other winged creatures of night, which floated round the lantern, flew into the flame, or beat about the faces of the two players.

But neither of the men paid much attention to these things, their eyes being concentrated upon the little flat stone, which to them was an arena vast and important as a battlefield. By this time a change had come over the game; the reddleman won continually. At length sixty guineas—Thomasin's fifty, and ten of Clym's—had passed into his hands. Wildeve was reckless, frantic, exasperated.

<sup>1</sup> *affle of aces*. In the game of raffle, played with three dice, the best scores are, in order, three aces (one-spots), any other triples, highest pair, and largest number of points.

"'Won back his coat,'" said Venn slyly.

Another throw, and the money went the same way.

"'Won back his hat,'" continued Venn.

"Oh, oh!" said Wildeve.

"'Won back his watch, won back his money, and went out of the door a rich man,'" added Venn sentence by sentence, as stake after stake passed over to him.

"Five more!" shouted Wildeve, dashing down the money. "And three casts be hanged—one shall decide."

The red automaton opposite lapsed into silence, nodded, and followed his example. Wildeve rattled the box, and threw a pair of sixes and five points. He clapped his hands; "I have done it this time—hurrah!"

"There are two playing, and only one has thrown," said the reddleman, quietly bringing down the box. The eyes of each were then so intently converged upon the stone that one could fancy their beams were visible, like rays in a fog.

Venn lifted the box, and behold a triplet of sixes was disclosed.

Wildeve was full of fury. While the reddleman was grasping the stakes, Wildeve seized the dice and hurled them, box and all, into the darkness, uttering a fearful imprecation. Then he arose and began stamping up and down like a madman.

"It is all over, then?" said Venn.

"No, no!" cried Wildeve. "I mean to have another chance yet. I must!"

"But, my good man, what have you done with the dice?"

"I threw them away—it was a momentary irritation. What a fool I am! Here—come and help me to look for them—we must find them again."

Wildeve snatched up the lantern and began anxiously prowling among the furze and fern.

"You are not likely to find them there," said Venn, following. "What did you do such a crazy thing as that for? Here's the box. The dice can't be far off."

Wildeve turned the light eagerly upon the spot where Venn had found the box, and mauled the herbage right and left. In the course of a few minutes one of the dice was found. They searched on for some time, but no other was to be seen.

"Never mind," said Wildeve; "let's play with one."

"Agreed," said Venn.

Down they sat again, and recommenced with single guinea stakes; and the play went on smartly. But Fortune had unmistakably fallen in love with the reddleman tonight. He won steadily, till he was the owner of fourteen more of the gold pieces. Seventy-nine of the hundred guineas were his, Wildeve possessing only twenty-one. The aspect of the two opponents was now singular. Apart from motions, a complete diorama of the fluctuations of the game went on in their eyes. A diminutive candle-flame was mirrored in each pupil, and it would have been possible to distinguish therein between the moods of hope and the moods of abandonment, even as regards the reddleman, though his facial muscles betrayed nothing at all. Wildeve played on with the recklessness of despair.

"What's that?" he suddenly exclaimed, hearing a rustle; and they both looked up.

They were surrounded by dusky forms about four feet high, standing a few paces beyond the rays of the lantern. A moment's inspection revealed that the encircling figures were heath-croppers,<sup>2</sup> their heads being all toward the players, at whom they gazed intently.

<sup>2</sup> *heath-croppers*, sheep living on the open heath.

"Hoosh!" said Wildeve; and the whole forty or fifty animals at once turned and galloped away. Play was again resumed.

Ten minutes passed away. Then a large death's head moth advanced from the obscure outer air, wheeled twice round the lantern, flew straight at the candle, and extinguished it by the force of the blow. Wildeve had just thrown, but had not lifted the box to see what he had cast; and now it was impossible.

"What the infernal!" he shrieked. "Now, what shall we do? Perhaps I have thrown six—have you any matches?"

"None," said Venn.

"Christian had some—I wonder where he is. Christian!"

But there was no reply to Wildeve's shout, save a mournful whining from the herons which were nesting lower down the vale. Both men looked blankly round without rising. As their eyes grew accustomed to the darkness, they perceived faint greenish points of light among the grass and fern. These lights dotted the hillside like stars of a low magnitude.

"Ah—glowworms," said Wildeve. "Wait a minute. We can continue the game."

Venn sat still, and his companion went here and there till he had gathered thirteen glowworms—as many as he could find in a space of four or five minutes—upon a foxglove leaf which he pulled for the purpose. The reddleman vented a low humorous laugh when he saw his adversary return with these. "Determined to go on, then?" he said dryly.

"I always am!" said Wildeve angrily. And shaking the glowworms from the leaf he ranged them with a trembling hand in a circle on the stone, leaving a space in the middle for the descent of the dice-box, over which the thirteen tiny lamps threw a pale phosphoric



shine. The game was again renewed. It happened to be that season of the year at which glowworms put forth their greatest brilliancy, and the light they yielded was more than ample for the purpose, since it is possible on such nights to read the handwriting of a letter by the light of two or three.

The incongruity between the men's deeds and their environment was great. Amid the soft juicy vegetation of the hollow in which they sat, the motionless and the uninhabited solitude, intruded the chink of guineas, the rattle of dice, the exclamations of the reckless players.

Wildeve had lifted the box as soon as the lights were obtained, and the solitary die proclaimed that the game was still against him.

"I won't play any more; you've been tampering with the dice," he shouted.

"How—when they were your own?" said the reddleman.

"We'll change the game; the lowest point shall win the stake—it may cut off my ill luck. Do you refuse?"

"No—go on," said Venn.

"O, there they are again—damn them!" cried Wildeve, looking up. The heath-croppers had returned noiselessly, and were looking on with erect heads just as before, their timid eyes fixed upon the scene, as if they were wondering what mankind and candle-light could have to do in these haunts at this untoward hour.

"What a plague those creatures are—staring so!" he said, and flung a stone, which scattered them; when the game was continued as before.

Wildeve had now ten guineas left; and each laid five. Wildeve threw three points; Venn two, and raked in the coins. The other seized the die, and clenched his teeth upon it in sheer rage, as if he would bite it in pieces. "Never give in—here are my last five!" he cried, throwing them down. "Hang

the glowworms—they are going out. Why don't you burn, you little fools? Stir them up with a thorn."

He probed the glowworms with a bit of stick, and rolled them over, till the bright side of their tails was upwards.

"There's light enough. Throw on," said Venn.

Wildeve brought down the box within the shining circle and looked eagerly. He had thrown ace. "Well done!—I said it would turn, and it has turned." Venn said nothing; but his hand shook slightly. He threw ace also.

"O!" said Wildeve. "Curse me!"

The die smacked the stone a second time. It was ace again. Venn looked gloomy, threw; the die was seen to be lying in two pieces, the cleft sides uppermost.

"I've thrown nothing at all," he said.

"Serves me right—I split the die with my teeth. Here—take your money. Blank is less than one."

"I don't wish it."

"Take it, I say—you've won it!" And Wildeve threw the stakes against the reddleman's chest. Venn gathered them up, arose, and withdrew from the hollow, Wildeve sitting stupefied.

When he had come to himself, he also arose, and, with the extinguished lantern in his hand, went toward the high road. On reaching it he stood still. The silence of night pervaded the whole heath except in one direction; and that was toward Mistover. There he could hear the noise of light wheels, and presently saw two carriage lamps descending the hill. Wildeve screened himself under a bush and waited.

The vehicle came on and passed before him. It was a hired carriage, and behind the coachman were two persons whom he knew well. There sat Eustacia and Yeobright, the arm of the latter being round her waist. They turned the sharp corner at the bottom toward the temporary home which Clym had hired

and furnished, about three miles to the eastward.

Wildeve forgot the loss of the money at the sight of his lost love, whose preciousness in his eyes was increasing in geometrical progression with each new incident that reminded him of their hopeless division. Brimming with the subtilized misery that he was capable of feeling, he followed the opposite way toward the inn.

About the same moment that Wildeve stepped into the highway Venn also had reached it at a point a hundred yards further on; and he, hearing the same wheels, likewise waited till the carriage should come up. When he saw who sat therein, he seemed to be disappointed. Reflecting a minute or two, during which interval the carriage rolled on, he crossed the road and took a short cut through the furze and heath to a point where the turnpike road bent round in ascending a hill. He was now again in front of the carriage, which presently came up at a walking pace. Venn stepped forward and showed himself.

Eustacia started when the lamp shone upon him, and Clym's arm was involuntarily withdrawn from her waist. He said, "What, Diggory? You are having a lonely walk."

"Yes—I beg your pardon for stopping you," said Venn. "But I am waiting about for Mrs. Wildeve: I have something to give her from Mrs. Yeobright. Can you tell me if she's gone home from the party yet?"

"No. But she will be leaving soon. You may possibly meet her at the corner."

Venn made a farewell obeisance, and walked back to his former position, where the by-road from Mistover joined the highway. Here he remained fixed for nearly half an hour; and then another pair of lights came down the hill. It was the old-fashioned wheeled non-

descript belonging to the captain, and Thomasin sat in it alone, driven by Charley.

The reddleman came up as they slowly turned the corner. "I beg pardon for stopping you, Mrs. Wildeve," he said. "But I have something to give you privately from Mrs. Yeobright." He handed a small parcel; it consisted of the hundred guineas he had just won, roughly twisted up in a piece of paper.

Thomasin recovered from her surprise, and took the packet. "That's all, ma'am—I wish you good-night," he said, and vanished from her view.

Thus Venn, in his anxiety to rectify matters, had placed in Thomasin's hands not only the fifty guineas which rightly belonged to her, but also the fifty intended for her cousin Clym. His mistake had been based upon Wildeve's words at the opening of the game, when he indignantly denied that the guinea was not his own. It had not been comprehended by the reddleman that at half-way through the performance the game was continued with the money of another person; and it was an error which afterwards helped to cause more misfortune than treble the loss in money value could have done.

The night was now somewhat advanced; and Venn plunged deeper into the heath, till he came to a ravine where his van was standing—a spot not more than two hundred yards from the site of the gambling bout. He entered this movable home of his, lit his lantern, and, before closing his door for the night, stood reflecting on the circumstances of the preceding hours. While he stood the dawn grew visible in the northeast quarter of the heavens, which, the clouds having cleared off, was bright with a soft sheen at this midsummer time, though it was only between one and two o'clock. Venn, thoroughly weary, then shut his door and flung himself down to sleep.

## CLASS DISCUSSIONS

1. What are the most exciting moments in this scene? At each one what are you eager to find out? What possibilities of future developments are suggested at the end of the chapter?

2. What actions bring out clearly the difference between Wildevé and Diggory Venn? How does this difference bear upon the outcome of the game?

3. Where does Hardy show an intimate knowledge of the vicinity? What parts of the chapter illustrate his use of chance in determining events?

4. How does the tone or atmosphere of this selection differ from that of the episode from Dickens? Of the narrative from Thackeray?

## THE BOTTLE IMP

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

[This story, one of the best Stevenson ever wrote, explains why the Samoans, among whom he spent his last years (page 516), renamed him Tusitala, Teller of Tales. Translated into their native language, the tale ran in weekly installments in their paper and raised the circulation surprisingly, for it deals with a simple-minded hero just like themselves. Whenever natives visited Stevenson thereafter, they asked to see his iron safe, expecting to find the fabulous bottle inside. They thought that the incredible quantities of canned salmon and other luxuries with which he entertained could be supplied only by the aid of the imp in the magic bottle.]

THERE was a man of the island of Hawaii, whom I shall call Keawe; for the truth is, he still lives, and his name must be kept secret; but the place of his birth was not far from Honaunau, where the bones of Keawe the Great lie hidden in a cave. This man was poor, brave, and active; he could read and write like a schoolmaster; he was a first-rate mariner besides, sailed for some time in the island

steamers, and steered a whale-boat on the Hamakua coast. At length it came in Keawe's mind to have a sight of the great world and foreign cities, and he shipped on a vessel bound to San Francisco.

This is a fine town, with a fine harbor, and rich people uncountable; and, in particular, there is one hill which is covered with palaces. Upon this hill Keawe was one day taking a walk, with his pocket full of money, viewing the great houses upon either hand with pleasure. "What fine houses there are!" he was thinking, "and how happy must these people be who dwell in them, and take no care for the morrow!" The thought was in his mind when he came abreast of a house that was smaller than some others, but all finished and beautified like a toy; the steps of that house shone like silver, and the borders of the garden bloomed like garlands, and the windows were bright like diamonds; and Keawe stopped and wondered at the excellence of all he saw. So stopping, he was aware of a man that looked forth upon him through a window, so clear that Keawe could see him as you see a fish in a pool upon the reef. The man was elderly, with a bald head and a black beard; and his face was heavy with sorrow, and he bitterly sighed. And the truth of it is, that as Keawe looked in upon the man, and the man looked out upon Keawe, each envied the other.

All of a sudden the man smiled and nodded, and beckoned Keawe to enter, and met him at the door of the house.

"This is a fine house of mine," said the man, and bitterly sighed. "Would you not care to view the chambers?"

So he led Keawe all over it, from the cellar to the roof, and there was nothing there that was not perfect of its kind, and Keawe was astonished.

"Truly," said Keawe, "this is a beautiful house; if I lived in the like of it, I should be laughing all day long. How

comes it, then, that you should be sighing?"

"There is no reason," said the man, "why you should not have a house in all points similar to this, and finer, if you wish. You have some money, I suppose?"

"I have fifty dollars," said Keawe; "but a house like this will cost more than fifty dollars."

The man made a computation. "I am sorry you have no more," said he, "for it may raise you trouble in the future; but it shall be yours at fifty dollars."

"The house?" asked Keawe.

"No, not the house," replied the man; "but the bottle. For, I must tell you, although I appear to you so rich and fortunate, all my fortune, and this house itself and its garden, came out of a bottle not much bigger than a pint. This is it."

And he opened a lockfast place, and took out a round-bellied bottle with a long neck; the glass of it was white like milk, with changing rainbow colors in the grain. Within it something obscurely moved, like a shadow and a fire.

"This is the bottle," said the man; and, when Keawe laughed, "You do not believe me?" he added. "Try, then, for yourself. See if you can break it."

So Keawe took the bottle up and dashed it on the floor till he was weary; but it jumped on the floor like a child's ball, and was not injured.

"This is a strange thing," said Keawe. "For by the touch of it, as well as by the look, the bottle should be of glass."

"Of glass it is," replied the man, sighing more heavily than ever; "but the glass of it was tempered in the flames of hell. An imp lives in it, and that is the shadow we behold there moving; or, so I suppose. If any man buy this bottle, the imp is at his command; all that he desires—love, fame, money, houses like this house, ay, or a city like this city—all are his at the word uttered.

Napoleon had this bottle, and by it he grew to be the king of the world; but he sold it at the last and fell. Captain Cook<sup>1</sup> had this bottle, and by it he found his way to so many islands; but he, too, sold it, and was slain upon Hawaii. For, once it is sold, the power goes and the protection; and unless a man remain content with what he has, ill will befall him."

"And yet you talk of selling it yourself?" Keawe said.

"I have all I wish, and I am growing elderly," replied the man. "There is one thing the imp cannot do—he cannot prolong life; and it would not be fair to conceal from you there is a drawback to the bottle; for if a man die before he sells it, he must burn in hell for ever."

"To be sure, that is a drawback and no mistake," cried Keawe. "I would not meddle with the thing. I can do without a house, thank God; but there is one thing I could not be doing with one particle, and that is to be damned."

"Dear me, you must not run away with things," returned the man. "All you have to do is to use the power of the imp in moderation, and then sell it to someone else, as I do to you, and finish your life in comfort."

"Well, I observe two things," said Keawe. "All the time you keep sighing like a maid in love, that is one; and, for the other, you sell this bottle very cheap."

"I have told you already why I sigh," said the man. "It is because I fear my health is breaking up; and, as you said yourself, to die and go to the devil is a pity for anyone. As for why I sell so cheap, I must explain to you there is a peculiarity about the bottle. Long ago, when the devil brought it first upon earth, it was extremely expensive, and was sold first of all to Prester John<sup>2</sup> for

<sup>1</sup> Captain Cook, James (1728-1779), English explorer. <sup>2</sup> Prester John a fabulous medieval king and priest.

many millions of dollars; but it cannot be sold at all, unless at a loss. If you sell it for as much as you paid for it, back it comes to you again like a homing pigeon. It follows that the price has kept falling in these centuries, and the bottle is now remarkably cheap. I bought it myself from one of my great neighbors on this hill, and the price I paid was only ninety dollars. I could sell it for as high as eighty-nine dollars and ninety-nine cents, but not a penny dearer, or back the thing must come to me. Now, about this there are two bothers. First, when you offer a bottle so singular for eighty-odd dollars, people suppose you to be jesting. And second—but there is no hurry about that—and I need not go into it. Only remember it must be coined money that you sell it for."

"How am I to know that this is all true?" asked Keawe.

"Some of it you can try at once," replied the man. "Give me your fifty dollars, take the bottle, and wish your fifty dollars back into your pocket. If that does not happen, I pledge you my honor I will cry off the bargain and restore your money."

"You are not deceiving me?" said Keawe. The man bound himself with a great oath.

"Well, I will risk that much," said Keawe, "for that can do no harm," and he paid over his money to the man, and the man handed him the bottle.

"Imp of the bottle," said Keawe, "I want my fifty dollars back." And sure enough, he had scarce said the word before his pocket was as heavy as ever.

"To be sure, this is a wonderful bottle," said Keawe.

"And now good-morning to you, my fine fellow, and the devil go with you for me," said the man.

"Hold on," said Keawe, "I don't want any more of this fun. Here, take your bottle back."

"You have bought it for less than I paid for it," replied the man, rubbing his hands. "It is yours now; and, for my part, I am only concerned to see the back of you." And with that he rang for his Chinese servant, and had Keawe shown out of the house.

Now, when Keawe was in the street, with the bottle under his arm, he began to think. "If all is true about this bottle, I may have made a losing bargain," thinks he. "But, perhaps the man was only fooling me." The first thing he did was to count his money; the sum was exact—forty-nine dollars American money, and one Chili piece. "That looks like the truth," said Keawe. "Now I will try another part."

The streets in that part of the city were as clean as a ship's decks, and though it was noon, there were no passengers. Keawe set the bottle in the gutter and walked away. Twice he looked back, and there was the milky, round-bellied bottle where he left it. A third time he looked back, and turned a corner; but he had scarce done so, when something knocked upon his elbow, and behold! It was the long neck sticking up; and, as for the round belly, it was jammed into the pocket of his pilot-coat.

"And that looks like the truth," said Keawe.

The next thing he did was to buy a corkscrew in a shop, and go apart into a secret place in the fields. And there he tried to draw the cork, but as often as he put the screw in, out it came again, and the cork as whole as ever.

"This is some new sort of cork," said Keawe, and all at once he began to shake and sweat, for he was afraid of that bottle.

On his way back to the port-side he saw a shop where a man sold shells and clubs from the wild islands, old heathen deities, old coined money, pictures from China and Japan, and all manner of



"YOU HAVE BOUGHT IT . . . IT IS YOURS."

things that sailors bring in their sea-chests. And here he had an idea. So he went in and offered the bottle for a hundred dollars. The man of the shop laughed at him at first, and offered him five; but, indeed, it was a curious bottle, such glass was never blown in any human glassworks, so prettily the colors shone under the milky white, and so strangely the shadow hovered in the midst; so, after he had disputed awhile after the manner of his kind, the shopman gave Keawe sixty silver dollars for the thing and set it on a shelf in the midst of his window.

"Now," said Keawe, "I have sold that for sixty which I bought for fifty—or, to say truth, a little less, because one of my dollars was from Chili. Now I shall know the truth upon another point."

So he went back on board his ship, and when he opened his chest, there was the bottle, and had come more quickly than himself. Now Keawe had

a mate on board whose name was Lopaka.

"What ails you," said Lopaka, "that you stare in your chest?"

They were alone in the ship's fore-castle, and Keawe bound him to secrecy, and told all.

"This is a very strange affair," said Lopaka; "and I fear you will be in trouble about this bottle. But there is one point very clear—that you are sure of the trouble, and you had better have the profit in the bargain. Make up your mind what you want with it; give the order, and if it is done as you desire, I will buy the bottle myself; for I have an idea of my own to get a schooner and go trading through the islands."

"That is not my idea," said Keawe; "but to have a beautiful house and garden on the Kona Coast, where I was born, the sun shining in at the door, flowers in the garden, glass in the windows, pictures on the walls, and toys

and fine carpets on the tables, for all the world like the house I was in this day—only a story higher, and with balconies all about like the king's palace; and to live there without care and make merry with my friends and relatives."

"Well," said Lopaka, "let us carry it back with us to Hawaii; and if all comes true, as you suppose, I will buy the bottle, as I said, and ask a schooner."

Upon that they were agreed, and it was not long before the ship returned to Honolulu, carrying Keawe and Lopaka, and the bottle. They were scarce come ashore when they met a friend upon the beach, who began at once to condole with Keawe.

"I do not know what I am to be condoled about," said Keawe.

"Is it possible you have not heard," said the friend, "your uncle—that good old man—is dead, and your cousin—that beautiful boy—was drowned at sea?"

Keawe was filled with sorrow, and, beginning to weep and to lament, he forgot about the bottle. But Lopaka was thinking to himself, and presently, when Keawe's grief was a little abated, "I have been thinking," said Lopaka, "had not your uncle lands in Hawaii, in the district of Kau?"

"No," said Keawe, "not in Kau: they are on the mountain-side—a little be-south Hookena."

"These lands will now be yours?" asked Lopaka.

"And so they will," says Keawe, and began again to lament for his relatives.

"No," said Lopaka, "do not lament at present. I have a thought in my mind. How if this should be the doing of the bottle? For here is the place ready for your house."

"If this be so," cried Keawe, "it is a very ill way to serve me by killing my relatives. But it may be, indeed; for it was in just such a station that I saw the house with my mind's eye."

"The house, however, is not yet built," said Lopaka.

"No, nor like to be!" said Keawe; "for though my uncle has some coffee and *ava*<sup>3</sup> and bananas, it will not be more than will keep me in comfort; and the rest of that land is the black lava."

"Let us go to the lawyer," said Lopaka; "I have still this idea in my mind."

Now, when they came to the lawyer's, it appeared Keawe's uncle had grown monstrous rich in the last days, and there was a fund of money.

"And here is the money for the house!" cried Lopaka.

"If you are thinking of a new house," said the lawyer, "here is the card of a new architect, of whom they tell me great things."

"Better and better!" cried Lopaka. "Here is all made plain for us. Let us continue to obey orders."

So they went to the architect, and he had drawings of houses on his table.

"You want something out of the way," said the architect. "How do you like this?" and he handed a drawing to Keawe.

Now, when Keawe set eyes on the drawing, he cried out aloud, for it was the picture of his thought exactly drawn.

"I am in for this house," thought he. "Little as I like the way it comes to me, I am in for it now, and I may as well take the good along with the evil."

So he told the architect all that he wished, and how he would have that house furnished, and about the pictures on the wall and the knick-knacks on the tables; and he asked the man plainly for how much he would undertake the whole affair.

The architect put many questions, and took his pen and made a compu-

<sup>3</sup> *ava*, a plant from which intoxicating spirits are made.

tation; and when he had done he named the very sum that Keawe had inherited.

Lopaka and Keawe looked at one another and nodded.

"It is quite clear," thought Keawe, "that I am to have this house, whether or no. It comes from the devil, and I fear I will get little good by that; and of one thing I am sure. I will make no more wishes as long as I have this bottle. But with the house I am saddled, and I may as well take the good along with the evil."

So he made his terms with the architect, and they signed a paper; and Keawe and Lopaka took ship again and sailed to Australia; for it was concluded between them they should not interfere at all, but leave the architect and the bottle-imp to build and to adorn that house at their own pleasure.

The voyage was a good voyage, only all the time Keawe was holding in his breath, for he had sworn he would utter no more wishes, and take no more favors from the devil. The time was up when they got back. The architect told them that the house was ready, and Keawe and Lopaka took a passage in the *Hull*, and went down Kona way to view the house and see it all had been done fitly according to the thought that was in Keawe's mind.

Now, the house stood on the mountain-side, visible to ships. Above, the forest ran up into the clouds of rain; below, the black lava fell in cliffs, where the kings of old lav buried. A garden bloomed about that house with every hue of flowers; and there was an orchard of papaia<sup>4</sup> on the one hand and an orchard of herdprint<sup>5</sup> on the other, and right in front, toward the sea, a ship's mast had been rigged up and bore a flag. As for the house, it was

three stories high, with great chambers and broad balconies on each. The windows were of glass, so excellent that it was as clear as water and as bright as day. All manner of furniture adorned the chambers. Pictures hung upon the wall in golden frames—pictures of ships, and men fighting, and of the most beautiful women, and of singular places: nowhere in the world are there pictures of so bright a color as those Keawe found hanging in his house. As for the knick-knacks, they were extraordinarily fine: chiming clocks and musical boxes, little men with nodding heads, books filled with pictures, weapons of price from all quarters of the world, and the most elegant puzzles to entertain the leisure of a solitary man. And as no one would care to live in such chambers, only to walk through and view them, the balconies were made so broad that a whole town might have lived upon them in delight; and Keawe knew not which to prefer, whether the back porch, where you got the land-breeze and looked upon the orchards and the flowers, or the front balcony, where you could drink the wind of the sea and look down the steep wall of the mountain and see the *Hull* going by once a week or so between Hockena and the hills of Pele, or the schooners plying up the coast for wood and ava and bananas.

When they had viewed all, Keawe and Lopaka sat on the porch.

"Well," asked Lopaka, "is it all as you designed?"

"Words cannot utter it," said Keawe. "It is better than I dreamed, and I am sick with satisfaction."

"There is but one thing to consider," said Lopaka: "all this may be quite natural, and the bottle-imp have nothing whatever to say to it. If I were to buy the bottle, and got no schooner after all, I should have put my hand in the fire for nothing. I gave you my word,

<sup>4</sup> *papaia*, a tree, the fruit of which is eaten by the natives. <sup>5</sup> *herdprint*, another kind of tropical fruit tree.



I know; but yet I think you would not grudge me one more proof."

"I have sworn I would take no more favors," said Keawe. "I have gone already deep enough."

"This is no favor I am thinking of," replied Lopaka. "It is only to see the imp himself. There is nothing to be gained by that, and so nothing to be ashamed of, and yet, if I once saw him, I should be sure of the whole matter. So indulge me so far, and let me see the imp; and, after that, here is the money in my hand, and I will buy it."

"There is only one thing I am afraid of," said Keawe. "The imp may be very ugly to view, and if you once set eyes upon him, you might be very undesirous of the bottle."

"I am a man of my word," said Lopaka. "And here is the money betwixt us."

"Very well," replied Keawe, "I have a curiosity myself. So come, let us have one look at you, Mr. Imp."

Now as soon as that was said, the imp looked out of the bottle, and in again, swift as a lizard; and there sat Keawe and Lopaka turned to stone. The night had quite come, before either found a thought to say or voice to say it with; and then Lopaka pushed the money over and took the bottle.

"I am a man of my word," said he, "and had need to be so, or I would not touch this bottle with my foot. Well, I shall get my schooner and a dollar or two for my pocket; and then I will be rid of this devil as fast as I can. For to tell you the plain truth, the look of him has cast me down."

"Lopaka," said Keawe, "do not think any worse of me than you can help; I know it is night, and the roads bad, and the pass by the tombs an ill place to go by so late, but I declare since I have seen that little face, I cannot eat or sleep or pray till it is gone from me. I will give you a lantern, and a basket

to put the bottle in, and any picture or fine thing in all my house that takes your fancy; and be gone at once, and go sleep at Hookena with Nahinu."

"Keawe," said Lopaka, "many a man would take this ill; above all, when I am doing you a turn so friendly, as to keep my word and buy the bottle; and for that matter, the night and the dark, and the way by the tombs, must be all tenfold more dangerous to a man with such a sin upon his conscience, and such a bottle under his arm. But for my part, I am so extremely terrified myself I have not the heart to blame you. Here I go, then; and I pray God you may be happy in your house, and I fortunate with my schooner, and both get to heaven in the end in spite of the devil and his bottle."

So Lopaka went down the mountain; and Keawe stood in his front balcony, and listened to the clink of the horse's shoes, and watched the lantern go shining down the path, and along the cliff of caves where the old dead are buried; and all the time he trembled and clasped his hands, and prayed for his friend, and gave glory to God that he himself was escaped out of that trouble.

But the next day came very brightly, and that new house of his was so delightful to behold that he forgot his terrors. One day followed another, and Keawe dwelt there in perpetual joy. He had his place on the back porch; it was there he ate and lived, and read the stories in the Honolulu newspapers; but when anyone came by they would go in and view the chambers and the pictures. And the fame of the house went far and wide; it was called *Ka-Hale Nui*—the Great House—in all Kona; and sometimes the Bright House, for Keawe kept a Chinaman, who was all day dusting and furbishing; and the glass and the gilt, and the fine stuffs, and the pictures, shone as bright as the morning. As for Keawe himself, he

could not walk in the chambers without singing, his heart was so enlarged; and when ships sailed by upon the sea, he would fly his colors on the mast.

So time went by, until one day Keawe went upon a visit as far as Kailua to certain of his friends. There he was well feasted; and left as soon as he could the next morning, and rode hard, for he was impatient to behold his beautiful house; and, besides, the night then coming on was the night in which the dead of old days go abroad in the sides of Kona; and having already meddled with the devil, he was the more chary of meeting with the dead.

A little beyond Honaunau, looking far ahead, he was aware of a woman bathing in the edge of the sea; and she seemed a well-grown girl, but he thought no more of it. Then he saw her white shift<sup>6</sup> flutter as she put it on, and then her red holoku;<sup>7</sup> and by the time he came abreast of her she was done with her toilet, and had come up from the sea, and stood by the track-side in her red holoku, and she was all freshened with the bath, and her eyes shone and were kind. Now Keawe no sooner beheld her than he drew rein.

"I thought I knew everyone in this country," said he. "How comes it that I do not know you?"

"I am Kokua, daughter of Kiano," said the girl, "and I have just returned from Oahu. Who are you?"

"I will tell you who I am in a little," said Keawe, dismounting from his horse, "but not now. For I have a thought in my mind, and if you knew who I was, you might have heard of me, and would not give me a true answer. But tell me, first of all, one thing: are you married?"

At this Kokua laughed out aloud.

<sup>6</sup> shift, a cotton garment. <sup>7</sup> holoku, a loose-fitting dress.

"It is you who ask questions," she said. "Are you married yourself?"

"Indeed, Kokua, I am not," replied Keawe, "and never thought to be until this hour. But here is the plain truth. I have met you here at the roadside, and I saw your eyes, which are like the stars, and my heart went to you as swift as a bird. And so now, if you want none of me, say so, and I will go on to my own place; but if you think me no worse than any other young man, say so, too, and I will turn aside to your father's for the night, and tomorrow I will talk with the good man."

Kokua said never a word, but she looked at the sea and laughed.

"Kokua," said Keawe, "if you say nothing, I will take that for the good answer; so let us be stepping to your father's door."

She went on ahead of him, still without speech; only sometimes she glanced back and glanced away again, and she kept the strings of her hat in her mouth.

Now, when they had come to the door, Kiano came out on his veranda, and cried out and welcomed Keawe by name. At that the girl looked over, for the fame of the great house had come to her ears: and, to be sure, it was a great temptation. All that evening they were very merry together; and the girl was bold as brass under the eyes of her parents, and made a mark of Keawe, for she had a quick wit. The next day he had a word with Kiano, and found the girl alone.

"Kokua," said he, "you made a mark of me all the evening; and it is still time to bid me go. I would not tell you who I was, because I have so fine a house, and I feared you would think too much of that house and too little of the man that loves you. Now you know all, and if you wish to have seen the last of me, say so at once."

"No," said Kokua, but this time she

did not laugh, nor did Keawe ask for more.

This was the wooing of Keawe; things had gone quickly; but so an arrow goes, and the ball of a rifle swifter still, and yet both may strike the target. Things had gone fast, but they had gone far also, and the thought of Keawe rang in the maiden's head; she heard his voice in the breach of the surf upon the lava, and for this young man that she had seen but twice she would have left father and mother and her native islands. As for Keawe himself, his horse flew up the path of the mountain under the cliff of the tombs, and the sound of the hoofs, and the sound of Keawe singing to himself for pleasure, echoed in the caverns of the dead. He came to the Bright House, and still he was singing. He sat and ate in the broad balcony, and the Chinaman wondered at his master, to hear how he sang between the mouthfuls. The sun went down into the sea, and the night came; and Keawe walked the balconies by lamplight, high on the mountains, and the voice of his singing startled men on ships.

"Here am I now upon my high place," he said to himself. "Life may be no better; this is the mountain top; and all shelves about me toward the worse. For the first time I will light up the chambers, and bathe in my fine bath with the hot water and the cold, and sleep above in the bed of my bridal chamber."

So the Chinaman had word, and he must rise from sleep and light the furnaces; and as he walked below, beside the boilers, he heard his master singing and rejoicing above him in the lighted chambers. When the water began to be hot the Chinaman cried to his master; and Keawe went into the bathroom; and the Chinaman heard him sing as he filled the marble basin; and heard him sing, and the singing broken,

as he undressed; until of a sudden, the song ceased. The Chinaman listened, and listened; he called up the house to Keawe to ask if all were well, and Keawe answered him "Yes," and bade him go to bed; but there was no more singing in the Bright House; and all night long the Chinaman heard his master's feet go round and round the balconies without repose.

Now, the truth of it was this: as Keawe undressed for his bath, he spied upon his flesh a patch like a patch of lichen on a rock, and it was then he stopped singing. For he knew the likeness of that patch, and knew that he was fallen in the Chinese Evil.<sup>8</sup>

Now, it is a sad thing for any man to fall into this sickness. And it would be a sad thing for anyone to leave a house so beautiful and so commodious, and depart from all his friends to the north coast of Molokai, between the mighty cliff and the sea-breakers. But what was that to the case of the man Keawe, he who had met his love but yesterday and won her but that morning, and now saw all his hopes break, in a moment, like a piece of glass?

Awhile he sat upon the edge of the bath, then sprang, with a cry, and ran outside; and to and fro, to and fro, along the balcony, like one despairing.

"Very willingly could I leave Hawaii, the home of my fathers," Keawe was thinking. "Very lightly could I leave my house, the high-placed, the many-windowed, here upon the mountains. Very bravely could I go to Molokai, to Kalau-papa by the cliffs, to live with the smitten and to sleep there, far from my fathers. But what wrong have I done, what sin lies upon my soul, that I should have encountered Kokua coming cool from the sea-water in the evening? Kokua, the soul ensnarer! Kokua, the light of my life! Her may

<sup>8</sup> *the Chinese Evil*, a disease causing the skin to break out with boil-like sores.

I never wed, her may I look upon no longer, her may I no more handle with my loving hand; and it is for this, it is for you, O Kokua! that I pour my lamentations!"

Now you are to observe what sort of a man Keawe was, for he might have dwelt there in the Bright House for years, and no one been the wiser of his sickness; but he reckoned nothing of that, if he must lose Kokua. And again he might have wed Kokua even as he was; and so many would have done, because they have the souls of pigs; but Keawe loved the maid manfully, and he would do her no hurt and bring her in no danger.

A little beyond the midst of the night, there came in his mind the recollection of that bottle. He went round to the back porch, and called to memory the day when the devil had looked forth; and at the thought ice ran in his veins.

"A dreadful thing is the bottle," thought Keawe, "and dreadful is the imp, and it is a dreadful thing to risk the flames of hell. But what other hope have I to cure my sickness or to wed Kokua? What!" he thought, "would I beard the devil once, only to get me a house, and not face him again to win Kokua?"

Thereupon he called to mind it was the next day the *Hall* went by on her return to Honolulu. "There must I go first," he thought, "and see Lopaka. For the best hope that I have now is to find that same bottle I was so pleased to be rid of."

Never a wink could he sleep; the food stuck in his throat; but he sent a letter to Kiano, and about the time when the steamer would be coming, rode down beside the cliff of the tombs. It rained; his horse went heavily; he looked up at the black mouths of the caves, and he envied the dead that slept there and were done with trouble;

and called to mind how he had galloped by the day before, and was astonished. So he came down to Hoo-kena, and there was all the country gathered for the steamer as usual. In the shed before the store they sat and jested and passed the news; but there was no matter of speech in Keawe's bosom, and he sat in their midst and looked without on the rain falling on the houses, and the surf beating among the rocks, and the sighs arose in his throat.

"Keawe of the Bright House is out of spirits," said one to another. Indeed, and so he was, and little wonder.

Then the *Hall* came, and the whale-boat carried him on board. The after-part of the ship was full of Haoles—whites—who had been to visit the volcano, as their custom is; and the midst was crowded with Kanakas, and the fore-part with wild bulls from Hilo and horses from Kau; but Keawe sat apart from all in his sorrow, and watched for the house of Kiano. There it sat low upon the shore in the black rocks, and shaded by the coron palms, and there by the door was a red holoku, no greater than a fly, and going to and fro with a fly's busyness. "Ah, queen of my heart," he cried, "I'll venture my dear soul to win you!"

Soon after darkness fell and the cabins were lit up, and the Haoles sat and played at the cards and drank whisky as their custom is; but Keawe walked the deck all night; and all the next day, as they steamed under the lee of Maui or of Molokai, he was still pacing to and fro like a wild animal in a menagerie.

Toward evening they passed Diamond Head, and came to the pier of Honolulu. Keawe stepped out among the crowd and began to ask for Lopaka. It seemed he had become the owner of a schooner—none better in the islands—and was gone upon an adven-

ture as far as Pola-Pola or Kahiki; so there was no help to be looked for from Lopaka. Keawe called to mind a friend of his, a lawyer in the town (I must not tell his name), and inquired of him. They said he was grown suddenly rich, and had a fine new house upon Waikiki shore; and this put a thought in Keawe's head, and he called a hack and drove to the lawyer's house.

The house was all brand new, and the trees in the garden no greater than walking-sticks, and the lawyer, when he came, had the air of a man well pleased.

"What can I do to serve you?" said the lawyer.

"You are a friend of Lopaka's," replied Keawe, "and Lopaka purchased from me a certain piece of goods that I thought you might enable me to trace."

The lawyer's face became very dark. "I do not profess to misunderstand you, Mr. Keawe," said he, "though this is an ugly business to be stirring in. You may be sure I know nothing, but yet I have a guess, and if you would apply in a certain quarter I think you might have news."

And he named the name of a man, which, again, I had better not repeat. So it was for days, and Keawe went from one to another, finding everywhere new clothes and carriages, and fine new houses and men everywhere in great contentment, although, to be sure, when he hinted at his business their faces would cloud over.

"No doubt I am upon the track," thought Keawe. "These new clothes and carriages are all the gifts of the little imp, and these glad faces are the faces of men who have taken their profit and got rid of the accursed thing in safety. When I see pale cheeks and hear sighing, I shall know that I am near the bottle."

So it befell at last that he was recom-

mended to a Haole in Beritania street. When he came to the door, about the hour of the evening meal, there were the usual marks of the new house, and the young garden, and the electric light shining in the windows; but when the owner came, a shock of hope and fear ran through Keawe; for here was a young man, white as a corpse, and black about the eyes, the hair shedding from his head, and such a look in his countenance as a man may have when he is waiting for the gallows.

"Here it is, to be sure," thought Keawe, and so with this man he noways veiled his errand. "I am come to buy the bottle," said he.

At the word, the young Haole of Beritania street reeled against the wall.

"The bottle!" he gasped. "To buy the bottle!" Then he seemed to choke, and seizing Keawe by the arm, carried him into a room and poured out wine in two glasses.

"Here is my respects," said Keawe, who had been much about with Haoles in his time. "Yes," he added, "I am come to buy the bottle. What is the price by now?"

At that word the young man let his glass slip through his fingers, and looked upon Keawe like a ghost.

"The price," says he, "the price! You do not know the price?"

"It is for that I am asking you," returned Keawe. "But why are you so much concerned? Is there anything wrong about the price?"

"It has dropped a great deal in value since your time, Mr. Keawe," said the young man, stammering.

"Well, well, I shall have the less to pay for it," says Keawe. "How much did it cost you?"

The young man was as white as a sheet. "Two cents," said he.

"What?" cried Keawe, "two cents? Why, then you can only sell it for one. And he who buys it—" The words

died upon Keawe's tongue; he who bought it could never sell it again, the bottle and the bottle imp must abide with him until he died, and when he died must carry him to the red end of hell.

The young man of Beritania street fell upon his knees. "For God's sake, buy it!" he cried.

"You can have all my fortune in the bargain. I was mad when I bought it at that price. I had embezzled money at my store; I was lost else; I must have gone to jail."

"Poor creature," said Keawe, "you would risk your soul upon so desperate an adventure, and to avoid the proper punishment of your own disgrace; and you think I could hesitate with love in front of me. Give me the bottle, and the change which I make sure you have all ready. Here is a five-cent piece."

It was as Keawe supposed; the young man had the change ready in a drawer; the bottle changed hands, and Keawe's fingers were no sooner clasped upon the stalk than he had breathed his wish to be a clean man. And, sure enough, when he got home to his room, and stripped himself before a glass, his flesh was whole like an infant's. And here was the strange thing: he had no sooner seen this miracle than his mind was changed within him, and he cared naught for the Chinese Evil, and little enough for Kokua; and had but the one thought, that here he was bound to the bottle imp for time and for eternity, and had no better hope but to be a cinder forever in the flames of hell. Away ahead of him he saw them blaze with his mind's eye, and his soul shrank, and darkness fell upon the light.

When Keawe came to himself a little, he was aware it was the night when the band played at the hotel. Thither he went, because he feared to be alone;

and there, among happy faces, walked to and fro, and heard the tunes go up and down, and saw Berger beat the measure, and all the while he heard the flames crackle, and saw the red fire burning in the bottomless pit. Of a sudden the band played *Hiki-ao-ao*; that was a song that he had sung with Kokua, and at the strain courage returned to him.

"It is done now," he thought, "and once more let me take the good along with evil."

So it befell that he returned to Hawaii by the first steamer, and as soon as it could be managed he was wedded to Kokua, and carried her up the mountain-side to the Bright House.

Now it was so with these two that when they were together Keawe's heart was stilled; but as soon as he was alone he fell into a brooding horror, and heard the flames crackle, and saw the red fire burn in the bottomless pit. The girl, indeed, had come to him wholly; her heart leaped in her side at sight of him, her hand clung to his; and she was so fashioned, from the hair upon her head to the nails upon her toes, that none could see her without joy. She was pleasant in her nature. She had the good word always. Full of song she was, and went to and fro in the Bright House, the brightest thing in its three stories, caroling like the birds. And Keawe beheld and heard her with delight, and then must shrink upon one side, and weep and groan to think upon the price that he had paid for her; and then he must dry his eyes, and wash his face, and go and sit with her on the broad balconies, joining in her songs, and with a sick spirit, answering her smiles.

There came a day when her feet began to be heavy and her songs more rare; and now it was not Keawe only that would weep apart, but each would sunder from the other and sit in oppo-

site balconies with the whole width of the Bright House betwixt. Keawe was so sunk in his despair, he scarce observed the change, and was only glad he had more hours to sit alone and brood upon his destiny, and was not so frequently condemned to pull a smiling face on a sick heart. But one day, coming softly through the house, he heard the sound of a child sobbing, and there was Kokua rolling her face upon the balcony floor and weeping like the lost.

"You do well to weep in this house, Kokua," he said. "And yet I would give the head off my body that you (at least) might have been happy."

"Happy!" she cried. "Keawe, when you lived alone in your Bright House you were the word of the island for a happy man; laughter and song were in your mouth, and your face was as bright as the sunrise. Then you wedded poor Kokua; and the good God knows what is amiss in her—but from that day you have not smiled. Oh!" she cried, "what ails me? I thought I was pretty, and I knew I loved him. What ails me, that I throw this cloud upon my husband?"

"Poor Kokua," said Keawe. He sat down by her side, and sought to take her hand; but that she plucked away. "Poor Kokua," he said again. "My poor child—my pretty. And I had thought all this while to spare you! Well, you shall know all. Then, at least, you will pity poor Keawe; then you will understand how much he loved you in the past—that he dared hell for your possession—and how much he loves you still (the poor condemned one), that he can yet call up a smile when he beholds you."

With that, he told her all, even from the beginning.

"You have done this for me?" she cried. "Ah, well, then what do I care!" and she clasped and wept upon him.

"Ah, child!" said Keawe, "and yet,

when I consider of the fire of hell, I care a good deal!"

"Never tell me," said she, "no man can be lost because he loved Kokua, and no other fault. I tell you, Keawe, I shall save you with these hands, or perish in your company. What! you loved me and gave your soul, and you think I will not die to save you in return?"

"Ah, my dear, you might die a hundred times, and what difference would that make?" he cried, "except to leave me lonely till the time comes of my damnation?"

"You know nothing," said she. "I was educated in a school in Honolulu; I am no common girl. And I tell you I shall save my lover. What is this you say about a cent? But all the world is not American. In England they have a piece they call a farthing, which is about half a cent. Ah, sorrow!" she cried, "that makes it scarcely better, for the buyer must be lost, and we shall find none so brave as my Keawe! But, then, there is France; they have a small coin there which they call a centime, and these go five to the cent or thereabout. We could not do better. Come, Keawe, let us go to the French islands; let us go to Tahiti, as fast as ships can bear us. There we have four centimes, three centimes, two centimes, one centime; four possible sales to come and go on; and two of us to push the bargain. Come, my Keawe! kiss me, and banish care. Kokua will defend you."

"Gift of God!" he cried. "I cannot think that God will punish me for desiring aught so good! Be it as you will, then; take me where you please. I put my life and my salvation in your hands."

Early the next day Kokua was about her preparations. She took Keawe's chest that he went with sailing; and first she put the bottle in a corner, and

then packed it with the richest of their clothes and the bravest of the knick-knacks in the house. "For," said she, "we must seem to be rich folks, or who will believe in the bottle?" All the time of her preparation she was as gay as a bird; only when she looked upon Keawe the tears would spring in her eye, and she must run and kiss him. As for Keawe, a weight was off his soul; now that he had his secret shared, and some hope in front of him, he seemed like a new man; his feet went lightly on the earth, and his breath was good to him again. Yet was terror still at his elbow; and ever and again, as the wind blows out a taper, hope died in him and he saw the flames toss and the red fire burn in hell.

It was given out in the country they were gone pleasuring to the States, which was thought a strange thing, and yet not so strange as the truth, if any could have guessed it. So they went to Honolulu in the *Hall*, and thence in the *Umatilla* to San Francisco with a crowd of Haoles, and at San Francisco took their passage by the mail brigantine, the *Tropic Bird*, for Papeete, the chief place of the French in the south islands. Thither they came, after a pleasant voyage, on a fair day of the trade wind, and saw the reef with the surf breaking and Motuti with its palms, and the schooner riding within-side, and the white houses of the town low down along the shore among green trees, and overhead the mountains and the clouds of Tahiti, the wise island.

It was judged the most wise to hire a house, which they did accordingly, opposite the British Consul's, to make a great parade of money, and themselves conspicuous with carriages and horses. This it was easy to do, so long as they had the bottle in their possession; for Kokua was more bold than Keawe, and, whenever she had a mind, called on the imp for twenty or a hun-

dred dollars. At this rate they soon grew to be remarked in the town; and the strangers from Hawaii, their riding and their driving, the fine holokus, and the rich lace of Kokua, became the matter of much talk.

They got on well after the first with the Tahitian language, which is indeed like to the Hawaiian, with a change of certain letters; and as soon as they had any freedom of speech, began to push the bottle. You are to consider it was not an easy subject to introduce; it was not easy to persuade people you are in earnest, when you offer to sell them for four centimes, the spring of health and riches inexhaustible. It was necessary besides to explain the dangers of the bottle; and either people disbelieved the whole thing and laughed, or they thought the more of the darker part, became overcast with gravity, and drew away from Keawe and Kokua, as from persons who had dealings with the devil. So far from gaining ground, these two began to find they were avoided in the town; the children ran away from them screaming, a thing intolerable to Kokua; Catholics crossed themselves as they went by; and all persons began with one accord to disengage themselves from their advances.

Depression fell upon their spirits. They would sit at night in their new house, after a day's weariness, and not exchange one word, or the silence would be broken by Kokua bursting suddenly into sob. Sometimes they would pray together; sometimes they would have the bottle out upon the floor, and sit all evening watching how the shadow hovered in the midst. At such times they would be afraid to go to rest. It was long ere slumber came to them, and if either dozed off, it would be to wake and find the other silently weeping in the dark, or, perhaps, to wake alone, the other having fled from the house and the neighbor-



hood of that bottle, to pace under the bananas in the little garden, or to wander on the beach by moonlight.

One night it was so when Kokua awoke. She felt in the bed and his place was cold. Then fear fell upon her, and she sat up in bed. A little moonshine filtered through the shutters. The room was bright, and she could spy the bottle on the floor. Outside it blew high, the great trees of the avenue cried aloud, and the fallen leaves rattled in the veranda. In the midst of this Kokua was aware of another sound; whether of a beast or of a man she could scarce tell, but it was as sad as death, and cut her to the soul. Softly she arose, set the door ajar, and looked forth into the moonlit yard. There, under the bananas, lay Keawe, his mouth in the dust, and as he lay he moaned.

It was Kokua's first thought to run forward and console him; her second potently withheld her. Keawe had borne himself before his wife like a brave man; it became her little in the hour of weakness to intrude upon his shame. With the thought she drew back into the house.

"Heaven," she thought, "how careless have I been—how weak! It is he, not I, that stands in this eternal peril; it was he, not I, that took the curse upon his soul. It is for my sake, and for the love of a creature of so little worth and such poor help, that he now beholds so close to him the flames of hell—ay, and smells the smoke of it, lying without there in the wind and moonlight. Am I so dull of spirit that never till now I have surmised my duty, or have I seen it before and turned aside? But now, at least, I take up my soul in both the hands of my affection; now I say farewell to the white steps of heaven and the waiting faces of my friends. I love for a love, and let mine be

equaled with Keawe's! A soul for a soul, and be it mine to perish!"

She was a deft woman with her hands, and was soon appareled. She took in her hands the change—the precious centimes they kept ever at their side; for this coin is little used, and they had made provision at a government office. When she was forth in the avenue clouds came on the wind, and the moon was blackened. The town slept, and she knew not whither to turn till she heard one coughing in the shadow of the trees.

"Old man," said Kokua, "what do you here abroad in the cold night?"

The old man could scarce express himself for coughing, but she made out that he was old and poor, and a stranger in the island.

"Will you do me a service?" said Kokua. "As one stranger to another, and as an old man to a young woman, will you help a daughter of Hawaii?"

"Ah," said the old man. "So you are the witch from the eight islands, and even my old soul you seek to entangle. But I have heard of you, and defy your wickedness."

"Sit down here," said Kokua, "and let me tell you a tale." And she told him the story of Keawe from the beginning to the end.

"And now," said she. "I am his wife, whom he bought with his soul's welfare. And what should I do? If I went to him myself and offered to buy it, he will refuse. But if you go, he will sell it eagerly; I will await you here; you will buy it for four centimes, and I will buy it again for three. And the Lord strengthen a poor girl!"

"If you meant falsely," said the old man, "I think God would strike you dead."

"He would!" cried Kokua. "Be sure He would. I could not be so treacherous; God would not suffer it."

"Give me the four centimes and await me here," said the old man.

Now, when Kokua stood alone in the street, her spirit died. The wind roared in the trees, and it seemed to her the rushing of the flames of hell; the shadows towered in the light of the street lamp, and they seemed to her the snatching hands of evil ones. If she had had the strength, she must have run away, and if she had had the breath, she must have screamed aloud; but, in truth, she could do neither, and stood and trembled in the avenue like an affrighted child.

Then she saw the old man returning, and he had the bottle in his hand.

"I have done your bidding," said he. "I left your husband weeping like a child; tonight he will sleep easy." And he held the bottle forth.

"Before you give it to me," Kokua panted, "take the good with the evil—ask to be delivered from your cough."

"I am an old man," replied the other, "and too near the gate of the grave to take a favor from the devil. But what is this? Why do you not take the bottle? Do you hesitate?"

"Not hesitate!" cried Kokua. "I am only weak. Give me a moment. It is my hand resists; my flesh shrinks back from the accursed thing. One moment only!"

The old man looked upon Kokua kindly. "Poor child!" said he, "you fear; your soul misgives you. Well, let me keep it. I am old, and can never more be happy in this world, and as for the next——"

"Give it me!" gasped Kokua. "There is your money. Do you think I am so base as that? Give me the bottle."

"God bless you, child," said the old man.

Kokua concealed the bottle under her holoku, said farewell to the old man, and walked off along the avenue, she

cared not whither. For all roads were now the same to her, and led equally to hell. Sometimes she walked, and sometimes ran; sometimes she screamed out loud in the night, and sometimes lay by the wayside in the dust and wept. All that she had heard of hell came back to her; she saw the flames blaze, and she smelled the smoke, and her flesh withered on the coals.

Near day she came to her mind again, and returned to the house. It was even as the old man said—Keawe slumbered like a child. Kokua stood and gazed upon his face.

"Now, my husband," said she, "it is your turn to sleep. When you wake it will be your turn to sing and laugh. But for poor Kokua, alas! that meant no evil—for poor Kokua no more sleep, no more singing, no more delight, whether in earth or Heaven."

With that she lay down in the bed by his side, and her misery was so extreme that she fell in a deep slumber instantly.

Late in the morning her husband woke her and gave her the good news. It seemed he was silly with delight, for he paid no heed to her distress, ill though she dissembled it. The words stuck in her mouth; it mattered not—Keawe did the speaking. She ate not a bite, but who was to observe it? For Keawe cleared the dish. Kokua saw and heard him, like some strange thing in a dream; there were times when she forgot or doubted, and put her hands to her brow; to know herself doomed and hear her husband babble seemed so monstrous.

All the while Keawe was eating and talking, and planning the time of their return, and thanking her for saving him, and fondling her, and calling her the true helper after all. He laughed at the old man that was fool enough to buy that bottle.

"A worthy old man he seemed," Keawe said. "But no one can judge by appearances. For why did the old reprobate require the bottle?"

"My husband," said Kokua, humbly, "his purpose may have been good."

Keawe laughed like an angry man.

"Fiddle-de-dee!" cried Keawe. "An old rogue, I tell you; and an old ass to boot. For the bottle was hard enough to sell at four centimes; and at three it will be quite impossible. The margin is not broad enough; the thing begins to smell of scorching—brrr!" said he, and shuddered. "It is true I bought it myself at a cent, when I knew not there were smaller coins. I was a fool for my pains; there will never be found another, and whoever has that bottle now will carry it to the pit."

"O my husband!" said Kokua. "Is it not a terrible thing to save oneself by the eternal ruin of another? It seems to me I could not laugh. I would be humbled. I would be filled with melancholy. I would pray for the poor holder."

Then Keawe, because he felt the truth of what she said, grew the more angry. "Heighty-teighty!" cried he. "You may be filled with melancholy if you please. It is not the mind of a good wife. If you thought at all of me, you would sit shamed."

Thereupon he went out, and Kokua was alone.

What chance had she to sell that bottle at two centimes? None, she perceived. And if she had any, here was her husband hurrying her away to a country where there was nothing lower than a cent. And here—on the morrow of her sacrifice—was her husband leaving her and blaming her.

She would not even try to profit by what time she had, but sat in the house, and now had the bottle out and viewed it with unutterable fear, and now, with loathing, hid it out of sight.

By and by, Keawe came back and would have her take a drive.

"My husband, I am ill," she said. "I am out of heart. Excuse me; I can take no pleasure."

Then was Keawe more wroth than ever: with her, because he thought she was brooding over the case of the old man; and with himself, because he thought she was right, and was ashamed to be so happy.

"This is your truth," cried he, "and this your affection! Your husband is just saved from eternal ruin, which he encountered for the love of you—and you can take no pleasure! Kokua you have a disloyal heart."

He went forth again furious, and wandered in the town all day. He met friends, and drank with them; they hired a carriage and drove into the country, and there drank again. All the time Keawe was ill at ease, because he was taking this pastime while his wife was sad, and because he knew in his heart that she was more right than he; and the knowledge made him drink the deeper.

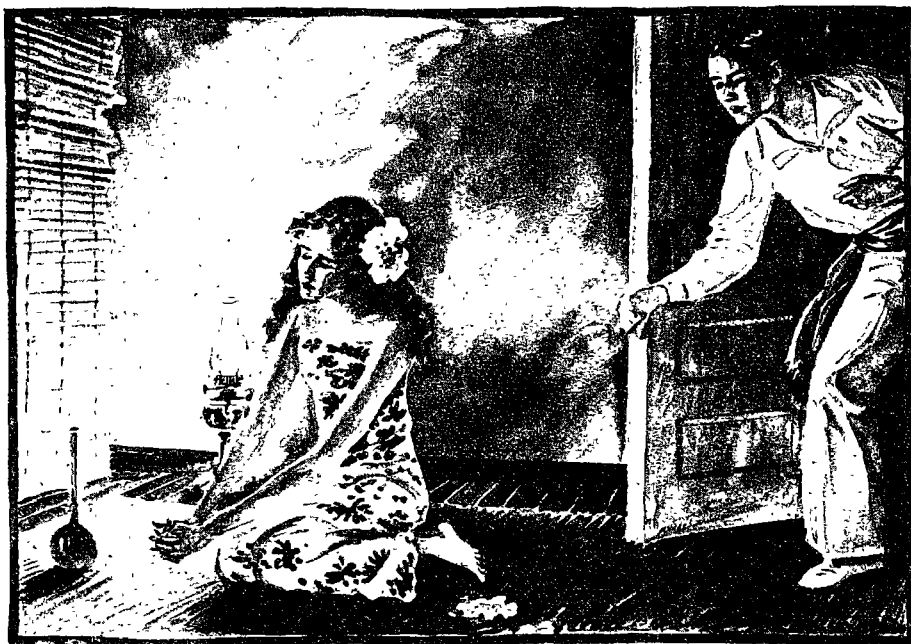
Now, there was an old brutal Haole drinking with him, one that had been a boatswain of a whaler—a runaway, a digger in gold mines, a convict in prisons. He had a low mind and a foul mouth; he loved to drink and to see others drunken; and he pressed the glass upon Keawe. Soon there was no more money in the company.

"Here, you!" says the boatswain, "you are rich, you have been always saying. You have a bottle or some foolishness."

"Yes," says Keawe, "I am rich; I will go back and get some money from my wife, who keeps it."

"That's a bad idea, mate," said the boatswain. "Never trust a petticoat with dollars. They're all as false as water; you keep an eye on her."

Now, this word struck in Keawe's



THERE WAS KOKUA ON THE FLOOR.

mind; for he was muddled with what he had been drinking.

"I should not wonder but she was false, indeed," thought he. "Why else should she be so cast down at my release? But I will show her I am not the man to be fooled. I will catch her in the act."

Accordingly, when they were back in town, Keawe bade the boatswain wait for him at the corner, by the old calaboose, and went forward up the avenue alone to the door of his house. The night had come again; there was a light within, but never a sound; and Keawe crept about the corner, opened the back door softly, and looked in.

There was Kokua on the floor, the lamp at her side; before her was a milk-white bottle, with a round belly and a long neck; and as she viewed it, Kokua wrung her hands.

A long time Keawe stood and looked in the doorway. At first he was struck stupid; and then fear fell upon him that

the bargain had been made amiss, and the bottle had come back to him as it came at San Francisco; and at that his knees were loosened, and the fumes of the wine departed from his head like mists off a river in the morning. And then he had another thought; and it was a strange one, that made his cheeks to burn. "I must make sure of this," thought he.

So he closed the door, and went softly round the corner again, and then came noisily in, as though he were but now returned. And, lo! by the time he opened the front door no bottle was to be seen; and Kokua sat in a chair and started up like one awakened out of sleep.

"I have been drinking all day and making merry," said Keawe. "I have been with good companions, and now I only come back for money, and return to drink and carouse with them again."

Both his face and voice were as

stern as judgment, but Kokua was too troubled to observe.

"You do well to use your own, my husband," said she, and her words trembled.

"Oh, I do well in all things," said Keawe, and he went straight to the chest and took out money. But he looked besides in the corner where they kept the bottle, and there was no bottle there.

At that the chest heaved upon the floor like a sea-billow, and the house span about him like a wreath of smoke, for he saw she was lost now, and there was no escape. "It is what I feared," he thought. "It is she who has bought it."

And then he came to himself a little and rose up; but the sweat streamed on his face as thick as the rain and as cold as the well-water.

"Kokua," said he, "I said to you today what ill became me. Now I return to house with my jolly companions," and at that he laughed a little quietly. "I will take more pleasure in the cup if you forgive me."

She clasped his knees in a moment; she kissed his knees with flowing tears.

"Oh," she cried, "I asked but a kind word!"

"Let us never one think hardly of the other," said Keawe, and was gone out of the house.

Now, the money that Keawe had taken was only some of that store of centime pieces they had laid in at their arrival. It was very sure he had no mind to be drinking. His wife had given her soul for him, now he must give his for hers; no other thought was in the world with him.

At the corner, by the old calaboose, there was the boatswain waiting.

"My wife has the bottle," said Keawe, "and, unless you help me to recover it, there can be no more money and no more liquor tonight."

"You do not mean to say you are serious about that bottle?" cried the boatswain.

"There is the lamp," said Keawe. "Do I look as if I were jesting?"

"That is so," said the boatswain. "You look as serious as a ghost."

"Well, then," said Keawe, "here are two centimes; you must go to my wife in the house, and offer her these for the bottle, which (if I am not much mistaken) she will give you instantly. Bring it to me here, and I will buy it back from you for one; for that is the law with this bottle, that it still must be sold for a less sum. But whatever you do, never breathe a word to her that you have come from me."

"Mate, I wonder are you making a fool of me?" asked the boatswain.

"It will do you no harm if I am," returned Keawe.

"That is so, mate," said the boatswain.

"And if you doubt me," added Keawe, "you can try. As soon as you are clear of the house, wish to have your pocket full of money, or a bottle of the best rum, or what you please, and you will see the virtue of the thing."

"Very well, Kanaka," says the boatswain. "I will try; but if you are having your fun out of me, I will take my fun out of you with a belaying-pin."

So the whaler-man went off up the avenue; and Keawe stood and waited. It was near the same spot where Kokua had waited the night before; but Keawe was more resolved, and never faltered in his purpose; only his soul was bitter with despair.

It seemed a long time he had to wait before he heard a voice singing in the darkness of the avenue. He knew the voice to be the boatswain's; but it was strange how drunken it appeared upon a sudden.

Next the man himself came stum-

bling into the light of the lamp. He had the devil's bottle buttoned in his coat; another bottle was in his hand; and even as he came in view he raised it to his mouth and drank.

"You have it," said Keawe. "I see that."

"Hands off!" cried the boatswain, jumping back. "Take a step near me, and I'll smash your mouth. You thought you could make a cat's paw of me, did you?"

"What do you mean?" cried Keawe.

"Mean?" cried the boatswain. "This is a pretty good bottle, this is; that's what I mean. How I got it for two centimes I can't make out; but I am sure you shan't have it for one."

"You mean you won't sell?" gasped Keawe.

"No, sir," cried the boatswain. "But I'll give you a drink of the rum, if you like."

"I tell you," said Keawe, "the man who has that bottle goes to hell."

"I reckon I'm going anyway," returned the sailor; "and this bottle's the best thing to go with I've struck yet. No, sir!" he cried again, "this is my bottle now, and you can go and fish for another."

"Can this be true?" Keawe cried. "For your own sake, I beseech you, sell it me!"

"I don't value any of your talk," replied the boatswain. "You thought I was a flat, now you see I'm not; and there's an end. If you won't have a swallow of the rum, I'll have one myself. Here's your health and good-night to you!"

So off he went down the avenue toward town, and there goes the bottle out of the story.

But Keawe ran to Kokua light as the wind; and great was their joy that night; and great, since then, has been the peace of all their days in the Bright House.

## STUDY AIDS

### I. CLASS DISCUSSIONS

1. Where do you first learn of the magic properties of the bottle? What are they? Why does Keawe buy it the first time? The second time?

2. What is Kokua's plan for saving her husband? Why does it fail at first? How does Kokua finally succeed? What change does her success produce in Keawe? Is the conclusion natural?

3. Is Keawe or Kokua more consistently admirable? To answer this you should review the conduct of each of them carefully.

4. What makes this a romantic story? (a) Is there anything strange, fascinating, or picturesque about the characters? (b) Are the time and place far away from our present-day surroundings? (c) Is the love story romantic? (d) Does your chief interest lie in the magic properties of the bottle or in the penalty of possessing it?

5. How does Stevenson make this romantic tale seem for the time being perfectly real? Take up (a) his description of places, (b) the actions of the characters, and (c) the treatment of the bottle and its magical properties. What parts of the story seem most real to you?

### II. INDIVIDUAL AND GROUP ACTIVITIES

1. Prepare a series of radio talks on the nineteenth century novel. Each talk should be limited to five or six minutes. The series might be run off every day, every other day, or at other convenient intervals. Each speaker should be provided with a secretary to handle the "fan" mail from members of the class, criticizing, praising, or asking questions.

The series might consist of the following topics, based on at least one novel of each author: The Classic Realism of Jane Austen, The Historical Romance of Scott, The Humorous Realism of Dickens, The Satiric Realism of Thackeray, The Psychological Realism of George Eliot, The Fatalistic Realism of Hardy, The Artistic Romance of Stevenson.

2. An interesting debate might try to de-

cide whether Dickens or Thackeray is the greater novelist. The speakers would take into account all the elements of the novel discussed in Chapters IX, XII, and XIV.

3. Another debate might try to settle the question, "Is Hardy a greater realist than George Eliot?" The discussion should be based on the way events turn

out in their novels as well as on the depiction of individual characters and scenes.

4. A report should compare the romance of Stevenson with that of Scott. The points made in the text (pages 516-517) might be illustrated from a representative work of each author.

### MORE READING

No more delightful field of exploration can be found than the novels mentioned in the history, since they are the masterpieces which countless readers have come to recognize as the best of each author. For the most enterprising readers the following list will provide ample further wanderings in this entrancing territory:

Benét, Laura, *Thackeray*. This easy-to-read life enables us to follow the development of the genius who created Becky Sharp and introduces us to the whole early Victorian scene.

Blackmore, Richard Doddridge, *Lorna Doone*. One of the great romances of the nineteenth century, a work of genius.

Brontë, Charlotte, *Jane Eyre*. A romantic story of an English girl who is compelled to make her own way in life.

Brontë, Emily, *Wuthering Heights*. A powerful but gloomy story of the Yorkshire region and its effect on the people who live there.

Bulwer-Lytton, Edward Lytton, *The Last Days of Pompeii*. One of the most famous romances of the nineteenth century. *The Last of the Barons*, dealing with the Wars of the Roses, is absorbing.

Collins, Wilkie, *The Moonstone*. One of the earliest and still one of the most baffling mystery stories in English.

Dickens, Charles, *The Dickens Digest: David Copperfield, Pickwick Papers, Oliver Twist, Martin Chuzzlewit*. Condensed for the modern reader in Dickens's words, for those who wish to skip tedious passages.

Gaskell, Elizabeth, *Cranford*. A quiet and

amusing story of an English village and its people which has delighted readers for many decades.

Hardy, Thomas, *Under the Greenwood Tree*. One of the early novels which is light and humorous. *Life's Little Ironies* is a collection of short stories that reveal Hardy in this same vein.

Hinkley, Laura L., *The Brontës, Charlotte and Emily*. This volume enlightens us about the sister geniuses, their writings, and the intellectual world in which they lived.

Lover, Samuel, *Handy Andy*. An Irish story humorous from beginning to end.


Marryat, Captain Frederick, *Mr. Midshipman Easy*. A story of the sea; full of gayety and realism.

Peacock, Thomas Love, *Maid Marian*. A romance based on the Robin Hood ballads.

Reade, Charles, *The Cloister and the Hearth*. One of the best of all historical novels dealing with the Renaissance.

Stevenson, Robert Louis, *Novels and Stories*, selected, with an introduction by V. S. Pritchett. It contains the best and most representative work of the author. Also, *Selected Writings*, edited with an introduction by Saxe Commins. More than a thousand pages give you all a Stevenson reader would look for.

Trollope, Anthony, *The Warden* and *Barchester Towers*. Realistic stories of life in an English Cathedral town. (An interesting comparison may be made between *Barchester Towers* and Hugh Walpole's twentieth-century novel, *The Cathedral*.)



## CHAPTER XV: Victorian Poetry

**Preview** This discussion of Victorian poetry, like the discussion of Victorian prose in the two preceding chapters, covers the period from the Reform Bill of 1832 to the death of Queen Victoria in 1901. The poets lived under the same transforming influences of democracy and science that inspired the prose writers, but the poets give us a better notion of the hopes and fears that agitated the people.

The significant features in their record of English life will become clearer if you look for answers to the following questions:

(1) What two conspicuous interests of the Victorian era are reflected in the poetry of Tennyson?

(2) What ideas did Browning contribute to Victorian poetry?

(3) What quality in Victorian life is found in Arnold's poetry?

(4) What quality is uppermost in the work of each of the poets, Rossetti, Morris, and Swinburne?

(5) How did the ringing verse of Kipling express the national mood at the end of the century?

ALFRED TENNYSON (1809-1892)

### Life of Tennyson

The vigor of the Victorian era described in the last two chapters appeared also in its abundant poetry. The poet who reflected more faithfully than any other the changing thought and feeling of the age was Alfred Tennyson. He grew up in the uncommonly intellectual family of a clergyman in Somersby, a village of Lincolnshire. The children would write stories in letter form and before dinner hide them under the potato bowl, to be read when the table was cleared. The future poet entertained his little sister with stories of knights rescuing distressed maidens from various kinds of monsters. His youthful hero was Byron. When this turbulent singer died in 1824, "the whole world seemed to be darkened" to the boy of fifteen; he went into the woods near home and carved on a

rock the heart-broken epitaph, "Byron is dead."

Tennyson's father, who prepared him for college, permitted him to leave for Cambridge only when he could recite from memory all of the odes of the Latin poet Horace. At the university he formed friendships with Arthur Hallam and with students who later became famous. After three years of stimulating association with them, he was called home by the illness and death of his father. All the remainder of his long life he passed in a quiet seclusion devoted to the enrichment of his rare natural gifts.

### His career as a poet

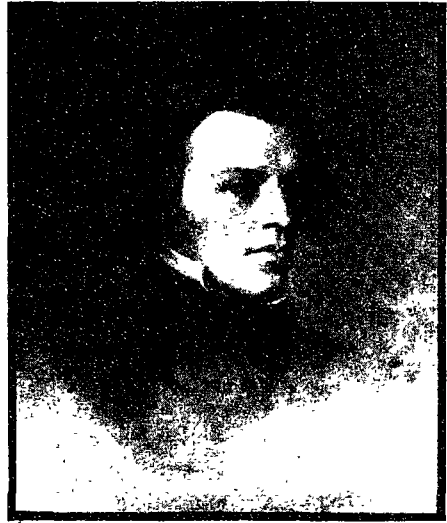
His poetical career began early. At twelve he wrote an epic, at eighteen published a book of verse with his brother Charles, at twenty-one brought out his first independent collection, and with *Poems* (published 1832, dated 1833)



caught the ear of the public. Some of the criticism of the volume was severe; Carlyle, for example, contemptuously dismissed the contents as "lollipops." For ten years thereafter Tennyson was silent, partly because his life was desolate after the sudden death of his friend Arthur Hallam (1833), partly because he was very sensitive to criticism. In the interval his mind became deeper and richer. His new offering in two volumes entitled *Poems* (1842), containing many of his earlier pieces in revised form as well as notable new poems, gained him immediate recognition as the greatest living poet.

His popularity was further increased by *The Princess* (1847). *In Memoriam* (1850), an elegy in memory of Hallam, displayed the full maturity of his powers. That year he was chosen poet laureate. Thereafter his eminence in poetry increased until he was revered as a prophet or inspired ethical teacher. With a vigor worthy of the Victorians, he continued to write until death claimed him in his eighty-third year.

***In Memoriam*** Reviewing the sixty-odd years of Tennyson's productivity, one can see that he was the heir of the romantic poets, Byron, Shelley, and Keats. At the same time he reflected the changing interests of his own age. Among these interests or states of mind, one of the most persistent was the fear of death. The Victorians were a very religious people, as may be seen clearly enough in the Oxford Movement (see page 474). Their religion was, however, torn with doubts about immortality. To Tennyson these doubts were brought home with haunting power by the tragic loss of Arthur Hallam. For seventeen years he returned again and again to the meaning of such bereavements. In the end he came to feel comfort in a love of mankind and the whole universe. Scattered lyrics that he had written to



Courtesy of National Portrait Gallery

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

express these moods were gathered together in 1850 into an anonymous volume entitled *In Memoriam*.

The public soon seized upon its beautiful expression of the current religious conflicts and its final conviction "that fear, doubts, and suffering will find answer and relief only through faith in a God of Love." Its popularity may be measured by the fact that two other editions were published within the year. By many critics it is still regarded as the summit of Tennyson's poetic achievement.

***The Idylls of the King*** In addition to its religious doubts, a salient characteristic of Victorian England was its turning to the past for ideals. We have seen this tendency in the Oxford and Pre-Raphaelite Movements, and in the architectural interests of Ruskin. The past was to Tennyson a lifelong passion. As a mere boy he became absorbed in Malory's *Morte d'Arthur*. His first Arthurian poem was "The Lady of Shalott" in the *Poems* of 1833. The volumes of 1842 contained three additional short poems based on Malory, but it was not

until 1859 that he actually retold some of the legendary adventures as idylls. An idyll is a variety of poetical short story which leaves on the reader's mind a series of pictures. Of the four which Tennyson published as *Idylls of the King* (1859), each related a detached episode in the history of King Arthur's reign.

The public eagerness for medieval stories was reflected in a demand for ten thousand copies in the first month. For thirty years Tennyson continued to work at the theme, the twelve idylls which constitute the completed poem not being arranged in final order till 1888. He thus rounded out a story which had first caught his attention nearly seventy years before. His retelling of it has remained to this day the most popular of all the versions since Geoffrey of Monmouth expanded the Welsh legends in the twelfth century.

**Its idealized quality** Tennyson's treatment of the old legends that were preserved in *Morte d'Arthur* departs widely from its source. As Spenser had made a Renaissance poem out of the same material, so Tennyson composed a version expressive of the nineteenth century. With childlike simplicity Malory had sought escape from his prison surroundings into the fabulous events of a bygone age. Tennyson colored the old tales with the ideals and the sentiment of his own day and enriched this idealized narrative with the varied music and imagery of his superb blank verse. It was these changes which made the *Idylls of the King* the most popular poetry since the lays of Scott and Byron.

**Tennyson's Victorian vigor** The surprising feature of Tennyson's poetic career is the hold which he kept on the public until the very end. His productivity did not cease with advancing years. At sixty-six he undertook to master the dramatic form.



From a painting by Gustave Doré

#### A SCENE FROM ONE OF THE "IDYLLS"

Failure after failure did not daunt him. Finally his seventh play proved successful on the stage—but only after his death. His ill success in drama was not due to failing powers but to inaptitude for this form of writing. One of his best patriotic ballads, "The Revenge," was published in his sixty-ninth year, and "Crossing the Bar," in some ways his most perfect lyric, was composed at eighty. When he died in 1892, he had been recognized for an even fifty years as the greatest poet of Victorian England.

ROBERT BROWNING (1812-1889)

**Early career** Robert Browning, a man of tremendous vitality and buoyancy, was the son of a well-to-do official in the Bank of England. In his first school he more than once organized a group of children to act out plays. Thus early did he manifest a dramatic tendency that was to color all his writing. Though he later attended the University of London for a year, most of his education



Courtesy of Baylor University

ROBERT BROWNING

(From a painting by his son)

came from tutors and his father's library of six thousand volumes. His youthful love among the poets was Shelley, and under the influence of that admiration he wrote his first poem, *Pauline* (1833). His next two productions, *Paracelsus* and *Strafford*, exhibited his originality, and gained him some little reputation.

This he utterly demolished and scattered to the winds with *Sordello* (1840). The vivacious Jane Welsh Carlyle said that she had read the poem through without being able to tell whether *Sordello* was a man, a city, or a book. A prominent author who was confined to his bed after a severe illness, picked up the volume to while away the hours. Giving up in despair after a few pages, he sank back on his pillow with the exclamation, "O God, I am an idiot!" It took Browning twenty years to live down the reputation for hopeless obscurity created by this poem.

**His obscurity** There was plenty of foundation for the charge of obscurity in any of Browning's numerous volumes to the end of his career. Connectives are omitted, phrases inverted, and ideas introduced abruptly that need careful preparation. Besides, he often versified matter that was suitable only for prose. On the other hand, he wrote many simpler poems that are both interesting and powerful and that offer a kind of pleasure which no other poet can provide, and even the more difficult poems richly repay the effort of those who will take the necessary time and care to read them and get their full meaning.

**His marriage and later life** Some of his poetry appeared in a series of pamphlets beginning with *Pippa Passes* (1841) which gained him friends among the critics. The series was praised by Elizabeth Barrett in one of her poems. Browning's interest being awakened, he secured an invitation to call at her home, and found a frail young woman who had been confined to her room for some years because of a fall from her horse. The resigned shut-in, looking wanly on life from a darkened room, and the sunny poet, brimming over with good health, soon came to love each other. Her father considered her a helpless invalid, but Browning's robust faith inspired her with much of his confidence. They were secretly married and slipped away to Italy. The fifteen years of their married life, chiefly at Florence, forms one of the most beautiful love stories in literature. After her death in 1861 Browning returned to England, brought out his masterpiece, *The Ring and the Book* (1868-69), became very popular in London society, and in time grew to be an object of adulation in innumerable Browning societies. He continued to produce volumes of his characteristic poems up to the very year of his death.

**His optimism** Browning stands in sharp contrast with Tennyson. A man of strong individuality, he reflected in a far different manner the characteristics of the age. One difference comes out strongly in their attitude toward religion. In *Memoriam*, as we have seen, records Tennyson's torturing doubts about death and immortality. Browning felt tremendous zest in life. He loved to ride a horse, to look at paintings and listen to music, to meet people at dinner and talk with them afterwards. In his poems he liked to picture men of daring and energy, yet he felt that no endeavor or struggle on earth was ever completely successful. "What difference does that make? There is a heaven to come," he would cry exultantly, "in which one can carry to its perfect completion the activity left incomplete on earth." This abounding optimism arising from a robust confidence in another life helped to win him an enthusiastic audience in a century disquieted by the fear of death.

**His realistic use of history** Another difference between Browning and Tennyson comes out in their attitude toward history, a field of widespread inquiry in the middle decades of the century. Tennyson idealized the past so that it would teach the virtues prized in his own day. Browning had some of Macaulay's boundless interest in fact, but the center of Browning's attention was always some individual upon whose soul a spotlight could be thrown by historical facts. The person might be a Greek runner, a medieval knight crossing a plain, a Renaissance painter explaining his failures, a down-at-the-heels Italian nobleman, a youth in Napoleon's armies. Whoever the person, the facts about his life or times were introduced accurately and in a manner to bring out the qualities of that person. Browning's purpose was dramatic; in selecting the facts of his-

tory he was a realist, whereas Tennyson, in transforming those facts, was an idealist.

**His dramatic monologues** Browning's poetry was essentially dramatic, but the theater did not suit his particular type of dramatic instinct. He accordingly developed a new form—the dramatic monologue. It is somewhat like a soliloquy in a Shakespearean play, in which a character on the stage expresses his inner thoughts at some turn in the action. Browning's speaker engages in a monologue from the beginning of the poem to the end. His words indicate the place and time, the other persons who are present, the antecedent events, and also the conflict or crisis through which his soul is passing.

Such penetration does Browning possess that before the speaker has come to an end he has unfolded his whole nature. Once we have learned to read these monologues, we listen with fascination to a voice whose every word, every pause, every intonation interprets character. In his dramatic monologues Browning is both an analyst and a creator. He surpasses even the novelists described in the preceding chapter in subtlety of character drawing.

**The Ring and the Book** The most amazing exhibition of Browning's powers is *The Ring and the Book* (1868-69). On a bookstall in Florence he picked up an old yellow book giving an account of a seventeenth century trial. It was a horrible story of a young girl forced to marry a poverty-stricken nobleman, of her rescue by a priest, of her murder by her husband. Browning retold this story twelve times; in the first and last books in his own person, and in the ten intervening books from other points of view. In one book Pompilia, the wife, is heard; in another Count Guido, the husband; and so on up to the Pope, who delivers the final verdict. The poem, twenty thousand

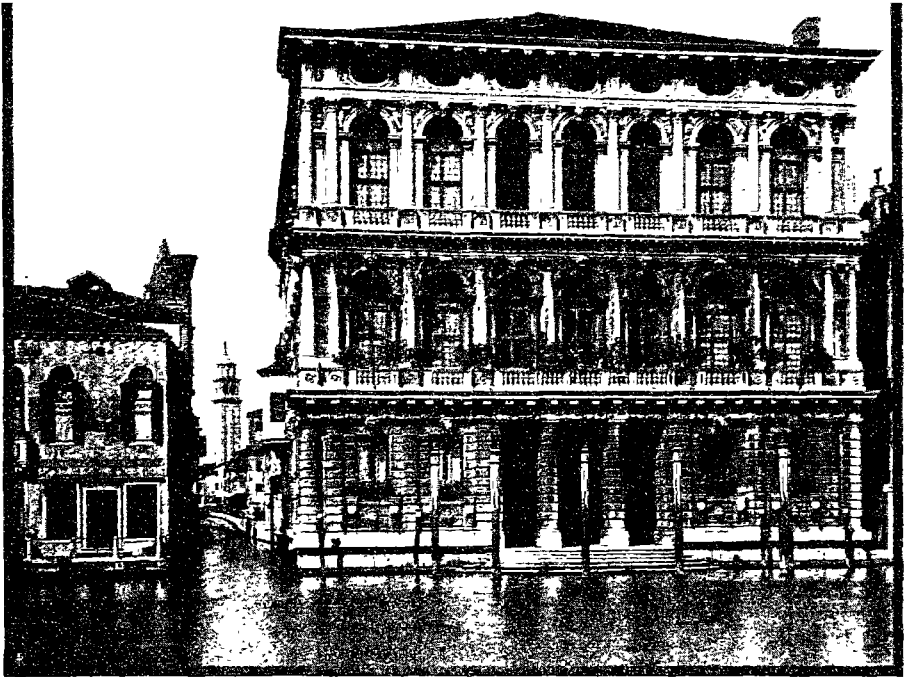


Photo: W. F. Mansell

THE REZZONICO PALACE, VENICE, WHERE BROWNING DIED

lines long, is a triumph; every character speaks with an individual voice.

**His message**

Only a poet of the most penetrating imagination could give us an understanding of personalities so diverse as those appearing in *The Ring and the Book*. Only one with Browning's buoyant and robust personality, with a rousing message for his age, could win the enthusiastic following which he came to enjoy all over the English-speaking world. To later generations, too, he has brought insight into the truths of life and courage to face the future.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING  
(1806-1861)

Browning's wife was a poet in her own right. The volume which established her reputation, *Poems* (1844), also led, as we have seen, to her marriage. That union inspired her finest verse,

*Sonnets from the Portuguese* (1847). The manuscript she slipped into her husband's pocket one morning after breakfast, asking him to tear it up if he did not like it. Only his urgency induced her to publish this private avowal of her love. "I dared not reserve to myself the finest sonnets written in any language since Shakespeare," he declared. They are not only beautiful in themselves, but they have the rare quality of expressing with genuineness a woman's love.

MATTHEW ARNOLD (1822-1888)

**Character of  
Arnold's poetry**

Both Tennyson and Browning were influenced in their youth by romantic poets. Arnold, whose prose was discussed in an earlier chapter, took as his models the ancient Greeks. The subject-matter that inspired him was intellectual; he looked out upon the

world about him, saw everywhere ceaseless change, and grew sad. Instead of the buoyant confidence of Browning he felt only misgiving. The religious doubts that made Tennyson desolate set Arnold to musing cheerlessly on the meaning of life. This modern feeling of dissatisfaction and loss is expressed in his poems with a classic restraint. His verse is uniformly clear, graceful, and harmonious. It has the same refinement and polish that we noted as characteristic of his prose.

**His best poetry** His early volumes of poetry were based upon Greek themes. The poems issued in 1853, 1855, and 1867 were more personal, being inspired by death or nature or stories from other lands. The narrative poems, *Sohrab and Rustum* (1853) and *Balder Dead* (1855), have very little action, but the calm, sad beauty of both tragedies is enhanced by the melancholy undertone of the blank verse. His highest achievement is to be found in such poems as "Dover Beach" and "The Forsaken Merman," which took their origin from a mood of restrained dejection that is classic in its dignity.

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI (1828-1882)

As Arnold was eminent in poetry and prose, so Dante Gabriel Rossetti was distinguished alike in painting and poetry. At twenty he founded the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, a band of artists which was held together by the magnetism of his personality. His best known poem, "The Blessed Damozel," composed in his nineteenth year, first appeared in a journal issued by the group. He declared it was written in a fit of laziness. These productive fits of "laziness" were very frequent up to the death of his wife in 1862. In her coffin he placed his most precious possession, a manuscript of unpublished poems. Several years passed before he decided that he was a poet rather than a painter;



The Rischgitz Collection, London

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI

then he had the manuscript rescued. It contained a collection of sonnets accounted his masterpiece; though the references to his wife are too mystical to tell much of a story, many a musical, pictorial phrase lingers in the reader's memory for days. Rossetti's ballads, which constitute another division of his poems, are both simple and intense. They are not imitations of the folk ballad, but for the most part verse stories full of foreboding about some supernatural doom to come. To young readers in particular, the haunting narrative of "The White Ship" or "The King's Tragedy" will give more pleasure than most of his sonnets.

WILLIAM MORRIS (1834-1896)

**Life of Morris** Associated with Rossetti for several years was William Morris, whose interests all through an exceptionally active life were anchored to the romantic. As a lad he devoured Sir Walter Scott. In youth, coming under the influence of the Oxford Movement, he decided to study for the ministry. At college he felt the sway of Chaucer and Malory among the medieval writers, and of Tennyson,

Carlyle, and Ruskin among his contemporaries. The beauty of Gothic churches roused an ambition to become an architect instead of a cleric. While building a house, the loveliest he could imagine, he decided to form a company to make English life less drab by providing for homes artistic furniture, hangings, wallpaper, carpets, and stained glass. In this effort he was the disciple of Ruskin, accomplishing in practical ways a thousand-fold more than his master. One of his last projects was the Kelmscott press, from which issued a succession of superbly printed books. The crowning material achievement of a life devoted to restoring the beauty of the Middle Ages was the Kelmscott edition of Chaucer, which appeared in 1896, the year of Morris's death.

**His poetry** For us the chief product of Morris's untiring activity is his poetry. While at Oxford, he satisfied his love of the Middle Ages by writing valiant medieval stories and reading them to a group of students. *The Defense of Guenevere and Other Poems* (1858) shows the influence of the Pre-Raphaelites in its air of mystery and its rich, colorful detail. His long narrative poems, *The Life and Death of Jason* (1867) and *The Earthly Paradise* (1868-70), resulted from his admiration of Chaucer, but in execution they remind one more of Spenser. Though the current of narrative flows strongly to the end, our interest is not centered in the characters or their fortunes. Instead, we gaze upon a succession of pictures, one dissolving into another, and all viewed through a dreamy haze that surrounds everything with a halo of beauty. Even adventure, suffering, and death do not have the excitement or poignancy of the actual world, but happen in a far away, strange, visionary land. Morris's poetry, first and last, was romantic, affording release from the religious doubts and the social problems that agitated the Victorians.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE  
(1837-1909)

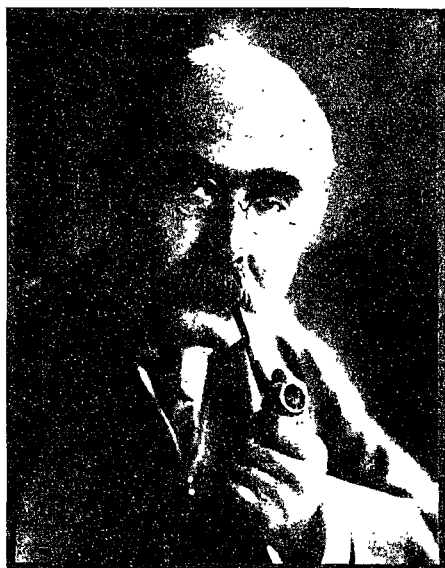
**Lyrical nature of Swinburne** Algernon Charles Swinburne recalls more definitely than Morris the romantic generation at the beginning of the nineteenth century. He praised liberty with all the force of Byron; as Byron's sympathies went to Greece, so his clung to Italy in her effort to shake off the yoke of Austria. Like Keats, he poured forth his heart in praise of the beauty that comes through eye, ear, and other senses. As Shelley cried out against the tyranny of custom, so Swinburne rebelled against the puritanical restraint of Victorian life.

**His career** Like Byron and Shelley, Swinburne came of an old English family. His father was an admiral in the British navy, his mother the daughter of an earl. On quitting Oxford, he formed a close friendship with Rossetti. Ruskin praised his lyrical tragedy, *Atalanta in Calydon* (1865), as "the grandest thing ever done by a youth—though he is a demoniac youth."



Photo · W. F. Mansell

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE



Courtesy of Doubleday, Page &amp; Co.

RUDYARD KIPLING

Critics denounced *Poems and Ballads* (1866), but readers liked to repeat its melodious verses. Though Swinburne had many attacks of ill health, his incredibly fluent verse poured from the press almost to the year of his death.

**Fluency of his verse** Swinburne was a singer, not a thinker like Arnold.

He was intoxicated with words; their natural beauty he heightened by a magical addition of rime and alliteration until they gave him an unreasoning delight. Their sound, in one melodious combination after another, filled him with joy. His command over language often caused him to forget his ideas and his audience too. With incomparable facility, he wrote as musically at the beginning of his career as at the end, and to the end he remained enthusiastic rather than intellectual.

RUDYARD KIPLING (1865-1936)

**Life of Kipling** Morris and Swinburne were both romantic poets, but their romance seems pale and literary in comparison with that of the last poet to be dealt with in this chap-

ter, Rudyard Kipling. Son of an English teacher of art in India, he was sent back to England for his schooling. At seventeen he returned to India, joined the staff of a paper printed in English, and wrote up the sports, military gossip, and local news. Even while at school he had composed verse with great ease, and now in addition to his journalistic duties he dashed off poems and short stories in rapid succession. His achievement as a short-story writer will be treated in a later chapter, but his verse reflects certain aspects of Victorian England at the close of the century so clearly that it must be discussed here.

**His English audience** The two jubilees of Queen Victoria, celebrating the fiftieth (1887) and the sixtieth

(1897) year of her reign, furnished an outlet for English patriotism while it was at white heat. Every citizen was proud of British ships that plied the seven seas and of British soldiers that protected every part of an Empire on which the sun never set. In the homeland commerce and industry had developed immense cities, where innumerable office workers amid their monotonous tasks longed for some means of voicing their patriotic pride. It was to these "poor little street-bred people," as Kipling in no complimentary mood called them, that his poetry most strongly appealed. *Departmental Ditties* (1886) attracted some attention in London; "The Ballad of East and West" (page 600), when published in a London magazine in 1890, showed that a new poet of genius had arrived; and *Barrack-Room Ballads* (1892) took the whole country by storm.

**Qualities of his verse** What was there in these thin volumes to fire black-coated city workers in the midst of their dull routine? In the first place, the verse was not "literary." The rhythm was a simple singsong that had a beat as regular as a drum's. The lan-



guage was not merely easy but full of the slang heard every day on the streets. Most of all, the subjects were ordinary persons, such as soldiers in barracks and camps and battles. In the second place, Kipling's verse took "the poor little street-bred people" out of themselves into the glamorous stretches of the Empire. It won their sympathy and admiration for native servants, as in "Gunga Din" (page 598), or transported them to the spacious East on the wings of an ex-soldier's yearning for a heathen civilization, as in "Mandalay." Possibly the third reason for Kipling's popularity was the strongest of all. The Victorian pride in the achievements of the age and the nation flowed through his verse.

Like Carlyle, he glorified work and obedience. The cruder elements in the vigor of the century found here an expression that thrilled anybody who could read. Even machines were used to symbolize the power that was made effective by control; a ship's engineer sings of his engines,

Now a' together, hear them lift their lesson  
—theirs an' mine:  
"Law, Order, Duty an' Restraint, Obedi-  
ence, Discipline!"

In thus combining in simple language the enduring English sense of duty and the ardent Victorian pride in the Empire, Kipling made himself the most popular poet of his generation.

**Summary** The poetry of the Victorian era records many anxieties and enthusiasms in the English mind. The chapter begins with the fear of death, notably recorded in the melancholy *In Memoriam* of Tennyson or the religious uncertainties of Arnold, and ends with exultation in national greatness, as in Kipling's *Barrack-Room Ballads*. For decades the English people responded to the rugged optimistic tones of Browning, yet they came to relish the flute-like melodies of Swinburne. Consistently, readers sought some kind of escape from the problems of the age—in the idealized medieval world of *The Idylls of the King*, in the varied character creations of Browning, in the gorgeous but languorous tales of Morris—but at the close an enlarged reading public found excitement and satisfaction in rough, stirring scenes from England's overseas possessions sung of by Kipling. With all this variety the poetry of the period maintains a level of excellence not to be equaled by any other seventy years in English literary history.

## SELECTIONS FOR CHAPTER XV

### ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

#### THE LADY OF SHALOTT

[This poem was the first that Tennyson wrote on the reign of King Arthur—a subject that held his interest for seventy years. Camelot is Arthur's capital, and Shalott is another form of Astolat, which in Malory was the name of the heroine's home. In *The Idylls of the King* Tennyson told the story again in *Lancelot and Elaine*.

It is particularly important that "The Lady of Shalott" be read aloud, as it is one of the most musical poems in the English language.]

#### PART I

ON EITHER side the river lie  
Long fields of barley and of rye,  
That clothe the wold and meet the sky;  
And through the field the road runs by  
To many-towered Camelot;  
And up and down the people go,  
Gazing where the lilies blow  
Round an island there below,  
The island of Shalott.

Willows whiten, aspens quiver,  
Little breezes dusk and shiver  
Through the wave that runs forever  
By the island in the river  
Flowing down to Camelot.  
Four gray walls, and four gray towers,  
Overlook a space of flowers,  
And the silent isle embowers  
The Lady of Shalott.

By the margin, willow-veiled,  
Slide the heavy barges trailed  
By slow horses; and unhailed  
The shallop flitteth silken-sailed  
Skimming down to Camelot:  
But who hath seen her wave her hand?  
Or at the casement seen her stand?

Or is she known in all the land,  
The Lady of Shalott?

Only reapers, reaping early  
In among the bearded barley,  
Hear a song that echoes cheerly,  
From the river winding clearly,  
Down to towered Camelot:  
And by the moon the reaper weary,  
Piling sheaves in uplands airy,  
Listening, whispers, "'Tis the fairy  
Lady of Shalott."

#### PART II

There she weaves by night and day  
A magic web<sup>1</sup> with colors gay.  
She has heard a whisper say,  
A curse is on her if she stay  
To look down to Camelot.  
She knows not what the curse may be,  
And so she weaveth steadily,  
And little other care hath she,  
The Lady of Shalott.

And moving through a mirror clear  
That hangs before her all the year,  
Shadows of the world appear.<sup>2</sup>  
There she sees the highway near  
Winding down to Camelot;  
There the river eddy whirls,  
And there the surly village-churls,  
And the red cloaks of market girls,  
Pass onward from Shalott.

Sometimes a troop of damsels glad,  
An abbot on an ambling pad,  
Sometimes a curly shepherd-lad,  
Or long-haired page in crimson clad,  
Goes by to towered Camelot:

<sup>1</sup> *magic web*, the life of fancy in which the Lady lives. <sup>2</sup> *Shadows . . . appear*. In the magic mirror she sees pageants of real life.

And sometimes through the mirror blue  
 The knights come riding two and two—  
 She hath no loyal knight and true,  
     The Lady of Shalott.

But in her web she still delights  
 To weave the mirror's magic sights, 65  
 For often through the silent nights  
 A funeral, with plumes and lights  
     And music, went to Camelot;  
 Or when the moon was overhead,  
 Came two young lovers lately wed; 70  
 "I am half sick of shadows," said  
     The Lady of Shalott.

## PART III

A bow-shot from her bower-eaves,  
 He rode between the barley-sheaves;  
 The sun came dazzling through the  
     leaves, 75  
 And flamed upon the brazen greaves  
     Of bold Sir Lancelot.

A red-cross knight<sup>3</sup> forever kneeled  
 To a lady in his shield,  
 That sparkled on the yellow field, 80  
     Beside remote Shalott.

The gemmy<sup>4</sup> bridle glittered free,  
 Like to some branch of stars we see  
 Hung in the golden Galaxy.  
 The bridle bells rang merrily 85  
     As he rode down to Camelot:  
 And from his blazoned baldric slung  
 A mighty silver bugle hung,  
 And as he rode his armor rung, 90  
     Beside remote Shalott.

All in the blue unclouded weather  
 Thick-jeweled shone the saddle-leather;  
 The helmet and the helmet-feather  
 Burned like one burning flame together,  
     As he rode down to Camelot. 95  
 As often through the purple night,  
 Below the starry clusters bright,  
 Some bearded meteor, trailing light,  
     Moves over still Shalott.

<sup>3</sup> A red-cross knight, a reference to the hero of Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, Book I.

<sup>4</sup> gemmy, gem-studded.

His broad clear brow in sunlight  
     glowed; 100  
 On burnished hooves his war-horse  
     trode;  
 From underneath his helmet flowed  
 His coal-black curls as on he rode,  
     As he rode down to Camelot.  
 From the bank and from the river 105  
 He flashed into the crystal mirror,  
 "Tirra lirra," by the river  
     Sang Sir Lancelot.

She left the web, she left the loom,  
 She made three paces through the room,  
 She saw the water-lily bloom, 111  
 She saw the helmet and the plume,  
     She looked down to Camelot.  
 Out flew the web and floated wide;  
 The mirror cracked from side to side;  
 "The curse is come upon me," cried 116  
     The Lady of Shalott.

## PART IV

In the stormy east-wind straining,  
 The pale yellow woods were waning,  
 The broad stream in his banks com-  
     plaining, 120  
 Heavily the low sky raining  
     Over towered Camelot;  
 Down she came and found a boat  
 Beneath a willow left afloat,  
 And round about the prow she wrote  
     *The Lady of Shalott.* 126

And down the river's dim expanse  
 Like some bold seer in a trance,  
 Seeing all his own mischance—  
 With a glassy countenance 130  
     Did she look to Camelot.  
 And at the closing of the day  
 She loosed the chain, and down she lay;  
 The broad stream bore her far away,  
     The Lady of Shalott. 135

Lying, robed in snowy white  
 That loosely flew to left and right—  
 The leaves upon her falling light—  
 Through the noises of the night  
     She floated down to Camelot: 140



BUT IN HER WEB SHE STILL DELIGHTS TO WEAVE.

And as the boat-head wound along  
The willowy hills and fields among,  
They heard her singing her last song,  
The Lady of Shalott.

Heard a carol, mournful, holy,  
Chanted loudly, chanted lowly,  
Till her blood was frozen slowly,  
And her eyes were darkened wholly,  
Turned to towered Camelot.

For ere she reached upon the tide  
The first house by the water-side,  
Singing in her song she died,  
The Lady of Shalott.

Under tower and balcony,  
By garden-wall and gallery,  
A gleaming shape she floated by,  
Dead-pale between the houses high,  
Silent into Camelot.

Out upon the wharfs they came,  
Knight and burgher, lord and dame,  
And round the prow they read her  
name,  
*The Lady of Shalott.*

Who is this? and what is here?  
And in the lighted palace near  
Died the sound of royal cheer;  
And they crossed themselves for fear,  
All the knights at Camelot:  
But Lancelot mused a little space;  
He said, "She has a lovely face;  
God in his mercy lend her grace,  
The Lady of Shalott."

#### "OF OLD SAT FREEDOM ON THE HEIGHTS"

[The riots that broke out before the Reform Bill of 1832 was finally passed alarmed England. Tennyson's fears are reflected in the following poem. He first pictures Liberty, or Freedom, as a mountain goddess and then as Britannia, the symbolical figure representing Great Britain, ruling the sea and the land.]

Of old sat Freedom on the heights,  
The thunders breaking at her feet;  
Above her shook the starry lights;  
She heard the torrents meet.

There in her place she did rejoice, 5  
 Self-gathered in her prophet-mind,  
 But fragments of her mighty voice  
 Came rolling on the wind.

Then stepped she down through town  
 and field  
 To mingle with the human race, 10  
 And part by part to men revealed  
 The fullness of her face—

Grave mother of majestic works,  
 From her isle-altar<sup>1</sup> gazing down,  
 Who, godlike, grasps the triple forks<sup>2</sup> 15  
 And, king-like, wears the crown.

Her open eyes desire the truth.  
 The wisdom of a thousand years  
 Is in them. May perpetual youth  
 Keep dry their light from tears, 20

That her fair form may stand and shine  
 Make bright our days and light our  
 dreams,  
 Turning to scorn with lips divine  
 The falsehood of extremes!

### THE BEGGAR MAID

[This is Tennyson's very concise retelling of an old English ballad, preserved in Percy's *Reliques*.]

HER arms across her breast she laid;  
 She was more fair than words  
 can say;  
 Barefooted came the beggar maid  
 Before the king Cophetua.  
 In robe and crown the king stepped  
 down 5  
 To meet and greet her on her way;  
 "It is no wonder," said the lords,  
 "She is more beautiful than day."

<sup>1</sup> isle-altar, England.

<sup>2</sup> triple forks, the scepter of Neptune, god of the sea, had three prongs. The figure symbolizes England's supremacy of the sea.

As shines the moon in clouded skies,  
 She in her poor attire was seen; 10  
 One praised her ankles, one her eyes,  
 One her dark hair and lovesome  
 mien.

So sweet a face, such angel grace,  
 In all that land had never been.  
 Cophetua sware a royal oath: 15  
 "This beggar maid shall be my  
 queen!"

### THE EAGLE

#### FRAGMENT

HE CLASPS the crag with crooked  
 hands;  
 Close to the sun in lonely lands,  
 Ringed with the azure world, he stands.

The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls;  
 He watches from his mountain walls, 5  
 And like a thunderbolt he falls.

### Songs from THE PRINCESS

#### THE BUGLE SONG

["The Bugle Song" was suggested to Tennyson on a visit to the beautiful lakes of Killarney in Ireland, where he heard a bugle blown and noted its varying sound effects.]

THE splendor falls on castle walls  
 And snowy summits old in story;  
 The long light shakes across the lakes,  
 And the wild cataract leaps in glory.  
 Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes  
 flying; 5  
 Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dy-  
 ing, dying.

O hark, O hear! how thin and clear,  
 And thinner, clearer, farther going!  
 O sweet and far from cliff and scar<sup>1</sup>  
 The horns of elfland faintly blow-  
 ing! 10

<sup>1</sup> scar, boulder.

Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying;  
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky,  
They faint on hill or field or river;  
Our echoes roll from soul to soul, <sup>15</sup>  
And grow forever and forever.<sup>1</sup>  
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,  
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.

## TEARS, IDLE TEARS

["Tears Idle Tears" was written, Tennyson says, at Tintern Abbey "when the woods were all yellowing with autumn seen through the ruined windows. It is what I have always felt, even from a boy, and what as a boy I called the 'passion of the past.' And so it is always with me now; it is the distance that charms me in landscape, the picture, and the past, and not the immediate today in which I move."]

TEARS, idle tears, I know not what they mean,  
Tears from the depth of some divine despair  
Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,  
In looking on the happy autumn-fields,  
And thinking of the days that are no more. <sup>5</sup>

Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail,  
That brings our friends up from the underworld,<sup>2</sup>  
Sad as the last<sup>3</sup> which reddens over one<sup>4</sup>  
That sinks with all we love below the verge;  
So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more. <sup>10</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Our echoes . . . forever*, the influence of individuals on one another grows ever stronger, not weaker.

<sup>2</sup> *underworld*, the sea beyond the horizon.

<sup>3</sup> *last*, that is, last beam. <sup>4</sup> *one*, sail.

Ah, sad and strange as in dark summer dawns  
The earliest pipe of half-awakened birds  
To dying ears, when unto dying eyes  
The casement slowly grows a glimmering square;  
So sad, so strange, the days that are no more. <sup>15</sup>

Dear as remembered kisses after death,  
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feigned  
On lips that are for others; deep as love,  
Deep as first love, and wild with all regret;  
O death in life, the days that are no more! <sup>20</sup>

## BREAK, BREAK, BREAK

[This lament is one of many poems composed after the death of Tennyson's friend, Arthur Hallam. Strange to say, this lyric was not composed at the seashore but in a Lincolnshire lane between blossoming hedges.]

**B**REAK, break, break,  
On thy cold gray stones, O sea!  
And I would that my tongue could utter  
The thoughts that arise in me.

O well for the fisherman's boy <sup>5</sup>  
That he shouts with his sister at play!  
O well for the sailor lad  
That he sings in his boat on the bay!

And the stately ships go on  
To their haven under the hill; <sup>10</sup>  
But O for the touch of a vanished hand,  
And the sound of a voice that is still!

Break, break, break,  
At the foot of thy crags, O sea!  
But the tender grace of a day that is dead <sup>15</sup>  
Will never come back to me.

## From IN MEMORIAM

[*In Memoriam*, an elegy, commemorates the death of Arthur Henry Hallam, the brilliant son of Henry Hallam, the historian. He and Tennyson had been intimate friends at Cambridge University. The year after taking his degree Hallam died (September 15, 1833) after a brief illness. The poem expresses Tennyson's ponderings through many years. The sections of it reprinted below disclose the poet's deepest convictions about death and immortality.]

## I

[The introductory poem gives Tennyson's conviction about grief. He once believed that grief helped to develop the soul. Now that sorrow has come upon him, he feels only bitterness, because his grief is as strong as his love had been. But he prefers this suffering to a fading of his love.]

**I** HELD it truth, with him<sup>1</sup> who sings  
To one clear harp in divers tones,<sup>2</sup>  
That men may rise on stepping-stones  
Of their dead selves<sup>3</sup> to higher things.

But who shall so forecast the years     5  
And find in loss a gain to match?  
Or reach a hand through time to catch  
The far-off interest of tears?

Let Love clasp Grief lest both be  
drowned;  
Let Darkness keep her raven gloss. 10  
Ah, sweeter to be drunk with loss.  
To dance with Death, to beat the  
ground,

Than that the victor Hours should  
scorn  
The long<sup>4</sup> result of love, and boast,  
"Behold the man that loved and lost,  
But all he was is overworn." 16

<sup>1</sup>him, Goethe (1749-1832), the greatest of German poets. <sup>2</sup>in divers tones. Goethe wrote many different kinds of poetry. <sup>3</sup>dead selves, past experiences, which die as soon as they have happened. <sup>4</sup>long, final.

## XXVII

[In spite of his sadness, the poet does not wish a peace that might come from a limited or shallow ability to feel. He prefers freedom of action and depth of experience to an unruffled existence.]

I ENVY not in any moods  
The captive void of noble rage,  
The linnet born within the cage,  
That never knew the summer woods;

I envy not the beast that takes     5  
His license in the field of time,<sup>5</sup>  
Unfettered by the sense of crime,  
To whom a conscience never wakes;

Nor, what may count itself as blessed,  
The heart that never plighted troth, 10  
But stagnates in the weeds of sloth;  
Nor any want-begotten rest<sup>6</sup>

I hold it true, whate'er befall;  
I feel it, when I sorrow most—  
'Tis better to have loved and lost 15  
Than never to have loved at all.

## LIV

[The two preceding sections deal with the poet's personal grief over the loss of Hallam. Sections LIV-LVI dwell on his doubts about immortality. In LIV Tennyson declares that God has a purpose in every event that happens on earth and that after death the soul will live again in heaven. But he adds that his only reason for believing is his own hope.]

O YET we trust that somehow good  
Will be the final goal of ill,  
To pangs of nature,<sup>7</sup> sins of will,<sup>8</sup>  
Defects of doubt, and taints of blood;<sup>9</sup>

That nothing walks with aimless feet; 5  
That not one life shall be destroyed,

<sup>5</sup>field of time, as opposed to eternity. <sup>6</sup>want-begotten rest, idleness due to lack (want) of higher ambitions.

<sup>7</sup>pangs of nature, diseases. <sup>8</sup>sins of will, conscious violations of moral law. <sup>9</sup>taints of blood, hereditary impulses toward evil.

Or cast as rubbish to the void,  
When God hath made the pile complete;

That not a worm is cloven in vain;  
That not a moth with vain desire 10  
Is shriveled in a fruitless fire,  
Or but subserves<sup>10</sup> another's gain.

Behold, we know not anything;  
I can but trust that good shall fall  
At last—far off—at last, to all, 15  
And every winter change to spring.

So runs my dream; but what am I?  
An infant crying in the night;  
An infant crying for the light,  
And with no language but a cry. 20

## LV

[These stanzas continue the discussion of the preceding section: "What basis have we for believing in immortality?" Here it is the facts discovered by science that make his faith falter.]

THE WISH, that of the living whole  
No life may fail beyond the grave,  
Derives it not from what we have  
The likest God within the soul?

Are God and nature then at strife, 5  
That nature lends such evil dreams?  
So careful of the type she seems,  
So careless of the single life, •

That I, considering everywhere  
Her secret meaning in her deeds, 10  
And finding that of fifty seeds  
She often brings but one to bear,

I falter where I firmly trod,  
And falling with my weight of cares  
Upon the great world's altar-stairs 15  
That slope through darkness up to God,

I stretch lame hands of faith, and grope,  
And gather dust and chaff, and call

<sup>10</sup> subserves, promotes.

To what I feel is Lord of all,  
And faintly trust the larger hope. 20

## LVI

[In these lines Tennyson examines the evidence that geology offers from a study of fossil remains. From this evidence scientists declare that many gigantic animals like the dinosaur fought millions of years ago for supremacy on this earth. Has man no more soul than these beasts? The poet resolves to wait for the answer until after death ("behind the veil").]

"So CAREFUL of the type?" but no;  
From scarpèd<sup>11</sup> cliff and quarried  
stone<sup>12</sup>  
She cries, "A thousand types are gone;  
I care for nothing, all shall go.

"Thou makest thine appeal to me; 5  
I bring to life, I bring to death;  
The spirit does but mean the breath;  
I know no more." And he,<sup>13</sup> shall he,

Man, her last work, who seemed so fair,  
Such splendid purpose in his eyes, 10  
Who rolled the psalm to wintry skies,  
Who built him fanes of fruitless prayer,

Who trusted God was love indeed  
And love Creation's final law— 14  
Though nature, red in tooth and claw  
With ravine, shrieked against his creed—

Who loved, who suffered countless ills,  
Who battled for the true, the just,  
Be blown about the desert dust,  
Or sealed within the iron hills? 20

No more? A monster then, a dream,  
A discord. Dragons of the prime,<sup>14</sup>  
That tare<sup>15</sup> each other in their slime,  
Were mellow music matched with him.

<sup>11</sup> scarpèd, steeply sloping. <sup>12</sup> quarried stone, which shows fossil remains of extinct forms. <sup>13</sup> And he. The completion of the predicate is in line 19, "Be blown." <sup>14</sup> prime, primeval ages. <sup>15</sup> tare, tore.



O life as futile, then, as frail! 25  
 O for thy<sup>16</sup> voice to soothe and bless!  
 What hope of answer, or redress?  
 Behind the veil, behind the veil.

## CVI

[The three preceding sections show how doubts tortured Tennyson. Sections cvi and cxxx record the disappearance of his personal grief and the return of happiness. cvi describes his feelings on New Year's Eve following the third Christmas in the elegy.]

RING OUT, wild bells, to the wild sky,  
 The flying cloud, the frosty light.  
 The year is dying in the night;  
 Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new, 5  
 Ring, happy bells, across the snow.  
 The year is going, let him go;  
 Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,  
 For those that here we see no more; 10  
 Ring out the feud of rich and poor;  
 Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,  
 And ancient forms of party strife;  
 Ring in the nobler modes of life, 15  
 With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,  
 The faithless coldness of the times;  
 Ring out, ring out my mournful rimes,  
 But ring the fuller minstrel in. 20

Ring out false pride in place and blood,  
 The civic slander and the spite;  
 Ring in the love of truth and right,  
 Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease; 25  
 Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;  
 Ring out the thousand wars of old,  
 Ring in the thousand years of peace.

<sup>16</sup> *thy*, Hallam's.

Ring in the valiant man and free,  
 The larger heart, the kindlier hand; 30  
 Ring out the darkness of the land,  
 Ring in the Christ that is to be.

## CXXX

[This section expresses the happiness that has come to Tennyson in thinking of his friend as an influence diffused throughout nature.]

THY VOICE is on the rolling air;  
 I hear thee where the waters run;  
 Thou standest in the rising sun,  
 And in the setting thou art fair.

What art thou then? I cannot guess; 5  
 But though I seem in star and flower  
 To feel thee some diffusive power,  
 I do not therefore love thee less.

My love involves the love before;  
 My love is vaster passion now; 10  
 Though mixed with God and nature  
 thou,  
 I seem to love thee more and more.

Far off thou art, but ever nigh;  
 I have been still, and I rejoice;  
 I prosper, circled with thy voice; 15  
 I shall not lose thee though I die.

## CROSSING THE BAR

[This, the most famous of Tennyson's lyrics, came to him "in a moment" in his eighty-first year. He explained the "Pilot" as "That Divine and Unseen Who is always guiding us."]

SUNSET and evening star,  
 And one clear call for me!  
 And may there be no moaning of the  
 bar<sup>1</sup>  
 When I put out to sea,

<sup>1</sup> *moaning of the bar*, a reference to an old superstition that the outgoing tide, in rolling over a sand bar, gives forth a mournful sound at the time of a death.

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,  
Too full for sound and foam, 6  
When that which drew from out the  
boundless deep  
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,  
And after that the dark! 10  
And may there be no sadness of fare-  
well  
When I embark;

For though from out our bourne of time  
and place  
The flood may bear me far,  
I hope to see my Pilot face to face 15  
When I have crossed the bar.

## STUDY AIDS

### I. CLASS DISCUSSIONS

*The Lady of Shalott.* 1. Read the poem through aloud to get the meaning. Tell the story in not more than four sentences, one for each part.

2. Is the poem gay, commonplace, mysterious, sad, gripping, romantic? Choose the adjectives that you think describe it truly, and read a stanza or shorter passage to support each choice.

3. The poem contains many of the crystal-clear images or pictures for which Tennyson is famous. Read stanzas which particularly please you in this respect.

4. How does Tennyson create the very musical quality of his verse? Note particularly his use of rhyme, the stanza form, and his attention to the sounds of words.

*Of Old Sat Freedom on the Heights.*

1. What fears for England and what pride in her do you find in this poem?  
2. How much of the poem can be applied to America today?

*The Beggar Maid* and *The Eagle.* These two poems exhibit Tennyson's power to say much in few words. What story does the first tell? What picture does the second paint? Read expressions from both that suggest a great deal.

*The Bugle Song* and *Tears, Idle Tears.*

1. What features of the Killarney lakes appear in the first lyric? Does this beauty delight the poet or sadden him?

2. What different kinds of sadness does the poet mention in both lyrics? Which passage seems saddest to you?

3. The second lyric is written in blank verse. Does it or the first one express the deeper feeling? Read passages to justify your selection.

*Break, Break, Break.* Which lines best express the poet's sorrow? How does the sadness differ from that in "Tears, Idle Tears"? Which of the two poems do you like better?

*In Memoriam.* 1. In the first two sections (I and xxvii) which lines express the poet's thought most beautifully? Does Tennyson's sorrow seem stronger here or in "Break, Break, Break"?

2. In sections LIV, LV, LVI, which is the most poignant expression of Tennyson's doubts about immortality? Why does he feel that he must wait until after death ("behind the veil") to have his doubts cleared up?

3. In the last two selections included here, cvr and cxxx, where does the poet imply that his personal grief has disappeared? What public wrongs does he wish to abolish? What forms of good does he wish "rung in"? In the end, why is the poet happy at the thought of death?

*Crossing the Bar.* In what sense has this poem the same theme as *In Memoriam*? How does this lyric differ from the elegy in mood? Quote lines from both to show the difference.

### II. INDIVIDUAL AND GROUP ACTIVITIES

1. A very interesting report may be based on *Lancelot and Elaine*. The following matters should be touched upon: (a) What parts of the story that are mysterious in "The Lady of Shalott" are clearer and even more moving in the idyll? (b) To what extent are the characters changed in the idyll? (c) Which poem is the more alluring and romantic? Passages from the idyll should be read to make the points clear.

2. Draw up a report in which you com-

pare Wordsworth, Byron, and Tennyson with regard to their feeling about England. The conclusion might try to determine which poet expressed his attitude toward England most strongly.

3. *The Princess*, Tennyson's first long poem, would furnish three reports: (a) The story might be related, with readings of particularly notable passages. (b) The ideas about women's education and rights in 1847 might be compared with the situation today. (c) The lyrics were not added until the third edition; there are several besides those given on pages 564-565. Do you find any that you prefer to these two?

4. *In Memoriam* may be compared with Wordsworth's "Ode on Intimations of Immortality" (page 400). What are the main differences in thought? What is the difference in mood?

5. A number of reports could be based on other poems of Tennyson. A very good edition, with full explanations, is *Selections from the Poems of Tennyson*, edited by Myra Reynolds. The Cambridge edition of Tennyson's poetical works is complete.

(a) *The Idylls*. If the *Idylls* have not been read recently, twelve students might each report briefly on one of them.

(b) *Poems on Classical Themes*. Tennyson wrote many poems on classical themes; a number of these that you will enjoy reading are: "Ulysses," "Oenone," "Death of Oenone," "Tithonus," "Tiresias," "Demeter and Persephone," "The Lotos-Eaters." Draw up a report on Tennyson's handling of Greek subjects as compared with Keats's in "Endymion," "Ode on a Grecian Urn," and "Hyperion." Which is more personal? More classic? More modern in spirit?

(c) *Patriotic Poems*. Tennyson wrote many patriotic poems. Among the best are "You Ask Me Why," "Love Thou Thy Land," "The Revenge," "Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington," "The Charge of the Light Brigade."

6. Those interested in the life of Tennyson may consult H. P. A. Faussett's *Tennyson, a Modern Portrait* (which is not entirely laudatory) or Hallam Tennyson's *Alfred, Lord Tennyson; A Memoir by his Son*. Use the indexes for finding anything in these volumes you are curious about.

## ROBERT BROWNING

### INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH CAMP

[The speaker in this narrative, an old French trooper, is imagined to be on duty as Napoleon besieges Ratisbon, a Bavarian city on the Danube. The siege occurred in 1809.]

YOU know, we French stormed  
Ratisbon;  
A mile or so away,  
On a little mound, Napoleon  
Stood on our storming-day,  
With neck out-thrust, you fancy how, 5  
Legs wide, arms locked behind,  
As if to balance the prone<sup>1</sup> brow  
Oppressive with its mind.

Just as perhaps he mused, "My plans  
That soar, to earth may fall, 10  
Let once my army-leader Lannes<sup>1</sup>  
Waver at yonder wall"—  
Out 'twixt the battery-smokes there flew  
A rider, bound on bound  
Full-galloping; nor bridle drew 15  
Until he reached the mound.

Then off there flung in smiling joy,  
And held himself erect  
By just his horse's mane, a boy;  
You hardly could suspect— 20  
(So tight he kept his lips compressed,  
Scarce any blood came through)  
You looked twice ere you saw his breast  
Was all but shot in two.

<sup>1</sup> prone, protruding.

<sup>1</sup> Lannes, a brilliant French field marshal.

"Well," cried he, "Emperor, by God's  
 grace 25  
 We've got you Ratisbon!  
 The Marshal's in the market-place,  
 And you'll be there anon  
 To see your flag-bird<sup>1</sup> flap his vans<sup>2</sup>  
 Where I, to heart's desire, 30  
 Perched him!" The chief's eye flashed;  
 his plans  
 Soared up again like fire.

The chief's eye flashed; but presently  
 Softened itself, as sheathes  
 A film<sup>3</sup> the mother-eagle's eye 25  
 When her bruised eaglet breathes;  
 "You're wounded!" "Nay," the soldier's  
 pride  
 Touched to the quick, he said;  
 "I'm killed, Sire!" And his chief beside  
 Smiling the boy fell dead. 40

# "HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS FROM GHENT TO AIX"

[The speaker is the unnamed rider of the horse Roland. Both the speaker and the ride are imaginary. Browning wrote the poem "under the bulwark of a vessel off the African coast, after I had been at sea long enough to appreciate even the fancy of a gallop on a certain good horse 'York' there in my stable at home."]

**I** SPRANG to the stirrup, and Joris,  
 and he;  
 I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped  
 all three.  
 "Good speed!" cried the watch, as the  
 gatebolts undrew;  
 "Speed!" echoed the wall to us gallop-  
 ing through.  
 Behind shut the postern, the lights sank  
 to rest, 5  
 And into the midnight we galloped  
 abreast.

<sup>1</sup> *flag-bird*, the eagle on the standard.

<sup>2</sup> *vans*, wings.

<sup>3</sup> *film*, subject of the verb "sheathes."

Not a word to each other; we kept the  
 great pace  
 Neck by neck, stride by stride, never  
 changing our place.  
 I turned in my saddle and made its  
 girths tight,  
 Then shortened each stirrup, and set the  
 pique<sup>1</sup> right, 10  
 Rebuckled the cheek-strap, chained  
 slacker the bit,  
 Nor galloped less steadily Roland a  
 whit.

'Twas moonset at starting; but while we  
 drew near  
 Lokeren, the cocks crew and twilight  
 dawned clear;  
 At Boom, a great yellow star came out  
 to see; 15  
 At Düffeld, 'twas morning as plain as  
 could be;  
 And from Mecheln church-steeple we  
 heard the half-chime,  
 So, Joris broke silence with, "Yet there  
 is time!"

At Aershot, up leaped of a sudden the  
 sun,  
 And against him the cattle stood black  
 every one, 20  
 To stare through the mist at us gallop-  
 ing past,  
 And I saw my stout galloper Roland at  
 last,  
 With resolute shoulders, each butting  
 away  
 The haze, as some bluff river headland  
 its spray;

And his low head and crest, just one  
 sharp ear bent back 25  
 For my voice, and the other pricked out  
 on his track;  
 And one eye's black intelligence—ever  
 that glance  
 O'er its white edge at me, his own mas-  
 ter, askance!

<sup>1</sup> *pique*, point of the saddle.

And the thick, heavy spume-flakes  
which aye and anon  
His fierce lips shook upwards in gallop-  
ing on. 30

By Hasselt,<sup>1</sup> Dirck groaned; and cried  
Joris, "Stay spur!  
Your Roos galloped bravely, the fault's  
not in her,  
We'll remember at Aix"—for one heard  
the quick wheeze  
Of her chest, saw the stretched neck  
and staggering knees,  
And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the  
flank, 35  
As down on her haunches she shud-  
dered and sank.

So we were left galloping, Joris and I;  
Past Looz and past Tongres, no cloud in  
the sky.  
The broad sun above laughed a pitiless  
laugh;  
'Neath our feet broke the brittle bright  
stubble like chaff; 40  
Till over by Dalhem a dome-spire  
sprang white,  
And "Gallop," gasped Joris, "for Aix is  
in sight!"

"How they'll greet us!"—and all in a  
moment his roan  
Rolled neck and croup over, lay dead as  
a stone;  
And there was my Roland to bear the  
whole weight 45  
Of the news which alone could save Aix  
from her fate,  
With his nostrils like pits full of blood  
to the brim,  
And with circles of red for his eye-  
sockets' rim.

Then I cast loose my buffcoat,<sup>2</sup> each  
holster let fall,

<sup>1</sup> Hasselt, about eighty miles from Ghent. The distance between Ghent and Aix is a little over a hundred miles.

<sup>2</sup> buffcoat, a thick leather coat. Naturally it would be heavy.

Shook off both my jack-boots,<sup>1</sup> let go  
belt and all, 50  
Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted  
his ear,  
Called my Roland his pet-name, my  
horse without peer,  
Clapped my hands, laughed and sang,  
any noise, bad or good,  
Till at length into Aix Roland galloped  
and stood.

And all I remember is—friends flocking  
round 55  
As I sat with his head 'twixt my knees  
on the ground;  
And no voice but was praising this  
Roland of mine,  
As I poured down his throat our last  
measure of wine,  
Which—the burgesses voted by common  
consent—  
Was no more than his due who brought  
good news from Ghent. 60

### CAVALIER TUNES

[To understand these two stirring songs you must recall the days of Milton and the Civil War. They represent the gay, reckless loyalty of the Cavaliers to the cause of Charles I. The first "tune" shows their contempt for the Puritan opponents of the King. The leaders of the Puritans were Pym, Hampden, Hazelig, Fiennes, and young Sir Henry Vane. Sir Byng of Kent and Prince Rupert, a nephew of Charles I, were leaders of the royalists.

"Boot and Saddle" is an early morning call to a small troupe of cavalry.]

### MARCHING ALONG

KENTISH<sup>2</sup> Sir Byng stood for his  
King,  
Bidding the crop-headed<sup>3</sup> Parliament  
swing;  
And, pressing<sup>4</sup> a troop unable to stoop

<sup>1</sup> jack-boots, boots coming to the knee.

<sup>2</sup> Kentish, from the county of Kent, in south-east England. <sup>3</sup> crop-headed. The Puritans, who controlled Parliament in 1640, wore their hair cut short. <sup>4</sup> pressing, enlisting.

And see the rogues flourish and honest  
folk droop,  
Marched them along, fifty-score strong, 5  
Great-hearted gentlemen, singing this  
song:

God for King Charles! Pym and such  
carles<sup>1</sup>  
To the Devil that prompts 'em their  
treasonous parles!<sup>2</sup>  
Cavaliers, up! Lips from the cup,  
Hands from the pasty, nor bite take nor  
sup 10  
Till you're—

CHORUS.—

*Marching along, fifty-score strong,  
Great-hearted gentlemen, singing  
this song!*

Hampden to hell, and his obsequies'  
knell  
Serve<sup>3</sup> Hazelrig, Fiennes, and young  
Harry as well!  
England, good cheer! Rupert is near! 15  
Kentish and loyalists, keep we not here,

CHORUS.—

*Marching along, fifty-score strong,  
Great-hearted gentlemen, singing  
this song!*

Then God for King Charles! Pym and  
his snarls  
To the Devil that pricks on such pesti-  
lent carles! 20  
Hold by the right, you double your  
might;  
So, onward to Nottingham,<sup>4</sup> fresh for  
the fight.

CHORUS.—

*March we along, fifty-score strong,  
Great-hearted gentlemen, singing  
this song!*

<sup>1</sup> carles, churls. <sup>2</sup> parles, speeches. <sup>3</sup> Serve, may, it serve.

<sup>4</sup> Nottingham, where King Charles's stand-  
ard was raised in 1642, thus marking the be-  
ginning of the Civil War.

BOOT AND SADDLE

Boot, saddle, to horse, and away!  
Rescue my castle before the hot day  
Brightens to blue from its silvery gray,

CHORUS.—

*Boot, saddle, to horse, and away!*

Ride past the suburbs, asleep as you'd  
say; 5  
Many's the friend there, will listen and  
pray,  
"God's luck to gallants that strike up  
the lay—

CHORUS.—

*Boot, saddle, to horse, and away!"*

Forty miles off, like a roebuck at bay,  
Flouts Castle Brancepeth the Round-  
heads' array; 10  
Who laughs, "Good fellows ere this, by  
my fay,<sup>1</sup>

CHORUS.—

*Boot, saddle, to horse, and away!"*

Who? My wife Gertrude; that, honest  
and gay,  
Laughs when you talk of surrendering,  
"Nay!  
I've better counselors; what counsel  
they? 15

CHORUS.—

*Boot, saddle, to horse, and away!"*

HOME-THOUGHTS, FROM  
ABROAD

[Many British poets have written of the  
beauty of the English scenery, but none  
more charmingly than Browning in this  
simple lyric composed in Italy.]

O H, to be in England  
Now that April's there,  
And whoever wakes in England  
Sees, some morning, unaware,

<sup>1</sup> fay, faith.

That the lowest boughs and the brush-  
wood sheaf<sup>5</sup>  
Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf,  
While the chaffinch sings on the orchard  
bough  
In England—now!

And after April, when May follows,  
And the whitethroat<sup>1</sup> builds, and all the  
swallows!<sup>10</sup>  
Hark, where my blossomed pear-tree in  
the hedge  
Leans to the field and scatters on the  
clover  
Blossoms and dewdrops—at the bent  
spray's edge—  
That's the wise thrush; he sings each  
song twice over,  
Lest you should think he never could  
recapture<sup>15</sup>  
The first fine careless rapture!  
And though the fields look rough with  
hoary dew,  
All will be gay when noontide wakes  
anew  
The buttercups, the little children's  
dower—  
Far brighter than this gaudy melon-  
flower!<sup>20</sup>

### HOME-THOUGHTS, FROM THE SEA

[Browning wrote this poem during a voyage to Italy in 1838. On the way he passed four places where England had achieved great victories: Near Cape St. Vincent in 1797 Jervis defeated a Spanish fleet; in Cadiz harbor in 1596 Essex and Raleigh destroyed the second Spanish Armada; off Trafalgar Nelson in 1805 defeated the combined fleets of France and Spain; Gibraltar has stood, since 1704, when it was captured from the Spaniards, like a monument of English power.]

**N**OBLY, nobly Cape Saint Vincent  
to the northwest died away;  
Sunset ran, one glorious blood-red, reek-  
ing into Cadiz Bay;

<sup>1</sup> whitethroat, European warbler.

Bluish 'mid the burning water, full in  
face Trafalgar lay;  
In the dimmest northeast distance  
dawned Gibraltar grand and gray;  
"Here and here did England help me;  
how can I help England?"—say,<sup>5</sup>  
Whoso turns as I, this evening, turn to  
God to praise and pray,  
While Jove's planet<sup>1</sup> rises yonder, silent  
over Africa.

### WHY I AM A LIBERAL

[The title means, "Why I belong to the Liberal Party." In English politics the Liberals favored reforms, such as the various extensions of the power to vote (page 470); they thus leaned toward democratic ideas as opposed to aristocratic control of the government.]

**"WHY?"** Because all I haply can  
and do,  
All that I am now, all I hope to be—  
Whence comes it save from fortune set-  
ting free  
Body and soul the purpose to pursue,  
God traced for both? If fetters not a  
few,<sup>5</sup>  
Of prejudice, convention, fall from me,  
These shall I bid men—each in his  
degree  
Also God-guided—bear, and gayly, too?

But little do or can the best of us.  
That little is achieved through Liberty.  
Who, then, dares hold, emancipated  
thus,<sup>11</sup>  
His fellow shall continue bound? Not I,  
Who live, love, labor freely, nor discuss  
A brother's right to freedom. That is  
"Why."

### THE PATRIOT

[The fickleness of the public, which Browning illustrates in this poem, had probably come to his attention more than

<sup>1</sup> Jove's planet, Jupiter, the brightest star except Venus.

once during his years in Italy. The incident that he tells, however, is not historical, but is based on an old story.]

**I**T WAS roses, roses, all the way,  
With myrtle mixed in my path like  
mad;  
The house-roofs seemed to heave and  
sway,  
The church-spires flamed, such flags  
they had,  
A year ago on this very day. 5

The air broke into a mist with bells,  
The old walls rocked with the crowd  
and cries.  
Had I said, "Good folk, mere noise re-  
pels—  
But give me your sun from yonder  
skies!"  
They had answered, "And afterward,  
what else?"<sup>1</sup> 10

Alack, it was I who leaped at the sun  
To give it my loving friends to keep!  
Naught man could do, have I left un-  
done.

And you see my harvest, what I reap  
This very day, now a year is run. 15

There's nobody on the house-tops now—  
Just a palsied few at the windows set;  
For the best of the sight is, all allow,  
At the Shambles' Gate<sup>2</sup>—or, better yet,  
By the very scaffold's foot, I throw. 20

I go in the rain, and, more than needs,  
A rope cuts both my wrists behind;  
And I think, by the feel, my forehead  
bleeds,  
For they fling, whoever has a mind,  
Stones at me for my year's misdeeds. 25

Thus I entered, and thus I go!  
In triumphs, people have dropped  
down dead.

<sup>1</sup> *They . . . else*, that is, they would have given him anything he demanded. <sup>2</sup> *Shambles' Gate*, the entrance to the place of execution. The people have turned against the patriot, and he is to be hanged.

"Paid by the world, what dost thou owe Me?"—God might question; now in-  
stead,

'Tis God shall repay. I am safer so. 30

## UP AT A VILLA—DOWN IN THE CITY

(AS DISTINGUISHED BY AN ITALIAN PERSON  
OF QUALITY)

[This graphic and entertaining poem represents the supposed speech of an aristocratic Italian whose lack of means obliges him to live in the country. His boredom with nature amuses us no less than his childlike delight in the rush and excitement of the city.]

**H**AD I but plenty of money, money  
enough and to spare,  
The house for me, no doubt, were a  
house in the city-square;  
Ah, such a life, such a life, as one leads  
at the window there!

Something to see, by Bacchus,<sup>1</sup> some-  
thing to hear, at least!

There, the whole day long, one's life is  
a perfect feast; 5

While up at a villa one lives, I maintain  
it, no more than a beast.

Well now, look at our villa! stuck like  
the horn of a bull

Just on a mountain-edge as bare as the  
creature's skull,

Save a mere shag of a bush with hardly  
a leaf to pull!

—I scratch my own, sometimes, to see  
if the hair's turned wool. 10

But the city, oh, the city—the square  
with the houses! Why?

They are stone-faced, white as a curd,  
there's something to take the eye!

Houses in four straight lines, not a sin-  
gle front awry;

You watch who crosses and gossips, who  
saunters, who hurries by;

<sup>1</sup> *Bacchus*, god of wine and revelry.



Green blinds, as a matter of course, to  
draw when the sun gets high; 15  
And the shops with fanciful signs which  
are painted properly.

What of a villa? Though winter be  
over in March by rights,  
'Tis May perhaps ere the snow shall  
have withered well off the heights.  
You've the brown plowed land before,  
where the oxen steam and wheeze,  
And the hills over-smoked behind by  
the faint gray olive trees. 20

Is it better in May, I ask you? You've  
summer all at once;  
In a day he leaps complete with a few  
strong April suns.  
'Mid the sharp short emerald wheat,  
scarce risen three fingers well,  
The wild tulip, at end of its tube, blows  
out its great red bell  
Like a thin clear bubble of blood, for  
the children to pick and sell. 25

Is it ever hot in the square? There's a  
fountain to spout and splash!  
In the shade it sings and springs; in the  
shine such foam-bows flash  
On the horses with curling fish-tails,  
that prance and paddle and pash<sup>2</sup>  
Round the lady atop in her conch—  
fifty gazers do not abash,  
Though all that she wears is some weeds  
round her waist in a sort of sash. 30

All the year long at the villa, nothing to  
see though you linger,  
Except yon cypress that points like  
death's lean lifted forefinger.  
Some think fireflies pretty, when they  
mix i' the corn<sup>3</sup> and mingle,  
Or thrid<sup>4</sup> the stinking hemp till the  
stalks of it seem a-tingle.  
Late August or early September, the  
stunning cicala<sup>5</sup> is shrill, 35

<sup>2</sup> pash, run.

<sup>3</sup> corn, wheat, rye, or barley. <sup>4</sup> thrid, make  
their way through. <sup>5</sup> cicala, locust.

And the bees keep their tiresome whine  
round the resinous firs on the hill.  
Enough of the seasons—I spare you the  
months of the fever and chill.

Ere you open your eyes in the city, the  
blessed church-bells begin;  
No sooner the bells leave off than the  
diligence<sup>6</sup> rattles in;  
You get the pick of the news, and it  
costs you never a pin. 40  
By and by there's the traveling doc-  
tor gives pills, lets blood, draws  
teeth;  
Or the Pulcinello-trumpet<sup>7</sup> breaks up  
the market beneath.  
At the postoffice such a scene-picture<sup>8</sup>—  
the new play, piping hot!  
And a notice how, only this morning,  
three liberal thieves<sup>9</sup> were shot.  
Above it, behold the Archbishop's most  
fatherly of rebukes, 45  
And beneath, with his crown and his  
lion,<sup>10</sup> some little new law of the  
Duke's!  
Or a sonnet with flowery marge, to the  
Reverend Don So-and-So,  
Who is Dante, Boccaccio, Petrarca, Saint  
Jerome, and Cicero;  
"And moreover"—the sonnet goes rim-  
ing—"the skirts of Saint Paul<sup>11</sup> has  
reached,  
Having preached us those six Lent-  
lectures more unctuous<sup>12</sup> than ever he  
preached." 50

<sup>6</sup> diligence, stagecoach. <sup>7</sup> Pulcinello-trumpet,  
trumpet announcing the Punch and Judy show.

<sup>8</sup> scene-picture, a picture poster advertising  
the new play. <sup>9</sup> liberal thieves, probably patri-  
ots working for Italian independence from  
Austria. The "Person of Quality," an aris-  
tocrat, supports Austria. <sup>10</sup> with . . . lion,  
stamped with Duke's seal.

<sup>11</sup> Or a sonnet . . . St. Paul. Italian sonnet-  
writers often tacked up their poems on posts  
for the public to read. The praise in this one  
was extravagant, comparing the "Reverend  
Don So-and-So" to the greatest Italian poets  
(Dante, Boccaccio, Petrarch), to one of the  
most eminent fathers of the church (St. Je-  
rome) to the most famous Roman orator  
(Cicero), and to the greatest Christian  
preacher (St. Paul).

<sup>12</sup> unctuous, ardent, fervent.

Noon strikes—here sweeps the procession! our Lady<sup>13</sup> borne smiling and smart,

With a pink gauze gown all spangles, and seven swords stuck in her heart!<sup>14</sup>

*Bang-whang-whang* goes the drum, *tootle-te-tootle* the fife;

No keeping one's haunches still; it's the greatest pleasure in life.

But bless you, it's dear<sup>15</sup>—it's dear! fowls, wine, at double the rate. 55

They have clapped a new tax<sup>16</sup> upon salt, and what oil pays passing the gate

It's a horror to think of. And so, the villa for me, not the city!

Beggars can scarcely be choosers; but still—ah, the pity, the pity!

Look, two and two go the priests, then the monks with cowls and sandals,

And the penitents dressed in white shirts, a-holding the yellow candles;

One, he carries a flag up straight, and another a cross with handles, 61

And the Duke's guard brings up the rear, for the better prevention of scandals;

*Bang-whang-whang* goes the drum, *tootle-te-tootle* the fife.

Oh, a day in the city-square, there is no such pleasure in life!

## MY LAST DUCHESS

FERRARA

[This famous specimen of the dramatic monologue gives a whole tragedy in fifty-six lines. The scene is laid in Ferrara, a town in northern Italy. The Duke, one of the proud and aristocratic rulers of Renaissance Italy, has stolen away from

the guests in his magnificent palace to show an envoy the picture gallery on an upper floor. The envoy has come to conclude the details of the Duke's marriage to a count's daughter. Partly to give the messenger a notion of what he expects of his Duchess, the Duke pauses before a curtain, draws it aside, and reveals the portrait of his last wife. She was a very sweet and lovely woman, but her kindness, which impressed her husband as plebeian, and her blow at his egoism in not prizing him for his ancestry—these two things aroused the intense hatred of the haughty, cruel Duke. This arrogant aristocrat was a patron of art and took a deep pleasure in his collection. He admired the skill of the painter, Frà Pandolf, and relished the beauty of the bronze figure by Claus of Innsbruck in his fountain. The names of both artists are fictitious, but the Duke's genuine interest in art was common among Renaissance rulers.

In his monologue the Duke only hints at what happened to his wife, but he clearly depicts his wife's nature and at the same time reveals his own.]

THAT'S my last Duchess painted on the wall,

Looking as if she were alive. I call That piece a wonder, now. Frà<sup>1</sup> Pandolf's hands

Worked busily a-day,<sup>2</sup> and there she stands.

Will 't please you sit and look at her? I said 5

"Frà Pandolf" by design, for never read Strangers like you that pictured countenance,

The depth and passion of its earnest glance,

But to myself they turned—since none puts by

The curtain I have drawn for you, but I— 10

And seemed as they would ask me, if they durst,

How such a glance came there; so, not the first

<sup>13</sup> our Lady, an image of the Virgin Mary. <sup>14</sup> seven swords . . . heart. The swords represent the seven sorrows of the Virgin. <sup>15</sup> dear, expensive. <sup>16</sup> tax, a fee paid on everything entering town.

<sup>1</sup> Frà, Friar. <sup>2</sup> a-day, day by day.



THE BOUGH OF CHERRIES SOME OFFICIOUS FOOL BROKE FOR HER

Are you to turn and ask thus. Sir, 'twas  
not  
Her husband's presence only called that  
spot  
Of joy into the Duchess' cheek. Per-  
haps 15  
Frà Pandolf chanced to say, "Her man-  
tle laps  
Over my lady's wrist too much," or  
"Paint  
Must never hope to reproduce the faint  
Half-flush that dies along her throat";  
such stuff  
Was courtesy, she thought, and cause  
enough 20  
For calling up that spot of joy. She had  
A heart—how shall I say?—too soon  
made glad,  
Too easily impressed; she liked whate'er  
She looked on, and her looks went every-  
where.  
Sir, 'twas all one! My favor at her  
breast, 25  
The dropping of the daylight in the  
west,

The bough of cherries some officious  
fool  
Broke in the orchard for her, the white  
mule  
She rode with round the terrace—all and  
each  
Would draw from her alike the approv-  
ing speech, 30  
Or blush, at least. She thanked men—  
good! but thanked  
Somehow—I know not how—as if she  
ranked  
My gift of a nine-hundred-years-old  
name  
With anybody's gift. Who'd stoop to  
blame 34  
This sort of trifling? Even had you skill  
In speech—which I have not—to make  
your will  
Quite clear to such an one, and say, "Just  
this  
Or that in you disgusts me; here you  
miss,  
Or there exceed, the mark"—and if she  
let

Herself be lessoned so, nor plainly set 40  
 Her wits to yours, forsooth, and made  
 excuse,  
 —E'en then would be some stooping;  
 and I choose  
 Never to stoop. Oh, sir, she smiled, no  
 doubt,  
 Whene'er I passed her; but who passed  
 without  
 Much the same smile? This grew; I  
 gave commands; 45  
 Then all smiles stopped together. There  
 she stands  
 As if alive. Will't please you rise?  
 We'll meet  
 The company below, then. I repeat,  
 The Count your master's known mu-  
 nificence  
 Is ample warrant that no just pretense 50  
 Of mine for dowry will be disallowed;  
 Though his fair daughter's self, as I  
 avowed  
 At starting, is my object. Nay, we'll go  
 Together down, sir. Notice Neptune,  
 though,  
 Taming a sea-horse, thought a rarity, 55  
 Which Claus of Innsbruck cast in  
 bronze for me!

## PROSPICE

[“Prospice” (“Look forward”) was written in the autumn after Mrs. Browning's death, 1861, and was first published by the *Atlantic Monthly*. At the beginning the poet imagines himself climbing a mountain so high that the top is covered with snow. The final lines refer to his late wife. The whole poem is characteristic of Browning, but nowhere more so than in the ringing cry at the end.]

**F**EAR death?—to feel the fog in my  
 throat,  
 The mist in my face,  
 When the snows begin, and the blasts  
 denote  
 I am nearing the place,  
 The power of the night, the press of the  
 storm,

The post of the foe;  
 Where he stands, the Arch Fear in a vis-  
 ible form,  
 Yet the strong man must go;  
 For the journey is done and the summit  
 attained,  
 And the barriers fall, 10  
 Though a battle's to fight ere the guer-  
 don be gained,  
 The reward of it all.  
 I was ever a fighter, so—one fight more,  
 The best and the last!  
 I would hate that death bandaged my  
 eyes and forbore, 15  
 And bade me creep past.  
 No! let me taste the whole of it, fare like  
 my peers,  
 The heroes of old,  
 Bear the brunt, in a minute pay glad  
 life's arrears<sup>1</sup>  
 Of pain, darkness, and cold. 20  
 For sudden the worst turns the best to  
 the brave,  
 The black minute's at end.  
 And the elements' rage, the fiend-voices  
 that rave,  
 Shall dwindle, shall blend,  
 Shall change, shall become first a peace  
 out of pain, 25  
 Then a light, then thy breast,  
 O thou soul of my soul! I shall clasp  
 thee again,  
 And with God be the rest!

## Epilogue to ASOLANDO

[This poem, written in the last weeks of Browning's life, was his farewell to all who loved him. It contains the message of his whole life for readers of his poetry.]

**A**T THE midnight in the silence of  
 the sleep-time,  
 When you set your fancies free,  
 Will they pass to where—by death, fools  
 think, imprisoned—

<sup>1</sup> *arrears*, the debt accumulated in his life-time for the good things that life has brought him.

Low he lies who once so loved you,  
whom you loved so,  
—Pity me?<sup>1</sup> 5

Oh, to love so, be so loved, yet so mistaken!

What had I on earth to do  
With the slothful, with the mawkish,  
the unmanly?  
Like the aimless, helpless, hopeless, did I  
drivel  
—Being—who? 10

One who never turned his back but  
marched breast forward,  
Never doubted clouds would break,  
Never dreamed, though right were  
worsted, wrong would triumph,  
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight  
better,  
Sleep to wake. 15

No, at noonday in the bustle of man's  
work-time  
Greet the unseen with a cheer!  
Bid him forward, breast and back as  
either should be,  
"Strive and thrive!" cry "Speed—fight  
on, fare ever  
There as here!" 20

<sup>1</sup> *Pity me?*, will you pity me?

## STUDY AIDS

### I. CLASS DISCUSSIONS

*Incident of the French Camp.* Picture as fully as you can the scene suggested by the words "You know" which begin the poem. How early do we discover Napoleon's ambition? The finer side of his nature? How does the story reveal the army's devotion to Napoleon?

*How They Brought the Good News.*  
1. What lines or stanzas best give you a sense of eagerness and rush? Where do you first learn of the goal and purpose of the ride? Why was the wine given to Roland instead of to the rider?

2. Comparing the two narratives from Browning, decide which is the better story. Take into account the action, the vividness of the descriptions, the characters, and the outcome. Illustrate each feature in which you think one of the narratives is the superior of the other.

*Cavalier Tunes.* 1. Which of the "tunes" is to you the more rousing?

2. What was the royalist feeling against the Puritans? Point out lines that reveal it.

3. Would Browning have supported King Charles? (Before answering reread page 193 and Browning's poem "Why I Am a Liberal," page 574).

*Home Thoughts, from Abroad* and *Home Thoughts, from the Sea.* 1. What two sides of Browning's patriotism are expressed in these poems? Read sections that reveal each kind of love for England.

*Why I Am a Liberal.* 1. State in your own words Browning's answer to the question indicated in the title. How far do his reasons apply to conditions in the United States today?

2. What does this poem reveal concerning Browning's political and social views? For example, what would he like in our American government?

*The Patriot.* 1. What service do you suppose the patriot had tried to render a year before? With what result then?

2. What is the public feeling for him now? Give several details that show it.

3. How do the conduct and language of this man show that he is a patriot martyr and not a traitor?

4. What qualities of the dramatic monologue (see page 555) has this poem? Illustrate each point.

*Up at a Villa—Down in the City.* 1. What is the situation of the villa where the speaker lives? Quote or read lines that picture the scenes about it. Would you find them dull or delightful? Why do they bore the "person of quality"?

2. What features of city life attract the speaker most strongly? Quote or read lines that bear out your judgment. What meaning have religious processions for him? Quote appropriate lines.

3. The vexation which this "person of quality" felt over his poverty led him to reveal his soul in this dramatic monologue. Is he happy or gloomy by nature? Observant or unobservant? Is he shallow or refined in his tastes? Read passages that answer these questions. What other qualities can you point out?

*My Last Duchess.* 1. Describe the scene implied by the first lines. Does the Duke prize the portrait for the subject or for the skill of the painter?

2. Was the conduct of the Duchess admirable or blameworthy? What kind of conduct would have pleased the Duke?

3. What feature of the Duke's character kept him from telling the Duchess of his disapproval? What "commands" do you suppose he gave? Is he remorseful or callous about his cruelty?

4. Explain the scene suggested by: "Nay, we'll go together down, sir." What interest of the Duke's is brought out in the last lines?

5. In the three dramatic monologues ("The Patriot," "Up at a Villa," and "My Last Duchess") which character is closest to ordinary life? Which character is most memorably portrayed? Quote passages to illustrate.

*Prospice.* 1. What is the mood of the poet in the first twenty lines? What is the mood at the close? Read passages from each part that most clearly reveal the mood. What light does the poem throw on Browning's character?

2. In what way is this lyric a tribute to Mrs. Browning? Quote expressions that reveal the poet's feeling about her.

3. Contrast "Prospice" with Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar" (page 568). With what attitude does each poet view death? How does the attitude reveal the contrasting natures of the two poets?

*Epilogue.* 1. What is Browning's attitude toward life on this earth? What is his belief about the future life? How far does this poem agree with the preceding? Quote to illustrate.

2. Compare this lyric with Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar," in thought and mood. How far is each characteristic of its author?

## II. INDIVIDUAL AND GROUP ACTIVITIES

1. Though Browning had a distinct and masterful personality, so that you can hardly mistake a poem by him, he was extremely versatile. From the selections here, do you conclude that you like him best as a narrative poet, a lyric poet, or a creator of character? You might read aloud to the class passages that bear out your preferences.

2. Browning was a master of rhythm and meter. Read to the class passages that illustrate how he chose a meter to suit the spirit of each poem. For example, show that the anapaestic tetrameter of "How They Brought the Good News" suggests galloping, the dactylic tetrameter of the "Cavalier Tunes" suggests a regiment of horse, the anapaestic hexameter of "Up at a Villa" harmonizes with the lightness and childlike pleasures of the speaker, and so on with other poems. (For explanation of these meters consult the Index of Special Terms beginning on page 801.)

3. Browning and Tennyson are the two chief poets of their era. A program might be drawn up in which different pupils cover some or all of the following topics: the subjects that interested Browning and Tennyson, their moods as lyric poets, their skill as narrative poets, their ability to create character, their beliefs about the next world. At the close of the program, two or more members of the class might explain why they prefer one of the poets to the other.

4. Various programs can be made from further readings in Browning. A good edition with full notes is *Robert Browning: Selected Poems*, edited by Myra Reynolds. The complete Cambridge edition also has explanatory notes.

(a) *Narrative Poems.* "The Boy and the Angel," "Count Gismond," "The Glove," "Hervé Riel," "The Pied Piper of Hamelin," "Through the Metidja to Abd-el-Kadr." The report should indicate which poems are particularly enjoyable, and what narrative powers they reveal.

(b) *Love Poems.* "Summum Bonum," "Confessions," "A Face," "Love among the Ruins," "Evelyn Hope," "A Serenade

at the Villa," "By the Fireside," "My Star," "O Lyric Soul." Which poem brings out best the happiness of being in love? The pain? How is love connected with the future life?

*Studies of Character.* "The Bishop Orders his Tomb at St. Praxed's Church," "A Toccata of Galuppi's" (if you like music), "Rabbi Ben Ezra." What types of character in these poems are quite different from those in the poems selected for this book?

#### FURTHER READING

Baynes, Dorothy J., *Andromeda in Wimpole Street; the Romance of Elizabeth Barrett Browning*. Gives a lively picture of the most famous of literary love stories.

Besier, Rudolph, *The Barretts of Wimpole Street*. The love story of Robert and Elizabeth Barrett Browning is delightfully dramatized.

Chesterton, G. K., *Robert Browning*. A stimulating biography.

## LESSER POETS OF THE PERIOD

### SONNET XLIII

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

[In reading this sonnet from *Sonnets from the Portuguese* you need not seek for a division of the thought at the end of the eighth line, since the plan, announced in the first line, indicates that the poem will give a catalogue running straight on to the end.]

HOW do I love thee? Let me count  
the ways.  
I love thee to the depth and breadth  
and height  
My soul can reach, when feeling out of  
sight  
For the ends of being, and ideal grace.  
I love thee to the level of every day's 5  
Most quiet need, by sun and candle-  
light.  
I love thee freely, as men strive for  
right;  
I love thee purely, as they turn from  
praise.  
I love thee with the passion put to use  
In my old griefs, and with my child-  
hood's faith. 10  
I love thee with a love I seemed to lose  
With my lost saints—I love thee with  
the breath,  
Smiles, tears, of all my life!—and, if  
God choose,  
I shall but love thee better after death.

### THE FORSAKEN MERMAN

MATTHEW ARNOLD

[The legend of a mortal lured to the sea is an ancient one. The suggestion for this poem Arnold found in the folklore of Denmark. The speaker is a merman who is lingering on the coast near the village church, to which his mortal wife, seeking her childhood surroundings, has fled.]

COME, dear children, let us away;  
Down and away below!  
Now my brothers call from the bay;  
Now the great winds shorewards blow;  
Now the salt tides seawards flow; 5  
Now the wild white horses play,  
Champ and chafe and toss in the spray.  
Children dear, let us away!  
This way, this way!

Call her once before you go— 10  
Call once yet!  
In a voice that she will know:  
"Margaret! Margaret!"  
Children's voices should be dear  
(Call once more) to a mother's ear; 15  
Children's voices, wild with pain—  
Surely she will come again!

Call her once and come away;  
This way, this way!  
"Mother dear, we cannot stay!" 20

The wild white horses foam and fret.  
Margaret! Margaret!

Come, dear children, come away down;  
Call no more!

One last look at the white-walled town,  
And the little gray church on the windy  
shore; 26

Then come down!  
She will not come though you call all  
day—

Come away, come away!

Children dear, was it yesterday 30  
We heard the sweet bells over the bay?  
In the caverns where we lay,  
Through the surf and through the swell,  
The far-off sound of a silver bell?  
Sand-strewn caverns, cool and deep, 35  
Where the winds are all asleep;  
Where the spent lights quiver and  
gleam;

Where the salt weed sways in the  
stream;  
Where the sea-beasts, ranged all round,  
Feed in the ooze of their pasture-  
ground; 40

Where the sea-snakes coil and twine,  
Dry their mail and bask in the brine;  
Where great whales come sailing by,  
Sail and sail, with unshut eye,  
Round the world forever and aye? 45  
When did music come this way?  
Children dear, was it yesterday?

Children dear, was it yesterday  
(Call yet once) that she went away?  
Once she sate with you and me, 50  
On a red gold throne in the heart of the  
sea,

And the youngest sate on her knee.  
She combed its bright hair, and she  
tended it well,  
When down swung the sound of the  
far-off bell.

She sighed; she looked up through the  
clear, green sea; 55  
She said: "I must go, for my kinsfolk  
pray

In the little gray church on the shore  
today.

'Twill be Easter-time in the world—ah,  
me!

And I lose my poor soul, merman, here  
with thee."

I said, "Go up, dear heart, through the  
waves; 60

Say thy prayer, and come back to the  
kind sea-caves."

She smiled; she went up through the  
surf in the bay.

Children dear, was it yesterday?

Children dear, were we long alone?

"The sea grows stormy, the little ones  
moan. 65

Long prayers," I said, "in the world they  
say.

Come," I said, and we rose through the  
surf in the bay.

We went up the beach, by the sandy  
down

Where the sea-stocks bloom, to the  
white-walled town.

Through the narrow, paved streets,  
where all was still, 70

To the little gray church on the windy  
hill.

From the church came a murmur of  
folk at their prayers,

But we stood without in the cold, blow-  
ing airs.

We climbed on the graves, on the stones,  
worn with rains,

And we gazed up the aisle through the  
small, leaded panes. 75

She sat by the pillar; we saw her  
clear.

"Margaret, hist! come quick, we are  
here!

Dear heart," I said, "we are long alone;  
The sea grows stormy, the little ones  
moan."

But, ah, she gave me never a look, 80  
For her eyes were sealed to the holy  
book.

Loud prays the priest; shut stands the  
door.



Come away, children, call no more!  
Come away, come down, call no more!

Down, down, down! 85  
Down to the depths of the sea!  
She sits at her wheel in the humming  
town,

Singing most joyfully.  
Hark, what she sings: "O joy, O joy,  
For the humming street, and the child  
with its toy! 90

For the priest, and the bell, and the  
holy well;

For the wheel where I spun,  
And the blessed light of the sun!"

And so she sings her fill,  
Singing most joyfully, 95

Till the shuttle falls from her hand,  
And the whizzing wheel stands still.

She steals to the window, and looks at  
the sand;

And over the sand at the sea;  
And her eyes are set in a stare; 100

And anon there breaks a sigh,  
And anon there drops a tear,

From a sorrow-clouded eye,  
And a heart sorrow-laden,

A long, long sigh. 105

For the cold, strange eyes of a little mer-  
maiden

And the gleam of her golden hair.

Come away, away, children!  
Come, children, come down!  
The salt tide rolls seaward. 110

Lights shine in the town;  
She will start from her slumber

When gusts shake the door;  
She will hear the winds howling,

Will hear the waves roar. 115

We shall see, while above us  
The waves roar and whirl,

A ceiling of amber,  
A pavement of pearl;

Singing, "Here came a mortal, 120  
But faithless was she,

And alone dwell forever

The kings of the sea."

But, children, at midnight,  
When soft the winds blow, 125

When clear falls the moonlight,  
When springtides are low,

When sweet airs come seaward  
From heaths starred with broom,<sup>1</sup>

And high rocks throw mildly 130  
On the blanched sands a gloom—

Up the still, glistening beaches,  
Up the creeks we will hie;

Over banks of bright seaweed  
The ebb-tide leaves dry. 135

We will gaze, from the sandhills,  
At the white, sleeping town;

At the church on the hillside—  
And then come back down,

Singing, "There dwells a loved one, 140  
But cruel is she;

She left lonely forever

The kings of the sea."

## DOVER BEACH

MATTHEW ARNOLD

[The religious doubts that tortured Tennyson and also saddened Arnold are the subject of "Dover Beach." It was written on the southern coast of England across the Channel from France, not far from the place where Julius Caesar first saw the white cliffs of England.]

THE sea is calm tonight,  
The tide is full, the moon lies fair  
Upon the straits;—on the French coast  
the light

Gleams and is gone; the cliffs of Eng-  
land stand,

Glimmering and vast, out in the tran-  
quil bay. 5

Come to the window; sweet is the night  
air!

Only, from the long line of spray  
Where the sea meets the moon-blanched  
land,

<sup>1</sup> broom, the broom shrub filled with yellow flowers.

Listen! you hear the grating roar  
 Of pebbles which the waves draw back,  
     and fling, 10  
 At their return, up the high strand,  
 Begin, and cease, and then again be-  
     gin,  
 With tremulous cadence slow, and bring  
 The eternal note of sadness in.

Sophocles<sup>1</sup> long ago 15  
 Heard it on the Aegean,<sup>2</sup> and it brought  
 Into his mind the turbid ebb and flow  
 Of human misery; we  
 Find also in the sound a thought,  
 Hearing it by this distant northern  
     sea.

The Sea of Faith 21  
 Was once, too, at the full, and round  
     earth's shore  
 Lay like the folds of a bright girdle  
     furled.  
 But now I only hear  
 Its melancholy, long, withdrawing roar,  
 Retreating, to the breath 26  
 Of the night wind, down the vast edges  
     drear  
 And naked shingles<sup>3</sup> of the world.

Ah, love, let us be true  
 To one another; for the world, which  
     seems 30  
 To lie before us like a land of dreams,  
 So various, so beautiful, so new,  
 Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor  
     light,  
 Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for  
     pain;  
 And we are here as on a darkling plain  
 Swept with confused alarms of struggle  
     and flight, 36  
 Where ignorant armies clash by night.

<sup>1</sup> *Sophocles*, the famous Greek dramatist of the fourth century B. C. The reference is to his tragedy *Antigone*.

<sup>2</sup> *Aegean*, the sea between Asia Minor and Greece.

<sup>3</sup> *shingles*, beaches covered with shingles, or large stones.

## LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT

JOHN HENRY, CARDINAL NEWMAN

[This poem arose from a crisis in Newman's life when he turned from the self-pride that had "ruled my will" and surrendered himself to an unfaltering faith in God.]

**L**EAD, kindly Light, amid the encir-  
     cling gloom,  
 Lead Thou me on!  
 The night is dark, and I am far from  
     home—  
 Lead Thou me on!  
 Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see  
 The distant scene—one step enough for  
     me. 6

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that  
     Thou  
 Shouldst lead me on.  
 I loved to choose and see my path; but  
     now  
 Lead Thou me on! 10  
 I loved the garish day, and, spite of  
     fears,  
 Pride ruled my will; remember not past  
     years.

So long Thy power hath blessed me,  
     sure it still  
 Will lead me on,  
 O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent  
     till 15  
 The night is gone;  
 And with the morn those angel faces  
     smile  
 Which I have loved long since, and lost  
     awhile.

QUA CURSUM VENTUS<sup>1</sup>

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH

[A friend of both Newman and Arnold, Clough (1819-1861) too was deeply wounded by the spiritual conflicts of the

<sup>1</sup> *Qua Cursum Ventus*, as the wind blows, so the vessel takes its course.

age. In "Qua Cursum Ventus" he tells of the divergence in religious views which grew up between him and one of his friends.]

AS SHIPS, becalmed at eve, that lay

With canvas drooping, side by side,  
Two towers of sail at dawn of day  
Are scarce long leagues apart de-  
scribed;<sup>1</sup>

When fell the night, up sprung the  
breeze,<sup>5</sup>  
And all the darkling hours they plied,  
Nor dreamt but each the selfsame seas  
By each was cleaving, side by side.

E'en so, but why the tale reveal  
Of those, whom year by year un-  
changed,<sup>10</sup>  
Brief absence joined anew to feel,  
Astounded, soul from soul estranged?

At dead of night their sails were filled,  
And onward each rejoicing steered—  
Ah, neither blame, for neither willed,<sup>15</sup>  
Or, wist, what first with dawn ap-  
peared!

To veer, how vain! On, onward strain,  
Brave barks! In light, in darkness,  
too,  
Through winds and tides one compass  
guides—<sup>19</sup>  
To that, and your own selves, be true.

But O blithe breeze! and O great seas,  
Though ne'er, that earliest parting  
past,  
On your wide plain they join again,  
Together lead them home at last.<sup>24</sup>

One port, methought, alike they sought,  
One purpose hold where'er they fare—  
O bounding breeze, O rushing seas!  
At last, at last, unite them there!

<sup>1</sup> Two . . . described. The ships, which have parted in the night, are now just visible to each other.

## THE RUBAIYAT OF OMAR KHAYYAM

EDWARD FITZGERALD

[Omar Khayyam (died A.D. 1123), famous in his own day as a Persian mathematician, has gained renown in ours as a poet. He composed some five hundred quatrains, about a hundred of which were translated into English by Edward Fitzgerald (1809-1883). Although the translator was an intimate friend of Carlyle, he did not believe in Carlyle's doctrine of renunciation (see page 472). He accordingly selected from Omar the quatrains that ridicule the idea of self-sacrifice or living for some reward in the next world.]

Fitzgerald's selective translation has ranked him as perhaps the most skillful translator in English poetry and his translation as one of the greatest of English poems. Stanzas XII-XXIV of *The Rubaiyat* are given below.]

A BOOK of verses underneath the  
bough,  
A jug of wine, a loaf of bread—and  
thou  
Beside me singing in the wilderness—  
Oh, wilderness were paradise enow!<sup>1</sup>

Some for the glories of this world; and  
some<sup>5</sup>  
Sigh for the Prophet's paradise to come;  
Ah, take the cash and let the credit go,  
Nor heed the rumble of a distant drum!

Look to the blowing rose about us—  
"Lo,  
Laughing," she says, "into the world I  
blow,"<sup>2</sup><sup>10</sup>  
At once the silken tassel of my purse  
Tear, and its treasure on the garden  
throw."

And those who husbanded the golden  
grain,  
And those who flung it to the winds  
like rain,

<sup>1</sup> enow, enough.

<sup>2</sup> blow, blossom.

Alike to no such aureate earth<sup>3</sup> are  
turned 15  
As, buried once, men want dug up  
again.

The worldly hope men set their hearts  
upon  
Turns ashes—or it prospers; and anon,  
Like snow upon the desert's dusty  
face, 19  
Lighting a little hour or two—was gone.

Think, in this battered Caravanserai<sup>4</sup>  
Whose portals are alternate night and  
day,  
How sultan after sultan with his  
pomp  
Abode his destined hour, and went his  
way.

They say the lion and the lizard keep 25  
The courts where Jamshyd<sup>5</sup> gloried and  
drank deep;  
And Bahram, that great hunter—the  
wild ass  
Stamps o'er his head, but cannot break  
his sleep.

I sometimes think that never blows so  
red  
The rose as where some buried Caesar  
bled; 30  
That every hyacinth the garden wears  
Dropped in her lap from some once  
lovely head.

And this reviving herb whose tender  
green  
Fledges the river-lip on which we lean—  
Ah, lean upon it lightly! for who  
knows 35  
From what once lovely lip it springs  
unseen!

Ah, my beloved, fill the cup that clears  
Today of past regret and future fears.

<sup>3</sup> *aureate earth*, gold ore. <sup>4</sup> *Caravanserai*, inn. <sup>5</sup> *Jamshyd*, a legendary king of Persia in the first dynasty who was said to have reigned 700 years and to have built Persepolis.

Tomorrow!—Why, tomorrow I may  
be  
Myself with yesterday's sev'n thousand  
years. 40

For some we loved, the loveliest and  
the best  
That from his vintage rolling time hath  
pressed,  
Have drunk their cup a round or two  
before,  
And one by one crept silently to rest.

And we that now make merry in the  
room 45  
They left, and summer dresses in new  
bloom,  
Ourselves must we beneath the couch  
of earth  
Descend—ourselves to make a couch—  
for whom?

Ah, make the most of what we yet may  
spend,  
Before we, too, into the dust descend; 50  
Dust into dust, and under dust, to lie,  
Sans<sup>1</sup> wine, sans song, sans singer, and  
—sans end!

## THE BLESSED DAMOZEL

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI

[In reading this poem, distinguish carefully between the stanzas that refer to the damsel in heaven and those that refer to the man who had loved her while she was still on earth. His speeches are included in parenthesis. Observe carefully what each sees and how each feels.]

THE blessed damozel<sup>2</sup> leaned out  
From the golden bar of heaven;  
Her eyes were deeper than the depth  
Of waters stilled at even;  
She had three lilies in her hand, 5  
And the stars in her hair were seven.

<sup>1</sup> *Sans*, without

<sup>2</sup> *damozel*, an old form of *damsel*.

Her robe, ungirt from clasp to hem,  
 No wrought flowers did adorn,  
 But a white rose of Mary's gift,  
 For service meetly worn; 10  
 Her hair that lay along her back  
 Was yellow like ripe corn.<sup>1</sup>

Herseemed<sup>2</sup> she scarce had been a day  
 One of God's choristers;  
 The wonder was not yet quite gone 15  
 From that still look of hers;  
 Albeit, to them she left, her day  
 Had counted as ten years.

(To one, it is ten years of years.  
 . . . Yet now, and in this place, 20  
 Surely she leaned o'er me—her hair  
 Fell all about my face. . . .  
 Nothing; the autumn fall of leaves.  
 The whole year sets apace.)

It was the rampart of God's house 25  
 That she was standing on;  
 By God built over the sheer depth  
 The which is space begun;  
 So high, that looking downward thence  
 She scarce could see the sun. 30

It lies in heaven, across the flood  
 Of ether, as a bridge.  
 Beneath, the tides of day and night  
 With flame and darkness ridge  
 The void, as low as where this earth 35  
 Spins like a fretful midge.

Around her, lovers, newly met  
 'Mid deathless love's acclaims,  
 Spoke evermore among themselves  
 Their heart-remembered names; 40  
 And the souls mounting up to God  
 Went by her like thin flames.

And still she bowed herself and stooped  
 Out of the circling charm;  
 Until her bosom must have made 45  
 The bar she leaned on warm,  
 And the lilies lay as if asleep  
 Along her bended arm.

<sup>1</sup> corn, wheat. <sup>2</sup> *Herseemed*, it seemed to her.

From the fixed place of heaven she saw  
 Time like a pulse shake fierce 50  
 Through all the worlds. Her gaze still  
 strove  
 Within the gulf to pierce  
 Its path; and now she spoke as when  
 The stars sang in their spheres.

The sun was gone now; the curled  
 moon 55  
 Was like a little feather  
 Fluttering far down the gulf; and now  
 She spoke through the still weather.  
 Her voice was like the voice the stars  
 Had when they sang together. 60

(Ah sweet! Even now, in that bird's  
 song,  
 Strove not her accents there,  
 Fain to be hearkened? When those  
 bells  
 Possessed the mid-day air,  
 Strove not her steps to reach my side 65  
 Down all the echoing stair?)

"I wish that he were come to me,  
 For he will come," she said.  
 "Have I not prayed in heaven?—on  
 earth,  
 Lord, Lord, has he not prayed? 70  
 Are not two prayers a perfect strength?  
 And shall I feel afraid?"

"When round his head the aureole  
 clings,  
 And he is clothed in white,  
 I'll take his hand and go with him 75  
 To the deep wells of light;  
 As unto a stream we will step down,  
 And bathe there in God's sight.

"We two will stand beside that shrine,  
 Occult, withheld, untrod, 80  
 Whose lamps are stirred continually  
 With prayers sent up to God;  
 And see our old prayers, granted, melt  
 Each like a little cloud.

"We two will lie i' the shadow of 85  
That living, mystic tree  
Within whose secret growth the Dove  
Is sometimes felt to be,  
While every leaf that His plumes touch  
Saith His Name audibly. 90

"And I myself will teach to him,  
I myself, lying so,  
The songs I sing here; which his voice  
Shall pause in, hushed and slow,  
And find some knowledge at each  
pause, 95  
Or some new thing to know."

(Alas! We two, we two, thou say'st!  
Yea, one wast thou with me  
That once of old. But shall God lift  
To endless unity 100  
The soul whose likeness with thy soul  
Was but its love for thee?)

"We two," she said, "will seek the groves  
Where the lady Mary is,  
With her five handmaidens, whose  
names 105  
Are five sweet symphonies,  
Cecily, Gertrude, Magdalen,  
Margaret, and Rosalys.

"Circlewise sit they, with bound locks  
And foreheads garlanded; 110  
Into the fine cloth white like flame  
Weaving the golden thread,  
To fashion the birth-robcs for them  
Who are just born, being dead.

"He shall fear, haply, and be dumb; 115  
Then will I lay my cheek  
To his, and tell about our love,  
Not once abashed or weak;  
And the dear Mother will approve  
My pride, and let me speak. 120

"Herself shall bring us, hand in hand,  
To Him round whom all souls  
Kneel, the clear-ranged unnumbered  
heads  
Bowed with their aureoles;

And angels meeting us shall sing 125  
To their citherns<sup>1</sup> and citoles.<sup>2</sup>

"There will I ask of Christ the Lord  
Thus much for him and me—  
Only to live as once on earth  
With Love, only to be, 130  
As then awhile, forever now  
Together, I and he."

She gazed and listened and then said,  
Less sad of speech than mild— 134  
"All this is when he comes." She ceased.  
The light thrilled toward her, filled  
With angels in strong, level flight.  
Her eyes prayed, and she smiled.

(I saw her smile.) But soon their path  
Was vague in distant spheres; 140  
And then she cast her arms along  
The golden barriers,  
And laid her face between her hands,  
And wept. (I heard her tears.)

## A BIRTHDAY

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI

[Christina Rossetti (1830-1894), a younger sister of Dante Gabriel Rossetti, competes with Mrs. Browning for first place among women poets in England. "A Birthday," which was written in her eighteenth year, is typical of her clearness, simplicity, and sincerity. The young man to whom she was engaged and about whom this poem was written did not marry Christina after all.]

**M**Y HEART is like a singing bird  
Whose nest is in a watered shoot;  
My heart is like an apple tree  
Whose boughs are bent with thick-set  
fruit;  
My heart is like a rainbow shell 5  
That paddles in a halcyon sea;  
My heart is gladder than all these  
Because my love is come to me.

<sup>1</sup> *cithern*, a kind of guitar having eight strings. <sup>2</sup> *citole*, a small dulcimer, the earliest form of piano.

Raise me a dais of silk and down;  
 Hang it with vair<sup>1</sup> and purple dyes; 10  
 Carve it in doves and pomegranates,  
 And peacocks with a hundred eyes;  
 Work it in gold and silver grapes,  
 In leaves and silver fleur-de-lis;  
 Because the birthday of my life 15  
 Is come, my love is come to me.

### THE SAILING OF THE SWORD

WILLIAM MORRIS

[Morris's early love of the medieval is reflected in this ballad. In the fall of the year three sisters, standing in a garden that borders on the seacoast, bid good-by to the *Sword*, a vessel which is taking a band of knights on a chivalric quest. The next summer the ship returns. The speaker is the third sister.]

**A**CROSS the empty garden-beds,  
*When the Sword went out to sea,*  
 I scarcely saw my sisters' heads  
 Bowed each beside a tree.  
 I could not see the castle-leads,<sup>2</sup> 5  
*When the Sword went out to sea.*

Alicia wore a scarlet gown,  
*When the Sword went out to sea,*  
 But Ursula's was russet brown:  
 For the mist we could not see 10  
 The scarlet roofs of the good town,  
*When the Sword went out to sea.*

Green holly in Alicia's hand,  
*When the Sword went out to sea,*  
 With sear oak-leaves did Ursula stand;  
 O! yet alas for me! 15  
 I did but bear a peeled white wand,  
*When the Sword went out to sea.*

O, russet brown and scarlet bright,  
*When the Sword went out to sea,* 20  
 My sisters wore; I wore but white:  
 Red, brown, and white, are three;  
 Three damozels; each had a knight,  
*When the Sword went out to sea.*

Sir Robert shouted loud, and said: 25  
*When the Sword went out to sea,*  
 "Alicia, while I see thy head,  
 What shall I bring for thee?"  
 "Oh, my sweet lord, a ruby red:"  
*The Sword went out to sea.* 30

Sir Miles said, while the sails hung  
 down,  
*When the Sword went out to sea,*  
 "O Ursula! while I see the town,  
 What shall I bring for thee?"  
 "Dear knight, bring back a falcon  
 brown:" 35  
*The Sword went out to sea.*

But my Roland, no word he said  
*When the Sword went out to sea,*  
 But only turned away his head—  
 A quick shriek came from me: 40  
 "Come back, dear lord, to your white  
 maid."  
*The Sword went out to sea.*

The hot sun bit the garden-beds  
*When the Sword came back from sea;*  
 Beneath an apple-tree our heads 45  
 Stretched out toward the sea;  
 Gray gleamed the thirsty castle-leads,  
*When the Sword came back from sea.*

Lord Robert brought a ruby red,  
*When the Sword came back from sea;*  
 He kissed Alicia on the head: 51  
 "I am come back to thee;  
 'Tis time, sweet love, that we were  
 wed,  
*Now the Sword is back from sea!"*

Sir Miles he bore a falcon brown, 55  
*When the Sword came back from sea;*  
 His arms went round tall Ursula's  
 gown:  
 "What joy, O love, but thee?  
 Let us be wed in the good town,  
*Now the Sword is back from sea!"* 60

My heart grew sick, no more afraid,  
*When the Sword came back from sea;*

<sup>1</sup> vair, a kind of fur used in the middle ages.

<sup>2</sup> castle-leads, leaden roofs of the castle.



WHEN THE SWORD WENT OUT TO SEA

'Upon the deck a tall white maid  
 Sat on Lord Roland's knee;  
 His chin was pressed upon her head, 65  
*When the Sword came back from sea!*

## AN APOLOGY

[From *The Earthly Paradise*]

WILLIAM MORRIS

[*The Earthly Paradise*, like *The Canterbury Tales*, is a collection of stories in verse. They are told in a "western land," the fabled Earthly Paradise of the ancients. The romantic character of these tales is described on page 558, but the atmosphere may easily be guessed from the following "Apology" or introduction. It is one of the most melodious expressions in our language of "literature as an escape from the prose of life."]

OF HEAVEN or hell I have no  
 power to sing,  
 I cannot ease the burden of your fears,  
 Or make quick-coming death a little  
 thing,

Or bring again the pleasure of past  
 years;  
 Nor for my words shall ye forget your  
 tears, 5  
 Or hope again for aught that I can  
 say,  
 The idle singer of an empty day.

But rather, when aweary of your mirth,  
 From full hearts still unsatisfied ye  
 sigh,  
 And, feeling kindly unto all the earth, 10  
 Grudge every minute as it passes by,  
 Made the more mindful that the sweet  
 days die—  
 Remember me a little then I pray,  
 The idle singer of an empty day.

The heavy trouble, the bewildering care  
 That weighs us down who live and earn  
 our bread, 16  
 These idle verses have no power to bear;  
 So let me sing of names remembered,  
 Because they, living not, can ne'er be  
 dead,



Or long time take their memory quite  
away 20  
From us poor singers of an empty day.

Dreamer of dreams, born out of my due  
time,  
Why should I strive to set the crooked  
straight?  
Let it suffice me that my murmuring  
rime  
Beats with light wing against the ivory  
gate,<sup>1</sup> 25  
Telling a tale not too importunate  
To those who in the sleepy region stay,  
Lulled by the singer of an empty day.

Folk say a wizard to a northern king  
At Christmas-tide such wondrous things  
did show 30  
That through one window men beheld  
the spring,  
And through another saw the summer  
glow,  
And through a third the fruited vines  
a-row,  
While still, unheard, but in its wonted  
way,  
Piped the drear wind of that December  
day. 35

So with this Earthly Paradise it is,  
If ye will read aright, and pardon me,  
Who strive to build a shadowy isle of  
bliss  
Midmost the beating of the steely sea,  
Where tossed about all hearts of men  
must be; 40  
Whose ravening monsters mighty men  
shall slay,  
Not the poor singer of an empty day.

### THE GARDEN OF PROSERPINE

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE

[This poem expresses the supposed thoughts of a Roman before the introduction of Christianity. Proserpine, or Pro-

<sup>1</sup>*Ivory gate*, through which, according to the Greek legend, false dreams come.

serpina, was the Roman goddess of the dead. She was the daughter of Ceres ("earth her mother," line 59), goddess of agriculture. Nine months of the year she spent with her mother, but the three months of winter she spent in the lower regions with the king of the dead.

This lyric, an excellent example of Swinburne's fluid melody, must be read more than once if one is to find the meaning below the current of sweet sound. Lines 1-22 describe a secluded valley in which the Roman speaker views the green fields of spring. In lines 23-24 he suddenly and without warning transports himself to the dismal garden of Proserpine, which is described in lines 25-40. The third section, lines 41-72, declares that death comes to everybody and everything. But in lines 73-96, unlike the Christian, who is buoyed up by faith in eternal life, this Roman is thankful that death is the end of all.]

HERE, where the world is quiet;  
Here, where all trouble seems  
Dead winds' and spent waves' riot  
In doubtful dreams of dreams,  
I watch the green field growing 5  
For reaping folk and sowing,  
For harvest-time and mowing,  
A sleepy world of streams.

I am tired of tears and laughter,  
And men that laugh and weep; 10  
Of what may come hereafter  
For men that sow to reap.  
I am weary of days and hours,  
Blown buds of barren flowers,  
Desires and dreams and powers 15  
And everything but sleep.

Here life has death for neighbor,  
And far from eye or ear  
Wan waves and wet winds labor,  
Weak ships and spirits steer; 20  
They drive adrift, and wither  
They wot<sup>1</sup> not who make thither;  
But no such winds blow hither,  
And no such things grow here.

<sup>1</sup> *wot*, know.

No growth of moor or coppice,  
 No heather flower or vine,  
 But bloomless buds of poppies,  
 Green grapes of Proserpine,  
 Pale beds of blowing rushes,  
 Where no leaf blooms or blushes  
 Save this whereout she crushes  
 For dead men deadly wine.

Pale, without name or number,  
 In fruitless fields of corn,  
 They bow themselves and slumber  
 All night till light is born;  
 And like a soul belated,  
 In hell and heaven unmated,  
 By cloud and mist abated  
 Comes out of darkness morn.

Though one were strong as seven,  
 He too with death shall dwell,  
 Nor wake with wings in heaven,  
 Nor weep for pains in hell;  
 Though one were fair as roses,  
 His beauty clouds and closes;  
 And well though love reposes,  
 In the end it is not well.

Pale, beyond porch and portal,  
 Crowned with calm leaves she stands  
 Who gathers all things mortal  
 With cold, immortal hands;  
 Her languid lips are sweeter  
 Than love's who fears to greet her,  
 To men that mix and meet her  
 From many times and lands.

She waits for each and other,  
 She waits for all men born;  
 Forgets the earth her mother,  
 The life of fruits and corn;  
 And spring and seed and swallow  
 Take wings for her and follow  
 Where summer song rings hollow  
 And flowers are put to scorn.

There go the loves that wither,  
 The old loves with wearier wings;  
 And all dead years draw thither,  
 And all disastrous things;

25 Dead dreams of days forsaken,  
 Blind buds that snows have shaken, 70  
 Wild leaves that winds have taken,  
 Red strays of ruined springs.

30 We are not sure of sorrow,  
 And joy was never sure;  
 Today will die tomorrow; 75  
 Time stoops to no man's lure;  
 And love, grown faint and fretful,  
 With lips but half regretful  
 35 Sighs, and with eyes forgetful  
 Weeps that no loves endure. 80

40 From too much love of living,  
 From hope and fear set free,  
 We thank with brief thanksgiving  
 Whatever gods may be  
 That no life lives forever; 85  
 That dead men rise up never;  
 That even the weariest river  
 45 Winds somewhere safe to sea.

Then star nor sun shall waken,  
 Nor any change of light; 90  
 Nor sound of waters shaken,  
 Nor any sound or sight;  
 Nor wintry leaves nor vernal,  
 Nor days nor things diurnal;  
 Only the sleep eternal 95  
 In an eternal night.

## A CHILD'S LAUGHTER

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE

[Swinburne was genuinely fond of children, as the poem below abundantly indicates.]

60 ALL the bells of heaven may ring,  
 All the birds of heaven may sing,  
 All the wells on earth may spring,  
 All the winds on earth may bring  
 65 All sweet sounds together. 5  
 Sweeter far than all things heard,  
 Hand of harper, tone of bird,  
 Sound of woods at sundawn stirred,

Welling water's winsome word,  
 Wind in warm, wan weather— 10  
 One thing yet there is, that none  
 Hearing ere its chime be done  
 Knows not well the sweetest one  
 Heard of man beneath the sun,  
 Hoped in heaven hereafter; 15  
 Soft and strong and loud and light—  
 Very sound of very light  
 Heard from morning's rosiest height—  
 When the soul of all delight  
 Fills a child's clear laughter. 20

Golden bells of welcome rolled  
 Never forth such notes, nor told  
 Hours so blithe in tones so bold,  
 As the radiant mouth of gold  
 Here that rings forth heaven. 25  
 If the golden-crested wren  
 Were a nightingale—why, then  
 Something seen and heard of men  
 Might be half as sweet as when  
 Laughs a child of seven. 30

### JUGGLING JERRY

GEORGE MEREDITH

[Jugglers were a popular feature of the English town fairs. Meredith's dramatic monologue is spoken by an old juggler as he lies dying by the roadside. The scene is a heath in the south of England near his boyhood home. He naturally refers to death as one who outjuggles all.]

**P**ITCH here the tent, while the old  
 horse grazes;  
 By the old hedge-side we'll halt a  
 stage.  
 It's nigh my last above the daisies;  
 My next leaf 'll be man's blank page.  
 Yes, my old girl! and it's no use cry-  
 ing;  
 Juggler, constable, king, must bow. 6  
 One that outjuggles all's been spying  
 Long to have me, and he has me  
 now.

We've traveled times to this old com-  
 mon;  
 Often we've hung our pots in the  
 gorse. 10  
 We've had a stirring life, old woman!  
 You, and I, and the old gray horse,  
 Races, and fairs, and royal occasions,  
 Found us coming to their call;  
 Now they'll miss us at our stations— 15  
 There's a juggler outjuggles all!

Up goes the lark, as if all were jolly!  
 Over the duck-pond the willow  
 shakes.  
 Easy to think that grieving's folly,  
 When the hand's firm as driven-  
 stakes! 20  
 Aye, when we're strong, and braced,  
 and manful,  
 Life's a sweet fiddle; but we're a batch  
 Born to become the Great Juggler's han'-  
 ful;  
 Balls he shies up, and is safe to catch.

Here's where the lads of the village  
 cricket; 25  
 I was a lad not wide<sup>1</sup> from here;  
 Couldn't I whip off the bale<sup>2</sup> from the  
 wicket?  
 Like an old world those days appear!  
 Donkey, sheep, geese and thatched ale-  
 house—I know them!  
 They are old friends of my halts, and  
 seem, 30  
 Somehow, as if kind thanks I owe  
 them;  
 Juggling don't hinder the heart's  
 esteem.

Juggling's no sin, for we must have  
 victual;  
 Nature allows us to bait for the fool.  
 Holding one's own makes us juggle no  
 little; 35  
 But, to increase it, hard juggling's the  
 rule.

<sup>1</sup> wide, far. <sup>2</sup> whip off the bale. One of the objects in the game of cricket is to knock off the piece of wood (bale) resting on top of the wicket.

You that are sneering at my profession,  
 Haven't you juggled a vast amount?  
 There's the Prime Minister, in one Ses-  
 sion,  
 Juggles more games than my sins'll  
 count. 40

I've murdered insects with mock thun-  
 der;<sup>3</sup>  
 Conscience, for that, in men don't  
 quail.

I've made bread from the bump of won-  
 der;<sup>4</sup>  
 That's my business, and there's my  
 tale.

Fashion and rank all praised the pro-  
 fessor; 45  
 Ay! and I've had my smile from the  
 Queen;

Bravo, Jerry! she meant; God bless her!  
 Ain't this a sermon on that scene?

I've studied men from my topsy-turvy  
 Close, and, I reckon, rather true. 50  
 Some are fine fellows; some, right  
 scurvy;

Most, a dash between the two.  
 But it's a woman, old girl, that makes  
 me  
 Think more kindly of the race;  
 And it's a woman, old girl, that shakes  
 me 55  
 When the Great Juggler I must face.

We two were married, due and legal;  
 Honest we've lived since we've been  
 one.

Lord! I could then jump like an eagle;  
 You danced bright as a bit o' the sun.  
 Birds in a May-bush we were! right  
 merry! 61

All night we kissed—we juggled all  
 day.  
 Joy was the heart of Juggling Jerry!  
 Now from his old girl he's juggled  
 away.

<sup>3</sup> mock thunder, blank cartridges, which he probably shot off during his performance.  
<sup>4</sup> bump of wonder, the desire of the public to be mystified by his sleight-of-hand performances.

It's past parsons to console us; 65  
 No, nor no doctor fetch for me;  
 I can die without my bolus;<sup>5</sup>  
 Two of a trade, lass, never agree!  
 Parson and Doctor!—don't they love  
 rarely

Fighting the devil in other men's  
 fields! 70  
 Stand up yourself and match him fairly;  
 Then see how the rascal yields!

I, lass, have lived no gipsy, flaunting  
 Finery while his poor helpmate grubs.  
 Coin I've stored, and you won't be want-  
 ing; 75

You shan't beg from the troughs and  
 tubs.  
 Nobly you've stuck to me, though in  
 his kitchen

Many a marquis would hail you cook!  
 Palaces you could have ruled and grown  
 rich in, 79  
 But your old Jerry you never forsook.

Hand up the chirper!<sup>6</sup> ripe ale winks  
 in it;

Let's have comfort and be at peace—  
 Once a stout draft made me light as a  
 linnet—  
 Cheer up! the Lord must have his  
 lease.

May be—for none see in that black  
 hollow— 85  
 It's just a place where we're held in  
 pawn,

And, when the Great Juggler makes as  
 to swallow,  
 It's just the sword-trick—I ain't quite  
 gone.

Yonder came smells of the gorse, so  
 nutty,  
 Gold-like and warm; it's the prime  
 of May. 90

Better than mortar, brick, and putty  
 Is God's house on a blowing day.  
 Lean me more up the mound; now I  
 feel it,

<sup>5</sup> bolus, doctor's pill. <sup>6</sup> chirper, mug of ale.

All the old heath-smells! Ain't it  
strange?  
'There's the world laughing, as if to con-  
ceal it! <sup>95</sup>  
But he's by us, juggling the change.

I mind it well, by the sea-beach lying,  
Once—it's long gone—when two gulls  
we beheld,  
Which, as the moon got up, were fly-  
ing  
Down a big wave that sparkled and  
swelled. <sup>100</sup>  
Crack went a gun; one fell; the second  
Wheeled round him twice, and was  
off for new luck—  
There in the dark her white wing beck-  
oned.  
Drop me a kiss—I'm the bird dead  
struck!

### THE POLICEMAN'S LOT

W. S. GILBERT

[This ludicrous lyric is taken from the comic opera, *The Pirates of Penzance* (1879), by Sir William Schwenk Gilbert. The opera is as fresh today as when it was written, partly because of the altogether delightful music of Sir Arthur Sullivan, but also because Gilbert's satirical verse is perfectly adapted to singing. In this case the singer is the sergent of a detail of police who have been called to arrest some pirates on the coast of Cornwall. Both he and his band are so sentimental that they can't endure the thought of carrying out their duty.]

WHEN a felon's not engaged in  
his employment,  
Or maturing his felonious little plans,  
His capacity for innocent enjoyment  
Is just as great as any honest man's.  
Our feelings we with difficulty smother  
When constabulary duty's to be done.  
Ah, take one consideration with an-  
other,  
A policeman's lot is not a happy one!

When the enterprising burglar's not  
a-burgling,  
When the cut-throat isn't occupied in  
crime,  
He loves to hear the little brook  
a-gurgling,  
And listen to the merry village chime.  
When the coster's<sup>1</sup> finished jumping on  
his mother,  
He loves to lie a-basking in the sun.  
Ah, take one consideration with an-  
other,  
The policeman's lot is not a happy  
one!

### "WHEN BURBADGE PLAYED"<sup>2</sup>

AUSTIN DOBSON

[The lifelong interest of Austin Dobson (1840-1921) was the eighteenth century, but he here goes back to the age of Shakespeare. Burbadge, or Burbage, will be remembered as the tragic actor in Shakespeare's company.]

WHEN Burbadge played, the  
stage was bare  
Of fount and temple, tower and stair;  
Two backwords eked a battle out;  
Two supers made a rabble rout;  
The Throne of Denmark was a chair! 5

And yet, no less, the audience there  
Thrilled through all changes of Despair,  
Hope, Anger, Fear, Delight, and  
Doubt  
When Burbadge played!

This is the Actor's gift; to share 10  
All moods, all passions, nor to care  
One whit for scene, so he without  
Can lead men's minds the round-  
about,  
Stirred as of old those hearers were  
When Burbadge played! 15

<sup>1</sup> coster, a peddler of fish, vegetables, and fruit.

<sup>2</sup> Reprinted by permission of the Oxford University Press and of Mr. Alban Dobson.

## REQUIEM

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

[This poem is preserved on a bronze tablet fastened to one side of Stevenson's tomb on top of Mount Vaea in Samoa.]

UNDER the wide and starry sky,  
Dig the grave and let me lie.  
Glad did I live and gladly die,  
And I laid me down with a will.

This be the verse you grave for me: 5  
*Here he lies where he longed to be;  
Home is the sailor, home from the sea,  
And the hunter home from the hill.*

## INVICTUS

WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY

[This poem and the next two were written by a man whose portrait is familiar to all readers of *Treasure Island*, for Stevenson drew Long John Silver from his intimate friend, William Ernest Henley (1849-1903).]

The cheerful courage of Henley becomes almost defiant in "Invictus." The title is a Latin word meaning "unconquered." The poem was written in the hospital where Henley had spent twenty months after he had lost a foot by a kind of tuberculosis.]

OUT OF the night that covers  
me,  
Black as the Pit from pole to pole,  
I thank whatever gods may be  
For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance 5  
I have not winced nor cried aloud.  
Under the bludgeonings of chance  
My head is bloody, but unbowed.

Beyond this place of wrath and tears  
Looms but the Horror of the shade,  
And yet the menace of the years 11  
Finds, and shall find, me unafraid.

It matters not how strait the gate,  
How charged with punishments the  
scroll,

I am the master of my fate; 15  
I am the captain of my soul.

## WHERE FORLORN SUNSETS

WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY

[The lure of the out-of-doors to one who could no longer walk round the bend in the road or over the top of the hill to see what was beyond is expressed melodiously in "Where Forlorn Sunsets."]

WHERE forlorn sunsets flare and  
fade

On desolate sea and lonely sand,  
Out of the silence and the shade  
What is the voice of strange com-  
mand

Calling you still, as friend calls friend 5  
With love that cannot brook delay,  
To rise and follow the ways that wend  
Over the hills and far away<sup>1</sup>?

Hark in the city, street on street,  
A roaring reach of death and life, 10  
Of vortices that clash and fleet<sup>2</sup>  
And ruin in appointed strife,  
Hark to it calling, calling clear,  
Calling until you cannot stay  
From dearer things than your own most  
dear 15

Over the hills and far away.

Out of the sound of ebb and flow,  
Out of the sight of lamp and star,  
It calls you where the good winds blow,  
And the unchanging meadows are, 20  
From faded hopes and hopes agleam,  
It calls you, calls you night and day,  
Beyond the dark into the dream  
Over the hills and far away.

<sup>1</sup> Over . . . away, the refrain of a popular seventeenth century song.

<sup>2</sup> fleet, rush.

## A LATE LARK TWITTERS

WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY

[Henley wrote this poem in memory of his wife's sister, but it also expresses his own calm facing of death.]

A LATE lark twitters from the quiet  
skies;  
And from the west,  
Where the sun, his day's work ended,  
Lingers as in content,  
There falls on the old, gray city 5  
An influence luminous and serene,  
A shining peace.

The smoke ascends  
In a rosy-and-golden haze. The spires  
Shine, and are changed. In the valley 10  
Shadows rise. The lark sings on. The  
sun,  
Closing his benediction,  
Sinks, and the darkening air  
Thrills with a sense of the triumphing  
night—  
Night with her train of stars 15  
And her great gift of sleep.

So be my passing!  
My task accomplished and the long day  
done,  
My wages taken, and in my heart 20  
Some late lark singing,  
Let me be gathered to the quiet west,  
The sundown splendid and serene,  
Death.

## GUNGA DIN

RUDYARD KIPLING

[This monologue is spoken in the native Cockney dialect of a British soldier who has served in India. The Aldershot which he mentions is a famous military camp south-west of London. The story he tells of a dark-skinned water-carrier was romantic to "the poor little street-bred people" of England, and in spite of its realistic detail it is romantic to us, too.]

YOU may talk o' gin and beer  
When you're quartered safe out  
'ere,

An' you're sent to penny-fights an'  
Aldershot it;

But when it comes to slaughter  
You will do your work on water, 5  
An' you'll lick the bloomin' boots of  
'im that's got it.

Now in Injia's sunny clime,  
Where I used to spend my time  
A-servin' of 'Er Majesty the Queen,  
Of all them blackfaced crew 10  
The finest man I knew

Was our regimental bhisti,<sup>1</sup> Gunga Din.  
He was "Din! Din! Din!"

"You limp in' lump o' brick-dust,  
Gunga Din!"

"Hi! Slippery *hiitherao!*" 15

"Water, get it! *Panee lao?*"

"You squidgy-nosed old idol, Gunga  
Din."

The uniform 'e wore  
Was nothin' much before,  
An' rather less than 'arf o' that be'ind, 20  
For a piece o' twisty rag  
An' a goatskin water-bag  
Was all the field-equipment 'e could  
find.

When the sweat in' troop-train lay  
In a sidin' through the day, 25  
Where the 'eat would make your bloom-  
in' cyebrows crawl,  
We shouted "Harry By!"<sup>3</sup>

Till our throats were bricky-dry,  
Then we wopped 'im 'cause 'e couldn't  
serve us all.

It was "Din! Din! Din!" 30

"You 'eathen, where the mischief 'ave  
you been?"

"You put some *juldee*<sup>4</sup> in it

"Or I'll *marrow*<sup>5</sup> you this minute

"If you don't fill up my helmet,  
Gunga Din!"

<sup>1</sup> *bhisti*, an Indian water-carrier.

<sup>2</sup> *Panee lao*, bring water quickly.

<sup>3</sup> *Harry By*, O brother

<sup>4</sup> *juldee*, speed.

<sup>5</sup> *marrow*, hit



AN 'E GUV ME 'ARF-A-PINT O' WATER GREEN.

'E would dot an' carry one  
Till the longest day was done;  
An' 'e didn't seem to know the use o'  
fear.

If we charged or broke or cut,  
You could bet your bloomin' nut,  
'E'd be waitin' fifty paces right flank  
rear.

With 'is mussick<sup>6</sup> on 'is back,  
'E would skip with our attack,  
An' watch us till the bugles made "Re-  
tire."

An' for all 'is dirty 'ide  
'E was white, clear white, inside  
When 'e went to tend the wounded un-  
der fire!

It was "Din! Din! Din!"

With the bullets kickin' dust-spots on  
the green;

When the cartridges ran out,  
You could hear the front-ranks  
shout,

"Hi! ammunition-mules an' Gunga  
Din!"

<sup>6</sup> mussick, water skin.

35 I sha'n't forgit the night  
When I dropped be'ind the fight  
With a bullet where my belt-plate  
should 'a' been.

I was chokin' mad with thirst, 55  
An' the man that spied me first  
Was our good old grinnin', gruntin'  
Gunga Din.

'E lifted up my 'ead,  
An' he plugged me where I bled,  
An' 'e guv me 'arf-a-pint o' water green.  
It was crawlin' and it stunk, 61

But of all the drinks I've drunk,  
I'm gratefulest to one from Gunga Din.  
It was "Din! Din! Din!"

"Ere's a beggar with a bullet through  
'is spleen; 65

"E's chawin' up the ground,

"An' 'e's kickin' all around:

"For Gawd's sake git the water,  
Gunga Din!"

'E carried me away  
To where a dooli<sup>7</sup> lay, 70

<sup>7</sup> dooli, a low litter slung on a bamboo pole.



An' a bullet come an' drilled the beggar  
clean.

'E put me safe inside,  
An' just before 'e died,  
"I 'ope you liked your drink," sez Gunga  
Din.

So I'll meet 'im later on 75  
At the place where 'e is gone--  
Where it's always double drill and no  
canteen.

'E'll be squattin' on the coals  
Givin' drink to poor damned souls,  
An' I'll get a swig in hell from Gunga  
Din! 80

Yes, Din! Din! Din!  
You Lazarushian-leather Gunga Din!  
Though I've belted you and flayed  
you,

By the livin' Gawd that made you,  
You're a better man than I am, Gunga  
Din! 85

## THE BALLAD OF EAST AND WEST

RUDYARD KIPLING

[This vigorous ballad deals with the  
northwest frontier of India. The British  
forces at the border forts had constantly to  
fight against the depredations of the native  
outlaws and at times to pursue them into  
their own wilderness.]

*OH, East is East, and West is West,  
and never the twain shall meet,  
Till Earth and Sky stand presently at  
God's great Judgment Seat;  
But there is neither East nor West,  
Border, nor Breed, nor Birth,  
When two strong men stand face to  
face, though they come from the  
ends of the earth!*

Kamal is out with twenty men to raise  
the Border side, 5  
And he has lifted<sup>1</sup> the Colonel's mare  
that is the Colonel's pride.

<sup>1</sup> *lifted*, stolen.

He has lifted her out of the stable-door  
between the dawn and the day,  
And turned the calkins<sup>2</sup> upon her feet,  
and ridden her far away.

Then up and spoke the Colonel's son  
that led a troop of the Guides:

"Is there never a man of all my men can  
say where Kamal hides?" 10

Then up and spoke Mohammed Khan,  
the son of the Ressaldar:<sup>3</sup>

"If you know the track of the morning-  
mist, ye know where his pickets are.

"At dusk he harries the Abazai—at  
dawn he is into Bonair,

"But he must go to Fort Bukloh to his  
own place to fare.

"So if ye gallop to Fort Bukloh as fast  
as a bird can fly, 15

"By the favour of God ye may cut him  
off ere he win to the Tongue of  
Jagai.

"But if he be past the Tongue of Jagai,  
right swiftly turn ye then,

"For the length and the breadth of that  
grisly plain is sown with Kamal's  
men.

"There is rock to the left, and rock to  
the right, and low lean thorn be-  
tween,

"And ye may hear a breech-bolt snick  
when never a man is seen." 20

The Colonel's son has taken a horse,  
and a raw rough dun was he,  
With the mouth of a bell and the heart  
of Hell and the head of a gallows-  
tree.

The Colonel's son to the Fort has won,  
they bid him stay to eat—

Who rides at the tail of a Border thief,  
he sits not long at his meat.

He's up and away from Fort Bukloh as  
fast as he can fly, 25

Till he was aware of his father's mare  
in the gut of the Tongue of Jagai,

<sup>2</sup> *calkins*, the sharp points projecting down-  
ward on a horseshoe. By turning them Kamal  
hopes to confuse his pursuers.

<sup>3</sup> *Ressaldar*, the Hindu leader of a troop of  
Indian cavalry.

Till he was aware of his father's mare  
 with Kamal upon her back,  
 And when he could spy the white of her  
 eye, he made the pistol crack.  
 He has fired once, he has fired twice,  
 but the whistling ball went wide.  
 "Ye shoot like a soldier," Kamal said.  
 "Show now if ye can ride!" 30  
 It's up and over the Tongue of Jagai, as  
 blown dust-devils go,  
 The dun he fled like a stag of ten,<sup>4</sup> but  
 the mare like a barren doe.  
 The dun he leaned against the bit and  
 slugged<sup>5</sup> his head above,  
 But the red mare played with the snaf-  
 fle-bars, as a maiden plays with a  
 glove.  
 There was rock to the left and rock to  
 the right, and low lean thorn be-  
 tween, 35  
 And thrice he heard a breech-bolt snick  
 tho' never a man was seen.  
 They have ridden the low moon out of  
 the sky, their hoofs drum up the  
 dawn,  
 The dun he went like a wounded bull,  
 but the mare like a new-roused  
 fawn.  
 The dun he fell at a water-course—in a  
 woeful heap fell he,  
 And Kamal has turned the red mare  
 back, and pulled the rider free. 40  
 He has knocked the pistol out of his  
 hand—small room was there to  
 strive,  
 "Twas only by favour of mine," quoth  
 he, "ye rode so long alive:  
 "There was not a rock for twenty mile,  
 there was not a clump of tree,  
 "But covered a man of my own men  
 with his rifle cocked on his knee.  
 "If I had raised my bridle-hand, as I  
 have held it low, 45  
 "The little jackals that flee so fast were  
 feasting all in a row.  
 "If I had bowed my head on my breast,  
 as I have held it high,

"The kite that whistles above us now  
 were gorged till she could not  
 fly."

Lightly answered the Colonel's son:

"Do good to bird and beast,

"But count who come for the broken  
 meats before thou makest a feast. 50

"If there should follow a thousand  
 swords to carry my bones away,

"Belike the price of a jackal's meal were  
 more than a thief could pay.

"They will feed their horse on the stand-  
 ing crop, their men on the garnered  
 grain,

"The thatch of the byres<sup>6</sup> will serve their  
 fires when all the cattle are slain.

"But if thou thinkest the price be fair,  
 —thy brethren wait to sup, 55

"The hound is kin to the jackal-spawn,  
 —howl, dog, and call them up!

"And if thou thinkest the price be high,  
 in steer and gear and stack,

"Give me my father's mare again, and  
 I'll fight my own way back!"

Kamal has gripped him by the hand and  
 set him upon his feet.

"No talk shall be of dogs," said he,  
 "when wolf and grey wolf meet. 60

"May I eat dirt if thou hast hurt of me  
 in deed or breath;

"What dam of lances brought thee forth  
 to jest at the dawn with Death?"

Lightly answered the Colonel's son: "I  
 hold by the blood of my clan:

"Take up the mare for my father's gift—  
 by God, she has carried a man!"

The red mare ran to the Colonel's son,  
 and nuzzled against his breast; 65

"We be two strong men," said Kamal  
 then, "but she loveth the younger  
 best.

"So she shall go with a lifter's<sup>7</sup> dower,  
 my turquoise-studded rein,

"My 'broided saddle and saddle-cloth,  
 and silver stirrups twain."

The Colonel's son a pistol drew, and  
 held it muzzle-end,

<sup>4</sup> *stag of ten*, a stag with ten points on his antlers. <sup>5</sup> *slugged*, jerked.

<sup>6</sup> *byres*, cow houses.

<sup>7</sup> *lifter's*, thief's.

"Ye have taken the one from a foe," said he; "will ye take the mate from a friend?" 70

"A gift for a gift," said Kamal straight; "a limb for the risk of a limb.

"Thy father has sent his son to me, I'll send my son to him!"

With that he whistled his only son, that dropped from a mountain-crest—

He trod the ling<sup>8</sup> like a buck in spring, and he looked like a lance in rest.

"Now here is thy master," Kamal said, "who leads a troop of the Guides, 75

"And thou must ride at his left side as shield on shoulder rides.

"Till Death or I cut loose the tie, at camp and board and bed,

"Thy life is his—thy fate it is to guard him with thy head.

"So, thou must eat the White Queen's meat, and all her foes are thine,

"And thou must harry thy father's hold for the peace of the Border-line. 80

"And thou must make a trooper tough and hack thy way to power—

"Belike they will raise thee to Ressaldar when I am hanged in Peshawur."<sup>9</sup>

They have looked each other between the eyes, and there they found no fault,

They have taken the Oath of the Brother-in-Blood on leavened bread and salt:

They have taken the Oath of the Brother-in-Blood on fire and fresh-cut sod, 85

On the hilt and the haft of the Khyber<sup>10</sup> knife, and the Wondrous Names of God.

The Colonel's son he rides the mare and Kamal's boy the dun,

And two have come back to Fort Bukloh where there went forth but one.

And when they drew to the Quarter-Guard, full twenty swords flew clear—

There was not a man but carried his feud with the blood of the mountaineer. 90

"Ha' done! ha' done!" said the Colonel's son. "Put up the steel at your sides!

"Last night ye had struck at a Border thief—to-night 'tis a man of the Guides!"

*Oh, East is East, and West is West, and never the twain shall meet,*

*Till Earth and Sky stand presently at God's great Judgment Seat;*

*But there is neither East nor West, Border, nor Breed, nor Birth, 95*

*When two strong men stand face to face, though they come from the ends of the earth!*

## WHEN EARTH'S LAST PICTURE IS PAINTED

RUDYARD KIPLING

[The terms used in this poem all refer to painting, but the theme expresses Kipling's literary creed, his belief about the way poems and stories should be written.]

WHEN Earth's last picture is painted and the tubes are twisted and dried,

When the oldest colours have faded, and the youngest critic has died,

We shall rest, and, faith, we shall need it—lie down for an aeon or two,

Till the Master of All Good Workmen shall put us to work anew.

And those that were good shall be happy; they shall sit in a golden chair; 5

They shall splash at a ten-league canvas with brushes of comet's hair.

They shall find real saints to draw from—Magdalene, Peter, and Paul;

<sup>8</sup> ling, heather.

<sup>9</sup> Peshawur, the capital of the Northwest Frontier Province of British India.

<sup>10</sup> the Khyber, the passway between India and Afghanistan. It is west of Peshawur.

They shall work for an age at a sitting  
and never be tired at all!

And only the Master shall praise us, and  
only the Master shall blame;  
And no one shall work for money, and  
no one shall work for fame, <sup>10</sup>  
But each for the joy of the working, and  
each, in his separate star,  
Shall draw the Thing as he sees It for  
the God of Things as They are!

## STUDY AIDS

### I. CLASS DISCUSSIONS

*Sonnet XLIII.* Compare the last lines of this poem with the last lines of *Prospice* (page 579). Point out a similarity and differences.

*The Forsaken Merman.* 1. How much do you learn in lines 1-29? Why does the wife of the sea king not return? Do you think she should have returned?

2. What parts of the poem seem most pictorial? Most pathetic? What word best describes the mood of the whole poem?

*Dover Beach.* 1. What contrast is developed in lines 1-14? How is this applied in lines 21-28? 29-37?

2. How do the thought and mood of this poem differ from those of *In Memoriam*, LIV-LVI (page 566)?

*Lead, Kindly Light.* Explain the figure of speech that runs through this hymn. How does it differ from that in "Crossing the Bar"? How does the mood differ?

*Qua Cursum Ventus.* Explain the figure that runs through this poem. With what feeling does the poet now regard his friend? In what mood does he close the poem?

*From the Rubaiyat.* 1. What stanzas most clearly express the philosophy of the poem? Which seem to be at variance with it?

2. What is Fitzgerald's attitude toward immortality? Compare this attitude with that of Tennyson in *In Memoriam*, LIV-LVI (page 566), and with that of Browning in "Prospice" and "Epilogue" (page 579).

*The Blessed Damozel.* 1. You should get the details of this vision clearly in mind: (a) Where is the maiden now? How long has she been there? Where does her lover first speak? What is his feeling for her? (b) Which stanzas bring home to us most forcibly the remoteness of her abode? Her feeling for her earthly lover?

2. Pick out some of the phrases that are startlingly vivid, as "Spins like a fretful midge." (a) Explain the ideas which each of these phrases suggests. (b) Are these phrases introduced for decoration or do they make the picture more real and definite? Illustrate.

*A Birthday.* Which comparison in your opinion best brings out the poet's gladness? Do you prefer the happiness of the first stanza or the gorgeous preparations of the second?

*The Sailing of the Sword.* 1. What lines indicate the time of the sailing? What do you expect to be the outcome of the quest? Quote lines.

2. What lines indicate the season of the return? How does the third sister feel when the *Sword* returns? What is your chief feeling on concluding the story?

*An Apology.* 1. What poetry of Tennyson, Arnold, and Clough seems to be described in the first stanza? How does the spirit of lines 8-21 differ from that of *The Rubaiyat*?

2. Lines 29-35 outline the plan of *The Earthly Paradise*, in accordance with which the tales are told twice a month at feasts held throughout the year. How does this differ from the frame of *The Canterbury Tales*? How does the spirit of this "Apology" differ from that of Chaucer's *Prologue*?

3. This poem is written in "rime royal," which was introduced into English verse by Chaucer, and in which he wrote some fourteen thousand lines of verse. What is the rime-scheme? Which stanza is to you the most musical?

*The Garden of Proserpine.* 1. What lines bring out most sharply the contrast between section 1 (lines 1-24) and section 2 (lines 25-40)? In the third section (lines

41-72) which stanza, in your opinion, best expresses the inevitability of death? In the fourth section (lines 73-96) which stanza expresses most beautifully thankfulness for death?

2. In spite of its hopelessness, what makes this a great poem?

*A Child's Laughter.* 1. What part of Swinburne's praise seems to you most beautifully expressed?

2. How does Swinburne's love of children differ from Wordsworth's? Compare, for example, "A Child's Laughter" and "We Are Seven" (page 391).

*Juggling Jerry.* 1. What lines gives the situation most clearly? What opinion does the dying man have of his profession? What feeling does he have for his wife?

2. What is the old man's attitude toward death? Toward nature? Where does he display a sense of humor? What stanzas or lines are pathetic?

*The Policeman's Lot.* 1. To show how good a song this is, some student should bring the music to school so that the words may be sung by the class.

2. What is the most unreal or ridiculous notion in the song?

*When Burbadge Played.* 1. How much that Dobson mentions of the scenery of Shakespeare's stage did you already know? What test of good acting does he apply to Burbadge? Can it be applied to actors today?

2. Dobson spent the first sixteen years of his life in France, where he learned to love French verse. This poem is in a French form, the rondeau. Read the definition of this form in the Index of Special Terms (page 809) and show how Dobson's poem conforms to it. What is the refrain here?

*Requiem.* How well does this poem express the life and spirit of Stevenson (pages 515-517)?

*Invictus.* State the meaning of the poem in one sentence. Which of the various figures in the poem seems to you the best expression of the poet's spirit?

*Where Forlorn Sunsets.* 1. In what two places does Henley feel the lure of dis-

tance? How does he apply this lure to the things of the mind?

2. Read aloud the lines where you feel that the rhythm beautifully expresses the poet's mood.

*A Late Lark Twitters.* 1. What images or pictures most clearly reflect the spirit in which the poet thinks of death? How does this spirit differ from that in "Invictus"? "Crossing the Bar" (page 568)? "Epilogue to Asolando" (page 579)?

2. This poem is one of the early examples in England of free verse; that is, of verse without regular meter. Where does the rhythm best express the mood of the writer?

*Gunga Din.* 1. Why does the narrator say of Gunga Din, "You're a better man that I am"? Was it true? Present evidence from the poem.

2. What traits of the British soldier are revealed in this barrack-room ballad?

*The Ballad of East and West.* 1. How does the Colonel's son escape death? Why does Kamal's son return with the Englishman?

2. How many of the characteristics of Kipling (pages 559-560) can you illustrate from this one poem? Can you explain why it established Kipling's reputation?

*When Earth's Last Picture.* State Kipling's literary creed in your own words. Quote from the two preceding poems illustrations of this creed.

## II. INDIVIDUAL AND GROUP ACTIVITIES

1. A notion of Arnold's powers as a narrative poet may be gained from reading *Sohrab and Rustum*, a Persian tale, and *Tristram and Iseult*, a re-telling of part of the Arthurian cycle. Each pupil who reports might sketch the setting and the chief characters, and then read a passage from the climax of the story.

2. "The Blessed Damozel" was suggested to Rossetti by Poe's "The Raven," which deals with the grief of a bereaved lover on earth. Rossetti's poem deals with the grief of a beloved one in heaven. Read to the class stanzas from both poems that bring out the grief, and point out differences.

3. An interesting period might be devoted to reports on Morris's narrative poems. From *The Earthly Paradise* good choices would be "The Story of Cupid and Psyche" to illustrate the Greek tales and "The Land East of the Sun and West of the Moon" to represent the romantic tales. "The Lovers of Gudrun" would represent the Norse tales; the report might bring out its tragic nobility in contrast with the romantic dream-world of most of *The Earthly Paradise*. *The Life and Death of Jason* is another flowing and beautiful narrative.

4. A copy of *Rudyard Kipling's Verse, Inclusive Edition, 1885-1918*, will furnish many delightful hours of reading. A first program of readings to the class may be drawn from the following list. Each student who chooses a poem should prepare a headnote somewhat like those in this book. At the end of the program the class may wish to determine by vote which poem was best liked or best presented: "Boots," "A Boy Scout's Patrol Song," "Danny Deever," "Dedication from Barrack-Room Ballads," "The Explorer," "The Feet of the Young Men," "Fuzzy Wuzzy," "The Gipsy Trail," "If—," "The Last Chantey."

5. The best life is *Rudyard Kipling* by Hilton Brown. Report to class new notions you gain of the man or of his poetry.

6. The lovers of poetry in the class, or better still, in the school, would do well to organize a Poetry Club. Among its most profitable activities would be a semester book presenting a small anthology of Victorian poetry. It should not contain more than a hundred poems, but each poem in it should be read, discussed, and accepted by vote at the Club meetings. The best plan would be to represent only the authors discussed in this chapter, but to represent them by poems not included among these selections. Another plan would exclude these authors in order to bring to the attention of the class poets not so well known. The anthology should be edited with headnotes and then neatly typed or copied by hand. If the Club contains any students artistically inclined they may contribute to the project an appropriately designed cover and perhaps illustrations. The collection will provide a model and inspiration for future classes.

A very convenient source for this anthology would be George B. Woods's *Poetry of the Victorian Period*.

## A REVIEW OF PART FIVE

Two dominant features of Victorian literature are indicated in the title of Part Five: the steady growth of democracy and the spreading influence of science. To see how these two features are reflected in the selections many of them should be reread. Two possibilities are suggested below:

1. The growth of democracy may be traced in the following: "Practical-Devotional" (page 485) and "The Dignity of Hand-Labor" (page 495); "Of Old Sat Freedom" (page 563), which was written shortly after 1832, "Why I Am a Liberal" (page 574), which was written in 1886,

and "Gunga Din" (page 598), written in 1890. The corresponding sections of the history should also be read. The results of this study may most profitably be written out in a carefully worded theme.

2. The spreading influence of science may be traced in the following: "Knowledge Viewed in Relation to Learning" (page 488) and "On a Piece of Chalk" (page 499); "Becky Sharp" (page 521) and "The Play of Chance" (page 525); "In Memoriam" (page 566), "Dover Beach" (page 584), and "When Earth's Last Picture" (page 602). This study also should result in a carefully worded theme.

## CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE FOR PART FIVE

## THE VICTORIAN AGE (1832-1901)

1800	1825	1850	1875	1900
(1760) George III	1820 George IV	1830 William IV	Victoria	(1901)
(1795) Thomas Babington Macaulay	1837 Thomas Carlyle	1859	1881	
1800	John Henry Newman	1859	1890	
1801	Elizabeth Barrett Browning	1861	1892	
1806	Charles Darwin	1882	1892	
1809	Alfred Tennyson	1892	1892	
1809	William Makepeace Thackeray	1863	1892	
1811	Charles Dickens	1870	1892	
1812	Robert Browning	1889	1892	
1812	John Ruskin	1892	1892	
1819	George Eliot	1880	1892	
1819	Matthew Arnold	1888	1892	
1822	Thomas Huxley	1895	1892	
1825	George Meredith	1895	1892	
1828	Dante Gabriel Rossetti	1882	1892	(1909)
1828	William Morris	1896	1892	
1834	Algernon Charles Swinburne	1896	1892	
1837	Thomas Hardy	1896	1892	(1909)
1840	Robert Louis Stevenson	1894	1892	(1928)
1850	Rudyard Kipling	1894	1892	(1936)
1865				

## Interesting Dates

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| 1832. Reform Bill passed; the vote extended to the manufacturing classes. | 1859. Darwin's <i>Origin of Species</i> opened up controversies on the theory of evolution. |
| 1837. Carlyle's <i>French Revolution</i> published.                       | 1861. Eliot's <i>Silas Marner</i> published.  |
| 1837. Dickens's <i>Pickwick Papers</i> published.                         | 1861. Secession of Southern states; Civil war in America.                                   |
| 1843. Part I of Ruskin's <i>Modern Painters</i> published.                | 1876. The telephone invented by Bell.   |
| 1848. Thackeray's <i>Vanity Fair</i> completed.                           | 1887. Jubilee Year, celebrating Queen Victoria's fiftieth year on the throne.               |
| 1850. Dickens's <i>David Copperfield</i> published.                       | 1891. Hardy's <i>Tess of the D'Urbervilles</i> published.                                   |

## PART SIX

# *Our Own Times*

1901—

### CHAPTER XVI: Twentieth Century Essay and Biography

**Preview** This chapter introduces you to our own times, beginning with the death of Queen Victoria in 1901 and extending into the years following the Second World War. In some ways the twentieth century is the hardest to understand of all the periods treated in this history, because authors and tendencies in writing are too near us for their full meaning to have become apparent. Still, some of the developments in English life that have influenced literature will come to light in the following pages. Of the literature itself the present chapter will discuss chiefly two types of prose—essay and biography. Later chapters will survey other kinds of writing.

In reading this introductory discussion, you will find guidance in the following questions:

- (1) What have been the most significant changes in English life in the twentieth century?
- (2) How do four leading essayists since 1901 look upon their own times?
- (3) Who have been the chief literary figures cultivating the fields of history and biography since 1901?

#### THE NEW ERA

##### **A scientific civilization**

The death of Queen Victoria in 1901 marked the end of an era just as much as did the death of Queen Elizabeth in 1603. In the interval between these two events the thirst for knowledge and power which had come into England with the Renaissance transformed civilization. In some three hundred years man pushed his explorations into every continent and the islands of the sea. He sought to penetrate the spaces between the stars and to trace the history of all living things back to the beginning of time.

The conquest of the universe was carried further—man attempted to control the forces of nature so that they would do his bidding. Steam and electricity were applied to the various occupations of men, and machines did the work of countless human beings. We have seen some of the results in the Industrial Revolution. By the end of the nineteenth century, science had satisfied man's thirst for power to an extent undreamed of by the leaders of the Renaissance under Elizabeth.

The decades since 1901 have seen this whole process speeded up to an amazing extent. The automobile, the airplane,



wireless telegraphy, and radio have revolutionized modes of communication within a single lifetime. Cities have grown enormously. London, which in Chaucer's day boasted of 40,000 inhabitants and when Victoria came to the throne had 2,200,000, in 1938 (the latest official estimate) contained 8,700,000 persons. Such a tremendous crowding together of human beings is possible because man's power over nature provides water, food, shelter, transportation, even amusement, to anyone anywhere he may wish to dwell.

### **Social changes**

This transformation of the physical conditions under which men live has been accompanied in the twentieth century by striking changes in society. First, the prosperity of England began to decline after 1901. No longer did English ships carry to every port of the world full cargoes of British goods. There were fewer jobs to be had, and consequently unemployment increased alarmingly and the working man became less and less contented. After the First World War (1914-1918) discontent rose to the boiling point in a general strike, during which a newspaper upheld public morale by quoting Wordsworth:

We must be free or die, who speak the  
tongue  
That Shakespeare spake: the faith and  
morals hold  
Which Milton held.

The sacred English ideals in these lines buoyed up the nation through the greatest peril that ever confronted its people—the Second World War. The peril was brought home to everyone when in 1940 Nazi planes rained bombs on the country day and night. For the first time fear of defeat gripped all of Britain. Then only did the patriotic Englishman, to prevent surrender, set aside his cherished individual liberties for government control of all his actions. After victory in

1945 he voted in a new Labor Government, with power to continue constraints on personal actions, saying, "We took it for six years of war, and we can go on taking it."

### **New taskmasters**

Englishmen had escaped the worst consequences of war—conquest and occupation—but they nearly lost the personal liberties gained seven centuries earlier on the green field of Runnymede when the barons forced King John in 1215 to sign the Magna Carta. The Second World War forced the people to serve hard masters, but these masters were at least their own countrymen. The destruction of shipping by war and the loss of investments abroad made it more than ever necessary to live on strictly rationed bread and meat and to dwell in houses without repairs and paint. The new "austerity" motto became, "To fill the shops, England must fill the ships," because those in the island home had to pay in goods from their own factories for everything they wished to import. Half of all they could manufacture had to be sold while the family still sat down to meager wartime meals and continued to wear their threadbare clothing. But English men and women, toughened by six years of sacrifice, kept on serving their taskmasters in hope of regaining those liberties which they had been building up during a dozen centuries.

### **Effect of war on literature**

If we look back over the decades since 1901, the effect of the First and Second World Wars on the creation of literature becomes more distinct. During both struggles the whole people had to serve. Those who worked at home in munitions factories were as much a part of the battle as those who fought on the battlefronts. Consequently, during those nine destructive war years there appeared no new flowering of literature such as the Napoleonic period had stimulated a hundred years before.

Then Wordsworth's nature poems and Scott's metrical romances were adding to the glories of English poetry. In both World Wars promising poets perished at the front, and readers at home had little interest in anything save the anxieties of the hour.

After the Second World War the discouragement to creative writers was particularly depressing. During the conflict publishers were granted so little paper that few new authors could get their books accepted at all, and established authors had often to wait a year or two before paper rationing would permit their new works to be presented to their waiting public. It was only natural that few writers felt the urge to produce books to sustain their reputations. When peace was finally won their minds were assailed with doubts. Would England remain a powerful nation or would she decline from her nineteenth century heights? Like wage earners and business men they tackled a day's task without any vision of an early return to prosperity or any prospect of the leisure that nourishes an imaginative mind. Yet in peace years they have exhibited the spirit that made England a great nation. In the ringing phrases of Winston Churchill addressing a secret session of the House of Commons in the blackest hour of the struggle, they still display "the iron, unyielding, unwearying tenacity of the British character, by which we live, by which alone we can be saved, and by which we shall certainly be saved."

#### THE ESSAY

Some of the shifting currents of the present age may be seen in the essay, which has become prevailingly less weighty than the learned articles of Macaulay and often shorter and lighter in tone than the personal musings of Lamb. As essays now appear nearly always in current periodicals first, they

must be written to please a large number of people. It is hardly possible any longer to speak of essayists as a class of writers, since nearly every author engages in many forms of writing, but for our discussion it is helpful to single out four men who are best known for their essays, and to note what they have had to say in this form.

**Sir Max Beerbohm**  
(1872- )

An essayist in the leisurely, finished style of older generations is Sir Max Beerbohm. Previous to leaving Oxford he made a reputation for his wit and fastidious writing; he also had the sense to discover that the spirit of the times was changing. Before his twenty-fourth year he gathered his essays together under the witty and pompous title, *The Works of Max Beerbohm* (1896); in the concluding sketch he declared with comic self-satisfaction, "To be outmoded is to be a classic, if one has written well." A man of his wit could never go out of fashion. *Yet Again* (1909) satirized twentieth century fads and absurdities with a light touch. *And Even Now* (1920) was still more amusing, but *Seven Men* (1919), a collection of narrative essays, is the volume that critics account his masterpiece.

After his marriage in 1910 he went to Italy on his honeymoon and remained there for some thirty years. For all but a third of that time he returned to London annually with a sketchbook of caricatures under his arm. The public exhibition became an eagerly awaited event of the fashionable London season. His favorite subjects were people prominent in English life, including members of the royal family. The drawings themselves were not always amusing, but down in a corner would be found in his small handwriting a priceless caption that matched the caricature as perfectly as the words of a song match the music. In 1939, on his return to England to live, his long literary eminence was recog-

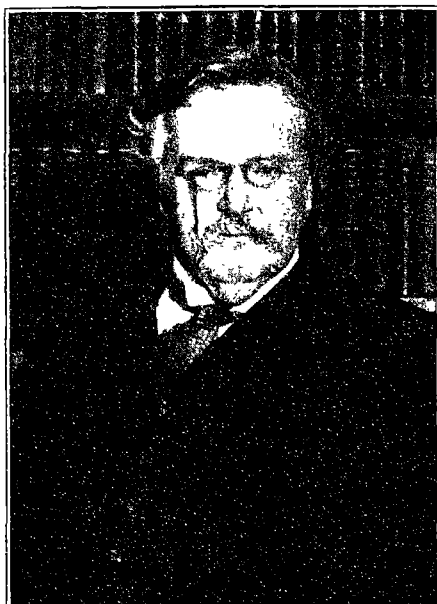
nized with a knighthood. Thereafter this fastidious stylist was referred to as Sir Max. One of our own essayists says, "Few writers have given such exquisite pleasure."

His wit and the classic finish of his style were heard on Sunday evenings over the British Broadcasting radio after the fearful blitz of 1940. Six of these talks and some earlier essays are included in *Mainly on the Air* (1946). In one passage he describes the sound of the shattered panes of England's windows crashing on the pavements, comparing it to the mournful sound of desert sands in the wind. Mostly he reminds listeners of the older, happier England of his youth. Fortunate were the audiences whose ears were filled with such English as that of "the incomparable Max."

**Gilbert Keith Chesterton**  
(1874-1936)

G.K. Chesterton, like Sir Max, was known chiefly as an essayist, but unlike Charles Lamb, he found no time in a life of ceaseless activity for leisurely revelations of himself. For twenty-five years (1905-1930) he contributed an essay a week to *The Illustrated London News*, always handing it in the moment before it was too late. These essays were highly individual, to be sure, for Chesterton had a lively and arresting personality. Occasionally he took such subjects as "On Running after One's Hat" or "The Advantages of Having One Leg," but usually his immediate bid for the reader's attention was some topic of current interest.

Characteristic of his work was his first important book, *Heretics* (1905). It was a protest against the airy spirit of indifference expressed by Beerbohm and typical of the opening century. At the time of writing it, Chesterton was only thirty, but he looked upon the younger generation as frivolous and flippant; they had no deep convictions about anything; in fact, they seemed to believe in



By Ewing Galloway, N. Y.

G. K. CHESTERTON

nothing. The seriousness of the Victorian period they viewed with contempt. Against this attitude Chesterton's book is a protest. The true heresy, he said, was to be found among those who, rebelling against the Victorian spirit, declared that nothing mattered.

Chesterton's versatility was astounding. He wrote very good poetry, interesting drama, fierce political articles, penetrating literary criticism, suggestive history and biography, allegorical novels, and even detective stories. Indeed, his Father Brown stories are among the best mystery tales of the century.

Another prolific writer, Hilaire Belloc (1870- ) who has over fifty books to his name, is Hilaire Belloc. A Frenchman by birth, he was educated in England and chose his wife from California. His name is often coupled with Chesterton's. Shaw declared, "Chesterbelloc is an animal with four legs capable of doing infinite harm." The trio were long accounted the three wittiest men in London. Soon

after being graduated from Oxford, Belloc won a reputation as a newspaper and magazine writer. The First World War turned his restless energy to military subjects, and most of his later volumes have dealt with history.

In spite of the haste with which they were composed, his earlier essays, as *On Everything* (1909) and *On Anything* (1910), possess a higher literary merit than his historical writings. That he is essentially an essayist may be seen in *The Silence of the Sea* (1940), a gathering of contributions to periodicals as he was nearing seventy. No longer a young man, he grumbles about progress in a gaily quarrelsome manner, and on the other hand he reaffirms his faith in men and the beauty of natural scenes—things that progress cannot destroy. More of his personal charm is to be found in a travel book of his thirties. *The Path to Rome* (1902) is the account of a walk through the Alps to Rome; it is filled with delightful anecdotes as well as spontaneous reactions to the scenes and

people by the way. Unlike Sir Max Beerbohm, but in company with many journalistic writers of the century, he spends little time in hunting for exactly the right word or form of sentence to convey his meaning.

**Henry Major Tomlinson**  
(1873- )

The effect of the First World War on writers may be seen distinctly in the works of H.M. Tomlinson. He began to earn a living at the age of twelve, making out bills of lading for ocean-going vessels. During this period of drudgery his real interest lay in reading and writing. Since childhood he had been setting pen to paper and "judiciously burning it all, at intervals." At thirty-one he became a newspaper man. His first book, *The Sea and the Jungle* (1912), contained a succession of beautifully written essays and narrative episodes about a voyage in a tramp steamer across the Atlantic and two thousand miles up the Amazon River. The book won him much praise, as did later volumes of the same leisurely storytelling and meditation. Notable is *Pipe All Hands* (1937), in which another tramp steamer is the chief character. The magic of Tomlinson's pen again summons up strange ports, the look of different oceans, the men aboard, from the seaman in the boiler-room to the captain on the bridge. It is a strikingly good contribution to nautical literature.

During the First World War, Tomlinson had been a correspondent at the front and a member of the intelligence department at headquarters, but even in close touch with the highest command he found "no inspiration, only horror." In the Second World War, while living in a London suburb, he kept a monthly record of the horrors visited upon England from August 1939 to August 1941. Published as *The Wind Is Rising* (1942), it demonstrates once more his power to capture a scene in words never to be forgotten. His account of the Battle of



Courtesy of Harper and Brothers

HILAIRE BELLOC

London is an inspiring record of England's determination to fight alone. It is likewise a tribute to the endurance of the common people whom he has known since his childhood among them. In it is reflected the author's finely tempered spirit. But the unending apprehension of wartime aged him, as we see from nine gloomy essays in *The Turn of the Tide* (1947). When we reflect that Tomlinson's mind is among the noblest of the twentieth century essayists, the effect of the war on literature becomes more than ever deplorable.

#### HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

One consequence of the First World War was a greatly increased desire on the part of the people in general to understand the world. A public demand arose for history and biography, similar to the call which Macaulay and Carlyle had answered following the Napoleonic wars.

##### **Wells's Outline of History**

The most successful of all the new historical productions was *The Outline of History* (1920) by H. G. Wells, about whom we shall learn more in the next chapter. Wells had a great many theories of how society should be organized to ensure the greatest happiness. His *Outline* was a review of the past in an effort to throw light on the future. True to the scientific interest which he had formed in youth, he began his record millions of years before man appeared on earth. To many readers the most interesting part of the work is that which traces the development of the human race through the cave man and the lake dweller to the dawn of recorded history. The *Outline* also brought together into one ordered recital the long evolution of races and nations. To the heroes whom Carlyle so intensely admired Wells paid scant attention. His meaty narrative of this im-

mense sweep of time fed a widespread hunger for knowledge.

**New ideal of biography** Biography enjoyed a popularity still greater than that of history, and displayed the influence of science in a more striking form. During the Victorian Age biography had departed from the practice of Boswell. Boswell was a faithful reporter who gave a pretty complete picture of Dr. Johnson. Victorian biographers conceived it their duty to admit nothing about the career of a person which would keep the reader from admiring him. The twentieth century biographer, on the other hand, has been influenced by the pervasive ideals of science to seek the truth. He throws as strong a light on a person's faults and mistakes as on his virtues and achievements. He presents his subject as a human being rather than as a statue on a pedestal.

##### **Gosse's Father and Son**

A forerunner of this truth-telling in biography brings into high relief both the Victorians and the new generation. It is an autobiography, *Father and Son* (1907), by Sir Edmund Gosse (1849-1928). His father was a zoölogist and a religious fanatic who shared all the earnestness of the Victorians. His mother was so intensely puritanical that she held it sinful for the boy to read fiction. Yet the book that awakened the lad's literary instincts was a romance which his father handed him because it gave a lively description of the Caribbean region.

The father's zeal for religion and the son's preference for the beauties of literature made them representatives of two different eras. Though Gosse traced the clash between them very delicately, his treatment was not in accord with Victorian standards in biography, and the book was accordingly published anonymously. The higher value we place on truth, together with the humor and

grace of Gosse's style, has helped to bring the work recognition as one of the most significant autobiographies in the English language.

#### LYTTON STRACHEY (1880-1932)

The author who established the new ideal of biography in popular favor was Lytton Strachey. He wrote little, but that little had a tremendous influence. *Eminent Victorians* (1918) treated several idolized figures of the reign of Victoria. Among them was Florence Nightingale, who created the career of trained nursing for women. By the Victorians she was spoken of reverentially as the Lady with the Lamp. Her humanitarian achievements in caring for soldiers during the Crimean War were justly admired, winning for her the grateful appellation of the Angel of the Crimea.

#### His type of biography

How did Strachey write about Florence Nightingale? He looked upon her with mocking eyes, following her career with an amused smile at the popular misconceptions. He selected only the details—some of them apparently trivial details—that would bring before the reader the woman in her less admirable moments. He pierced to her inner thoughts and feelings, using a new psychology that interprets one's meditations and dreams. Her achievements were recorded, to be sure, but it was her character and temperament that remained in the reader's mind. Strachey's purpose was satirical rather than laudatory. His method was selection rather than completeness. His interest was in personality rather than in accomplishment.

#### His reputation

These features go far to explain the attention which the volume attracted. There had never been such enthusiasm about historical works since Macaulay astonished the Victorians. *Eminent Victorians* was read by a public weary of the war, car-



Acme

#### LYTTON STRACHEY

ing little for the boasted deeds of the past, convinced of the futility of high endeavor and disheartened by the present. It was a generation not at all sure of itself and welcoming therefore the picture of others who had struggled and wavered. It was a generation which was hungry not for praise but for enlightenment, and which felt sure that truth could be found only in the soul.

The excited attention won by this volume was maintained at a high pitch by *Queen Victoria* (1921). The portrait was more sympathetically drawn than were the earlier sketches. The Queen's letters and diaries enabled Strachey to interpret her innermost motives and ideals. But behind the ironical, half satirical treatment one could feel his admiration for "her vitality, her obstinacy, and the overwhelming sense of her own position." In one chapter he imagines the Queen in old age as revolving in her mind the thought that "even one's self, with all

the recollections and experiences that make up one's being, fluctuates, perishes, dissolves." But Strachey's pen has created a figure that bids fair to remain alive after many of the achievements of her reign are forgotten.

Though Strachey's total output was small and not without blemishes, it was sufficient to establish a new conception of the biographer's purpose. The refinement with which he carried out this conception lifted him far above the horde of imitators who have placed biography among the best sellers.

PHILIP GUEDALLA (1889- )

**Early years** Among those whose work has been influenced by Strachey the most brilliant is Philip Guedalla. At Oxford he distinguished himself as a debater; in recognition of his preëminence he was elected president of the Oxford Union Society. The next year he was graduated with a "first" in modern history. His ten busy years as a barrister (lawyer) in London left too little time for writing to satisfy his main ambition. A history of nineteenth-century France, *The Second Empire* (1922), won the praise of comparison with Strachey's work, one critic declaring that it had "all the elegance of Strachey and rather more fire." Mr. Guedalla thereupon gave up a legal career for the life of a historian—but a historian with a difference.

**His purpose in history** Guedalla's experience as debater, lawyer, lecturer had taught him a great deal about audiences. As a writer it was not his hope to remain unread, and to be read he knew his narrative had to win and hold attention. His conception of the historian's duty is stated characteristically in the following words: "His business is to write about dead men; but if he is to do his duty, he should remember that they were not always dead. For he is not concerned to em-



Courtesy of Harper and Brothers

PHILIP GUEDALLA

balm them, but to resurrect, to set them moving, catch the tone of their voices, tilt of their heads, and posture of once living men. . . . When his reader is set dreaming of the past, the historian has done his work, only provided that the dream be true."

One of the best examples of the art here described is *The Hundred Years* (1936). The century Guedalla treats runs from the June day in 1837 when Victoria became Queen of England to the winter afternoon when Edward VIII walked bareheaded behind the draped gun carriage of his father's funeral procession. The volume described thirty "leading moments" like these two, showing how they affected the western world—Great Britain, France, Russia, Germany, and the United States. Together these thirty "moments" open the reader's eyes to the way in which that world has been knit together by the improvements in communication; they bring out also the wavering progress

of democracy down to the final scene where "lights were burning late in German factories; strong lights glared on barbed wire and striped banners of guarded frontiers."

**His skill  
in biography**

All too soon the lights "burning late in German factories" led to the smashing of "barriers of guarded frontiers" throughout Europe. In England they resulted in elevating to the premiership one of the greatest leaders in the long chronicles of British statesmanship. In 1940 the Honorable Winston Spencer Churchill rose, after many political defeats, to the lonely eminence of bearing the world on his shoulders. This career, from the time when little Winston was

"a red-headed pupil, the naughtiest boy in his class," is narrated by Guedalla in *Mr. Churchill* (1942).

To paint the portrait of a man still in the thick of the fight is a courageous undertaking, but it is one that Mr. Guedalla has accomplished with a quick eye for the essential background, an unfailing sense of character, and an enthusiasm that is always under control. The portrait is not solemn. The prose ripples along from page to page, brightened here with wit, and flowing there with the sweep of a creative imagination. Only the skill of a master could bring before us Churchill the orator, the statesman, the genius, as he stands lifelike in this glowing biography.

**Summary**

The foregoing introduction to our own times has emphasized the elements of change. The swift advances of science have been matched by striking modifications in government, in the English class system, and in the way people feel about the future. Literature, which has reflected these conditions, was seriously disturbed by the First World War. Among the prose writings of our age the essay tended to take its color from current developments rather than from the musings of an individual. History came into renewed prominence, and biography developed a quality of truth-telling that increased its popularity immensely. In both essay and biography the foremost writers declared that the most interesting subject in the world is not the outward triumphs of man but the secrets of personality. The new interest in the worth of every individual, which contains the core of democracy, explains the attitude of England during the Second World War. Not only did Britain struggle alone for a year in the battle against tyranny, but it took pride in the endurance of the humble citizen as well as in the courage, energy, and faith of its great Prime Minister.



## SELECTIONS FOR CHAPTER XVI

### PEOPLE AND EVENTS

#### THE BEACHES OF DUNKIRK

"BARTIMEUS"

[An outstanding achievement in the long history of English heroism filled the nine days, May 26-June 3, 1940 (see page 731). The rescue was a turning point in the Second World War. It brought Englishmen to a full realization of the peril that confronted their island home and their tradition of liberty and justice. An excellent notion of how the incredible feat was accomplished is given below in connected sketches of different participants.]

IT IS too early to describe the evacuation of the British Expeditionary Force as a composite operation, and no one person can yet piece together a panorama of the fire-swept coast of France, from Calais to the beaches of La Panne,<sup>1</sup> from which the British and French navies embarked 335,000 troops and carried them to safety. It has been described as a miracle; and certain factors of chance did undoubtedly operate in the Allies' favor. Calm seas and occasional mist on certain days were an advantage. But wherein lay the miracle was the degree of stubborn courage attained by hundreds of thousands of quite ordinary men. Mere leadership, mere skill in organization, could have achieved nothing without this mass resistance to the fear of death and an unconquerable belief in ultimate victory. The tale of human valor outlives the causes that gave it birth, whether they are victories or reverses. The world's

tragedy is that war brings it to its most splendid flower.

The chalk cliffs of Dover<sup>2</sup> made a curiously tranquil background in the early morning sunlight, with jackdaws cawing and circling, and the faint echoes of gunfire across the Channel whispering about the escarpment.<sup>3</sup>

Away to the westward, alongside the pier reaching out from what was once the Lord Warden Hotel, were the funnels and smoke of transports and a hospital ship. They were pouring ashore their khaki-clad cargoes and stretcher cases, fruits of a night's desperate garnering, and long trains crammed with men were sliding along the foreshore into the haze. But that was far away; one imagined rather than saw what was going on there. Here in the shadow of the cliffs were actualities—a destroyer limping in with a heavy list,<sup>4</sup> spattered with splinter holes, making fast alongside to disembark hundreds of weary *poilus*, an armed trawler going out with a defiant toot of her siren, followed by a motor yacht painted gray. The owner-skipper, in the uniform of the Volunteer Reserve, was cleaning a revolver with a silk bandanna handkerchief. He hailed the crippled destroyer's bridge.<sup>5</sup> "What's it like over there this morning?" he shouted. It was his first trip. A bandaged figure replied with an im-

<sup>2</sup> *Dover*, a port on the southern shore of England. (See the picture on page 502.)

<sup>3</sup> *escarpment*, the slope of the cliffs, nearly four hundred feet high, twenty miles from Calais.

<sup>4</sup> *list* The ship is tipped, one side of the deck being nearer the water than the other.

<sup>5</sup> *bridge*, the platform extending across the front deck for officers navigating the vessel.

<sup>1</sup> *Calais . . . La Panne*, places to the west and the east of Dunkirk, a stretch of more than thirty miles of sandy shores.

potent movement of his hand to his ears. He was probably deaf with gunfire and bomb explosions. "Not so funny!" replied a man busy about a wire aft. "Not so bloody funny." The haze swallowed them.

There was another destroyer alongside. Her captain came out of his bridge cabin yawning. He was hollow-eyed and unshaven, but he had had nearly two hours' sleep while they patched some splinter holes in his funnel and filled up with ammunition. Two hours in four days.

He climbed up on to the compass platform and glanced fore and aft. Men were standing by the wires. The first lieutenant was looking up at him expectantly from the forecastle. The sun was on his face. He was twenty-five and smiling.

"All ready, Number One?"

The boy raised his hand. His teeth were very white in the sunburn of his face.

"Cast off! Slow astern starboard."

The captain slipped the strap of his binoculars over his head and glanced back once at the cliffs and the fields beyond, where the young corn<sup>6</sup> was green. Then he turned seaward, his face a mask.

"Well," he said to the navigator, who was a sublieutenant, "we've got a nice day for it."

The lookout to port yelled the first air alarm as they neared the Dunkirk beaches. "Here they come," said the navigator grimly. The foremost guns opened fire; the hot blast from their muzzles swept over the bridge; the multiple pom-pom<sup>7</sup> joined in. The captain had his glasses leveled on the beaches. They looked like a holiday resort thronged by a vast dun-colored

motionless crowd. Fires were burning in the background under a pall of smoke.

He ignored the causes that made his own guns open fire. His immediate concern was the navigation of his ship in the treacherous shallows. The sea astern belched great columns of water into the air, and the ship lifted and fell again. He was listening through the roar of the explosions for the next sounding from the leadsman in the chains. The ship was an easy target with barely steerage way<sup>8</sup> on her. She shook with the recoil of the guns like a nervous horse. There were a sudden bright yellow flash and a cloud of smoke among the packed throngs ashore. Another bomb. The water was dark with men wading out waist-deep. He counted the ships inshore: three destroyers, their boats coming and going laden to the gunwales, and their guns blazing skyward; six trawlers, motor launches, motorboats . . . he lost count of them. The army had contrived to drive some lorries<sup>9</sup> into the sea during the night and to build a sort of pier. There was a trawler sinking to the westward in a cloud of steam and smoke. Well, they'd have to fend for themselves. He glanced skyward, where there was a dogfight going on between some Spitfires and Heinkels.<sup>10</sup> His guns ceased firing.

He nosed closer inshore. The destroyer to the eastward, her decks crammed with troops, was hoisting her boats and turning northward. Suddenly she began firing. A German bomber was coming down out of the sun in a low power-dive. A great yellow sheet of flame and a cloud of smoke and spray

<sup>8</sup> *steerage way*, enough speed to make steering possible.

<sup>9</sup> *lorries*, trucks with wide platforms above the wheels.

<sup>10</sup> *dogfight*, . . . *Heinkels*, a battle in the sky between English planes (Spitfires) and German planes (Heinkels).

<sup>6</sup> *corn*, wheat.

<sup>7</sup> *pom-pom*, automatic anti-aircraft machine gun.



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#### WAITING, ON THE BEACHES OF DUNKIRK, TO BE EVACUATED

obliterated the destroyer. Hell's delight! They'd hit her! The steam began pouring from her exhausts. The plane had vanished. He gave his orders for turning to the rescue, and then saw a sloop and a flotilla of motor yachts closing the stricken destroyer from the northward. They could look after the survivors. He turned again to the beaches and presently stopped and lowered his boats.

His steward brought him a cup of soup and placed it beside him on the chart table. The steward was a Maltese,<sup>11</sup> a little man with a black jowl jutting out under a shrapnel helmet. His eyes were like an anxious spaniel's; his anxiety was not for himself but for his captain, whose strength must be sustained with soup.

"Soup, sair," he urged with gentle insistence. He had a stout, black-eyed wife and seven children in Valletta,<sup>12</sup> but he

had forgotten them. The figure in the duffle coat, staring through glasses at the beaches, was the center of his existence, held all his loyal heart. "'Ot soup. Better drink, sair."

The captain watched the boats toiling shoreward. God, the men were tired! He began calculating the number of trips they would have to make. A motor barge swung away from the improvised pier and came toward them, crowded with troops. That was better; now they could get on with it. More and more craft kept arriving from seaward. There was a rumble of gunfire out of the haze. Something kept intruding on his consciousness. A low voice at his elbow. He turned. What was it? Soup? What d'you mean, soup? The steward indicated the cup. "Better drink it nice and hot, sair." He smiled and drank absent-mindedly. "Thank you, Carlo." The destroyer that had been bombed had grounded on a sandbank and lay canted over with her upper deck half

<sup>11</sup> *Maltese*, a native of the British island of Malta, in the Mediterranean.

<sup>12</sup> *Valletta*, capital and port of Malta.

awash. The transfer of troops to the sloop and launches was going smoothly under a pall of smoke and steam. Along his upper deck men were broaching tins of corned beef and cutting loaves into hunks in readiness for the soldiers. They had been days on the business—it was settling down into a fixed routine. The young Volunteer Reserve surgeon came out of the after superstructure where he had his casualty station, and lit a cigarette, staring shoreward. Then a lookout shouted and the guns broke out again. The roar of the plane's engines and the screech of the bomb deafened them as it hurtled down. The burst was like the flash of a fifteen-inch gun ten feet away, annihilating thought and all sensation with a hell-hot blinding blast of steel fragments.

He picked himself up and held on to the chart table. His concern for the moment was the bargeload of troops approaching. They were safe. The first boat had filled up and was pulling back. There were splinter holes everywhere, but not much visible damage. The navigator was untouched; the lookouts and signalmen were disentangling themselves out of a confused heap of duffle coats and seaboots and shrapnel helmets, grinning sheepishly. Carlo was standing staring at something on the deck. The captain looked down and saw a crimson puddle. He was standing in it. A red puddle, spreading slowly. . . .

The barge came alongside, and the men of the Expeditionary Force began climbing wearily over the rails.

His head nodded where he sat conning<sup>13</sup> his ship back through the minefields. Again and again he forced open his leaden eyelids with all the will power he possessed. It was bad enough to have to fight this overwhelming de-

sire for sleep, this tyranny of weariness; but he had to fight the surgeon too. "Better come below, sir," the youngster kept insisting; and now the first lieutenant joined in. "Let them carry you below, sir." But he was damned if he'd go below. He had a thousand men on board in his charge—a thousand exhausted soldiers who had fought a rear-guard action against tanks and bombers for a fortnight. He looked down at the decks where they lay already asleep in the security of their trust in him. This was the last phase of the rear-guard action, and, before God, you didn't fight it by going below! He told the surgeon so while the lad was fumbling for the tourniquet to ease it. Already he could see the cliffs of Dover.

The cliffs and the sea and the sky blurred and darkened. Carlo, who smelt faintly of garlic, had his arm round the captain holding him upright.

The darkness deepened. Waves of faintness engulfed him.

"Tell them," he said, "to send more boats . . . more boats . . ." Then his chin dropped.

The first lieutenant and the surgeon tried to lift him down from where he hung across the binnacle.

"No, no," insisted Carlo passionately, "I take him! I take his body, *sair*. Give him to me."

The yacht-club telephone rang, and the elderly steward, unaccustomed to the sound of it, laid down his paper, removed his spectacles, and picked up the receiver. A man's voice spoke authoritatively for about a minute.

The steward said nothing. He was an old Navy man and had been a pensioner for a quarter of a century, but he recognized the note in the speaker's voice. He waited till the end of the message.

"Aye, aye, sir," he said, and then added, "There's only the one yacht here now, sir. The *Wanderer*. Motor yacht,

<sup>13</sup> *conning*, navigating by careful observation.

forty feet long. There's no crew, sir. Owner's fighting in France. There's a young lady on board at this moment—"

The voice interrupted him. He listened, turning the spectacles over in his knotted fingers, staring into vacancy.

"Aye, aye, sir. I'll do what I can. Old Navy man myself. They said I was too old to fight."

There was no answer. "Hullo, sir?" Silence. He replaced the receiver.

The *Wanderer* was lying at her buoy, and there was no sign of the girl. He untied the dinghy lying at the jetty and rowed alongside. At the sound of the oars as he boated them the girl's head and shoulders appeared above the companionway. She was flushed and had a scrubbing brush in her hand.

"They want her, miss," he said simply. "They rung up from the Admiralty. Proceed to Ramsgate<sup>14</sup> for orders. They're taking every craft on the south coast."

She brushed a lock of hair back from her damp forehead with her forearm. "I'm single-handed," she said. "Can you run the engine if I steer?"

"You, miss?" He hadn't thought of that.

"She's full up with petrol.<sup>15</sup> There's water, too, and some stuff in tins to eat. Bring some bread."

"You know what it's for, don't you, miss? They won't let a woman—"

"They needn't know," was the girl's answer. She stood motionless, thinking. The ebb tide running past the strakes<sup>16</sup> of the dinghy made a little chuckling noise in the stillness.

"Bring a couple of shrapnel helmets. Get them from the A.R.P.<sup>17</sup> people. . . . What about Johnnie?"

"Johnnie?" He turned that over in his mind. Johnnie was simple, but he was

useful in a boat. Ashore he just sat and played with pebbles, but put him in a boat and he was all there. The club employed him to ferry people to their yachts and for attending to the moorings and odd jobs like scraping and painting. He didn't speak very plain, but after all it wasn't talk they wanted on the beaches of Dunkirk. Another aspect of the situation occurred to him. She seemed to take it for granted he was coming. "What about the club, miss? I'm the caretaker *and* steward."

She had emerged from her reverie. "The club? What does the club matter?"

He grinned, showing tobacco-stained fangs. "You've said it, miss. Give me half an hour."

When he was halfway across to the jetty, she hailed him again. Her clear voice was like a boy's.

"Johnnie will want a shrapnel helmet, too."

He nodded; she went below and fell to mopping up the mess on the cabin floor. She had decided to give the boat a scrub-out because it occupied her mind, which, since she had had no word from France for three weeks, was inclined to imagine things. This was where they had spent the happiest hours of his leave — the happiest hours of their lives. And now, for all she knew, he was waiting on those hellish beaches, one of all those thousands of exhausted men, waiting under shell and machine-gun fire for succor from England. She flung the mop and scrubber into the bucket and jerked open a drawer. There was all his old kit: gray flannel trousers, sweater, an old shooting jacket, a yellow muffler.

She would push her hair up under the shrapnel helmet. His pipes, stuck in a rack over his bunk, caught her eye. That would be the finishing touch. Keep one of those in her mouth when they got to Ramsgate, and talk gruff.

<sup>14</sup> *Ramsgate*, a port northeast of Dover.

<sup>15</sup> *petrol*, gasoline.

<sup>16</sup> *strakes*, the planks running from prow to stern.

<sup>17</sup> *A.R.P.*, Air-Raid Precautions.

She selected a blackened bulldog<sup>18</sup> and experimented in front of the glass. It tasted utterly foul. . . .

Coming down channel, they overtook a convoy of motor yachts and followed them. She had the chart open in front of her, but the daylight was fading and there were no lights anywhere she could recognize. She had never entered Rams-gate from seaward — only from the railway station, once as a child, in charge of her nurse.

She listened to the drone of the engine with satisfaction. Old Ferris had been a mechanic when he served in the Navy. It wasn't so good at the start, but he was enjoying himself down in the engine room now he had picked up the hang of the thing. Every now and again he put his head out of the hatch with his spectacles on the end of his nose. "Running as sweet as a nut, miss," he announced.

"Bravo," she answered.

Johnnie sat in the bows staring at the evening star. She tried to remember why she had brought Johnnie. He worshipped her like a dog, but that wasn't the reason. It was because she felt she had no right to take an able-bodied man from his work in England; and on the spur of the moment she could think of nobody on the spot who was as handy in the boat. He and she used to take Johnnie away for the week-end sometimes. Johnnie washed up and looked after the boat when they went ashore. . . . She was one of the few people who understood what he said. He turned his head and smiled at her at that moment. It was the slow, confiding smile of a child. He hadn't the remotest idea where he was going. He didn't care. He just trusted her. She felt a swift pang of compunction, and stifled it, giving him back his smile. Reassured, he resumed his contemplation of the star.

<sup>18</sup> bulldog, short briarwood pipe.

She climbed ashore in the dusk, the awful pipe clenched between her teeth, and was confronted by a man in the uniform of a lieutenant commander.

"What ship?"

"*Wanderer*." Nobody had ever called the *Wanderer* a ship before. He would have liked that.

"What is she?"

"Forty-foot motor cruiser."

"Armed?"

She shook her head. Other owners of yachts were crowding round asking for orders.

He glanced at her shrapnel helmet.

"Well, you'd better collect some rifles and life belts. First-aid outfit, too, if you haven't got it."

"Then what?" She stuck her hands in her trouser pockets, making her voice as gruff and laconic as possible.

"La Panne. Time it so as to get there in the dawn. Take off all you've got room for each trip and transfer them to something bigger. Stick it as long as you can, and good luck." He indicated a gap in the barbed wire, where she supposed rifles and life belts were obtainable, and dismissed her from his mind.

She went back to the edge of the jetty and hailed old Ferris. The harbor was crammed with the dim forms of boats maneuvering for berths alongside. Beside her on the pierhead was a soldier with a Bren gun<sup>19</sup> mounted on a tripod.

"Ferris," she called down to the *Wanderer*, "come ashore with me and collect some rifles and life belts." The soldier sidled up beside her.

"Here, Skipper," he muttered, "rifles ain't no use. Take me and this Bren gun. Wait till its dark, and I'll slip down and come along with you. They won't miss me till I'm back."

She grinned delightedly. He would

<sup>19</sup> Bren gun, a light machine gun, operated by gas. With tripod it weighs twenty-five pounds.

know about rifles, too. She had never fired one in her life. "All right," she whispered. "What's your name?"

"Tanner's the name, Skipper. You're a sport." She felt a bit of a sport.

The skyline was like the edge of the Pit. To the westward the oil tanks of Dunkirk were a sullen blaze that every now and again leaped upwards like the eruption of a volcano as a shell burst in the flaming inferno. Fires glowed dully along the coast, and shore batteries blinked white flashes that reached the ear as dull reverberations like distant thunder. The searchlights wheeled about the low-lying clouds into which tracer shells were soaring.

They had solved the problem of navigating to La Panne by following a paddle steamer that had half a dozen lifeboats in tow. The whole night was full of the sound of motorboats' exhausts. There was a young moon peeping in and out of the drifting clouds, and it revealed the indistinct lines of little craft far and wide, heading in the same direction.

Johnnie sat entranced by the spectacle, crowing huskily at intervals. Tanner, having mounted his Bren gun in the stern, gave her a relief at the wheel. He said it was much the same as driving a car. She practiced loading the rifle under his tuition. Old Ferris visited them at intervals, calling her "Skipper." It didn't matter what Johnnie called her, because nobody could understand what he said.

"You're a bit young for this game, eh, Skipper?" asked Tanner. "How old are you?"

"About a hundred," she replied with a gruff laugh. And in that moment, before the dawn of hell's delight, she felt it.

The dawn came slowly, revealing the small craft of the south coast of England

covering the Channel like water beetles on the surface of a pool. Pleasure steamers and yachts, barges, scoots, wherries, lifeboats, motorboats, rowing boats, and canoes. . . . Fishermen, yachtsmen, long-shoremen, men who had never been afloat in their lives, millionaires and the very poor, elderly men and lads in their teens, answering in a headlong rush the appeal for boats. Boats for the beaches and the last of the Expeditionary Force.

Somehow she hadn't thought about the dead. Her thoughts were entirely occupied with the living. It wasn't till Johnnie began making queer noises of distress and pointing down into the shallow water that she saw them—the men who had been machine-gunned in the shallows, wading out into the water to reach security. They were still there, some floating, some submerged; in an odd way they seemed to convey resentment at the disturbance of their oblivion by the passing keels.

She called Johnnie to her side. "Take the lead line and sound over the bows. Call the soundings. Nothing else matters. Do you understand, Johnnie? Nothing else matters. I am here."

He made guttural noises, pointing at Tanner, who was blazing away with the Bren gun at a Heinkel overhead that had bombed a trawler astern of them. She held him with her eyes. "Nothing else matters, do you understand?" He picked up the lead line and went forward obediently. She put her lips to the voice pipe. "Go very slow, Ferris."

"Go very slow," repeated the old man.

She crept inshore. The beach was pitted with shell craters out of which men came running, wading out into the water to meet them. From the sand dunes more men stumbled, helping the wounded. The whole foreshore was alive with men and boats, and the smoke from Dunkirk fires flowed over them like a dark river.

At three and a half feet she would stop. It was the least they could float in. She listened to the strange cries Johnnie emitted as he hauled in the dripping lead line, understanding them perfectly.

Presently, her mouth to the voice pipe, she gave the order to stop. Tanner was having trouble with the Bren gun and swearing in a ceaseless flow of incomprehensible blasphemy. Old Ferris, complete in shrapnel helmet and life belt, climbed out of his hatch and came toward her, lighting his pipe.

"They said I was too old to fight, but—"

"Get back. We're in four feet. I must keep working the engines." A bomb burst among the men wading toward them. She shut her eyes for a moment. "Keep on sounding, Johnnie. What water have you got?"

"Fraghaph-ah-ah," crowed Johnnie.

"Good boy. Keep it going."

The Bren gun broke out afresh. Tanner, having cleared the jam, opened fire again, chanting oaths like a denunciatory psalm. "Slow astern, Ferris."

Another cluster of men wading to their armpits had reached them.

Johnnie looked back at her and pointed at their sun-scorched, puffing faces. No doubt existed in his mind that it was all something to do with his lead-line achievements. He was delighted. Somewhere out of sight a German field-gun battery opened fire, the shells whistling viciously overhead.

She searched every face as they came splashing and gasping toward her and somehow contrived to hoist each other inboard. She took sixty or seventy at a trip and transferred them to the nearest vessel lying out in the deep water; she had hitherto believed that the utmost capacity of the *Wanderer* was a dozen. Backwards and forwards they went under exploding bombs, under machine-gun fire and whining shells. Tanner ran

out of ammunition, and they went alongside a destroyer, where he got another case and a spare barrel for the Bren gun. She lost all count of time, all fear, all feeling. Sometimes she interrogated weary men: Had they seen his unit? Had they ever heard his name? They shook their heads and begged for water. She had none left.

Then suddenly it seemed that the beaches were empty. She didn't know that the men were being marched westward to Dunkirk, where the French and British destroyers were crowding alongside the mole and embarking troops in thousands under shellfire. Except for a few scattered units moving west, the beaches were empty. The task was done; but where was he—where was he?

The Bren gun had been silent for a long time, but she hadn't noticed. Now, turning to look seaward, she saw Tanner lying beside it with his knees screwed up into his belly. She ran aft and knelt beside him.

His eyes sought hers out of his gray face. "I bought it, Skipper. Sorry. . . . Got a drop of water?"

She raised his head and held it against her breast. "There isn't any water left."

His eyes were suddenly puzzled. . . . He moved his head sideways a little and then smiled, and died, ineffably content.

They followed a big gray coaster back to Dover. Old Ferris got a spare red ensign out of the locker and tucked Tanner up in it. He didn't mind Tanner's being killed, having been disposed to regard him jealously as an intruder into a nice little family party. Moreover, he disapproved of his language. He walked forward to the wheelhouse. She was moving the spokes of the wheel slowly between her blistered hands. Her shrapnel helmet lay on the chart beside the valiant briar pipe. She was aware



of the old man beside her and of having reached the end of her tether at one and the same moment.

Old Ferris kicked Johnnie, asleep at her feet, into wakefulness. "Take the wheel," he said gruffly, and held her as she pitched, sobbing and exhausted, into his arms.

They berthed alongside the Admiralty pier, and she climbed ashore to find someone who could give them fuel and water. The quays were thronged with troops in thousands, being fed and sorted out into units and entrained. A hospital ship was evacuating wounded into fleets of ambulances. She stepped aside to give room to the bearers of a stretcher and glanced at the face on the pillow.

He had a bandage round his head and opened his eyes suddenly on her face.

"I've been looking for you," she announced in a calm, matter-of-fact tone. She felt no emotion whatever.

He smiled. "Well, here I am," he said.

#### CLASS DISCUSSIONS

1. To what does the author ascribe the "miracle" of Dunkirk?

2. What signs of the peril of the undertaking are visible in the description of the scene at Dover? What perils are encountered by the destroyer at Dunkirk? How does the captain behave amid the danger? When he is wounded? On the return trip? Do you think he survived?

3. What elements in the total population make the private yacht? Why does each person wish to face the dangers? How does each behave at La Panne? Which part of the description do you like best?

4. What reward does the girl get on the Dover pier? Does the account of the *Wanderer's* share in the rescue bear out the author's explanation of the achievement in the first paragraph?

5. Compare your impressions of the

Dunkirk rescue gained from this account with that gained from the history (page 731).

6. "Bartimeus" is the pen name of Lewis Ritchie, an officer of long experience in the British Royal Navy. His *Action Stations!* (1941) lives up to its title.

7. Reports on further reading should include *The Nine Days Wonder* by John Masefield (see page 731) and *Dunkirk*, a ballad by the American writer, Robert Nathan.

#### MR. CHURCHILL TAKES OVER

PHILIP GUEDALLA

[The preceding selection depicts the spirit of the British people when faced with the threat of defeat. In the present selection a brilliant historian reports the same situation as viewed by a great statesman, Mr. Winston Spencer Churchill, who became Prime Minister on May 10, 1940.]

IN JUNE, 1940, and the months that followed, Great Britain, under Mr. Churchill, stood in greater peril than at any moment in its history, knew it, and rather liked it. The coastline of the Continent from the North Cape to the Pyrenees was in enemy control; and behind it an undefeated army with immense striking power and unlimited air strength waited its moment. The danger was no graver in the weeks before Trafalgar,<sup>1</sup> when Nelson was decoyed to the West Indies and the *Grande Armée*<sup>2</sup> lay waiting on the hills behind Boulogne, or in the breathless days that saw the vast crescent of the Armada<sup>3</sup> draw slowly nearer to a silent island in a summer sea. For England in 1588 was not defenseless if Parma's men had landed; and England in 1805 had armed

<sup>1</sup> *Trafalgar*, the victory of Admiral Nelson over the French and Spanish fleets off Cape Trafalgar, near Gibraltar, October 21, 1805.

<sup>2</sup> *Grande Armée*, Napoleon's army, with which he intended to invade England from the French port of Boulogne.

<sup>3</sup> *Armada*, the Spanish fleet with which Philip II hoped to conquer England in 1588.

for years against a French invasion. But England in 1940? That question was never answered, because invasion never came. But it was plain that, in Froude's<sup>4</sup> words, "a combination of curious circumstances, assisted by four and twenty miles of water, had protected England hitherto from sharing the miseries of the rest of Europe"; and that summer England wondered just how long the barrier would hold.

After years of gathering uncertainty about the future it was a relief to know precisely where they stood. There was not much room for doubting that in June, 1940; and it seemed preferable to the vague terrors of the unknown, which had hung over them during the inactive winter months, or the agonies they had experienced before the army was extricated from the Continent. Now they were all, or nearly all, at home; and they could face the worst together. Mr. Churchill had once written of "the genius of the English race in adversity."

But in those summer weeks they were braced by something more than adversity. For they had always valued their privacy. Their garden walls were higher, their railway compartments smaller than those of other people; and when all Continental aid fell away from them, they were inwardly sustained by a strange, consoling feeling that they had got the war to themselves. There were no more foreign complications now; and they could trust themselves to do whatever had to be done. It was somehow comforting to feel that their backs were to the wall, that there was nothing more for them to think about, and that henceforward action would determine the event. (That feeling was put into words by the Londoner who remarked sedately, "Well, we're in the final now.")

<sup>4</sup> *Froude, James Anthony (1818-1894)*, whose history of sixteenth-century England contains a dramatic account of the Armada.

They could see clearly that they had not been very good at forecasting events or at making preparations to encounter them, and that they had been brought to the edge of the abyss by leaders who honestly supposed themselves to be traveling in the opposite direction. But all that was over, and life seemed infinitely simpler now that they could see the precipice in front of them. For they were free to concentrate on action, on immense increases of production, on improving an entirely new defense force over a million strong.

They set about it in a mood of surprising cheerfulness. Indeed, they were unusually sociable that summer. Strangers actually spoke to one another, warmed by a sense that they were all in it together (and a comfortable feeling that nobody else was). The Empire was with them, and sympathetic noises came from the United States. But the Empire was a long way off, except for an increasing number of its representatives in arms, who were comfortingly on the spot. If the blow fell, it would fall on Britain. Their island was a stronghold; and as they walked about it, they could see their own people and the large young men from the Dominions by whom it was to be defended. There were no heroics, because they all had far too much to do. But if their predicament that summer was Elizabethan,<sup>5</sup> their temper was Elizabethan, too.

One man's voice kept time to their steady pulse and occasionally made it beat a little faster. Indeed, it was not easy to say whether Mr. Churchill's mood was attuned to theirs or theirs to his, for they encouraged one another. He had begun at the darkest moment<sup>6</sup> of the French collapse with a proud intimation that "we have become the sole

<sup>5</sup> *Elizabethan*, as in the reign of Elizabeth when the Armada threatened.

<sup>6</sup> *darkest moment*, June 17, when Marshal Pétain deserted the English and sued for peace with the invading Germans.

champions now in arms to defend the world cause. We shall do our best to be worthy of this high honor. . . ." On the next day,<sup>7</sup> surveying their situation "with a disillusioned eye," he enumerated as Great Britain's assets a large army, an unbeaten navy—"after all, we have a Navy. Some people seem to forget that we have a Navy. We must remind them"—and an Air Force whose performance at Dunkirk gave promise of still better results nearer home.

With these resources his technical advisers had recommended that the war could be carried on with "good and reasonable hopes of final victory." This cool report was followed by an equally calm account of consultations with the Dominions, resulting in the decision of a united Empire to fight on. Then he permitted himself a final word of eloquent encouragement:

The whole fury and might of the enemy must very soon be turned on us. Hitler knows that he will have to break us in this island or lose the war. If we can stand up to him, all Europe may be free and the life of the world may move forward into broad, sunlit uplands. . . . Let us therefore brace ourselves to our duties, and so bear ourselves that, if the British Empire and its Commonwealth last for a thousand years, men will say, "This was their finest hour."

That was in June. A vivid sense that all of them were in it was reinforced by the inclusive composition of Mr. Churchill's all-party Government, in which Tory lions<sup>8</sup> lay down with Trade Union lambs and Liberals of both complexions were on speaking terms, and by his unvarying refusal to reproach those responsible for past failings—"If we open a quarrel between the past and the present, we shall find that we have lost the future. . . ."

<sup>7</sup>next day, June 18. <sup>8</sup>Tory lions, leaders of the Tory, or conservative, party.



WINSTON CHURCHILL

His strong sense of urgency, of the "supreme hour," informed all of his utterances. But there was no suggestion of the slightest strain. Indeed, a comfortable insularity began to creep into his surveys—"Here, in our island, we are in good health and in good heart. . . ." This was followed by a circumstantial forecast of defense in "every village, every town, and every city. The vast mass of London itself, fought street by street, could easily devour an entire hostile army . . ." and preparations for the purpose were becoming familiar objects of the countryside and of the urban landscape. For Mr. Churchill and his countrymen kept pace with one another. "Here," he had told them, "in this strong City of Refuge which enshrines the title-deeds of human progress and is of deep consequence to Christian civilization; here, girt about by the seas and oceans where the Navy reigns; shielded from above by the prowess and devotion of our airmen—we await undismayed the impending assault." They knew precisely what he meant. Meanwhile, it

was good to hear (as he told a later audience) that "the whole British Army is at home" and "the whole island bristles against invaders."

They were in August now. The summer weeks had passed, and they were still "erect, sure of ourselves, masters of our fate. . . . Few would have believed we could survive; none would have believed that we should today not only feel stronger, but should actually be stronger than we have ever been before." They had come a long way since midsummer, when very few outside the British Empire believed that they would have the courage to fight on, and cold-eyed neutral journalists composed judicial surveys at long range of what the world would be like "if Britain should lose." The statistics of defeat had seemed almost unanswerable then. But they were never very good at figures.

Logically the operations on the Continent, upon whose results the war had hitherto been staked, pointed to a German victory; and the French, always logical, succumbed. But the British mind, impervious to logic, entirely failed to follow this disastrous reasoning. As they figured it out, it was palpably ridiculous for anybody to suppose (though nearly all the world supposed it) that the war was lost. Nothing was further from the truth, as they could see with their own eyes. Others might, perhaps, have lost it temporarily; for Oxford Street<sup>9</sup> was full of foreign uniforms that summer. But they were quite convinced that nobody need feel the least anxiety about Great Britain.

They were helped to that conclusion by the cheerful voice of the Prime Minister; and no man ever rendered greater service to his people than their spokesman in those summer weeks of 1940. Perhaps it was his major contribution to their history. For they had never

been articulate; and Mr. Churchill, by saying what they felt, enabled them to feel it still more strongly. He felt as they did about the things that they were fighting for, things that had sometimes been a trifle undervalued by sophisticated critics in the Twenties. But then Mr. Churchill had never been in sympathy with that enlightened decade; and neither, for that matter, were they. For when it came to it, they found themselves insensibly aligned in defense of earlier ideals, of simpler standards well within their comprehension and Mr. Churchill's, of things that Englishmen had thought worth fighting for in 1914 and 1897 and 1815.<sup>10</sup> (For they could see now that their history was not nearly so irrelevant as they had sometimes been inclined to think.)

He did not speak smooth words to them about an easy victory; and he said just what they wanted said about the enemy. His sturdy mispronunciation of foreign names appealed to them immensely; he would have his little bit of fun about the Italians, and the country roared. They were delighted when he offered Mussolini's navy a safe passage past Gibraltar to satisfy "a general curiosity in the British Fleet . . . whether the Italians are up to the level they were in the last war or whether they have fallen off at all," no less than by his disrespectful word-pictures of the "little Italian accomplice trotting along hopefully and hungrily, but rather wearily and very timidly." But in his graver

<sup>10</sup> *in 1914 and 1897 and 1815.* In 1914 the British people felt obligated to go to war when Germany invaded Belgium. In the eyes of Germany a solemn pledge to preserve the neutrality of Belgium was merely "a scrap of paper." In 1897 at Queen Victoria's Jubilee the English people, thinking of their empire stretching round the world, were alarmed by recollection of the German Kaiser's recent telegram congratulating the South Africans upon a victory achieved "without calling on the aid of friendly powers." In 1815 England led a coalition of European countries to attack Napoleon promptly on his return from Elba; thereby they defeated Napoleon irretrievably at Waterloo.

<sup>9</sup> *Oxford Street*, one of the finest business streets in London.

passages, his deeper notes, his invocation of "all that we have and are," his simple statement that "we may show mercy—we shall ask for none," he was the voice of England.

#### CLASS DISCUSSIONS

1. Why was Great Britain in the greatest peril in its long history? How, according to Mr. Guedalla, did the people face the danger?

2. In what mood did the new Prime Minister regard the task before the English government? What reasons did he have for challenging the might of German arms? Did foreign observers agree with him about the prospect of success?

3. What effect did Mr. Churchill have on the English people? Why?

4. A report should be made on the whole biography from which this account is taken (*Mr. Churchill*; see page 615). What are the most interesting episodes in Mr. Churchill's earlier career? Do they foreshadow his conduct in this crisis?

### EVERY MAN TO HIS POST

WINSTON CHURCHILL

[The great Prime Minister whose leadership Mr. Guedalla describes in the preceding selection here speaks in his own person. He speaks during the height of the Nazi preparations to bring England to its knees. This address to the people was broadcast on September 11, 1940, just four days after the German Luftwaffe began the night bombing of London. It reflects the temper of both the speaker and the people whom he leads.]

WHEN I said in the House of Commons the other day that I thought it improbable that the enemy's air attack in September could be more than three times as great as it was in August, I was not, of course, referring to barbarous attacks upon the civil population, but to the great air battle which is being fought out between our fighters and the German Air Force.

You will understand that whenever the weather is favorable, waves of German bombers, protected by fighters, often three or four hundred at a time, surge over this Island, especially the promontory of Kent, in the hope of attacking military and other objectives by daylight. However, they are met by our fighter squadrons and nearly always broken up; and their losses average three to one in machines and six to one in pilots.

This effort of the Germans to secure daylight mastery of the air over England is, of course, the crux of the whole war. So far it has failed conspicuously. It has cost them very dear, and we have felt stronger, and actually are relatively a good deal stronger, than when the hard fighting began in July. There is no doubt that Herr Hitler is using up his fighter force at a very high rate, and that if he goes on for many more weeks he will wear down and ruin this vital part of his Air Force. That will give us a very great advantage.

On the other hand, for him to try to invade this country without having secured mastery in the air would be a very hazardous undertaking. Nevertheless, all his preparations for invasion on a great scale are steadily going forward. Several hundreds of self-propelled barges are moving down the coasts of Europe, from the German and Dutch harbors to the ports of northern France; from Dunkirk to Brest;<sup>1</sup> and beyond Brest to the French harbors in the Bay of Biscay.

Besides this, convoys of merchant ships in tens of dozens are being moved through the straits of Dover into the Channel, dodging along from port to port under the protection of the new batteries which the Germans have built on the French shore. There are now considerable gatherings of shipping in

<sup>1</sup> *Dunkirk to Brest*, from the east to the west of the northern coast of France.

the German, Dutch, Belgian, and French harbors—all the way from Hamburg<sup>2</sup> to Brest. Finally, there are some preparations made to carry an invading force from the Norwegian harbors.

Behind these clusters of ships or barges, there stand very large numbers of German troops, awaiting the order to go on board and set out on their very dangerous and uncertain voyage across the seas. We cannot tell when they will try to come; we cannot be sure that in fact they will try at all; but no one should blind himself to the fact that a heavy, full-scale invasion of this island is being prepared with all the usual German thoroughness and method, and that it may be launched now—upon England, upon Scotland, or upon Ireland, or upon all three.

If this invasion is going to be tried at all, it does not seem that it can be long delayed. The weather may break at any time. Besides this, it is difficult for the enemy to keep these gatherings of ships waiting about indefinitely, while they are bombed every night by our bombers, and very often shelled by our warships which are waiting for them outside.

Therefore, we must regard the next week or so as a very important period in our history. It ranks with the days when the Spanish Armada was approaching the Channel, and Drake<sup>3</sup> was finishing his game of bowls; or when Nelson<sup>4</sup> stood between us and Napoleon's Grand Army at Boulogne. We have read all about this in the history books; but what is happening now is on a far greater scale and of far more

consequence to the life and future of the world and its civilization than these brave old days of the past.

Every man and woman will therefore prepare himself to do his duty, whatever it may be, with special pride and care. Our fleets and flotillas are very powerful and numerous; our Air Force is at the highest strength it has ever reached, and it is conscious of its proved superiority, not indeed in numbers, but in men and machines. Our shores are well fortified and strongly manned, and behind them, ready to attack the invaders, we have a far larger and better equipped mobile Army than we have ever had before.

Besides this, we have more than a million and a half men of the Home Guard, who are just as much soldiers of the Regular Army as the Grenadier Guards, and who are determined to fight for every inch of the ground in every village and in every street.

It is with devout but sure confidence that I say: Let God defend the Right.

These cruel, wanton, indiscriminate bombings of London are, of course, a part of Hitler's invasion plans. He hopes, by killing large numbers of civilians, and women and children, that he will terrorize and cow the people of this mighty imperial city, and make them a burden and an anxiety to the Government and thus distract our attention unduly from the ferocious onslaught he is preparing. Little does he know the spirit of the British nation, or the tough fiber of the Londoners, whose forebears played a leading part in the establishment of Parliamentary institutions and who have been bred to value freedom far above their lives. This wicked man, the repository and embodiment of many forms of soul-destroying hatred, this monstrous product of former wrongs and shame, has now resolved to try to break our famous Island race by a process of indiscriminate

<sup>2</sup> *Hamburg*, a German port across the North Sea to the east of England.

<sup>3</sup> *Drake*, Sir Francis (1545-1595), who was playing at bowls at Plymouth, July 19, 1588, when the Armada hove in sight. He commanded the English fleet that defeated the Armada.

<sup>4</sup> *Nelson*, Admiral Horatio (1758-1805), who defeated, off Cape Trafalgar, the joint French and Spanish fleet (October 21, 1805) which had been assembled to transport Napoleon's army to England.

slaughter and destruction. What he has done is to kindle a fire in British hearts, here and all over the world, which will glow long after all traces of the conflagration he has caused in London have been removed. He has lighted a fire which will burn with a steady and consuming flame until the last vestiges of Nazi tyranny have been burnt out of Europe, and until the Old World—and the New—can join hands to rebuild the temples of man's freedom and man's honor, upon foundations which will not soon or easily be overthrown.

This is a time for everyone to stand together, and hold firm, as they are doing. I express my admiration for the exemplary manner in which all the Air Raid Precautions services of London are being discharged, especially the Fire Brigade, whose work has been so heavy and also dangerous. All the world that is still free marvels at the composure and fortitude with which the citizens of London are facing and surmounting the great ordeal to which they are subjected, the end of which or the severity of which cannot yet be foreseen.

It is a message of good cheer to our fighting Forces on the seas, in the air, and in our waiting Armies in all their posts and stations, that we send them from this capital city. They know that they have behind them a people who will not flinch or weary of the struggle—hard and protracted though it will be; but that we shall rather draw from the heart of suffering itself the means

of inspiration and survival, and of a victory won not only for ourselves but for all—a victory won not only for our own time, but for the long and better days that are to come.

#### CLASS DISCUSSIONS

1. What peril does Churchill describe? (a) How important is it? (b) In what spirit does the speaker view the danger? (c) What facts lend support to his view?
2. What confidence does he express in the English people? (a) Of what value is their spirit? (b) What reward does the Prime Minister promise for their fortitude?
3. Compare this address with others of Prime Minister Churchill's famous speeches, and read passages that give you the thrill of great oratory. Two collections may be consulted: *Blood, Sweat, and Tears* (1941) and *The Unrelenting Struggle* (1942).

#### REVIEW

1. Compare this radio address with Guedalla's description of Churchill. Read paragraphs of the speech that bear out the historian's description.
2. Do you find, in the account by "Bar-timeus," any particular *actions* that bear out Churchill's estimate of the English people?
3. You have become acquainted with three writers in this section, "People and Events." (a) Which of the selections gave you the most pleasure? Read to the class the paragraphs that most influenced your choice. (b) Which of the selections gives the strongest notion of a personality behind the writing?

## ESSAYS

A MEMORY  
OF A MIDNIGHT EXPRESS

MAX BEERBOHM

[Have you ever had a presentiment? Have you ever felt, perhaps early in the morning, possibly before you were fully awake, that something dreadful was going to happen? Was there any slightest accident or any unwelcome news during the whole day? It is with such questions as these in mind that you should read the following essay by "the incomparable Max."]

**O**FTEN I have presentiments of evil; but, never having had one of them fulfilled, I am beginning to ignore them. I find that I have always walked straight, serenely *imprescient*,<sup>1</sup> into whatever trap Fate has laid for me. When I think of any horrible thing that has befallen me, the horror is intensified by recollection of its suddenness. "But a moment before, I had been quite happy, quite secure. A moment later—" I shudder. Why be thus at Fate's mercy always, when with a little ordinary second sight. . . . Yet no! That is the worst of a presentiment: it never averts evil, it does but unnerve the victim. Best, after all, to have only false presentiments like mine. Bolts that cannot be dodged strike us kindest from the blue.

And so let me be thankful that my sole emotion as I entered an empty compartment at Holyhead<sup>2</sup> was that craving for sleep, which, after midnight, overwhelms every traveler—especially the Saxon<sup>3</sup> from tumultuous and quick-witted little Dublin. Mechanically, comfortably, as I sank into a corner, I rolled my rug round me, laid my feet against

<sup>1</sup> *imprescient*, without foresight.

<sup>2</sup> *Holyhead*, the English port at which one transfers from the Dublin boats to the railway for London.

<sup>3</sup> *Saxon*, Englishman.

the opposite cushions, twitched up my collar above my ears, twitched down my cap over my eyes.

It was not the jerk of the starting that half awoke me, but the consciousness that someone had flung himself into the compartment when the train was already in motion. I saw a small man putting something in the rack—a large black handbag. Through the haze of my sleep I saw him, vaguely resented him. He had no business to have slammed the door like that, no business to have jumped into a moving train, no business to put that huge handbag into a rack which was "for light baggage only," and no business to be wearing, at this hour and in this place, a top hat.<sup>4</sup> These four peevish objections floated sleepily together round my brain. It was not till the man turned round, and I met his eye, that I awoke fully—awoke to danger. I had never seen a murderer, but I knew that the man who was so steadfastly peering at me now. . . . I shut my eyes. I tried to think. Could I be dreaming? In books I had read of people pinching themselves to see whether they were really awake. But in actual life there never was any doubt on that score. The great thing was that I should keep all my wits about me. Everything might depend on presence of mind. Perhaps this murderer was mad. If you fix a lunatic with your eye. . . .

Screwing up my courage, I fixed the man with my eye. I had never seen such a horrible little eye as his. It was a sane eye, too. It radiated a cold and ruthless sanity. It belonged not to a man who would kill you wantonly, but to one who would not scruple to kill you for a purpose, and would do the job quickly and neatly, and not be found out. Was

<sup>4</sup> *top hat*, tall silk hat.



he physically strong? Though he looked very wiry, he was little and narrow, like his eyes. He could not overpower me by force, I thought (and instinctively I squared my shoulders against the cushions, that he might realize the impossibility of overpowering me), but I felt he had enough "science"<sup>5</sup> to make me less than a match for him. I tried to look cunning and determined. I longed for a mustache like his, to hide my somewhat amiable mouth. I was thankful I could not see his mouth—could not know the worst of the face that was staring at me in the lamplight. And yet what could be worse than his eyes, gleaming from the deep shadow cast by the brim of his top hat? What deadlier than that square jaw, with the bone so sharply delineated under the taut skin?

The train rushed on, noisily swaying through the silence of the night. I thought of the unseen series of placid landscapes that we were passing through, of the unconscious cottagers snoring there in their beds, of the safe people in the next compartment to mine—to his. Not moving a muscle, we sat there, we two, watching each other, like two hostile cats. Or rather, I thought, he watched me as a snake watches a rabbit, and I, like a rabbit, could not look away. I seemed to hear my heart beating time to the train. Suddenly my heart was at a standstill, and the double beat of the train receded faintly. The man was pointing upwards. . . . I shook my head. He had asked me, in a low voice, whether he should pull the hood across the lamp.

He was standing now with his back turned toward me, pulling his handbag out of the rack. He had a furtive back—the back of a man who, in his time, had borne many an alias.<sup>6</sup> To this day

<sup>5</sup> *science*, skill in boxing, the "noble science of self-defense."

<sup>6</sup> *borne* . . . *alias*, assumed different names to escape the police.

I am ashamed that I did not spring up and pinion him there and then. Had I possessed one ounce of physical courage, I should have done so. A coward, I let slip the opportunity. I thought of the communication-cord; but how could I move to it? He would be too quick for me. He would be very angry with me. I would sit quite still and wait. Every moment was a long reprieve to me now. Something might intervene to save me. There might be a collision on the line. Perhaps he was a quite harmless man. . . . I caught his eye, and shuddered. . . .

His bag was open on his knees. His right hand was groping in it. (Thank Heaven he had not pulled the hood over the lamp!) I saw him draw out something—a limp thing, made of black cloth, not unlike the thing that a dentist places over your mouth when laughing-gas is to be administered. "Laughing-gas, no laughing matter"—the irrelevant and idiotic embryo of a pun dangled itself for an instant in my brain. What other horrible thing would come out of the bag? Perhaps some gleaming instrument? . . . He closed the bag with a snap, laid it beside him. He took off his top hat, laid that beside him. I was surprised (I know not why) to see that he was bald. There was a gleaming highlight on his bald, round head. The limp, black thing was a cap, which he slowly adjusted with both hands, drawing it down over the brow and behind the ears. It seemed to me as though he were, after all, hooding the lamp; in my feverish fancy the compartment grew darker when the orb of his head was hidden. The shadow of another simile for his action came surging up. . . . He had put on the cap so gravely, so judicially. Yes, that was it: he had assumed the black cap,<sup>7</sup> that decent symbol which indemnifies the taker of a

<sup>7</sup> *black cap*, worn by an English judge when passing a sentence of death.



THE BLACK THING WAS A CAP, WHICH HE SLOWLY ADJUSTED.

life; and might the Lord have mercy on my soul. . . . Already he was addressing me. . . . What had he said? I asked him to repeat it. My voice sounded even further away than his. He repeated that he thought we had met before. I heard my voice saying politely, somewhere in the distance, that I thought not. He suggested that I had been staying at some hotel in Colchester,<sup>8</sup> six years ago. My voice, drawing a little nearer to me, explained that I had never in my life been at Colchester. He begged my pardon and hoped no offense would be taken where none had been meant. My voice, coming right back into its own quarters, reassured him that of course I had taken no offense at all, adding that I myself very often mistook one face for another. He replied, rather inconsequently, that the world was a small place.

Evidently he must have prepared this

<sup>8</sup> Colchester, an old town on the opposite (east) side of England.

remark to follow my expected admission that I *had* been at that hotel in Colchester six years ago, and have thought it too striking a remark to be thrown away. A guileless creature evidently, and not a criminal at all. Then I reflected that most of the successful criminals succeed rather through the incomparable guilelessness of the police than through any devilish cunning in themselves. Besides, this man looked the very incarnation of ruthless cunning. Surely, he must but have dissembled. My suspicions of him resurged. But somehow, I was no longer afraid of him. Whatever crimes he might have been committing, and be going to commit, I felt that he meant no harm to me. After all why should I have imagined myself to be in danger? Meanwhile, I would try to draw the man out, pitting my wits against his.

I proceeded to do so. He was very voluble, in a quiet way. Before long I was in possession of all the materials

for an exhaustive biography of him. And the strange thing was that I could not, with the best will in the world, believe that he was lying to me. I had never heard a man telling so obviously the truth. And the truth about anyone, however commonplace, must always be interesting. Indeed, it is the commonplace truth—the truth of widest application—that is the most interesting of all truths.

I do not now remember many details of this man's story; I remember merely that he was "traveling in lace," that he had been born at Boulogne<sup>9</sup> (this was the one strange feature of the narrative), that somebody had once left him £100 in a will, and that he had a little daughter who was "as pretty as a pink." But at that time I was enthralled. Besides, I liked the man immensely. He was a kind and simple soul, utterly be-lying his appearance. I wondered how I ever could have feared him and hated him. Doubtless, the reaction from my previous state intensified the kindness of my feelings. Anyhow, my heart went out to him. I felt that we had known each other for many years. While he poured out his recollections, I felt that he was an old crony, talking over old days which were mine as well as his. Little by little, however, the slumber which he had scared from me came hovering back. My eyelids drooped; my comments on his stories became few and muffled. "There!" he said, "you're sleepy. I ought to have thought of that." I protested feebly. He insisted kindly. "You go to sleep," he said, rising and drawing the hood over the lamp.

It was dawn when I awoke. Someone in a top hat was standing over me and saying "Euston."<sup>10</sup>—"Euston?"—"Yes, this is Euston. Good-day to you."—"Good-day to you," I repeated mechanically, in the gray dawn.

Not till I was driving through the cold empty streets did I remember the episode of the night, and who it was that had awakened me. I wished I could see my friend again. It was horrible to think that perhaps I should never see him again. I had liked him so much, and he had seemed to like me. I did not think he was a happy man. There was something melancholy about him. I hoped he would prosper. I had a foreboding that some great calamity was in store for him, and I wished I could avert it. I thought of his little daughter who was "as pretty as a pink." Perhaps Fate was going to strike him through her. Perhaps when he got home he would find that she was dead. There were tears in my eyes when I alighted on my doorstep.

Thus, within a little space of time, did I experience two deep emotions, for neither of which was there any real justification. I experienced terror, though there was nothing to be afraid of, and I experienced sorrow, though there was nothing at all to be sorry about. And both my terror and my sorrow were, at the time, overwhelming.

You have no patience with me? Examine yourselves. Examine one another. In every one of us the deepest emotions are constantly caused by some absurdly trivial thing, or by nothing at all. Conversely, the great things in our lives—the true occasions for wrath, anguish, rapture, what not—very often leave us quite calm. We never can depend on any right adjustment of emotion to circumstance. That is one of many reasons which prevent the philosopher from taking himself and his fellow-beings quite so seriously as he would wish.

#### CLASS DISCUSSIONS

1. From the opening paragraph do you infer that the essay is to be about a false foreboding or an unexpected misfortune?

<sup>9</sup> *Boulogne*, a French port on the English Channel.

<sup>10</sup> *Euston*, a railway station in London.

Do you look for an amusing account or a painful experience?

2. What is the writer's first feeling in the train? (a) Do you find his alarm at the entrance of a passenger comic or frightening? (b) How far is the first impression borne out (or altered) by the detailed description of the man's appearance? Read some of the most vivid sentences that support your answer. Do you anywhere laugh at Sir Max's efforts to meet the worst? Or do you shudder? (c) Why does Sir Max become icily superior in his manner after seeing the black cap? Which of his successive feelings about the man up to the point where he loses his fear seem to you most amusing?

3. Why is Sir Max interested in the man's commonplace life? (a) Why does he come to like the man? Do you share his liking? (b) Why does Sir Max exaggerate his sorrow for the man after reaching London? Are you impatient with him—or delighted?

4. Does this essay bear out any of the impressions of Sir Max that you gained from the history (page 610)? Read passages that either confirm those impressions or that are quite different from qualities you expected.

5. Dip into some of Sir Max's books listed in the history (page 610). Do you find any essays that seem wittier than this one?

## THE REAL JOURNALIST

GILBERT K. CHESTERTON

[Have you ever made a mistake? Did the family or friends make fun of you? Did you get angry or sulky, or did you enjoy the whole situation? Bear questions like these in mind as you read Chesterton's account of an actual occurrence in his own busy life.]

OUR age which has boasted of realism will fail chiefly through lack of reality. Never, I fancy, has there been so grave and startling a divorce between the real way a thing is done and the look of it when it is done. I take the nearest and most topical in-

stance to hand—a newspaper. Nothing looks more neat and regular than a newspaper, with its parallel columns, its mechanical printing, its detailed facts and figures, its responsible, polysyllabic leading articles.<sup>1</sup> Nothing, as a matter of fact, goes every night through more agonies of adventure, more hairbreadth escapes, desperate expedients, crucial councils, random compromises, or barely averted catastrophes. Seen from the outside, it seems to come round as automatically as the clock and as silently as the dawn. Seen from the inside, it gives all its organizers a gasp of relief every morning to see that it has come out at all; that it has come out without the leading article upside down or the Pope congratulated on discovering the North Pole.

I will give an instance (merely to illustrate my thesis of unreality) from the paper that I know best. Here is a simple story, a little episode in the life of a journalist, which may be amusing and instructive; the tale of how I made a great mistake in quotation. There are really two stories: the story as seen from the outside, by a man reading the paper; and the story seen from the inside, by the journalists shouting and telephoning and taking notes in shorthand through the night.

This is the outside story; and it reads like a dreadful quarrel. The notorious G. K. Chesterton, a reactionary Torquemada<sup>2</sup> whose one gloomy pleasure was in the defense of orthodoxy and the pursuit of heretics, long calculated and at last launched a denunciation of a brilliant leader<sup>3</sup> of the New Theology which he hated with all the furnace of his fanatic soul. In this document Ches-

<sup>1</sup> *leading articles*, editorials.

<sup>2</sup> *Torquemada*, Thomas (1420-1498), the Inquisitor-General of Spain under Ferdinand and Isabella.

<sup>3</sup> *leader*, that is, the editor of *The Christian Commonwealth* mentioned on page 641.

terton darkly, deliberately, and not having the fear of God before his eyes, asserted that Shakespeare wrote the line "that wreaths its old fantastic roots so high." This he said because he thought craftily that none of his dupes could discover a curious and forgotten rime called "Elegy in a Country Churchyard." Anyhow, that orthodox gentleman made a howling error; and received some twenty-five letters and post cards from kind correspondents who pointed out the mistake.

But the odd thing is that scarcely any of them could conceive that it was a mistake. The first wrote in the tone of one wearied of epigrams, and cried, "What is the joke now?" Another professed (and practiced, for all I know, God help him) that he had read through all Shakespeare and failed to find the line. A third wrote in a sort of moral distress, asking, as in confidence, if Gray was really a plagiarist. They were a noble collection; but they all subtly assumed an element of leisure and exactitude in the recipient's profession and character which is far from the truth. Let us pass on to the next act of the external tragedy.

In Monday's issue of the same paper appeared a letter from the same culprit. He ingeniously confessed that the line did not belong to Shakespeare, but to a poet whom he called Grey. Which was another cropper—or whopper. This stranger and illiterate outbreak was printed by the editor with the justly scornful title, MR. CHESTERTON "EXPLAINS." Any man reading the paper at breakfast saw at once the meaning of the sarcastic quotation marks.<sup>4</sup> They meant, of course, "Here is a man who doesn't know Gray from Shakespeare; he tries to patch it up and he can't even spell Gray. And that is what he calls an explanation." That is the perfectly

natural inference of the reader from the letter, the mistake, and the headline—as seen from the outside. The falsehood was serious; the editorial rebuke was serious. The stern editor and the somber, baffled contributor<sup>5</sup> confront each other as the curtain falls.

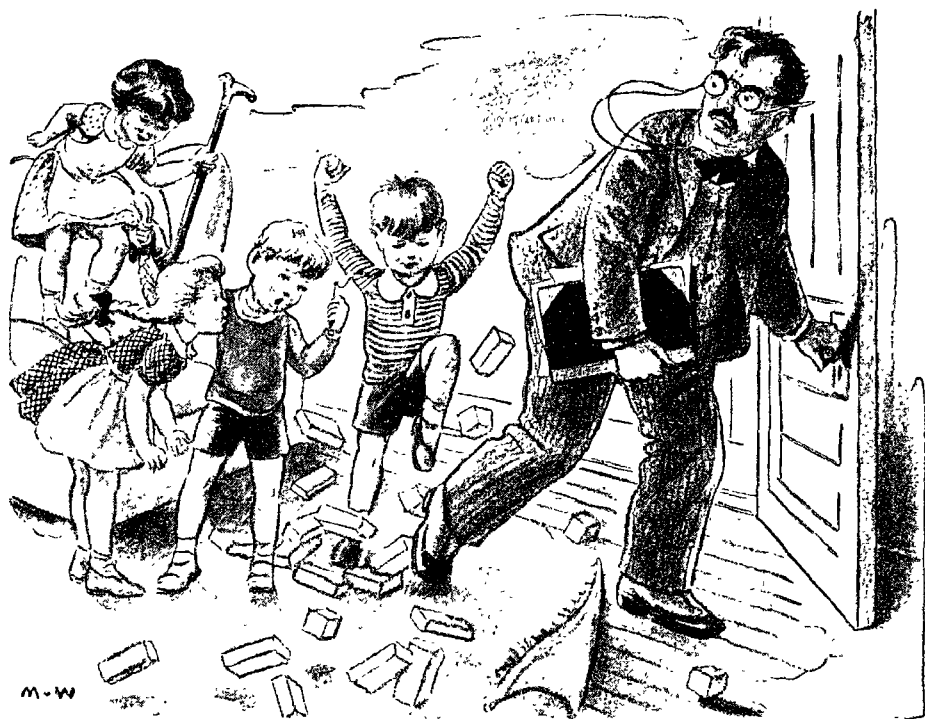
And now I will tell you exactly what really happened. It is honestly rather amusing; it is a story of what journals and journalists really are. A monstrously lazy man lives in South Bucks<sup>6</sup> partly by writing a column in the *Saturday Daily News*. At the time he usually writes it (which is always at the last moment) his house is unexpectedly invaded by infants of all shapes and sizes. His secretary is called away; and he has to cope with the invading pigmies. Playing with children is a glorious thing; but the journalist in question has never understood why it was considered a soothing or idyllic one. It reminds him, not of watering little budding flowers, but of wrestling for hours with gigantic angels and devils. Moral problems of the most monstrous complexity besiege him incessantly. He has to decide before the awful eyes of innocence, whether, when a sister has knocked down a brother's bricks, in revenge for the brother having taken two sweets out of his turn, it is endurable that the brother should retaliate by scribbling on the sister's picture-book, and whether such conduct does not justify the sister in blowing out the brother's unlawfully lighted match.

Just as he is solving this problem upon principles of the highest morality, it occurs to him suddenly that he has not written his Saturday article; and that there is only about an hour to do it in. He wildly calls to somebody (probably the gardener) to telephone to somewhere for a messenger; he bar-

<sup>4</sup> quotation marks, the quotation marks around the word *Explains*.

<sup>5</sup> baffled contributor, Chesterton himself

<sup>6</sup> South Bucks, Buckinghamshire, not far from London and northwest of it.



THERE IS ONLY ABOUT AN HOUR TO WRITE HIS ARTICLE.

ricades himself in another room and tears his hair, wondering what on earth he shall write about. A drumming of fists on the door outside and a cheerful bellowing encourage and clarify his thoughts; and he is able to observe some newspapers and circulars in wrappers lying on the table. One is a dingy book catalogue; the second is a shiny pamphlet about petrol;<sup>7</sup> the third is a paper called *The Christian Commonwealth*. He opens it anyhow, and sees in the middle of a page a sentence with which he honestly disagrees. It says that the sense of beauty in Nature is a new thing, hardly felt before Wordsworth. A stream of images and pictures pour through his head, like skies chasing each other or forests running by. "Not felt before Wordsworth!" he thinks. "Oh, but this won't do . . . bare ruined

<sup>7</sup> petrol, gasoline.

choirs where late the sweet birds sang<sup>8</sup> . . . night's candles are burnt out<sup>9</sup> . . . glowed with living sapphires<sup>10</sup> . . . leaving their moon-loved maze<sup>11</sup> . . . antique roots fantastic<sup>12</sup> . . . antique roots wreathed high<sup>13</sup> . . . what is it in — *As You Like It?*"

He sits down desperately; the messenger rings at the bell; the children drum on the door; the servants run up from time to time to say the messenger

<sup>8</sup> bare . . . sang, from Shakespeare's "Sonnet 73."

<sup>9</sup> night's . . . out, from *Romeo and Juliet*, III, v, 9.

<sup>10</sup> glowed . . . sapphires, from *Paradise Lost*, Book IV, line 604.

<sup>11</sup> leaving . . . maze, from Milton's "Hymn on the Morning of Christ's Nativity," line 236.

<sup>12</sup> antique . . . fantastic, should be: "Under an oak whose antique root peeps out" (*As You Like It*, II, i, 31).

<sup>13</sup> antique . . . high, should be: "That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high" ("Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard," line 102).

is getting bored; and the pencil staggers along, making the world a present of fifteen hundred unimportant words, and making Shakespeare a present of a portion of Gray's *Elegy*; putting "fantastic roots wreathed high" instead of "antique roots peep out." Then the journalist sends off his copy and turns his attention to the enigma of whether a brother should commandeer a sister's necklace because the sister pinched him at Littlehampton. That is the first scene; that is how an article is really written.

The scene now changes to the newspaper office. The writer of the article has discovered his mistake and wants to correct it by the next day; but the next day is Sunday. He cannot post a letter, so he rings up the paper and dictates a letter by telephone. He leaves the title to his friends at the other end; he knows that they can spell "Gray," as no doubt they can: but the letter is put down by journalistic custom in a pencil scribble and the vowel may well be doubtful. The friend writes at the top of the letter: "G.K.C." EXPLAINS, putting the initials in quotation marks. The next man passing it for press is bored with these initials (I am with him there) and crosses them out, substituting with austere civility: MR. CHESTERTON" EXPLAINS. But—and now he hears the iron laughter of the Fates, for the blind bolt is about to fall—but he neglects to cross out the second "quote"<sup>14</sup> (as we call it) and it goes up to press with a "quote" between the last words. Another quotation mark at the end of "explains" was the work of one merry moment for the printers upstairs. So the inverted commas<sup>15</sup> were lifted entirely off one word on to the other and

a totally innocent title suddenly turned into a blasting sneer. But that would have mattered nothing so far, for there was nothing to sneer at. In the same dark hour, however, there was a printer who was (I suppose) so devoted to this Government that he could think of no Gray but Sir Edward Grey.<sup>16</sup> He spelt it "Grey" by a mere misprint, and the whole tale was complete: first blunder, second blunder, and final condemnation.

That is a little tale of journalism as it is; if you call it egotistic and ask what is the use of it, I think I could tell you. You might remember it when next some ordinary young workman is going to be hanged by the neck on circumstantial evidence.

<sup>16</sup> Sir Edward Grey (1862-1933), Foreign Secretary when the essay was written.

#### CLASS DISCUSSIONS

1. Does the first paragraph impress you as humorous or serious? How does it illustrate Chesterton's love of paradox (a true statement in which is a contradiction)? Do you think it true that people judge too frequently by appearances?

2. When the scene changes to the newspaper office, the title of Chesterton's explanation passes through three different forms. Be prepared to place on the blackboard the successive forms and to explain how each form came to be.

3. In the "outside" story, why does Chesterton at first revile himself? (a) Is he ironic or repentant? (b) What feeling does his "fan mail" awaken? (c) Is he amused or annoyed by the headline, MR. CHESTERTON "EXPLAINS"?

4. In considering the "inside" story, turn first to the photograph of Chesterton (page 610) and then read his description of himself on page 636. (a) Does the photograph fit in with the word picture of the "monstrously lazy man"? (b) Does the "real" picture of Chesterton's method of composing his articles fit in with the account of him in the history (page 610)?

<sup>14</sup> second "quote," the quotation mark after G. K. C.

<sup>15</sup> inverted commas, quotation marks.

5. Point out evidence of Chesterton's immense gusto when the scene "changes to the newspaper office." (a) Where, earlier in the essay, has this full enjoyment of a situation appeared? (b) Compare this zest of Chesterton's with the fine appreciation of human absurdity in Sir Max Beer-bohm (pages 631-634). Read passages to illustrate the difference. (c) Which author do you enjoy more?

6. The most convenient method of widening your acquaintance with Chesterton is to dip into *The Man Who Was Chesterton*, compiled by Raymond T. Bond. It contains not only essays but poems, short stories, and mystery tales.

## SUCCESSFUL FINANCE— AT LAST

E. V. LUCAS

[This essay takes you into a man's club and lets you overhear the conversation at lunch. Talk like this has caused more than one member to linger occasionally three hours at the club and wish that he could do so every day.]

WE WERE talking during lunch about the usual thing—money: how to get it; how to hold it; how to do without it; how to avoid or evade the income-tax; and how to pay it, with the usual rider condemning the Government.

There is, of course, nothing in such talk, except further proof of the fatuity of speech; but on this occasion a contribution to the mysteries of revenue was undoubtedly suggested, for "I've discovered," said Vincent, "a new way to make fourteen pounds."

"Why fourteen? Why not forty?" someone asked.

"Or four?" asked another.

"You'll see," said Vincent, pleasantly conscious that the spotlight was on him. "The other evening," he continued,

"when I was changing for dinner, I missed my note-case.<sup>1</sup> It was nowhere to be found, not in any pocket either of my coat or overcoat. I was miserable; I wouldn't have lost it for anything. Looking back, I realized that, after paying in the afternoon for the cinema<sup>2</sup>—"

"So that's what you do when you leave the office?" someone asked.

"And why not?" he demanded. "I never go to the cinema till after five. It's as good as playing bridge, anyway."

"You go alone, of course?"

"As I was saying," Vincent proceeded, "after paying for the cinema, I must by mistake have put the note-case into my overcoat pocket instead of my coat pocket; and then, when I took off my coat before I sat down, it must have fallen out. That's how I argued. So I rang up the cinema and told them exactly where I was sitting and begged them to search for it."

"Mightn't she have been keeping it for you and forgotten to give it back?" someone sweetly inquired.

"She?"

"You weren't alone, were you?"

"After a while," said Vincent, "the cinema people rang up. No sign of it. I asked them to look again, and again they replied that there was no luck. I was in despair; the note-case was a present, with the most intimate associations. It had my initials on it. It was full of season tickets, too."

"My next thought was the police, because I realized that I might have been robbed while in the queue<sup>3</sup> at the box-office. I couldn't remember being jostled, but then pickpockets are so clever. Only that morning I had read an account of

<sup>1</sup> note-case. In America it is called a bill-fold.

<sup>2</sup> cinema. In America it is the "movie" theater.

<sup>3</sup> queue, the line waiting before the ticket window.



how a judge had been robbed of his note-case while the pocket it was in had been buttoned up; and then the men with false arms in 'busses. Nothing they can't do, these thieves. So directly I had dressed, I went to Vine Street."<sup>4</sup>

"Very risky," said someone.

"Why risky?"

"Putting your head in the lion's mouth. They'd never find it; but if they did, you'd have to be prosecutor and lose hours, if not days, in a police-court, and get your name in the papers, and very likely your picture—and that's no oil-painting—and, what's worse, make enemies for life of the rest of the gang. No, not good enough. You should have let it go."

"But I couldn't," said Vincent. "I had to have it back. At any rate, I had to do something. So I went to Vine Street, where they are charming. Absolutely charming. The constables at the Lost Property Office belong, as everyone knows, to the Heavenly Choir; but the officials at Vine Street are the essence of sympathy, too. I gave every particular, and it was set down in the book as though by the Recording Angel. Not very quickly, I'll admit, but with precision. Of course the policeman called the note-case a 'wallet'—I guessed he would do that—but the rest of the description was exact.

"He didn't, however, hold out much hope. 'They'll keep anything that's valuable,' he said, 'and destroy the rest. In fact, you can be fairly sure that they've already done so. That is, if the wallet was stolen at all. We have so many cases where what people thought was stolen was only mislaid. You're quite sure you've looked everywhere?' he asked. 'Quite,' I replied. 'I shouldn't be here if I weren't.'

"We wished each other good-evening,

and I went to my club, to a very belated dinner.

"As I entered, the porter told me that there was a telephone message from my flat to say that the note-case had been found. I had absent-mindedly slipped it in a drawer of the dressing-table under some handkerchiefs. What do you think of that?"

We expressed no surprise. Such things, as the policeman said, are continually happening.

"So I telephoned," said Vincent, "to Vine Street and the cinema people, and sat down to dine in a mood of perfect peace. Such peace and bliss as I haven't known for years. In fact, it was almost worth the anxiety."

"But," someone asked, "you still haven't told us this new way of making fourteen pounds."

"Oh!" Vincent said, "that's why I was so contented as I ate. You see, there were exactly fourteen pounds in the wallet."

#### CLASS DISCUSSIONS

1. How do these clubmen make conversation entertaining? Read passages that explain the secret. Do you personally hear any conversation that entertains you? It may be at home, in a moving picture, in a radio program. Write out or report orally speeches that you remember well. Report the setting of the conversation.

2. As a storyteller, how does Vincent, who feels himself in "the spotlight," keep the interest of the group to the end?

3. Does the essayist try to make fun of talk about finance, or of the trivial interests of clubmen, or does the essay show something of what he enjoys in life?

4. Find one of Lucas's early collections of essays, *Character and Comedy* (1907), *One Day and Another* (1909), or *Loiterer's Harvest* (1913), or his equally humorous novel, *Over Bemerton's* (1908). What fresh examples do you find of his interests and his personal charm?

<sup>4</sup> *Vine Street*, where a "Lost Property" station of the police department is located.

## HOME

HILAIRE BELLOC

[How would you define home? Is it the place where you eat and sleep? Or is it the place where the persons you love most are to be found? In one of Robert Frost's poems occurs the passage:

"Home is the place where, when you have to go there,  
They have to take you in."

"I should have called it  
Something you somehow haven't to deserve."

But in this essay Belloc gives a quite different definition. Find it, and, in seeking it, observe how well the author knows France, for every detail of the description is accurate.]

THERE is a river called the Eure which runs between low hills often wooded, with a flat meadow floor in between. It so runs for many miles. The towns that are set upon it are for the most part small and rare, and though the river is well known by name, and though one of the chief cathedrals of Europe stands near its source, for the most part it is not visited by strangers.

In this valley one day as I was drawing a picture of the woods I found a wandering Englishman who was in the oddest way. He seemed by the slight bend at his knees and the leaning forward of his head to have no very great care how much further he might go. He was in the clothes of an English tourist, which looked odd in such a place, as, for that matter, they do anywhere. He had upon his head a pork-pie hat<sup>1</sup> which was of the same color and texture as his clothes, a speckly brown. He carried a thick stick. He was a man over fifty years of age; his face was rather hollow and worn; his eyes were very simple and pale; he was

<sup>1</sup>*pork-pie hat*, a flat, round hat made of felt, with a low indented crown.

bearded with a weak beard, and in his expression there appeared a constrained but kindly weariness. This was the man who came up to me as I was drawing my picture. I had heard him scrambling in the undergrowth of the woods just behind me.

He came out and walked to me across the few yards of meadow. The haying was over, so he did the grass no harm. He came and stood near me, irresolutely, looking vaguely up and across the valley toward the further woods, and then gently toward what I was drawing. When he had so stood still and so looked for a moment, he asked me in French the name of the great house whose roof showed above the more ordered trees beyond the river, where a park emerged from and mixed with the forest. I told him the name of the house, whereupon he shook his head and said that he had once more come to the wrong place.

I asked him what he meant, and he told me, sitting down slowly and carefully upon the grass, this adventure:

"First," said he, "are you always quite sure whether a thing is really there or not?"

"I am always quite sure," said I; "I am always positive."

He sighed, and added: "Could you understand how a man might feel that things were really there when they were not?"

"Only," said I, "in some very vivid dream, and even then I think a man knows pretty well inside his own mind that he is dreaming." I said that it seemed to me rather like the question of the cunning of lunatics; most of them know at the bottom of their silly minds that they are cracked, as you may see by the way they plot and pretend.

"You are not sympathetic with me," he said slowly, "but I will nevertheless

tell you what I want to tell you, for it will relieve me, and it will explain to you why I have again come into this valley."

"Why do you say 'again'?" said I.

"Because," he answered gently, "when-  
ever my work gives me the opportunity I do the same thing. I go up the valley of the Seine by train from Dieppe; I get out at the station at which I got out on that day, and I walk across these low hills, hoping that I may strike just the path and just the mood—but I never do."

"What path and what mood?" said I.

"I was telling you," he answered patiently, "only you were so brutal about reality." And then he sighed. He put his stick across his knees as he sat there on the grass, held it with a hand on either side of his knees, and so sitting bunched up began his tale once more.

"It was ten years ago, and I was extremely tired, for you must know that I am a Government servant, and I find my work most wearisome. It was just this time of year that I took a week's holiday. I intended to take it in Paris, but I thought on my way, as the weather was so fine, that I would do something new and that I would walk a little way off the track. I had often wondered what country lay behind the low and steep hills on the right of the railway line.

"I had crossed the Channel by night," he continued, a little sorry for himself, "to save the expense. It was dawn when I reached Rouen, and there I very well remember drinking some coffee which I did not like, and eating some good bread which I did. I changed carriages at Rouen because the express did not stop at any of the little stations beyond. I took a slower train, which came immediately behind it, and stopped at most of the stations. I took my ticket rather at random for a little station between Pont de l'Arche and Mantes.

I got out at that little station, and it was still early—only midway through the morning.

"I was an odd mixture of fatigue and exhilaration: I had not slept and I would willingly have done so, but the freshness of the new day was upon me, and I have always had a very keen curiosity to see new sights and to know what lies behind the hills.

"The day was fine and already rather hot for June. I did not stop in the village near the station for more than half an hour, just the time to take some soup and a little wine; then I set out into the woods to cross over into this parallel valley. I knew that I should come to it and to the railway line that goes down it in a very few miles. I proposed when I came to that other railway line on the far side of the hills to walk quietly down it as nearly parallel to it as I could get, and at the first station to take the next train for Chartres, and then the next day to go from Chartres to Paris. That was my plan.

"The road up into the woods was one of those great French roads which sometimes frighten me and always weary me by their length and insistence; men seem to have taken so much trouble to make them, and they make me feel as though I had to take trouble myself; I avoid them when I walk. Therefore, so soon as this great road had struck the crest of the hills and was well into the woods (cutting through them like the trench of a fortification, with the tall trees on either side), I struck out into a *ride*<sup>2</sup> which had been cut through them many years ago and was already half overgrown, and I went along this ride for several miles.

"It did not matter to me how I went, since my design was so simple and since any direction more or less westward would enable me to fulfill it, that is, to

<sup>2</sup> *ride*, a narrow road used for riding.

come down upon the valley of the Eure and to find the single railway line which leads to Chartres. The woods were very pleasant on that June noon, and once or twice I was inclined to linger in their shade and sleep an hour. But—note this clearly—I did not sleep. I remember every moment of the way, though I confess my fatigue oppressed me somewhat as the miles continued.

“At last by the steepness of a new descent I recognized that I had crossed the watershed and was coming down into the valley of this river. The ride had dwindled to a path, and I was wondering where the path would lead me when I noticed that it was getting more orderly: there were patches of sand, and here and there a man had cut and trimmed the edges of the way. Then it became more orderly still. It was all sanded, and there were artificial bushes here and there—I mean bushes not native to the forest, until at last I was aware that my ramble had taken me into someone’s own land, and that I was in a private ground.

“I saw no great harm in this, for a traveler, if he explains himself, will usually be excused; moreover, I had to continue, for I knew no other way, and this path led me westward also. Only, whether because my trespassing worried me or because I felt my own dishevelment more acutely, the lack of sleep and the strain upon me increased as I pursued those last hundred yards, until I came out suddenly from behind a screen of rosebushes upon a large lawn, and at the end of it there was a French country house with a moat round it, such as they often have, and a stone bridge over the moat.

“The château was simple and very grand. The mouldings upon it pleased me, and it was full of peace. Upon the further side of the lawn, so that I could hear it but not see it, a fountain was playing into a basin. By the sound it

was one of those high French fountains which the people who built such houses as these two hundred years ago delighted in. The splash of it was very soothing, but I was so tired and drooping that at one moment it sounded much further than at the next.

“There was an iron bench at the edge of the screen of roses, and hardly knowing what I did—for it was not the right thing to do in another person’s place—I sat down on this bench, taking pleasure in the sight of the moat and the house with its noble roof, and the noise of the fountain. I think I should have gone to sleep there and at that moment—for I felt upon me worse than ever the strain of that long hot morning and that long night journey—had not a very curious thing happened.”

Here the man looked up at me oddly, as though to see whether I disbelieved him or not; but I did not disbelieve him.

I was not even very much interested, for I was trying to make the trees to look different one from the other, which is an extremely difficult thing; I had not succeeded and I was niggling away. He continued with more assurance:

“The thing that happened was this: a young girl came out of the house dressed in white, with a blue scarf over her head and crossed round her neck. I knew her face as well as possible; it was a face I had known all my youth and early manhood—but for the life of me I could not remember her name!”

“When one is very tired,” I said, “that does happen to one; a name one knows as well as one’s own escapes one. It is especially the effect of lack of sleep.”

“It is,” said he, sighing profoundly; “but the oddness of my feeling it is impossible to describe, for there I was meeting the oldest and perhaps the dearest and certainly the most familiar



"PHILIP CAME OUT AS SHE CALLED HIM."

of my friends, whom," he added, hesitating a moment, "I had not seen for many years. It was a very great pleasure . . . it was a sort of comfort and an ending. I forgot, the moment I saw her, why I had come over the hills, and all about how I meant to get to Chartres. . . . And now I must tell you," added the man a little awkwardly, "that my name is Peter."

"No doubt," said I gravely, for I could not see why he should not bear that name.

"My Christian name," he continued hurriedly.

"Of course," said I, as sympathetically as I could. He seemed relieved that I had not even smiled at it.

"Yes," he went on rather quickly, "Peter—my name is Peter. Well, this lady came up to me and said, 'Why, Peter, we never thought you would come!' She did not seem very much

astonished, but rather as though I had come earlier than she had expected. 'I will get Philip,' she said. 'You remember Philip?' Here I had another little trouble with my memory; I did remember that there was a Philip, but I could not place him. That was odd, you know. As for her, oh, I knew *her* as well as the color of the sky; it was her name that my brain missed, as it might have missed my own name or my mother's.

"Philip came out as she called him, and there was a familiarity between them that seemed natural to me at the time, but whether he was a brother or a lover or a husband, or what, I could not for the life of me remember.

"'You look tired,' he said to me in a kind voice that I liked very much and remembered clearly. 'I am,' said I, 'dog tired.' 'Come in with us,' he said, 'and we will give you some wine and water.

"When would you like to eat?" I said. I would rather sleep than eat. He said that could easily be arranged.

"I strolled with them toward the house across that great lawn, hearing the noise of the fountain, now dimmer, now nearer; sometimes it seemed miles away and sometimes right in my ears. Whether it was their conversation or my familiarity with them or my fatigue, at any rate, as I crossed the moat I could no longer recall anything save their presence. I was not even troubled by the desire to recall anything; I was full of a complete contentment, and this surging up of familiar things, this surging up of it in a foreign place, without excuse or possible connection or any explanation whatsoever, seemed to me as natural as breathing.

"As I crossed the bridge I wholly forgot whence I came or whither I was going, but I knew myself better than ever I had known myself, and every detail of the place was familiar to me.

"Here I had passed (I thought) many hours of my childhood and my boyhood and my early manhood also. I ceased considering the names and the relation of Philip and the girl.

"They gave me cold meat and bread and excellent wine, and water to mix with it, and as they continued to speak, even the last adumbrations of care fell off me altogether, and my spirit seemed entirely released and free. My approaching sleep beckoned to me like an easy entrance into Paradise. I should wake from it quite simply into the perpetual enjoyment of this place and its companionship. Oh, it was an absolute repose!

"Philip took me to a little room on the ground floor fitted with the exquisite care and the simplicity of the French: there was a curtained bed, a thing I love. He lent me night clothes, though it was broad day, because he said that if I undressed and got into bed

I should be much more rested; they would keep everything quiet at that end of the house, and the gentle fall of the water into the moat outside would not disturb me. I said on the contrary it would soothe me, and I felt the benignity of the place possess me like a spell. Remember that I was very tired and had not slept for now thirty hours.

"I remember handling the white counterpane and noting the delicate French pattern upon it, and seeing at one corner the little red silk coronet embroidered, which made me smile. I remember putting my hand upon the cool linen of the pillow-case and smoothing it; then I got into that bed and fell asleep. It was broad noon, with the stillness that comes of a summer noon upon the woods; the air was cool and delicious above the water of the moat, and my windows were open to it.

"The last thing I heard as I dropped asleep was her voice calling to Philip in the corridor. I could have told the very place. I knew that corridor so well. We used to play there when we were children. We used to play at traveling, and we used to invent the names of railway stations for the various doors. Remembering this and smiling at the memory, I fell at once into a blessed sleep.

"... I do not want to annoy you," said the man apologetically, "but I really had to tell you this story, and I hardly know how to tell you the end of it."

"Go on," said I hurriedly, for I had gone and made two trees one exactly like the other (which in nature was never seen) and I was annoyed with myself.

"Well," said he, still hesitating and sighing with real sadness, "when I woke up I was in a third-class carriage; the light was that of late afternoon, and a man had woken me by tapping my shoulder and telling me that the next station was Chartres. . . . That's all."

He sighed again. He expected me to say something. So I did. I said without much originality: "You must have dreamed it."

"No," said he, very considerably put out, "that is the point! I didn't! I tell you I can remember exactly every stage from when I left the railway train until I got into that bed."

"It's all very odd," said I.

"Yes," said he, "and so was my mood; but it was real enough. It was the second or third most real thing that has ever happened to me. I am quite certain that it happened to me."

I remained silent, and rubbed out the top of one of my trees so as to invent a new top for it, since I could not draw it as it was. Then, as he wanted me to say something more, I said: "Well, you must have got into the train somehow."

"Of course," said he.

"Well, where did you get into the train?"

"I don't know."

"Your ticket would have told you that."

"I think I must have given it up to the man," he answered doubtfully, "the guard who told me that the next station was Chartres."

"Well, it's all very mysterious," I said.

"Yes," he said, getting up rather weakly to go on again, "it is." And he sighed again. "I come here every year. I hope," he added a little wistfully, "I hope, you see, that it may happen to me again . . . but it never does."

"It will at last," said I to comfort him.

And, will you believe it, that simple sentence made him in a moment radiantly happy; his face beamed, and he positively thanked me, thanked me warmly.

"You speak like one inspired," he said. (I confess I did not feel like it at all.) "I shall go much lighter on my way after that sentence of yours."

He bade me good-by with some ceremony and slouched off, with his eyes set toward the west and the more distant hills.

### CLASS DISCUSSIONS

1. Regard this selection as a narrative. (a) What is your chief impression of the wandering Englishman? Read passages that give you this impression. (b) How do you explain his experience at the chateau? Is it meant to represent an actual experience or to explain in a concrete way a longing common to many human beings?

2. Regard this selection as an essay. (a) What idea of home do you find in it? Cite passages that fit this conception. (b) Do you think the phrase, "It will at last," meant on some later walking trip or in heaven? Give reasons.

3. Can you explain why this selection is classed as an essay?

4. What difference do you note between Belloc as an essayist and Beerbohm? And Chesterton? And Lucas? Read passages to bring out the differences.

### THE USE OF BOOKS

H. M. TOMLINSON

[This essay reflects the despair that filled the minds of many intelligent Englishmen in the years following the Second World War (see page 609). Threatening clouds obscured the future. The atomic bomb, which helped stop the fighting and saved perhaps a million lives among our soldiers, was viewed as a peril. It held the possibility that in the next war mankind would be blasted off the globe. The fear was increased by the difficulty the United Nations experienced in restoring peace and prosperity. Tomlinson himself summed up the situation: "There isn't enough to eat. Myriads of our fellows are starving; and fear governs us."

As you read with this background in mind, try to understand the essayist's criticism of our civilization as well as his faith in the value of literature.]

WHAT, after all, is the use of books? I suppose that in the ordinary sense of use, an application to a purpose, they are of no use. In that they have the distinction of the Beatitudes;<sup>1</sup> we can get along without them. There are books for use, dictionaries, directories, account books, textbooks, and scientific manuals, and so on, all as necessary as the morning milk and the automobile. But we can manage without Shakespeare. Hours given to the masterpieces will not get a reader nearer one good breakfast; Homer is not in the same class as books for technical colleges, which lead to success proper.

There are more than a few practical people, who know what's what and how to get it—and as a rule do get it—who declare that time given to poetry is time spoiled; though it is appallingly evident that the practical fellows, the specialists who have studied reality, and are sure they know how to manage it, have made so unholy a tangle of our affairs that we must wonder, in desperate moments, whether it is possible to invent a new creative word to put order into chaos. Shall we ever get out of this muddle, if for salvation we use only the ideas and the instruments which brought it about? Can our daily scene ever be better than the people in it? It must remain what it is, and that means it must grow worse, until prevailing ideals fade before the incoming of a better light.

We have to remember, for instance, that art and letters, once of first consequence in a civilized community, have sunk to the level of parlor games for clever people. We might have expected that lapse. When religion goes, out goes art. When there is no faith except in material power, how raise a joyous song about it? Once it was Athens<sup>2</sup> and

Bethlehem;<sup>3</sup> today it is the machine shop. Our dire need is for grace to save us from a general preoccupation with mechanics, with immense speedy things, with marvelous enormities, with nuclear fission<sup>4</sup> and its dismaying purport;<sup>5</sup> this latest desire of mankind to rise nearer the moon, and even to attain complete lunacy.

We have heard, till we are weary of hearing it, that this is the Age of Science. Yes, it is. We know it. Air-raid shelters and gas masks for infants did not come like the flowers in spring; they developed as the thoughts of man progressed. This scientific age began, we may say roughly, when, with the Industrial Revolution<sup>6</sup> and the inventions that mechanized human effort, reason advised us, at the same time, on all the new evidence at its disposal, that the universe itself is a mechanistic affair; a series of cosmic accidents chanced to bring about things as they are, and that means, of course, we are under no obligation to any superior authority, save the State. All we have to do is to survive, as the fittest to survive; and if not thus qualified so much the worse for us. The only imperative necessity men need acknowledge is circumstance.<sup>7</sup> If they want to get along nicely, then make the most of circumstance, while taking precautions to keep out of the way of the police.

Now, that is the prevailing anarchy we should repel, for it is horrible, but it has easy and neighborly acceptance; statesmen, if with a sigh, regard it as the only way of life that may be fol-

<sup>3</sup> Bethlehem, the origin of the Christian religion

<sup>4</sup> nuclear fission, the splitting of the atom, a discovery which resulted in the atomic bomb that was dropped on Hiroshima in Japan, August 6, 1945, killing 170,000 people, half of the population.

<sup>5</sup> purport, meaning.

<sup>6</sup> Industrial Revolution, the change to manufacture by machines in England (1750-1850) instead of by hand labor.

<sup>7</sup> circumstance, the condition with regard to time, place, manner, and so on that determines an event.

<sup>1</sup> Beatitudes, verses in the Bible beginning, "Blessed are the poor in spirit" (Matthew v, 3-12), which have brought comfort to millions of people. <sup>2</sup> Athens, the home of undying art and literature.



lowed profitably. I myself admit that the mystery of existence is impenetrable; still, if selected evidence, by reason and sound logic, only guide me to vacuity and drop me into the bottomless blue, then give me fairy tales instead. The old fables are no more fabulous than much else that science orders us to accept. As a shameless romantic I prefer the legend of the star, the shepherds and the wise men—for at least it is a beautiful story—to the blind movements of futility that afford no joy, and are unlit by glory, except that of high explosives.

Books may have no use, but they have good in them. There is no use in the happiness of a child, but we like it. By books I mean the words that quicken with the sense that we are of the family, of fellowship under the remote and apparently alien stars. There is a common weal.<sup>8</sup> For my part, I think as readers we should be loyal, and should affirm, against the logic of material power, and undismayed by the mystery of the universe: In the beginning was the Word; beyond the infinite and awful show of things, that. This mystery can be brought a trifle within the bounds of experience, for do we not know there is no end to the surprises the alphabet will bring to pass, if mixed with discretion and read with delight?

The spirit of man is of first importance to men, for it conjures up the world we must live in; and we know that words can change that spirit, to give it a new direction. We have witnessed this. Words can bring Pandemonium about us, a not infrequent phenomenon, but they can also lift into life and loveliness. Something is to be said for immortality, when words uttered ages ago by a nameless poet in exile can bring about a stirring in the valley of dry bones. Keats spoke for every man when, on first looking into

Chapman's Homer, he said he felt like some watcher of the skies when a new planet swims into his ken. The reader of a book may further the creation of its writer. Whatever fame may be a poet's, his part is to serve, out of a faith in a light that is not, but may come. Without his reader he would be in the dark. There is no light, it cannot be seen, unless it falls on an object. It takes two to make a book, the poet and whoever responds in a like way. The power of art, as of religion, brings communion of the spirit.

#### CLASS DISCUSSIONS

1. (a) Are you surprised by the essayist's bitterness about our materialism—our caring too much about the things of this world to the neglect of art and literature? (b) How much acquaintance has your high-school course given you with practical books and with the great literature the essayist mentions in the first paragraph?

2. (a) How much hope does Tomlinson see for improving present conditions? (b) What part do art and letters play in bringing improvement? What part do science and invention play?

3. Explain as well as you can the "horrible anarchy" in our thinking that has grown up by reason of the Industrial Revolution. Do you think this materialistic thinking is prevalent in our country?

4. (a) What contribution can literature make to the brotherhood of man? (b) Reread "On First Looking into Chapman's Homer" (page 430) and explain how it illustrates Tomlinson's thought here.

5. Has your study of literature in this book given you in any way "communion of the spirit" with the great authors of England? Mention specific writers.

#### INDIVIDUAL AND GROUP ACTIVITIES

1. Do you like biography or essays better? Explain why, with references to the selections in this chapter. If several pupils appear on the program, a debate may ensue.

<sup>8</sup> *common weal*, general well-being or happiness.

2. Which one of the essays on pages 631-648 left you with the most distinct impressions? Write an essay of your own. If most members of the class try their hand, a board of editors might select the best essays and preserve them in a loose-leaf note book as "Our Essayists" or under some more fanciful title.

3. From which of these essayists should you like to read other essays or books? (See "More Reading" below.) Some of them have written exceptionally good novels (see page 726). The reports should bring out other subjects each writer is interested in and any new notions you form about him.

## MORE READING

### I. BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY

There is a great deal of fine modern biography, from which some of the best specimens by British authors are listed below.

Aldington, Richard, *The Duke; being an account of the life and achievements of Arthur Wellesley, 1st Duke of Wellington*. Particularly interesting is the account of the Duke's boyhood in Ireland.

Arless, George, *Up the Years from Bloomsbury*. This is the famous actor's story of his life in his own words.

Asquith, Lady Cynthia, *Her Majesty the Queen*. This biography of Queen Elizabeth shows her as a simple, attractive personality.

Barrie, Sir James M., *Margaret Ogilvy*. Barrie here presents a number of amusing and tender sketches of his mother.

Brittain, Vera, *Testament of Youth*. The spirit of the younger generation after World War I blazes forth in this personal record. The same author reveals in *England's Hour* the experiences of the British people during the Second World War.

Buchan, John, *Julius Caesar and Sir Walter Scott*. The latter makes the "Wizard of the North" a living person.

Cecil, Lord David, *The Young Melbourne*. One of the most distinguished biographies of the last quarter century.

Charnwood, G. R. B., *Abraham Lincoln*. Widely read and admired on both sides of the Atlantic.

Conrad, Joseph, *Personal Record*. The autobiography of a sea-faring writer.

Forbes-Robertson, Diana, and Straus, R. W., Jr., *War Letters from Britain*. An interesting collection of letters from well-known British people to friends in America, giving sidelights on current history.

Galsworthy, John, *Memories*. The autobiography of one of England's greatest writers in the contemporary period.

Graves, Robert, *Good-bye to All That* is the most honest of the autobiographies after World War I.

Guedalla, Philip, *Second Empire*. The career of Napoleon III. *Gallery* is a collection of short lives. *Wellington* is the story of the man who won Waterloo.

Harland, Elizabeth M., *Farmer's Girl*. An account of the work done on British farms in wartime England, written by a young woman who went from London to work on a truck farm.

Lawrence, Thomas Edward, *Revolt in the Desert* tells of the incredible achievement in one of the strangest careers of this century.

Lewis, D. B. Wyndham, *The Hooded Hawk; or, The Case of Mr. Boswell*. The most notable contribution to the period of Boswell and Johnson in our day. To be admired and enjoyed.

Machen, Arthur, *Things Near and Far and Far Off Things*. These two books compose the autobiography of a British novelist and journalist.

Moorehead, Alan, *Eclipse*. This English correspondent's account of the end of World War II in Italy and Germany displays the writer's rare qualities of observation and sympathy.

Nicolson, Harold. Glimpses of his unusual early life are given in *Curzon*, the biography of his father. Another fine volume is *Dwight Morrow*, the life of an American leader.

Quiller-Couch, Arthur T., *Roll-Call of Honor*. A group of finely written biographical sketches.

Sassoon, Siegfried, *Siegfried's Journey (1916-1920)*. This autobiography of the English poet's part in World War I is a model of engaging simplicity. Most enjoyable.

Sitwell, Sir Osbert, *Left Hand, Right Hand; The Scarlet Tree; and Great Morning*. A distinguished literary figure tells of his school days, his father, and gives fascinating sketches of leading figures in English society.

## II. ESSAYS AND ORATIONS

This list contains the titles of collections of essays which are usually available in high school and public libraries. For other collections, and for famous single essays, consult your nearest librarian.

Belloc, Hilaire, *On Nothing, On Something*. These thin volumes contain personal thoughts and observations similar to the essay "Home" on page 641.

Bennett, Arnold, *How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day*. A series of helpful and stimulating suggestions for living life to the fullest extent. More varied essays appear in *Things That Have Interested Me*.

Benson, Edward F., *Our Family Affairs*. This volume is so narrative in form and so amusing that it is sometimes listed as a series of short stories.

Burke, Thomas, *Limehouse Nights*. A series of sketches of London's Chinatown.

Chesterton, G. K., *Tremendous Trifles*. Contains Mr. Chesterton's most amusing essays. Very interesting essays will be found in *Alarms and Discursions* and *The Uses of Diversity*.

Churchill, Winston S., *Secret Session Speeches*, compiled with introductory

notes by Charles Eadie. These speeches made during the crisis of World War II are full of the orator's ringing phrases and piercing wit.

Churchill, Winston S., *Victory: War Speeches*, compiled by Charles Eadie. These orations live up to the title; they have few peers in the whole history of oratory since ancient Greece.

Conrad, Joseph, *The Mirror of the Sea*. Tales and sketches arising out of Conrad's intimate knowledge of sea life.

Galsworthy, John, *The Inn of Tranquility*. Contains the best-known essays, including "Quality." Two other collections he named *A Sheaf* and *Another Sheaf*.

Gibbs, Philip, *America Speaks*. A famous English journalist and novelist interprets the American mind to British readers.

Herbert, A. P., *The Man about Town*. Light and amusing essays.

Hudson, William Henry, *Book of a Naturalist*. Studies and observations by one of the most delightful and entertaining of scientists.

Hudson, W. H., *Tales of the Gauchos*, compiled and edited by Elizabeth Coatsworth. This famous nature writer takes us to Argentina, in which he passed his boyhood. He re-creates that land of far away and long ago.

Lucas, E. V., *Fireside and Sunshine, Adventures and Misgivings, and Adventures and Enthusiasms*. All three volumes contain light and pleasant essays.

Milne, A. A., *Not That It Matters*. Milne treats amusingly of the foibles of human nature.

Priestley, J. B., *Self-Selected Essays*. His fiction, entertaining though much of it is, does not surpass this volume, full of good-natured satire.

Tomlinson, H. M., *Morning Light*. A series of essays strung on a narrative of a boy who ran away to sea. They include some of Tomlinson's best writing.

Tomlinson, H. M., *Old Junk*. The author's relish for boats has never been expressed more infectiously.

Tomlinson, H. M., *The Turn of the Tide*. Turn first to "Christmas Eve," a lovely essay in hope, picturing the poor people in East London during the German blitz.

## CHAPTER XVII: Twentieth Century Fiction

**Preview** Since the death of Queen Victoria fiction has filled more volumes than all other kinds of writing put together. Not only is an amazing number of novels printed each year, but the pages of magazines and daily papers carry novels in serial form and countless short stories. Nowadays virtually everyone reads, yet no matter what preferences a person may have, he can easily find fiction to his taste. The greater portion of this fiction is designed merely to entertain, to while away an idle hour. Some of it is written chiefly to gain circulation for ideas which the author wishes the public to consider. But among the innumerable books of fiction that have poured from the press every year since 1901, a few stand out above the rest and bid fair to survive because they reflect our own times significantly or reveal human nature in a fresh and commanding way. This chapter is concerned with such works of fiction and their authors.

The main points in the chapter will be found in answering the following questions:

- (1) What contribution did Rudyard Kipling make to twentieth century fiction?
- (2) What was the chief quality of Joseph Conrad's romances?
- (3) What two different kinds of fiction did H. G. Wells produce?
- (4) For what was Arnold Bennett distinguished as a novelist?
- (5) To what new type of novel did John Galsworthy make notable contribution?
- (6) Which author made the most finely wrought addition to the short story?
- (7) What does Elizabeth Bowen reflect of the mind and spirit of the British public during the Second World War?
- (8) What is C. S. Forester's greatest addition to English fiction?
- (9) What is the significance of Dr. Cronin's outstanding success with the propaganda novel?

### RUDYARD KIPLING (1865-1936) AND THE SHORT STORY

**His early fame** The early career of Rudyard Kipling was truly meteoric, as Chapter XV pointed out in connection with his poetry. Before he was twenty, every reader of Indian newspapers was talking not so much about his verse as about his short stories. By the time he was twenty-four,

seven thin, paper-bound volumes, beginning with *Plain Tales from the Hills* (1887), had carried his name all over the English-speaking world. When he arrived in England at twenty-five, he was recognized as a writer of genius. Much of his best work was completed before 1900, yet a series of short stories and poems, as well as three novels, kept him the most widely read of contempo-

rary authors down to the First World War. Never has a young writer blazed across the literary heavens of England with greater brilliance.

**His romance** The secret of Kipling's enormous contemporary popularity is not hard to find. His fiction, like his poetry, contained a strong element of romance. It turned the eyes of the world to the mystery of the East with its dark-skinned natives surrounding isolated groups of loyal and courageous English. For Englishmen the world over, these creative glimpses of their fellows carrying forward work in different parts of the Empire strengthened the sense of their common heritage. Kipling's imagination later found a soul in locomotives, ships, and other creations of modern science, as in *Many Inventions* (1893). But perhaps his finest inspiration was the boy Mowgli, of *The Jungle Books* (1894-1895), who was brought up by wolves in the jungle and learned to talk with all the beasts in their own language. *Captains Courageous* (1897), a tale of American fishermen on the Grand Bank near Newfoundland, was followed by Kipling's masterpiece in long fiction, *Kim* (1901), a story of adventure among the various races of India. The hero, an Irish orphan with a sense of humor, grows up among the natives and thinks himself one of them. As he, in company with a holy man from Thibet, wanders about India and they explore that picturesque and mysterious world, he awakes to a realization that he belongs not to the Lama who goes into a trance but among the British who are men of action.

**The short story** In literary history Kipling will live as a master of the "short story." This term does not mean merely a story that is short. Yarns have been swapped ever since the cave men returned from their first hunting expeditions. Early examples of brief fiction in English are

the folk ballads and the narratives in *The Canterbury Tales*. But as a type of fiction the short story is a relatively recent creation. Its origin really dates from the work of the American authors, Poe and Hawthorne, in the first half of the nineteenth century. Their purpose was not primarily to arouse suspense by a series of events reaching some natural end. It was rather to construct a story that would leave on the reader a single definite impression.

**Essence of the short story** The difference lies in the intent of the author.

Chaucer wrote from love of storytelling; he delighted in the flow of incidents. Poe wrote to produce a single effect on the reader. The particular impressions he sought to create, such as fear and horror, soon passed out of fashion, but many writers both in America and abroad followed his example in (1) catching the reader's attention at once, (2) omitting everything that would not maintain the suspense to the end, and (3) concluding in memorable fashion that sounds the keynote of the story. This new way of writing fiction has been enriched, refined, and strengthened in countless ways, just as the novel invented by Richardson has been transformed by a long line of succeeding novelists. But amid all its diversity the compressed form of the twentieth century short story may be traced back to Poe and Hawthorne.

**Kipling's popularity** Among English writers Kipling showed real genius for the short story. He shared in an unusual degree the age-old impulse to tell a tale from the sheer love of story-telling, but, in addition, he mastered the secret of writing short fiction as it had been invented in America. His narratives arrive at their preconceived effect by means of bright colors, striking contrasts, realistic detail, boundless invention of incident, and that vitality which overflows from a vigorous per-

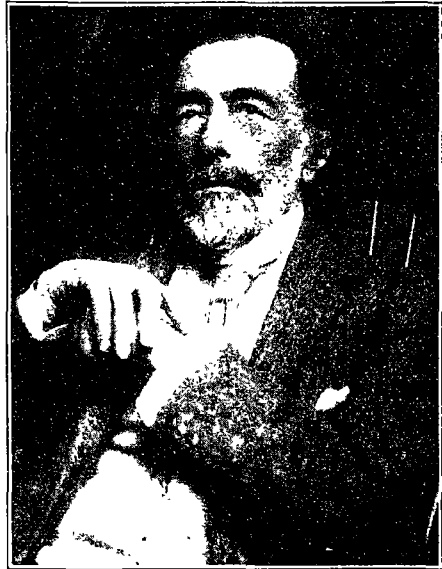
sonality. He is unquestionably the greatest storyteller of our period.

Another reason for Kipling's triumphs is that the tales which filled his first seven volumes were originally written for the hasty and unliterary readers of newspapers. "The Incarnation of Krishna Mulvaney," the story that aroused England to his advent, was printed in a London magazine. The existence of periodicals circulating among the great mass of people who had learned to read since the Education Act of 1870 encouraged the writing of short stories. Their popularity may be attributed in part to the hurried lives of men and women in the twentieth century. Thousands who would not have begun a novel were able to race through a short story while coming home from work or waiting for dinner. Consequently in our day brief narratives have enjoyed a vogue greater than ever before.

#### JOSEPH CONRAD (1857-1924)

The romance of Kipling was in one respect quite different from that of Stevenson, whom we met in Chapter XIV. Stevenson's imagination plunged him into adventure as a relief from the quiet existence of a sick man. Kipling knew at first hand the peculiar conditions of life in India, and directly from this knowledge derived most of his strange events and outlandish characters. Joseph Conrad's fiction, essentially more romantic than Kipling's, was also drawn from his own adventurous life.

**His early life** Teodor Jozef Konrad Korzeniowski (Joseph Conrad) was born in Poland, which was then without a foot of seacoast. In boyhood he read in translation James Fenimore Cooper's *The Pilot* and similar yarns, from which he conceived an overmastering desire to sail the seas. At seventeen he became cabin boy on a French vessel. At twenty-one he learned a few words of broken English, enough



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#### JOSEPH CONRAD

to become a British sailor. For the next thirteen years he voyaged about the world on British merchant ships, chiefly in the tropical waters of the Indian Ocean.

In 1889 ill health made it advisable that Conrad remain on shore for a time, and to while away the tedium he began a novel. When he was forced to give up sea life five years later, he brought the novel to completion and published it as *Almayer's Folly* (1895). Thus began by chance at thirty-eight the literary career of the Pole who was to become one of the great masters of English prose.

**Nature of his romance** During the next thirty years he came to be recognized as the most penetrating romancer of the twentieth century. Of his many books he regarded *The Nigger of the Narcissus* (1897) as "the story by which as a creative artist I stand or fall." In the preface he explains the purpose of a "creative artist": "My task which I am trying to achieve is, by the power of the written word, to make you hear, to make you feel—

it is, before all, to make you *see*. That—and no more, and it is everything. If I succeed, you shall find there according to your deserts: encouragement, consolation, fear, charm—all you demand, and, perhaps, also that glimpse of truth for which you have forgotten to ask.”

**His characters** The center of Conrad's interest was unusual individual character. He took little interest in men bound together as members of some class in society, like Kipling's soldiers. He paid no attention to the relations of men herded together in civilized communities. As a literary artist who had spent twenty years at sea, he chose elemental individuals who must fight the forces of nature. The basis of all his novels of ships and storms and brown-skinned natives was some person's almost incredible achievement. Unusual though he and his deed may be, Conrad makes both real by powerful description or, to use his own phrase, by making the reader *see*.

**Outstanding books** In Conrad's skilful picturing of scenes and actions to make the person come alive in the reader's mind, he often left the sequence of events foggy. For example, take *Lord Jim* (1900). It is one of his best books because it actually convinces those who have learned Conrad's methods of narration that a man who has acted the part of a coward in the faraway waters of the Indian Ocean becomes a true hero among the natives of a tropical island. Yet at publication few people read it, because the course of the narrative was hard to straighten out. Other books, however, are easy to follow. In the volume *Youth* (1902), containing three stories, we see three well-nigh impossible accomplishments in remote and fascinating regions take place right before our eyes and in so natural a manner that we do not pause to question. It is equally easy for us to follow and accept the extraordinary

events of *Nostromo* (1904), a truly exciting narrative of buried silver in the harbor of an imaginary South American mining district.

Conrad's romantic representation of characters in books like these three pleased the critics but did not catch the popular fancy. Strangely enough, the novel that established him with the public, *Chance* (1914), was not chiefly about the sea, and was not published until Conrad was nearly sixty. The best of all his novels, according to some admirers, is *The Rescue* (1920). In a story full of suspense a large number of arresting figures, both Europeans and natives, stand out boldly. Under the magic of Conrad's pen their actions seem the only natural ones under the circumstances. The explanation of his success in all these stories lies in his rare ability to picture for us beguilingly strange and essentially wonderful exploits.

HERBERT GEORGE WELLS (1866-1946)

The main current of fiction in the twentieth century has reflected directly and indirectly the influence of science on popular thinking. People have in general wanted to learn the truth, and up to the First World War they thought truth could be found by studying the facts about the world as revealed by science. Scientific facts formed a wonderland, which has been introduced into fiction as a fresh source of interest.

**His life** This direct influence of science is illustrated in the voluminous writings of H. G. Wells. In his youth he enjoyed the benefits of the new educational opportunities created by the bill of 1870. The son of a small shopkeeper and a maidservant, Wells began work at thirteen, but later won a government scholarship which enabled him to study biology under Huxley. The experience determined his future. "To the world of the Eighties," he said in one of his novels, "the story of life, of



Central Press Photos, Ltd., London

H. G. WELLS

the origin and branching out of species, of the making of continents, was still the most inspiring of romances." If he had been born a hundred years earlier, he would probably never have been heard of, since in the eighteenth century there had been no educational opportunities for boys of his station. Educated in the closing quarter of the nineteenth, he felt to the full the prevailing influence of science.

#### His scientific romances

Wells became a writer partly by accident. During an illness brought on by overwork he turned his knowledge of biology and physics to account by composing scientific romances, probably the best ever written. They are unlike those of Jules Verne, who generally swept his readers from wonder to wonder on a trip through strange and interesting regions. Wells usually confines himself to one marvel and shows how it affects ordinary life.

Of these early works *The Time Machine* (1895), which raised Wells to

fame before he was thirty, is often accounted the most successful. The events are fantastic, for the machine carries us to the year 802,701 A.D. On the trip "night followed day like the flapping of a black wing." The phrase illustrates Wells's power to make us see and unquestioningly accept things totally outside our experience. In *The War of the Worlds* (1898) the surprisingly intelligent inhabitants of Mars invade the earth with marvelous weapons of war, but they at length fall before the bacteria of our planet. In *The Days of the Comet* (1906) contains a brilliant description of the comet as it "spread its shining nets" over the sky. It introduces a new element foreshadowing the dominant interest of Wells: the people wake in the dawn of a new Utopia. The triumphant feature of these scientific romances is that they make you believe you could step out of your front door and see the things Wells describes.

#### Teaching the public

After these absorbing creations in which Wells gave himself up to the sheer joy of invention, he turned from scientific romances to write challenging books (in purpose, basically textbooks) about the future of human society. More than a hundred volumes—romances, novels, histories (see page 612), prophecies, outlines of science and economics, as well as his autobiography—stand to his credit. Many of them present with great ingeniousness and gusto forward-looking ideas about ways to reform society. He thus became the foremost public teacher of his era. In fact, he may be viewed in a wider horizon, for he wrote voluminously about the future ideal state, thus extending the long line of such books since Sir Thomas More's (see page 72). Indeed, in our atomic age his vision of a world democracy on a scientific basis is in keeping with the demands of today's scientists for preventing the extinction of mankind.



**His novels** Wells's novels often deal with contemporary life. Of these *Tono-Bungay* (1909) is probably the most popular. It tells how a businessman of unlimited energy makes a fortune out of a worthless patent medicine by gigantic advertising campaigns. The narrative reminds us of Dickens; it displays much of the same effort to reform society, and it is told with the same boundless zest. But the characters differ widely from those of Dickens. They engage in sharp conflicts of opinion about current problems and have to think through the confusion of their own ideas. Readers became interested in them not as breathing creations, but for their commentary on the problems of improving society.

*Mr. Britling Sees It Through* (1916) is an equally vivid and honest picture of how the First World War affected the people back home. Having lost a son in battle, Mr. Britling searches his soul for some meaning to the world, just as Englishmen everywhere were doing while the conflict was raging.

**Propaganda novels** *Mr. Britling Sees It Through* is an example of the propaganda novel. Many other authors have since gained circulation for their views by sweetening them with fiction, just as a doctor puts medicine into a pleasant-tasting syrup. Wells announced this practice as a new and laudable purpose of novelists: "We are going to write about the whole of human life. We are going to deal with political questions and religious questions and social questions." The declaration sounded like a trumpet, rousing the younger generation of writers to battle. The reason Wells wished to enlarge the field of the novel is quite clear. After the First World War began, his interest lay in discussing ideas rather than in creating character.

The perils of the propaganda novel are illustrated in Wells's *Babes in the*

*Darkling Wood* (1940). The "darkling wood" stands for the Second World War, which is nowhere described as a battle or campaign. The characters have little individuality, but they expend ceaseless energy in conversation. The author admits that he has chosen them as people who must "talk, write, and explain by habit, profession, and necessity." The war proved too complex a problem for Wells to solve as he was approaching eighty. In fact, it reduced him to despair. His final book, with the ironic title, *The Happy Turning* (1946), betrays the bitterness of spirit occasioned by the blitz over London. The extinguishing of his career as the prophet of his age must be accounted among the tragedies of war. From the point of view of literature, the author's ideas in his propaganda novels had blotted out his interest in narrative movement. For permanent fame Wells's scientific romances will remain the most enduring of his books.

ARNOLD BENNETT (1867-1931)

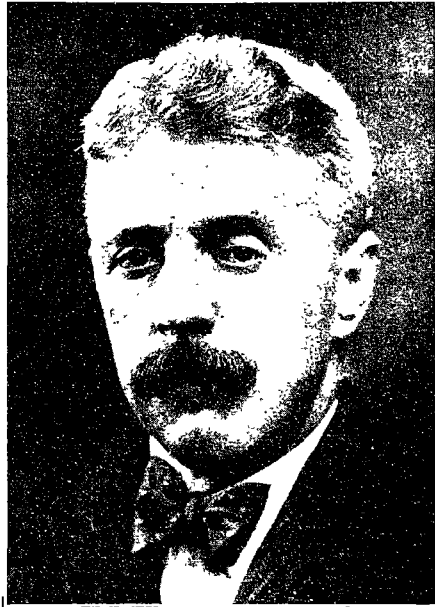
**His life** The indirect influence of science referred to above appears in accuracy of observation, both of men and their environment. It may be seen, for example, in the setting of Arnold Bennett's stories. In describing the surroundings or environment of his characters Bennett becomes even more minute than Hardy. But he never shared Hardy's austere devotion to literature as an art. On the contrary, he was as much a product of modern journalism as H. G. Wells. He grew up in the industrial district of Staffordshire, which nearly all his novels describe under the title of the Five Towns. His father's law office he soon deserted for London newspapers.

One day Bennett wrote in his diary, "I think that fiction will pay better, and in order to be happy I must have a fair supply of money." With tireless indus-

try he produced articles, short stories, plays, novels. At thirty his first volume was published. At forty his incessant writing to please the public was interrupted long enough for him to create his masterpiece. Increasing fame which it brought did not diminish his activity or lessen his love of high living. The fascination that luxury exercised over him may be seen in his last novel, *Imperial Palace* (1930), the story of a sumptuous hotel for the idle rich. At sixty-four he died after amassing a half million dollars, said to have been the largest fortune ever left by an English author.

*The Old Wives' Tale* It was indicated above that Bennett once in a while put forth his great powers as a novelist. In a Paris restaurant where he dined frequently during a residence in France, he saw a fat old woman rise from a table, start toward the door, drop some bundles, and flush because of merriment which she excited among the smartly dressed diners. Bennett said to himself, "This woman was once young, slim, perhaps beautiful; certainly free from these ridiculous mannerisms. . . . Her case is a tragedy. One ought to be able to make a heartrending novel out of a woman such as she." He did.

It is *The Old Wives' Tale* (1908), perhaps the greatest single realistic novel created in the first generation of the twentieth century. It reproduces the dull and undistinguished life of the region in which Bennett grew up, with its "long straight smoke and steam wreaths, the dull red flames, and all the visible evidences of the immense secular struggle for existence, the continual striving towards a higher standard of comfort." No one could use facts to picture conditions more tellingly than Bennett. Science teaches us, he argued, that no detail of the environment can be too insignificant to have some influence on the characters. In addition, by rare skill in



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ARNOLD BENNETT

noting the minute changes that the passage of time produces, he gave the steady flow of the narrative a universal significance.

But the triumph of the novel is the depiction of two sisters, one like the fat woman in the French restaurant, the other of a more self-reliant and venturesome disposition. Bennett understood and admired the sturdy qualities of these ordinary persons, and by taking us into their minds he makes us see and feel how important they are underneath their uninspiring exteriors. It is the merit of this masterpiece of realism that it opens our eyes to a new meaning in the people about us, no matter how uninteresting their outward appearance.

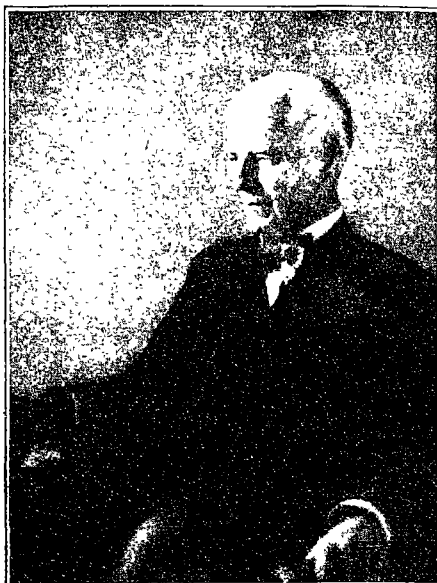
**Other novels** After this production Bennett was recognized as a great novelist. The Clayhanger trilogy almost equaled *The Old Wives' Tale*. In the first part, *Clayhanger* (1910), we watch Edwin and his disappointing love of Hilda develop amid

the humdrum shops and streets and squares of Bursley. In *Hilda Lessways* (1911) the same story is told from Hilda's point of view; and in *These Twain* (1916) their unromantic marriage brings to its culmination the portrayal of these increasingly complex characters. The three parts form a masterpiece of realism. In imagination we *live* for thirty years in the town of Bursley; we come to know thoroughly the evolving characters who are as natural as the neighbors next door; we sense the passage of years with their minor climaxes and occasional defeats—all mingled with the continuing zest that makes life worth living.

Both Bennett and Wells introduced much realistic detail into their novels, and both were influenced by science. Wells, in his propaganda novels, pictured contemporary conditions realistically because he wanted to bring home to his readers the need for reform. Bennett was lavish with realistic details of environment because they help the reader to understand the changes in everyday people that come with the lapse of time. He succeeded in making the public enormously interested in the homely beauty that pervades ordinary human life.

JOHN GALSWORTHY (1867-1933)

**His life** John Galsworthy was from birth intimate with the upper classes of English society. His father was an important lawyer. The boy went to a famous preparatory school and to Oxford, studied law, traveled widely, and at length entered upon a literary career. His first important novel was published when he was nearly forty. Until his fifty-fifth year, he had an equal reputation in fiction and drama. Thereafter his star as a novelist rose until in 1932 he was awarded the highest prize that can be given a writer—the Nobel Prize. His last novel, dealing with the tribulations of the well-to-do, appeared



Doris Ulmann

JOHN GALSWORTHY

in the year of his death, 1933. For ten years he had been recognized in both his own country and America as the foremost English novelist.

*The Forsyte Saga* Galsworthy's reputation was won by a trilogy.

The first part, *The Man of Property* (1906), tells of a typical nineteenth century English businessman, Soames Forsyte. He is never swept off his feet by enthusiasm or unduly discouraged by misfortune, and he holds on to every piece of property that comes into his possession. Fourteen years later Galsworthy put Soames into another novel, *In Chancery* (1920), in which the other members of the Forsyte family stand out, in the ironic words of one character, as "the middle-men, the commercials, the pillars of society, the cornerstones of convention, everything that is admirable!" *To Let* (1921) brings this generation of the Forsytes to a natural pause in its progress. Soames no longer fights for his money. His sturdy independence and his devotion to the family win from us both respect and

liking. The essential unity of this long narrative became apparent when the three novels, with short connecting links, were published as *The Forsyte Saga* (1922).

**The period novel** Galsworthy's trilogy and Bennett's *The Old Wives' Tale* are the most prominent representatives of the family or period novel. It is a new type of fiction answering to the peculiar conditions of the age. The essential characteristic of the twentieth century, as we saw in the last chapter, has been swift change. Consequently, the family novel emphasizes the changing features of a period. We watch the transformation taking place in every aspect of life; for example, the two sisters in Bennett's novel pass from maidenhood to old age. At the end of *To Let* we hear "the waters rolling on property, manners, and morals," submerging, as Soames says, "the Forsyte age and way of life." The shifting standards of conduct and the abuses he discovered in social conditions worried Galsworthy, whose instinct was to uphold traditional standards and take the side of the underdog. But he was also a realist who observed closely the features of his age. The endless transition from one state of society to another he made the subject matter of the period novel. As a type of fiction it grew to be as common in the first third of the twentieth century as the historical romance became after the death of Scott a hundred years before.

**Character drawing**

In essentials, however, Galsworthy did not depart widely from the norm of the English novel. His primary interest lay in telling a story and not in reforming society. The novelist's influence, he thought, should flow from his created characters. His characters, to be sure, are conceived with a new emphasis which may be traced to twentieth century conditions. His predecessors, Fielding and Thackeray, for example, lived

in a stable world. In painting for the reader a panorama of the society of their day, they depicted the relationship of men and women as well established. Galsworthy, on the contrary, reels off a moving picture in which individual ideals and human relations are in a state of flux.

From this difference between the two eras arises the new emphasis in the delineation of character. In *Tom Jones* and *Vanity Fair* the author's interest was centered in the leading persons as individual human beings. Tom Jones was so much alive in his creator's mind that he has remained a distinct person for two hundred years. To readers of today Becky Sharp pursues her plans with the same peculiar vitality that fascinated her Victorian admirers. Soames Forsyte, on the other hand, is viewed against the racing shadows of social change. The reader's attention is distracted by this flickering background upon which Soames stands in silhouette as an example of the universal desire for possessions in conflict with the impulse for beauty and freedom. In other words, he is remembered as a symbol rather than as a warmly colored portrait.

**Final estimate**

It is *The Forsyte Saga*, nevertheless, that places Galsworthy among the great English novelists. The trilogy will long be read for its flowing style, the harmony between characters and background, and the skill with which episode after episode adds to the absorbing and diversified picture of human life.

POPULARITY OF THE SHORT STORY

After the close of the First World War, there was a notable increase in brief fiction. The continuing popularity of Kipling had maintained interest in it. Besides, more than ever before, many people were too restless to undertake the reading of a long book. The periodicals circulating among intellectual

people often contained distinguished stories, for the established authors who are discussed in this chapter, and dozens of others who have been omitted, met the public demand for this type of narrative, and some of it was gathered into volumes. Two writers in particular may be mentioned as achieving rare distinction in the short-story field.

**Katherine Mansfield** (1888-1923) First is Katherine Mansfield, who was born in New Zealand, had a story published when she was only nine, was sent to England at thirteen, and spent nearly all the rest of her days there. Her life was a series of sicknesses, but she lived long enough to display a distinguished mastery of the short story. Writing in a singularly precise and suggestive style, she was able to produce that unity of impression which the best short stories leave on the reader. The characters were caught at an intense moment of their lives. The author did not look back over their everyday existence; neither did she go to the very heart of their struggles; but with a powerful lens, as of a telescope, she brought the vision of that one moment into sharp focus. The setting, the events, the conversation are all so exquisitely harmonized that each story stands out in the memory as a distinct experience.

Her first important collection, *Bliss* (1920), announced to the world that a writer of fresh and brilliant powers had arrived. In *The Garden Party* (1922) the most notable stories are those which picture scenes from her childhood in New Zealand. None of them has any plot rising to a strong climax. Her aim, she said, was to create for the reader "a true and at the same time illuminating experience." Several stories in the volume may be called masterpieces.

**Elizabeth Bowen** (1899- )

Many of the stories of Elizabeth Bowen also may be called masterpieces. Her first novel, *The Hotel* (1927), placed her among the most brilliant of



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ELIZABETH BOWEN

English writers. Latterly she has devoted her talents to short stories, characterized by a rare sensitiveness in the use of language. Perhaps the best collection is *Ivy Gripp'd the Steps* (1946). The contents may be classified as stories of the Second World War, but, as the author says, "There are no accounts of war action even as I have known it—for instance, air raids." Instead she gives us glimpses of the mental states into which people were driven by the violence of the times. For example, under the homesick title of "The Happy Autumn Fields," a woman seeks escape from threats of destruction in London by thinking of a girlhood memory colored by formless dread. This earlier experience, unpleasant though it was, relieves the strain of her immediate surroundings. All twelve stories enlighten us concerning the bewildering effect of war upon women in particular. Miss Bowen's magical style lets us see, behind the mental cruelties, her pity for the characters who sought even a fleeting calm by such subterfuges. The book enlarges our sympathies for the wartime distress of the whole English people.

CECIL SCOTT FORESTER (1899- )

**Cosmopolitan  
experience**

Of the many new writers of fiction who have risen to prominence since the First World War, C. S. Forester has based his stories on the widest cosmopolitan experience. Born in Cairo, Egypt, he was taken to a suburb of London for an education. As a young man he studied for a time and then decided to take up writing. It gave him leisure for adventure. Setting sail in a small boat, he voyaged in the shallow waters of England and northern France and along the Baltic shores of Germany. The account of these expeditions, when it appeared in two successive volumes, had a wide sale, more because of the entertaining style than of the incidents themselves. The experiences gave him a practical preparation for his famous tales of the sea.

**Historical  
fiction**

As a writer of fiction, Forester's beginning was spectacular. His first novel, growing out of his medical studies, exposed the decaying mind of a murderer. As a stage play it met with tremendous success, which was repeated on the

screen. Forester's main interest, however, has been historical fiction, in which field he counts some fifteen volumes. These productions are filled with exciting action, but the exploits are narrated with so much convincing detail that the reader forgets to doubt any feature of the imaginary events and almost shouts at their successful completion.

**Hornblower  
series**

Outstanding among his writings is the Hornblower series: *Beat to Quarters* (1937), *Ship of the Line* (1938), *Flying Colors* (1939), *Commodore Hornblower* (1945), *Lord Hornblower* (1946). Not only is each novel full of the hero's well-nigh incredible achievements on board ship, but the figure of Hornblower himself has become one of the greatest characters in the long line of English tales of the sea. In every book he feels exhilarated to go down to the sea once more, but on boarding ship, to our amusement, he suffers an attack of seasickness. At the beginning of an enterprise, which we know will be completed with high honor, misgivings assail him. But in the eyes of others, from his bodyservant Brown to the Lords of the Admiralty, he is held in the highest esteem. He takes the eyes of women too, marrying no less a person than the sister of the Duke of Wellington. In short, Hornblower is portrayed with some of the complexity that we expect in a Conrad character.

For readers during the Second World War the Hornblower series made another claim on our interest. Forester first thought of this character while he was a correspondent in Madrid during the Spanish Civil War. There the importance of the British Navy during the long struggle against Napoleon impressed him deeply. After the first volume, he has Hornblower wage his own private war against the dictator of Europe, and the reader delights to discover many a parallel between the threatening situations in Napoleon's day and the



Courtesy Little, Brown & Co.

C. S. FORESTER

perils that confronted England and other free peoples during the continental campaigns of Hitler. The last two volumes, giving the finishing touches to one of the best sustained character portrayals in English fiction, appeared after the English and the United Nations had won freedom from a would-be conqueror mightier than Napoleon.

ARCHIBALD JOSEPH CRONIN (1896- )

Not many of the experimenters among writers of fiction during the Thirties won a wide popular following. Wells, for example, held his public because of amazing intellectual vitality. But A. J. Cronin, the new author whose novels have pleased both critics and readers, is not in any sense an experimentalist. He writes for those old-fashioned people who like a good story, though to pure narrative he adds the strong flavor of propaganda.

#### Professional career

Archibald Joseph Cronin, an only child, was not spoiled in early years, for his parents were Scotch and his elementary education was gained in a Scotch village school where no conceit was tolerated. There his favorite subject was English. He developed a voracious appetite for the English classics, and at thirteen he won a gold medal for the best essay in a county competition. But with the caution of the Scotch, when time came for him to choose a career, he prepared for medical school. As a physician he started humbly, but because of brilliant success in higher studies he was granted a medical degree with honor. His practice in the fashionable West End of London grew so rapidly that at thirty his health broke down. While he was recuperating in the Highlands of Scotland, the old desire to write seized him. Ideas would come to him at night, and with such liveliness that he would rise and write for hours. The manuscript formed a high pile in three



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A. J. CRONIN

months. In a fit of dejection he came near tearing it up, but once it was in the hands of a publisher, he began to wonder whether he should not quit medicine. When *Hatter's Castle* (1931) became the sensation of the year on both sides of the Atlantic, the die was cast. He returned to his childhood ambition.

#### Career as a novelist

A fourth novel repeated the success of the first. *The Stars Look Down* (1935) exhibited the same power to describe dramatic scenes, the same moving portrayal of family life, the same skill in spinning an exciting story of individual lives, and a superior ability to weave together all the threads of the plot. It established Dr. Cronin's reputation as a creative artist of distinction.

Another reason for his strong appeal to the public is the themes on which his narratives have been founded. In *The Stars Look Down* the subject was the hardships of a miner's life and the part mining played in industrial England from 1903 to 1933. *The Citadel* (1937) dealt with the field he knew best, the

practice of medicine. In its main outline the story followed the events of his own life; it begins in a mining village of South Wales instead of in Scotland and ends in London's fashionable West End. The portrayal of the developing young Scotch doctor as he mounts rung by rung the ladder of success causes the reader to share his ambition, impatience, anxieties, and to rejoice in the final triumph of his integrity. The medical profession rose up in arms. They felt that the picture of incompetence and self-seeking in certain areas of practice was painted in colors much too dark. But this effect of arousing thought and discussion, not by critical comment but by scenes from life, only added to the esteem in which the author was now held by the reading public.

In *The Green Years* (1944) Cronin abandoned his crusading spirit to trace the career of an orphan boy from eight to eighteen. It awakened the sympathies of readers and made an effective screen play, but the book lacked any dramatic center.

Cronin's strongest novel remains *The Keys of the Kingdom* (1941). It is built upon a theme of lasting consequence—the part that tolerance plays in human relations. It presents the life of a lovable Catholic priest from his childhood and early service in Scotland, through thirty years of adventure and saintly endeavor in China, and back to his early surroundings for a serene old age.

This story of growth in humility, human kindness, and strength of purpose is full of the humor, tenderness, and drama of a great novel. Moreover, it is told with a sincerity that increases its power. In thus maintaining the tradition of English fiction it demonstrates once more the function of creative imagination in transforming the problems of an age into the strivings of warm and breathing human beings. All these qualities make doubly impressive the significance of its theme, which has come to be recognized in the troublous post-war years as of still greater weight in the struggles to establish permanent worldwide peace.

**Summary** Amid the swirling flood of twentieth century fiction this chapter centers attention on a few of the many islands that invite one to linger and explore. Three short-story writers offer different attractions. Rudyard Kipling parades the bright colors and strange figures of an alien world, and Katherine Mansfield provides revealing glimpses into the souls of people whom we might have known. Elizabeth Bowen, in a style so perfect that it draws no attention to itself, is particularly notable for revealing what the Second World War did to the mind and spirit of the English people. Joseph Conrad opens up the romance that centers in human beings; H. G. Wells exhibits a fascinating daring in his scientific romances and a sharp criticism of our own times in his novels. Arnold Bennett offers a few masterpieces of realistic fiction among many light and entertaining volumes. John Galsworthy lives as the most skilful writer of the family or period novel which traces the bewildering changes of our century. To C. S. Forester belongs the achievement of adding Hornblower to the gallery of famous characters in English fiction. Dr. Cronin stirs us to think about phases of our own times by swiftly moving narratives of finely imagined characters. After exploring these few islands the inquiring reader may seek out others large and small in the onrushing stream of twentieth century fiction.



## SELECTIONS FOR CHAPTER XVII

### WEE WILLIE WINKIE

RUDYARD KIPLING

"An officer and a gentleman"

[Kipling's mastery of the short story is illustrated by the following specimen published before he was twenty-four. From the first line to the last your attention is kept fastened on the six-year-old boy reared under military conditions in India. At the end you will decide that Wee Willie Winkie is about the manliest little chap you have ever met in fiction or in life.]

HIS full name was Percival William Williams, but he picked up the other name in a nursery-book, and that was the end of the christened title. His mother's *ayah*<sup>1</sup> called him Willie-Baba,<sup>2</sup> but as he never paid the faintest attention to anything that the *ayah* said, her wisdom did not help matters.

His father was the colonel of the 195th, and as soon as Wee Willie Winkie was old enough to understand what military discipline meant, Colonel Williams put him under it. There was no other way of managing the child. When he was good for a week, he drew good-conduct pay; and when he was bad, he was deprived of his good-conduct stripe. Generally he was bad, for India offers so many chances to the little six-year-olds of going wrong.

Children resent familiarity from strangers, and Wee Willie Winkie was a very particular child. Once he accepted an acquaintance, he was graciously pleased to thaw. He accepted Brandis, a subaltern of the 195th, on sight. Brandis was having tea at the colonel's, and Wee Willie Winkie entered, strong in the possession of a good-conduct badge won for not chasing the hens round the compound. He

<sup>1</sup> *ayah*, maid. <sup>2</sup> *Baba*, baby.

regarded Brandis with gravity for at least ten minutes, and then delivered himself of his opinion.

"I like you," said he, slowly, getting off his chair and coming over to Brandis. "I like you. I shall call you Coppy, because of your hair. Do you *mind* being called Coppy? It is because of ve hair, ye know."

Here was one of the most embarrassing of Wee Willie Winkie's peculiarities. He would look at a stranger for some time and then, without warning or explanations, would give him a name. And the name stuck. No regimental penalties could break Wee Willie Winkie of this habit. He lost his good-conduct badge for christening the commissioner's wife "Pobs"; but nothing that the colonel could do made the station forego the nickname, and Mrs. Collen remained Mrs. "Pobs" till the end of her stay. So Brandis was christened "Coppy," and rose, therefore, in the estimation of the regiment.

If Wee Willie Winkie took an interest in anyone, the fortunate man was envied alike by the mess and the rank and file. And in their envy lay no suspicion of self-interest. "The colonel's son" was idolized on his own merits entirely. Yet Wee Willie Winkie was not lovely. His face was permanently freckled, as his legs were permanently scratched, and in spite of his mother's almost tearful remonstrances he had insisted upon having his long yellow locks cut short in the military fashion. "I want my hair like Sergeant Tum-mil's," said Wee Willie Winkie, and, his father abetting, the sacrifice was accomplished.

Three weeks after the bestowal of his youthful affections on Lieutenant Brandis—henceforward to be called "Coppy," for the sake of brevity—Wee

Willie Winkie was destined to behold strange things and far beyond his comprehension.

Coppy returned his liking with interest. Coppy had let him wear for five rapturous minutes his own big sword—just as tall as Wee Willie Winkie. Coppy had promised him a terrier puppy; and Coppy had permitted him to witness the miraculous operation of shaving. Nay, more—Coppy had said that even he, Wee Willie Winkie, would rise in time to the ownership of a box of shiny knives, a silver soap-box, and a silver-handled “sputter-brush,” as Wee Willie Winkie called it. Decidedly, there was no one except his father, who could give or take away good conduct badges at pleasure, half so wise, strong, and valiant as Coppy with the Afghan and Egyptian medals on his breast. Why, then, should Coppy be guilty of the unmanly weakness of kissing—vehemently kissing—a “big girl,” Miss Allardyce, to wit? In the course of a morning ride, Wee Willie Winkie had seen Coppy so doing, and like the gentleman he was, had promptly wheeled round and cantered back to his groom, lest the groom should also see.

Under ordinary circumstances he would have spoken to his father, but he felt instinctively that this was a matter on which Coppy ought first to be consulted.

“Coppy,” shouted Wee Willie Winkie, reining up outside that subaltern’s bungalow early one morning, “I want to see you, Coppy!”

“Come in, young ’un,” returned Coppy, who was at early breakfast in the midst of his dogs. “What mischief have you been getting into now?”

Wee Willie Winkie had done nothing notoriously bad for three days, and so stood on a pinnacle of virtue.

“I’ve been doing nothing bad,” said he, curling himself into a long chair with

a studious affectation of the colonel’s languor after a hot parade. He buried his freckled nose in a tea-cup and, with eyes staring roundly over the rim, asked: “I say, Coppy, is it pwoper to kiss big girls?”

“By Jove! You’re beginning early. Who do you want to kiss?”

“No one. My muvver’s always kissing me if I don’t stop her. If it isn’t pwoper, how was you kissing Major Allardyce’s big girl last morning, by ve canal?”

Coppy’s brow wrinkled. He and Miss Allardyce had with great craft managed to keep their engagement secret for a fortnight. There were urgent and imperative reasons why Major Allardyce should not know how matters stood for at least another month, and this small marplot had discovered a great deal too much.

“I saw you,” said Wee Willie Winkie, calmly. “But ve groom didn’t see. I said, ‘*Hut jao.*’”<sup>3</sup>

“Oh, you had that much sense, you young rip,” groaned poor Coppy, half amused and half angry. “And how many people may you have told about it?”

“Only me myself. You didn’t tell when I twied to wide ve buffalo ven my pony was lame; and I fought you wouldn’t like.”

“Winkie,” said Coppy, enthusiastically, shaking the small hand, “you’re the best of good fellows. Look here, you can’t understand all these things. One of these days—hang it, how can I make you see it!—I’m going to marry Miss Allardyce, and then she’ll be Mrs. Coppy, as you say. If your young mind is so scandalized at the idea of kissing big girls, go and tell your father.”

“What will happen?” said Wee Willie Winkie, who firmly believed that his father was omnipotent.

“I shall get into trouble,” said Coppy,

<sup>3</sup> *Hut jao*, get out of the way.

playing his trump card with an appealing look at the holder of the ace.

"Ven I won't," said Wee Willie Winkie, briefly. "But my faver says it's un-man-ly to be always kissing, and I didn't fink *you'd* do vat, Coppy."

"I'm not always kissing, old chap. It's only now and then, and when you're bigger you'll do it, too. Your father meant it's not good for little boys."

"Ah!" said Wee Willie Winkie, now fully enlightened. "It's like ve sputter-brush?"

"Exactly," said Coppy, gravely.

"But I don't fink I'll ever want to kiss big girls, nor no one, 'cept my muvver. And I must *vat*, you know."

There was a long pause, broken by Wee Willie Winkie.

"Are you fond of vis big girl, Coppy?"

"Awfully!" said Coppy.

"Fonder van you are of Bell or ve Butcha—or me?"

"It's in a different way," said Coppy. "You see, one of these days Miss Allardyce will belong to me, but you'll grow up and command the regiment and—all sorts of things. It's quite different, you see."

"Very well," said Wee Willie Winkie, rising. "If you're fond of ve big girl, I won't tell anyone. I must go now."

Coppy rose and escorted his small guest to the door, adding: "You're the best of little fellows, Winkie. I tell you what. In thirty days from now you can tell if you like—tell anyone you like."

Thus the secret of the Brandis-Allardyce engagement was dependent on a little child's word. Coppy, who knew Wee Willie Winkie's idea of truth, was at ease, for he felt that he would not break promises. Wee Willie Winkie betrayed a special and unusual interest in Miss Allardyce, and, slowly revolving round that embarrassed young lady,

was used to regard her gravely with unwinking eye. He was trying to discover why Coppy should have kissed her. She was not half so nice as his own mother. On the other hand, she was Coppy's property, and would in time belong to him. Therefore it behooved him to treat her with as much respect as Coppy's big sword or shiny pistol.

The idea that he shared a great secret in common with Coppy kept Wee Willie Winkie unusually virtuous for three weeks. Then the Old Adam broke out, and he made what he called a "camp fire" at the bottom of the garden. How could he have foreseen that the flying sparks would have lighted the colonel's little hayrick and consumed a week's store for the horses? Sudden and swift was the punishment—deprivation of the good-conduct badge and, most sorrowful of all, two days' confinement to barracks—the house and veranda—coupled with the withdrawal of the light of his father's countenance.

He took the sentence like the man he strove to be, drew himself up with a quivering under-lip, saluted, and once clear of the room, ran to weep bitterly in his nursery—called by him "my quarters." Coppy came in the afternoon and attempted to console the culprit.

"I'm under awwest," said Wee Willie Winkie, mournfully, "and I didn't ought to speak to you."

Very early the next morning he climbed on to the roof of the house—that was not forbidden—and beheld Miss Allardyce going for a ride.

"Where are you going?" cried Wee Willie Winkie.

"Across the river," she answered, and trotted forward.

Now the cantonment in which the 195th lay was bounded on the north by a river—dry in the winter. From his

earliest years, Wee Willie Winkie had been forbidden to go across the river, and had noted that even Coppy—the almost almighty Coppy—had never set foot beyond it. Wee Willie Winkie had once been read to, out of a big blue book, the history of the princess and the goblins—a most wonderful tale of a land where the goblins were always warring with the children of men until they were defeated by one Curdie. Ever since that date it seemed to him that the bare black and purple hills across the river were inhabited by goblins, and, in truth, everyone had said that there lived the bad men. Even in his own house the lower halves of the windows were covered with green paper on account of the bad men who might, if allowed clear view, fire into peaceful drawing-rooms and comfortable bedrooms. Certainly, beyond the river, which was the end of all the earth, lived the bad men. And here was Major Allardyce's big girl, Coppy's property, preparing to venture into their borders! What would Coppy say if anything happened to her? If the goblins ran off with her as they did with Curdie's princess? She must at all hazards be turned back.

The house was still. Wee Willie Winkie reflected for a moment on the very terrible wrath of his father; and then—broke his arrest! It was a crime unspeakable. The low sun threw his shadow, very large and very black, on the trim garden-paths, as he went down to the stables and ordered his pony. It seemed to him in the hush of the dawn that all the big world had been bidden to stand still and look at Wee Willie Winkie guilty of mutiny. The drowsy groom handed him his mount, and, since the one great sin made all others insignificant, Wee Willie Winkie said that he was going to ride over to Coppy Sahib,<sup>4</sup> and went out at a foot-

pace, stepping on the soft mold of the flower-borders.

The devastating track of the pony's feet was the last misdeed that cut him off from all sympathy of humanity. He turned into the road, leaned forward, and rode as fast as the pony could put foot to the ground in the direction of the river.

But the liveliest of twelve-two<sup>5</sup> ponies can do little against the long canter of a waler.<sup>6</sup> Miss Allardyce was far ahead, had passed through the crops, beyond the police-post, when all the guards were asleep, and her mount was scattering the pebbles of the river-bed as Wee Willie Winkie left the cantonment and British India behind him. Bowed forward and still flogging, Wee Willie Winkie shot into Afghan territory, and could just see Miss Allardyce, a black speck, flickering across the stony plain. The reason of her wandering was simple enough. Coppy, in a tone of too hastily assumed authority, had told her over night that she must not ride out by the river. And she had gone to prove her own spirit and teach Coppy a lesson.

Almost at the foot of the inhospitable hills, Wee Willie Winkie saw the waler blunder and come down heavily. Miss Allardyce struggled clear, but her ankle had been severely twisted, and she could not stand. Having thus demonstrated her spirit, she wept copiously, and was surprised by the apparition of a white, wide-eyed child in khaki, on a nearly spent pony.

"Are you badly, badly hurted?" shouted Wee Willie Winkie, as soon as he was within range. "You didn't ought to be here."

"I don't know," said Miss Allardyce, ruefully, ignoring the reproof. "Good

<sup>5</sup> *twelve-two ponies*, ponies fifty inches high (twelve hands-two inches, a hand being four inches).

<sup>6</sup> *waler*, a cavalry horse. A waler measures about sixteen hands.

<sup>4</sup> *Sahib*, an Indian title of respect.



"NOW YOU'VE HURTED YOURSELF."

gracious, child, what are *you* doing here?"

"You said you was going acwoss ve wiver," panted Wee Willie Winkie, throwing himself off his pony. "And nobody—not even Coppy—must go acwoss ve wiver, and I came after you ever so hard, but you wouldn't stop, and now you've hurted yourself, and Coppy will be angwy wiv me, and—I've bwoke my awwest! I've bwoke my awwest!"

The future colonel of the 195th sat down and sobbed. In spite of the pain in her ankle the girl was moved.

"Have you ridden all the way from cantonments, little man? What for?"

"You belonged to Coppy. Coppy told me so!" wailed Wee Willie Winkie, disconsolately. "I saw him kissing you, and he said he was fonder of you van Bell or ve Butcha or me. And so I came. You must get up and come back. You didn't ought to be here. Vis is a

bad place, and I've bwoke my awwest."

"I can't move, Winkie," said Miss Allardyce, with a groan. "I've hurt my foot. What shall I do?"

She showed a readiness to weep afresh, which steadied Wee Willie Winkie, who had been brought up to believe that tears were the depth of unmanliness. Still, when one is as great a sinner as Wee Willie Winkie, even a man may be permitted to break down.

"Winkie," said Miss Allardyce, "when you've rested a little, ride back and tell them to send out something to carry me back in. It hurts fearfully."

The child sat still for a little time, and Miss Allardyce closed her eyes; the pain was nearly making her faint. She was roused by Wee Willie Winkie tying up the reins on his pony's neck and setting it free with a vicious cut of his whip that made it whicker.<sup>7</sup> The

<sup>7</sup> *whicker*, whinny.

little animal headed toward the cantonments.

"Oh, Winkie! What are you doing?"

"Hush!" said Wee Willie Winkie. "Vere's a man comin'—one of ve bad men. I must stay wiv you. My faver says a man must *always* look after a girl. Jack will go home, and ven vey'll come and look for us. Vat's why I let him go."

Not one man but two or three had appeared from behind the rocks of the hills, and the heart of Wee Willie Winkie sunk within him, for just in this manner were the goblins wont to steal out and vex Curdie's soul. Thus had they played in Curdie's garden, he had seen the picture, and thus had they frightened the princess's nurse. He heard them talking to each other, and recognized with joy the bastard Pushto,<sup>8</sup> that he had picked up from one of his father's grooms lately dismissed. People who spoke that tongue could not be the bad men. They were only natives, after all.

They came up to the boulders on which Miss Allardyce's horse had blundered.

Then rose from the rock Wee Willie Winkie, child of the dominant race, aged six and three-quarters, and said, briefly and emphatically, "*Jao!*" The pony had crossed the river-bed.

The men laughed, and laughter from the natives was the one thing Wee Willie Winkie could not tolerate. He asked them what they wanted and why they did not depart. Other men, with most evil faces and crooked-stocked guns, crept out of the shadows of the hills, till soon Wee Willie Winkie was face to face with an audience some twenty strong. Miss Allardyce screamed.

"Who are you?" said one of the men.

"I am the Colonel Sahib's son, and

<sup>8</sup> *Pushto*, one of the chief native languages of India.

my order is that you go at once. You black men are frightening the Miss Sahib. One of you must run into cantonments and take the news that the Miss Sahib has hurt herself, and that the colonel's son is here with her."

"Put our feet into the trap?" was the laughing reply. "Hear this boy's speech!"

"Say that I sent you—I, the colonel's son. They will give you money."

"What is the use of this talk? Take up the child and the girl, and we can at least ask for the ransom. Ours are the villages on the heights," said a voice in the background.

These *were* the bad men—worse than the goblins—and it needed all Wee Willie Winkie's training to prevent him from bursting into tears. But he felt that to cry before a native, excepting only his mother's *ayah*, would be an infamy greater than any mutiny. Moreover, he, as future colonel of the 195th, had that grim regiment at his back.

"Are you going to carry us away?" said Wee Willie Winkie, very blanched and uncomfortable.

"Yes, my little *Sahib Bahadur*,"<sup>9</sup> said the tallest of the men, "and eat you afterward."

"That is child's talk," said Wee Willie Winkie. "Men do not eat men."

A yell of laughter interrupted him, but he went on, firmly: "And if you do carry us away, I tell you that all my regiment will come up in a day and kill you all, without leaving one. Who will take my message to the Colonel Sahib?"

Speech in any vernacular—and Wee Willie Winkie had a colloquial acquaintance with three—was easy to the boy who could not yet manage his "r's" and "th's" aright.

Another man joined the conference, crying: "Oh, foolish men! What this

<sup>9</sup> *Sahib Bahadur*, master; here used satirically.

babe says is true. He is the heart's heart of those white troops. For the sake of peace let them go both, for if he be taken, the regiment will break loose and gut the valley. *Our* villages are in the valley, and we shall not escape. That regiment are devils. They broke Khoda Yar's breastbone with kicks when he tried to take the rifles; and if we touch this child, they will fire and plunder for a month, till nothing remains. Better to send a man back to take the message and get a reward. I say that this child is their god, and that they will spare none of us, nor our women, if we harm him."

It was Din Mahommed, the dismissed groom of the colonel, who made the diversion, and an angry and heated discussion followed. Wee Willie Winkie, standing over Miss Allardyce, waited the upshot. Surely his "wegiment," his own "wegiment," would not desert him if they knew of his extremity.

The riderless pony brought the news to the 195th, though there had been consternation in the colonel's household for an hour before. The little beast came in through the parade-ground in front of the main barracks, where the men were settling down to play *spoil-five*<sup>10</sup> till the afternoon. Devlin, the color-sergeant of E Company, glanced at the empty saddle and tumbled through the barrack-rooms, kicking up each room corporal as he passed. "Up, ye beggars! There's something happened to the colonel's son," he shouted.

"He couldn't fall off! S'elp me, 'e *couldn't* fall off," blubbered a drummer-boy. "Go an' hunt acrost the river. He's over there if he's anywhere, an' maybe those Pathans have got 'im. For the love o' Gawd don't look for 'im in the *nullahs*!<sup>11</sup> Let's go over the river."

"There's sense in Mott yet," said

<sup>10</sup> *spoil-five*, a card game in which the object is to prevent any player from winning three of the five possible tricks.

<sup>11</sup> *nullahs*, ravines.

Devlin. "E Company, double out to the river—sharp!"

So E Company, in its shirt-sleeves mainly, doubled for the dear life, and in the rear toiled the perspiring sergeant, adjuring it to double yet faster. The cantonment was alive with the men of the 195th hunting for Wee Willie Winkie, and the colonel finally overtook E Company, far too exhausted to swear, struggling in the pebbles of the river-bed.

Up the hill under which Wee Willie Winkie's bad men were discussing the wisdom of carrying off the child and the girl, a lookout fired two shots.

"What have I said?" shouted Din Mahommed. "There is the warning! The *pulton*<sup>12</sup> are out already and are coming across the plain! Get away! Let us not be seen with the boy!"

The men waited for an instant, and then, as another shot was fired, withdrew into the hills, silently as they had appeared.

"The wegiment is coming," said Wee Willie Winkie confidently to Miss Allardyce, "and it's all wight. Don't cwy!"

He needed the advice himself, for ten minutes later, when his father came up, he was weeping bitterly, with his head in Miss Allardyce's lap.

And the men of the 195th carried him home with shouts and rejoicings; and Coppy, who had ridden a horse into a lather, met him, and, to his intense disgust, kissed him openly in the presence of the men.

But there was balm for his dignity. His father assured him that not only would the breaking of arrest be condoned, but that the good-conduct badge would be restored as soon as his mother could sew it on his blouse-sleeve. Miss Allardyce had told the colonel a story that made him proud of his son.

"She belonged to you, Coppy," said Wee Willie Winkie, indicating Miss

<sup>12</sup> *pulton*, infantrymen.

Allardyce with a grimy forefinger. "I *knew* she didn't ought to go acwoss ve wiver, and I knew ve wegment would come to me if I sent Jack home."

"You're a hero, Winkie," said Coppy, "a *pukka*<sup>13</sup> hero!"

"I don't know what vat means," said Wee Willie Winkie, "but you mustn't call me Winkie any no more. I'm Percival Will'am Will'ams."

And in this manner did Wee Willie Winkie enter into his manhood.

<sup>13</sup> *pukka*, genuine.

#### CLASS DISCUSSIONS

1. What is your first impression of Wee Willie Winkie? What manly things does he do in the first two pages?

2. Why does the boy break his arrest? Why does he sob when he catches up with Miss Allardyce? What danger are they in? How does Wee Willie Winkie save "Coppy's big girl"?

3. Turn back to the history (page 652) to review what was said about the short story. What points there made are borne out by this Kipling story? Read parts to illustrate your answer.

### THE GARDEN PARTY\*

KATHERINE MANSFIELD

[The author of this story takes you to her childhood home, New Zealand, which, you will discover, is just like England in its sharp class distinctions between the working people and the well-to-do. She introduces you to one of these well-to-do families—a lazy, irresponsible mother, three sisters, of whom Jose is hard and practical, and Laura is sympathetic and tinglingly alive to every impression in life. There is also an older brother Lawrence ("Laurie"), very fond of his impressionable young sister. As you read, you will naturally keep your attention fixed on Laura, sensitive to every kind of thrill and sorrow.]

\*Reprinted from *The Garden Party and Other Stories* by Katherine Mansfield, by permission of and special arrangement with Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., authorized publishers.

AND after all the weather was ideal. They could not have had a more perfect day for a garden-party if they had ordered it. Windless, warm, the sky without a cloud. Only the blue was veiled with a haze of light gold, as it is sometimes in early summer.

The gardener had been up since dawn, mowing the lawns and sweeping them, until the grass and the dark flat rosettes where the daisy plants had been seemed to shine. As for the roses, you could not help feeling they understood that roses are the only flowers that impress people at garden-parties; the only flowers that everybody is certain of knowing. Hundreds, yes, literally hundreds, had come out in a single night; the green bushes bowed down as though they had been visited by archangels.

Breakfast was not yet over before the men came to put up the marquee.<sup>1</sup>

"Where do you want the marquee put, mother?"

"My dear child, it's no use asking me. I'm determined to leave everything to you children this year. Forget I am your mother. Treat me as an honored guest."

But Meg could not possibly go and supervise the men. She had washed her hair before breakfast, and she sat drinking her coffee in a green turban, with a dark wet curl stamped on each cheek. Jose, the butterfly, always came down in a silk petticoat and a kimono jacket.

"You'll have to go, Laura; you're the artistic one."

Away Laura flew, still holding her piece of bread-and-butter. It's so delicious to have an excuse for eating out of doors, and besides, she loved having to arrange things; she always felt she could do it so much better than anybody else.

Four men in their shirt-sleeves stood grouped together on the garden path.

<sup>1</sup> *marquee*, a large tent with open sides, where refreshments are served.



They carried staves covered with rolls of canvas, and they had big tool-bags slung on their backs. They looked impressive. Laura wished now that she had not got the bread-and-butter, but there was nowhere to put it, and she couldn't possibly throw it away. She blushed and tried to look severe and even a little bit shortsighted as she came up to them.

"Good morning," she said, copying her mother's voice. But that sounded so fearfully affected that she was ashamed and stammered like a little girl, "Oh—er—have you come—is it about the marquee?"

"That's right, miss," said the tallest of the men, a lanky, freckled fellow, and he shifted his tool-bag, knocked back his straw hat, and smiled down at her. "That's about it."

His smile was so easy, so friendly, that Laura recovered. What nice eyes he had, small, but such a dark blue! And now she looked at the others, they were smiling too. "Cheer up, we won't bite," their smile seemed to say. How very nice workmen were! And what a beautiful morning! She mustn't mention the morning; she must be business-like. The marquee.

"Well, what about the lily-lawn? Would that do?"

And she pointed to the lily-lawn with the hand that didn't hold the bread-and-butter. They turned; they stared in the direction. A little fat chap thrust out his under-lip, and the tall fellow frowned.

"I don't fancy it," said he. "Not conspicuous enough. You see, with a thing like a marquee," and he turned to Laura in his easy way, "you want to put it somewhere where it'll give you a bang slap in the eye, if you follow me."

Laura's upbringing made her wonder for a moment whether it was quite respectful of a workman to talk to her of

bangs slap in the eye. But she did quite follow him.

"A corner of the tennis-court," she suggested. "But the band's going to be in one corner."

"H'm, going to have a band, are you?" said another of the workmen. He was pale. He had a haggard look as his dark eyes scanned the tennis-court. What was he thinking?

"Only a very small band," said Laura gently. Perhaps he wouldn't mind so much if the band was quite small. But the tall fellow interrupted.

"Look here, miss, that's the place. Against those trees. Over there. That'll do fine."

Against the karakas. Then the karaka-trees would be hidden. And they were so lovely, with their broad, gleaming leaves, and their clusters of yellow fruit. They were like trees you imagined growing on a desert island, proud, solitary, lifting their leaves and fruits to the sun in a kind of silent splendor. Must they be hidden by a marquee?

They must. Already the men had shouldered their staves and were making for the place. Only the tall fellow was left. He bent down, pinched a sprig of lavender, put his thumb and forefinger to his nose, and sniffed up the smell. When Laura saw that gesture, she forgot all about the karakas in her wonder at him caring for things like that—caring for the smell of lavender. How many men that she knew would have done such a thing? Oh, how extraordinarily nice workmen were, she thought. Why couldn't she have workmen for friends rather than the silly boys she danced with and who came to Sunday night supper? She would get on much better with men like these.

It's all the fault, she decided, as the tall fellow drew something on the back of an envelope, something that was to

be looped up or left to hang, of these absurd class distinctions. Well, for her part, she didn't feel them. Not a bit, not an atom. . . . And now there came the chock-chock of wooden hammers. Someone whistled, someone sang out, "Are you right there, matey?" "Matey!"

The friendliness of it, the—the— Just to prove how happy she was, just to show the tall fellow how at home she felt, and how she despised stupid conventions, Laura took a big bite of her bread-and-butter as she stared at the little drawing. She felt just like a work-girl.

"Laura, Laura, where are you? Telephone, Laura!" a voice cried from the house.

"Coming!" Away she skimmed, over the lawn, up the path, up the steps, across the veranda, and into the porch. In the hall her father and Laurie were brushing their hats ready to go to the office.

"I say, Laura," said Laurie very fast, "you might just give a squiz at my coat before this afternoon. See if it wants pressing."

"I will," said she. Suddenly she couldn't stop herself. She ran at Laurie and gave him a small, quick squeeze. "Oh, I do love parties, don't you?" gasped Laura.

"Ra-ther," said Laurie's warm, boyish voice, and he squeezed his sister too, and gave her a gentle push. "Dash off to the telephone, old girl."

The telephone. "Yes, yes; oh, yes. Kitty? Good morning, dear. Come to lunch? Do, dear. Delighted of course. It will only be a very scratch meal—just the sandwich crusts and broken meringue-shells and what's left over. Yes, isn't it a perfect morning? Your white? Oh, I certainly should. One moment—hold the line. Mother's calling." And Laura sat back. "What, mother? Can't hear."

Mrs. Sheridan's voice floated down

the stairs. "Tell her to wear that sweet hat she had on last Sunday."

"Mother says you're to wear that *sweet* hat you had on last Sunday. Good. One o'clock. Bye-bye."

Laura put back the receiver, flung her arms over her head, took a deep breath, stretched and let them fall. "Huh," she sighed, and the moment after the sigh she sat up quickly. She was still, listening. All the doors in the house seemed to be open. The house was alive with soft, quick steps and running voices. The green baize door that led to the kitchen regions swung open and shut with a muffled thud. And now there came a long, chuckling absurd sound. It was the heavy piano being moved on its stiff castors. But the air! If you stopped to notice, was the air always like this? Little faint winds were playing chase, in at the tops of the windows, out at the doors. And there were two tiny spots of sun, one on the inkpot, one on a silver photograph frame, playing too. Darling little spots. Especially the one on the inkpot lid. It was quite warm. A warm little silver star. She could have kissed it.

The front door bell pealed, and there sounded the rustle of Sadie's print skirt on the stairs. A man's voice murmured; Sadie answered, careless, "I'm sure I don't know. Wait. I'll ask Mrs. Sheridan."

"What is it, Sadie?" Laura came into the hall.

"Its the florist, Miss Laura."

It was, indeed. There, just inside the door, stood a wide, shallow tray full of pots of pink lilies. No other kind. Nothing but lilies—canna lilies, big pink flowers, wide open, radiant, almost frighteningly alive on bright crimson stems.

"O-oh, Sadiel!" said Laura, and the sound was like a little moan. She crouched down as if to warm herself at the blaze of lilies; she felt they were

in her fingers, on her lips, growing in her breast.

"It's some mistake," she said faintly. "Nobody ever ordered so many. Sadie, go and find mother."

But at that moment Mrs. Sheridan joined them.

"It's quite right," she said calmly. "Yes, I ordered them. Aren't they lovely?" She pressed Laura's arm. "I was passing the shop yesterday, and I saw them in the window. And I suddenly thought for once in my life I shall have enough canna lilies. The garden-party will be a good excuse."

"But I thought you said you didn't mean to interfere," said Laura. Sadie had gone. The florist's man was still outside at his van. She put her arm round her mother's neck and gently, very gently, she bit her mother's ear.

"My darling child, you wouldn't like a logical mother, would you? Don't do that. Here's the man."

He carried more lilies still, another whole tray.

"Bank them up, just inside the door, on both sides of the porch, please," said Mrs. Sheridan. "Don't you agree, Laura?"

"Oh, I *do*, mother."

In the drawing-room Meg, Jose, and good little Hans had at last succeeded in moving the piano.

"Now, if we put this chesterfield<sup>2</sup> against the wall and move everything out of the room except the chairs, don't you think?"

"Quite."

"Hans, move these tables into the smoking-room, and bring a sweeper to take these marks off the carpet and—one moment, Hans——" Jose loved giving orders to the servants, and they loved obeying her. She always made them feel they were taking part in some drama. "Tell mother and Miss Laura to come here at once."

<sup>2</sup> *chesterfield*, a sofa.

"Very good, Miss Jose."

She turned to Meg. "I want to hear what the piano sounds like, just in case I'm asked to sing this afternoon. Let's try over 'This Life is Weary.'"

*Pom! Ta-ta-ta Tee-ta!* The piano burst out so passionately that Jose's face changed. She clasped her hands. She looked mournfully and enigmatically at her mother and Laura as they came in.

This Life is *Wee*-ary,  
A Tear—a Sigh.  
A Love that *Chan*-ges,  
This Life is *Wee*-ary,  
A Tear—a Sigh.  
A Love that *Chan*-ges,  
And then . . . Good-by!

But at the word "Good-by," and although the piano sounded more desperate than ever, her face broke into a brilliant, dreadfully unsympathetic smile.

"Aren't I in good voice, mummy?" she beamed.

This Life is *Wee*-ary,  
Hope comes to Die.  
A Dream—a *Wa*-kening.

But now Sadie interrupted them. "What is it, Sadie?"

"If you please, m'm, cook says have you got the flags<sup>3</sup> for the sandwiches?"

"The flags for the sandwiches, Sadie?" echoed Mrs. Sheridan dreamily. And the children knew by her face that she hadn't got them. "Let me see." And she said to Sadie firmly, "Tell cook I'll let her have them in ten minutes."

Sadie went.

"Now, Laura," said her mother quickly. "Come with me into the smoking-room. I've got the names somewhere on the back of an envelope. You'll have to write them out for me. Meg, go upstairs this minute and take that wet thing off your head. Jose, run

<sup>3</sup> *flags*, flag-shaped bits of paper attached to small sticks.

and finish dressing this instant. Do you hear me, children, or shall I have to tell your father when he comes home to-night? And—and, Jose, pacify cook if you do go into the kitchen, will you? I'm terrified of her this morning."

The envelope was found at last behind the dining-room clock, though how it had got there Mrs. Sheridan could not imagine.

"One of you children must have stolen it out of my bag, because I remember vividly—cream cheese and lemon-curd. Have you done that?"

"Yes."

"Egg and—" Mrs. Sheridan held the envelope away from her. "It looks like mice. It can't be mice, can it?"

"Olive, pet," said Laura, looking over her shoulder.

"Yes, of course, olive. What a horrible combination it sounds. Egg and olive."

They were finished at last, and Laura took them off to the kitchen. She found Jose there pacifying the cook, who did not look at all terrifying.

"I have never seen such exquisite sandwiches," said Jose's rapturous voice. "How many kinds did you say there were, cook? Fifteen?"

"Fifteen, Miss Jose."

"Well, cook, I congratulate you."

Cook swept up crusts with the long sandwich knife, and smiled broadly.

"Godber's has come," announced Sadie, issuing out of the pantry. She had seen the man pass the window.

That meant the cream puffs had come. Godber's were famous for their cream puffs. Nobody ever thought of making them at home.

"Bring them in and put them on the table, my girl," ordered cook.

Sadie brought them in and went back to the door. Of course Laura and Jose were far too grown-up to really care about such things. All the same, they couldn't help agreeing that the puffs

looked very attractive. Very. Cook began arranging them, shaking off the extra icing sugar.

"Don't they carry one back to all one's parties?" said Laura.

"I suppose they do," said practical Jose, who never liked to be carried back. "They look beautifully light and feathery, I must say."

"Have one each, my dears," said cook in her comfortable voice. "Yer ma won't know."

Oh, impossible. Fancy cream puffs so soon after breakfast. The very idea made one shudder. All the same, two minutes later Jose and Laura were licking their fingers with that absorbed inward look that only comes from whipped cream.

"Let's go into the garden, out by the back way," suggested Laura. "I want to see how the men are getting on with the marquee. They're such awfully nice men."

But the back door was blocked by cook, Sadie, Godber's man, and Hans.

Something had happened.

"Tuk-tuk-tuk," clucked cook like an agitated hen. Sadie had her hand clapped on her cheek as though she had toothache. Hans's face was screwed up in the effort to understand. Only Godber's man seemed to be enjoying himself; it was his story.

"What's the matter? What's happened?"

"There's been a horrible accident," said cook. "A man killed."

"A man killed! Where? How? When?"

But Godber's man wasn't going to have his story snatched from under his very nose.

"Know those little cottages just below here, miss?" Know them? Of course, she knew them. "Well, there's a young chap living there, name of Scott, a carter. His horse shied at a traction-engine, corner of Hawke Street

this morning, and he was thrown out on the back of his head. Killed."

"Dead!" Laura stared at Godber's man.

"Dead when they picked him up," said Godber's man with relish. "They were taking the body home as I come up here." And he said to the cook, "He's left a wife and five little ones."

"Jose, come here." Laura caught hold of her sister's sleeve and dragged her through the kitchen to the other side of the green baize door. There she paused and leaned against it. "Jose!" she said, horrified, "however are we going to stop everything?"

"Stop everything, Laura!" cried Jose in astonishment. "What do you mean?"

"Stop the garden-party, of course." Why did Jose pretend?

But Jose was still more amazed. "Stop the garden-party? My dear Laura, don't be so absurd. Of course we can't do anything of the kind. Nobody expects us to. Don't be so extravagant."

"But we can't possibly have a garden-party with a man dead just outside the front gate."

That really was extravagant, for the little cottages were in a lane to themselves at the very bottom of a steep rise that led up to the house. A broad road ran between. True, they were far too near. They were the greatest possible eyesore, and they had no right to be in that neighborhood at all. They were little mean dwellings painted a chocolate brown. In the garden patches there was nothing but cabbage stalks, sick hens, and tomato cans. The very smoke coming out of their chimneys was poverty-stricken. Little rags and shreds of smoke, so unlike the great silvery plumes that uncurred from the Sheridans' chimneys. Washer-women lived in the lane, and sweeps<sup>4</sup> and a cobbler, and a man whose house-front was studded all over with minute bird-cages. Children swarmed. When the

<sup>4</sup> *sweeps*, chimney-sweeps.

Sheridans were little, they were forbidden to set foot there because of the revolting language and of what they might catch. But since they were grown up, Laura and Laurie on their prowls sometimes walked through. It was disgusting and sordid. They came out with a shudder. But still one must go everywhere; one must see everything. So through they went.

"And just think of what the band would sound like to that poor woman," said Laura.

"Oh, Laura!" Jose began to be seriously annoyed. "If you're going to stop a band playing every time some one has an accident, you'll lead a very strenuous life. I'm every bit as sorry about it as you. I feel just as sympathetic." Her eyes hardened. She looked at her sister just as she used to when they were little and fighting together. "You won't bring a drunken workman back to life by being sentimental," she said softly.

"Drunk! Who said he was drunk?" Laura turned furiously on Jose. She said, just as they had used to say on those occasions, "I'm going straight up to tell mother."

"Do, dear," cooed Jose.

"Mother, can I come into your room?" Laura turned the big glass door-knob.

"Of course, child. Why, what's the matter? What's given you such a color?" And Mrs. Sheridan turned around from her dressing-table. She was trying on a new hat.

"Mother, a man's been killed," began Laura.

"Not in the garden?" interrupted her mother.

"No, no!"

"Oh, what a fright you gave me!" Mrs. Sheridan sighed with relief, and took off the big hat and held it on her knees.

"But listen, mother," said Laura. Breathless, half-choking, she told the

dreadful story. "Of course, we can't have our party, can we?" she pleaded. "The band and everybody arriving. They'd hear us, mother; they're nearly neighbors!"

To Laura's astonishment her mother behaved just like Jose; it was harder to bear because she seemed amused. She refused to take Laura seriously.

"But, my dear child, use your common sense. It's only by accident we've heard of it. If someone had died there normally—and I can't understand how they keep alive in those poky little holes—we should still be having our party, shouldn't we?"

Laura had to say "yes" to that, but she felt it was all wrong. She sat down on her mother's sofa and pinched the cushion frill.

"Mother, isn't it really terribly heartless of us?" she asked.

"Darling!" Mrs. Sheridan got up and came over to her, carrying the hat. Before Laura could stop her, she had popped it on. "My child!" said her mother, "the hat is yours. It's made for you. It's much too young for me. I have never seen you look such a picture. Look at yourself!" And she held up her hand-mirror.

"But, mother," Laura began again. She couldn't look at herself; she turned aside.

This time Mrs. Sheridan lost patience just as Jose had done.

"You are being very absurd, Laura," she said coldly. "People like that don't expect sacrifices from us. And it's not very sympathetic to spoil everybody's enjoyment as you're doing now."

"I don't understand," said Laura, and she walked quickly out of the room into her own bedroom. There, quite by chance, the first thing she saw was this charming girl in the mirror, in her black hat trimmed with gold daisies, and a long black velvet ribbon. Never had she imagined she could look like that. Is mother right? she thought.

And now she hoped her mother was right. Am I being extravagant? Perhaps it was extravagant. Just for a moment she had another glimpse of that poor woman and those little children, and the body being carried into the house. But it all seemed blurred, unreal, like a picture in the newspaper. I'll remember it again after the party's over, she decided. And somehow that seemed quite the best plan. . . .

Lunch was over by half-past one. By half-past two they were all ready for the fray. The green-coated band had arrived and was established in a corner of the tennis-court.

"My dear!" trilled Kitty Maitland, "aren't they too like frogs for words? You ought to have arranged them round the pond with the conductor in the middle on a leaf."

Laurie arrived and hailed them on his way to dress. At the sight of him Laura remembered the accident again. She wanted to tell him. If Laurie agreed with the others, then it was bound to be all right. And she followed him into the hall.

"Laurie!"

"Hallo!" He was half-way upstairs, but when he turned round and saw Laura, he suddenly puffed out his cheeks and goggled his eyes at her. "My word, Laura! You do look stunning," said Laurie. "What an absolutely topping hat!"

Laura said faintly, "Is it?" and smiled up at Laurie, and didn't tell him after all.

Soon after that people began coming in streams. The band struck up; the hired waiters ran from the house to the marquee. Wherever you looked there were couples strolling, bending to the flowers, greeting, moving on over the lawn. They were like bright birds that had alighted in the Sheridans' garden for this one afternoon, on their way to—where? Ah, what happiness it is to be with people who all are happy, to

press hands, press cheeks, smile into eyes.

"Darling Laura, how well you look!"

"What a becoming hat, child!"

"Laura, you look quite Spanish. I've never seen you look so striking."

And Laura, glowing, answered softly, "Have you had tea? Won't you have an ice? The passion-fruit ices really are rather special." She ran to her father and begged him. "Daddy darling, can't the band have something to drink?"

And the perfect afternoon slowly ripened, slowly faded, slowly its petals closed.

"Never a more delightful garden-party . . ." "The greatest success . . ." "Quite the most . . ."

Laura helped her mother with the good-bys. They stood side by side in the porch till it was all over.

"All over, all over, thank heaven," said Mrs. Sheridan. "Round up the others, Laura. Let's go and have some fresh coffee. I'm exhausted. Yes, it's been very successful. But oh, these parties, these parties! Why will you children insist on giving parties!" And they all of them sat down in the deserted marquee.

"Have a sandwich, daddy dear. I wrote the flag."

"Thanks." Mr. Sheridan took a bite and the sandwich was gone. He took another. "I suppose you didn't hear of a beastly accident that happened today?" he said.

"My dear," said Mrs. Sheridan, holding up her hand, "we did. It nearly ruined the party. Laura insisted we should put it off."

"Oh, mother!" Laura didn't want to be teased about it.

"It was a horrible affair all the same," said Mr. Sheridan. "The chap was married too. Lived just below in the lane, and leaves a wife and half a dozen kiddies, so they say."

An awkward little silence fell. Mrs.

Sheridan fidgeted with her cup. Really, it was very tactless of father . . .

Suddenly she looked up. There on the table were all those sandwiches, cakes, puffs, all going to be wasted. She had one of her brilliant ideas.

"I know," she said. "Let's make up a basket. Let's send that poor creature some of this perfectly good food. At any rate, it will be the greatest treat for the children. Don't you agree? And she's sure to have neighbors calling in and so on. What a point to have it all ready prepared. Laura!" She jumped up. "Get me the big basket out of the stairs cupboard."

"But, mother, do you really think it's a good idea?" said Laura.

Again, how curious, she seemed to be different from them all. To take scraps from their party. Would the poor woman really like that?

"Of course! What's the matter with you today? An hour or two ago you were insisting on us being sympathetic, and now——"

Oh, well! Laura ran for the basket. It was filled, it was heaped by her mother.

"Take it yourself, darling," said she. "Run down just as you are. No, wait, take the arum lilies too. People of that class are so impressed by arum lilies."

"The stems will ruin her lace frock," said practical Jose.

So they would. Just in time. "Only the basket, then. And, Laura!"—her mother followed her out of the marquee—"don't on any account——"

"What, mother?"

No, better not put such ideas into the child's head! "Nothing! Run along."

It was just growing dusky as Laura shut their garden gates. A big dog ran by like a shadow. The road gleamed white, and down below in the hollow the little cottages were in deep shade. How quiet it seemed after the after-

noon. Here she was going down the hill to somewhere where a man lay dead, and she couldn't realize it. Why couldn't she? She stopped a minute. And it seemed to her that kisses, voices, tinkling spoons, laughter, the smell of crushed grass were somehow inside her. She had no room for anything else. How strange! She looked up at the pale sky, and all she thought was, "Yes, it was the most successful party."

Now the broad road was crossed. The lane began, smoky and dark. Women in shawls and men's tweed caps hurried by. Men hung over the palings; the children played in the doorways. A low hum came from the mean little cottages. In some of them there was a flicker of light, and a shadow, crab-like, moved across the window. Laura bent her head and hurried on. She wished now she had put on a coat. How her frock shone! And the big hat with the velvet streamer—if only it was another hat! Were the people looking at her? They must be. It was a mistake to have come; she knew all along it was a mistake. Should she go back even now?

No, too late. This was the house. It must be. A dark knot of people stood outside. Beside the gate an old, old woman with a crutch sat in a chair, watching. She had her feet on a newspaper. The voices stopped as Laura drew near. The group parted. It was as though she was expected, as though they had known she was coming here.

Laura was terribly nervous. Tossing the velvet ribbon over her shoulder, she said to a woman standing by, "Is this Mrs. Scott's house?" and the woman, smiling queerly, said, "It is, my lass."

Oh, to be away from this. She actually said, "Help me, God," as she walked up the tiny path and knocked. To be away from those staring eyes, or to be covered up in anything, one of those women's shawls even. I'll

just leave the basket and go, she decided. I shan't even wait for it to be emptied.

Then the door opened. A little woman in black showed in the gloom.

Laura said, "Are you Mrs. Scott?" But to her horror the woman answered, "Walk in please, miss," and she was shut in the passage.

"No," said Laura, "I don't want to come in. I only want to leave this basket. Mother sent——"

The little woman in the gloomy passage seemed not to have heard her. "Step this way, please, miss," she said in an oily voice, and Laura followed her.

She found herself in a wretched little low kitchen, lighted by a smoky lamp. There was a woman sitting before the fire.

"Em," said the little creature who had let her in. "Em. It's a young lady." She turned to Laura. She said meanly, "I'm 'er sister, Miss. You'll excuse 'er, won't you?"

"Oh, but of course," said Laura. "Please, please don't disturb her. I—I only want to leave——"

But at that moment the woman at the fire turned round. Her face, puffed up, red, with swollen eyes and swollen lips, looked terrible. She seemed as though she couldn't understand why Laura was there. What did it mean? Why was this stranger standing in the kitchen with a basket? What was it all about? And the poor face puckered up again.

"All right, my dear," said the other. "I'll think the young lady."

And again she began, "You'll excuse her, miss, I'm sure," and her face, swollen too, tried an oily smile.

Laura only wanted to get out, to get away. She was back in the passage. The door opened. She walked straight through into the bedroom, where the dead man was lying.





"I ONLY WANT TO LEAVE THIS BASKET."

"You'd like to look at 'im, wouldn't you?" said Em's sister, and she brushed past Laura over to the bed. "Don't be afraid, my lass, —" and now her voice sounded fond and sly, and fondly she drew down the sheet— "'e looks a picture. There's nothing to show. Come along, my dear."

Laura came.

There lay a young man, fast asleep—sleeping so soundly, so deeply, that he was far, far away from them both. Oh, so remote, so peaceful. He was dreaming. Never wake him up again. His head was sunk in the pillow, his eyes were closed; they were blind under the closed eyelids. He was given up to his dream. What did garden-parties and baskets and lace frocks matter to him? He was far from all those things. He was wonderful, beautiful. While they were laughing and while the band was playing, this marvel had come to the lane. Happy—happy—. All is well,

said that sleeping face. This is just as it should be. I am content.

But all the same you had to cry, and she couldn't go out of the room without saying something to him. Laura gave a loud childish sob.

"Forgive my hat," she said.

And this time she didn't wait for Em's sister. She found her way out of the door, down the path, past all those dark people. At the corner of the lane she met Laurie.

He stepped out of the shadow. "Is that you, Laura?"

"Yes."

"Mother was getting anxious. Was it all right?"

"Yes, quite. Oh, Laurie!" She took his arm; she pressed up against him.

"I say, you're not crying, are you?"

Laura shook her head. She was.

Laurie put his arm round her shoulder. "Don't cry," he said in his warm, loving voice. "Was it awful?"

"No," sobbed Laura. "It was simply marvelous. But, Laurie —" She stopped, she looked at her brother. "Isn't life," she stammered, "isn't life —" But what life was she couldn't explain. No matter. He quite understood.

"ISN'T it, darling?" said Laurie.

#### CLASS DISCUSSIONS

1. Where do you first get an impression of the kind of girl Laura is? Through the story, what are the most striking exhibitions of her nature? What passages bring out the chief quality of each of the other characters?

2. What sharp contrast runs through the story? As you think over the events, do you feel that life is a mystery, or full of happiness, or dull and boresome, or hard and cruel? Refer to parts of the story that give you this impression.

3. How do Rudyard Kipling and Katherine Mansfield differ as short-story writers? Which is more interested in narrating events? In presenting character? In creating a consistent mood or atmosphere? From which of them are you more eager to read other stories? Tell why.

#### ACME\*

JOHN GALSWORTHY

[If you follow the news from Hollywood, you know of the fabulous sums paid to authors of plays and novels for permission to turn their works into screen versions. In the following story Galsworthy tells of a more modest payment back in the days when all films were silent.]

**I**N THESE days no man of genius need starve. The following story of my friend Bruce may be taken as proof of this assertion. Nearly sixty when I first knew him, he must have written

already some fifteen books, which had earned him the reputation of "a genius" with the few who know. He used to live in York Street, Adelphi, where he had two rooms up the very shaky staircase of a house chiefly remarkable for the fact that its front door seemed always open.

I suppose there never was a writer more indifferent to what people thought of him. He profoundly neglected the press—not with one of those neglects which grow on writers from reading reviews of their own works—he seemed never to read criticism, but with the basic neglect of "an original," a nomadic spirit, a stranger in modern civilization, who would leave his attics for long months of wandering and come back there to hibernate and write a book. He was a tall, thin man, with a face rather like Mark Twain's, black eyebrows which bristled and shot up, a bitten, drooping, gray mustache, and fuzzy gray hair; but his eyes were like owl's eyes, piercing, melancholy, dark brown, and gave to his rugged face the extraordinary expression of a spirit remote from the flesh which had captured it. He was a bachelor, who seemed to avoid women; perhaps they had "learned" him that; for he must have been very attractive to them.

The year of which I write had been to my friend Bruce the devil, monetarily speaking. With his passion for writing that for which his age had no taste—what could he expect? His last book had been a complete frost. He had undergone, too, an operation which had cost him much money and left him very weak. When I went to see him that October, I found him stretched out on two chairs, smoking the Brazilian cigarettes which he affected—and which always affected me, so black and strong they were, in their yellow maize-leaf coverings. He had a writing-pad on his

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knee, and sheets of paper scattered all around. The room had a very meager look. I had not seen him for a year and more, but he looked up at me as if I'd been in yesterday.

"Hallo!" he said. "I went into a thing they call a cinema<sup>1</sup> last night. Have you ever been?"

"Ever been? Do you know how long the cinema has been going? Since about 1900."

"Well! What a *thing*! I'm writing a skit on it!"

"How—a skit?"

"Parody—wildest yarn you ever read."

He took up a sheet of paper and began chuckling to himself.

"My heroine," he said, "is an Octoroon. Her eyes swim, and her lovely bosom heaves. Everybody wants her, and she's more virtuous than words can say. The situations she doesn't succumb to would freeze your blood; they'd roast your marrow. She has a perfect devil of a brother with whom she was brought up, and who knows her deep dark secret and wants to trade her off to a millionaire who also has a deep dark secret. Altogether there are four deep dark secrets in my yarn. It's a corker."

"What a waste of your time!" I said.

"My time!" he answered fiercely.

"What's the use of my time? Nobody buys my books."

"Who's attending you?"

"Doctors! They take your money, that's all. I've got no money. Don't talk about me!" Again he took up a sheet of manuscript, and chuckled.

"Last night—at that place—they had—good God!—a race between a train and a motor-car. Well, I've got one between a train, a motor-car, and a flying machine, and a horse."

I sat up.

"May I have a look at your skit," I said, "when you've finished it?"

<sup>1</sup> *cinema*, moving-picture show.

"It *is* finished. Wrote it straight off. D'you think I could stop and then go on again with a thing like that?" He gathered the sheets and held them out to me. "Take the thing—it's amused me to do it. The heroine's secret is that she isn't an Octoroon at all; she's a De La Casse—purest Creole blood of the South; and her villainous brother isn't her brother; and the bad millionaire isn't a millionaire; and her penniless lover is. It's rich, I tell you!"

"Thanks," I said dryly, and took the sheets.

I went away concerned about my friend, his illness and his poverty, especially his poverty, for I saw no end to it.

After dinner that evening I began languidly to read his skit. I had not read two pages of the thirty-five before I started up, sat down again, and feverishly read on. Skit! By George! He had written a perfect scenario—or, rather, that which wanted the merest professional touching-up to be perfect. I was excited. It was a little gold-mine if properly handled. Any good film company, I felt convinced, would catch at it. Yes! But how to handle it? Bruce was such an unaccountable creature, such a wild old bird! Imagine his having only just realized the cinema! If I told him his skit was a serious film, he would say: "Good God!" and put it in the fire, priceless though it was. And yet, how could I market it without *carte blanche*,<sup>2</sup> and how get *carte blanche* without giving my discovery away? I was deathly keen on getting some money for him; and this thing, properly worked, might almost make him independent. I felt as if I had a priceless museum piece which a single stumble might shatter to fragments. The tone of his voice when he spoke of the cinema—"What a *thing*!"—kept coming back to me. He was

<sup>2</sup> *carte blanche*, permission to act freely.

prickly proud, too—very difficult about money. Could I work it without telling him anything? I knew he never looked at a newspaper. But should I be justified in taking advantage of that—in getting the thing accepted and produced without his knowing? I revolved the question for hours, and went to see him again next day.

He was reading.

"Hallo! You again? What do you think of this theory—that the Egyptians derive from a Saharan civilization?"

"I don't think," I said.

"It's nonsense. This fellow——"

I interrupted him.

"Do you want that skit back, or can I keep it?"

"Skit? What skit?"

"The thing you gave me yesterday."

"That! Light your fire with it. This fellow——"

"Yes," I said; "I'll light a fire with it. I see you're busy."

"Oh, no! I'm not," he said. "I've nothing to do. What's the good of my writing? I earn less and less with every book that comes out. I'm dying of poverty."

"That's because you won't consider the public."

"How can I consider the public when I don't know what they want?"

"Because you won't take the trouble to find out. If I suggested a way to you of pleasing the public and making money, you'd kick me out of the room."

And the words: "For instance, I've got a little gold-mine of yours in my pocket," were on the tip of my tongue, but I choked them back. "Daren't risk it!" I thought. "He's given you the thing. *Carte blanche—cartes serrés!*"<sup>3</sup>

I took the gold-mine away and promptly rough-shaped it for the film. It was perfectly easy, without any alteration of the story. Then I was faced

with the temptation to put his name to it. The point was this: If I took it to a film company as an authorless scenario, I should only get authorless terms; whereas, if I put his name to it, with a little talking I could double the terms at least. The film public didn't know his name, of course, but the inner literary public did, and it's wonderful how you can impress the market with the word "genius" judiciously used. It was too dangerous, however; and at last I hit on a middle course. I would take it to them with no name attached, but tell them it was by "a genius" and suggest that they could make capital out of the incognito. I knew they would feel it *was* by a genius.

I took it to an excellent company next day with a covering note saying: "The author, a man of recognized literary genius, for certain reasons, prefers to remain unknown." They took a fortnight in which to rise, but they rose. They had to. The thing was too good in itself. For a week I played them over terms. Twice I delivered an ultimatum—twice they surrendered; they knew too well what they had got. I could have made a contract with two thousand pounds down which would have brought at least another two thousand pounds before the contract term closed; but I compounded for one that gave me three thousand pounds down as likely to lead to less difficulty with Bruce. The terms were not a whit too good for what was really the "acme" of scenarios. If I could have been quite open, I could certainly have done better. Finally, however, I signed the contract, delivered the manuscript, and received a check for the price. I was elated, and at the same time knew that my troubles were just beginning. With Bruce's feeling about the film how the deuce should I get him to take the money? Could I go to his publishers and con-

<sup>3</sup> *cartes serrés*, cards shuffled.

spire with them to trickle it out to him gradually as if it came from his books? That meant letting them into the secret; besides, he was too used to receiving practically nothing from his books; it would lead him to make inquiry, and the secret was bound to come out. Could I get a lawyer to spring an inheritance on him? That would mean no end of lying and elaboration, even if a lawyer would consent. Should I send him the money in Bank of England notes with the words: "From a lifelong admirer of your genius"? I was afraid he would suspect a trick, or stolen notes, and go to the police to trace them. Or should I just go, put the check on the table, and tell him the truth?

The question worried me terribly, for I didn't feel entitled to consult others who knew him. It was the sort of thing that, if talked over, would certainly leak out. It was not desirable, however, to delay cashing a big check like that. Besides, they had started on the production. It happened to be a slack time, with a dearth of good films, so that they were rushing it on. And in the meantime there was Bruce—starved of everything he wanted, unable to get away for want of money, depressed about his health and his future. And yet so completely had he always seemed to me different, strange, superior to this civilization of ours, that the idea of going to him and saying simply: "This is yours, for the film you wrote," scared me. I could hear his: "I? Write for the cinema? What do you mean?"

When I came to think of it, I had surely taken an extravagant liberty in marketing the thing without consulting him. I felt he would never forgive that, and my feeling toward him was so affectionate, even reverential, that I simply hated the idea of being wiped out of his good books. At last I hit

on a way that by introducing my own interest might break my fall. I cashed the check, lodged the money at my bank, drew my own check on it for the full amount, and, armed with that and the contract, went to see him.

He was lying on two chairs smoking his Brazilians and playing with a stray cat which had attached itself to him. He seemed rather less prickly than usual, and, after beating about the bushes of his health and other matters, I began:

"I've got a confession to make, Bruce."

"Confession!" he said. "What confession?"

"You remember that skit on the film you wrote and gave me about six weeks ago?"

"No."

"Yes, you do—about an Octoroon."

He chuckled. "Oh! ah! That!"

I took a deep breath, and went on:

"Well, I sold it; and the price of course belongs to you."

"What? Who'd print a thing like that?"

"It isn't printed. It's been made into a film—super-film, they call it."

His hand came to a pause on the cat's back, and he glared at me. I hastened on:

"I ought to have told you what I was doing, but you're so prickly, and you've got such confounded superior notions. I thought if I did, you'd be biting off your nose to spite your own face. The fact is it made a marvelous scenario. Here's the contract, and here's a check on my bank for the price—three thousand pounds. If you like to treat me as your agent, you owe me three hundred pounds. I don't expect it, but I'm not proud like you, and I shan't sneeze."

"Good God!" he said.

"Yes, I know. But it's all nonsense, Bruce. You can carry scruples to altogether too great length. Tainted source!

Everything's tainted, if you come to that. The film's a quite justified expression of modern civilization—a natural outcome of the age. It gives amusement; it affords pleasure. It may be vulgar, it may be cheap, but we *are* vulgar, and we *are* cheap, and it's no use pretending we're not—not you, of course, Bruce, but people at large. A vulgar age wants vulgar amusement, and if we can give it that amusement, we ought to; life's not too cheery, anyway."

The glare in his eyes was almost paralyzing me, but I managed to stammer on: "You live out of the world—you don't realize what humdrum people want; something to balance the grayness, the—the banality of their lives. They want blood, thrill, sensation of all sorts. You didn't mean to give it them, but you have, you've done them a benefit, whether you wish to or not, and the money's yours, and you've got to take it."

The cat suddenly jumped down. I waited for the storm to burst.

"I know," I dashed on, "that you hate and despise the film——"

Suddenly his voice boomed out:

"Bosh! What are you talking about? Film! I go there every other night."

It was my turn to say: "Good God!" And ramming contract and check into his empty hand, I bolted, closely followed by the cat.

#### CLASS DISCUSSIONS

1. How did Bruce come to write his skit? What was there in his character that made the friend afraid to sell it? What arguments did the friend think it necessary to use in persuading Bruce to accept the money? Did Bruce accept it?

2. How does this selection satirize the kinds of story that were told on the silent film? How much of the satire would apply to the kinds of talking films produced in America today?

## THE BRUTE

JOSEPH CONRAD

[The heroine of this story, or rather the villain, is a vessel such as Conrad sailed in over a good part of the world during his early days at sea (page 653). The tale is told by a type of loquacious seaman well known to Conrad in the inn-parlors of English seaport towns. You may therefore be certain that the characters are true sailor types and that the events are faithful to sailor beliefs, at least as they were in the sailing-vessel era.]

**D**ODGING in from the rain-swept street, I exchanged a smile and a glance with Miss Blank in the bar of the Three Crows. This exchange was effected with extreme propriety. It is a shock to think that, if still alive, Miss Blank must be something over sixty now. How time passes!

Noticing my gaze directed inquiringly at the partition of glass and varnished wood, Miss Blank was good enough to say, encouragingly:

"Only Mr. Jermyn and Mr. Stonor in the parlor with another gentleman I've never seen before."

I moved toward the parlor door. A voice discoursing on the other side (it was but a matchboard partition), rose so loudly that the concluding words became quite plain in all their atrocity.

"That fellow Wilmot fairly dashed her brains out, and a good job, too!"

This inhuman sentiment, since there was nothing profane or improper in it, failed to do as much as to check the slight yawn Miss Blank was achieving behind her hand. And she remained gazing fixedly at the window-panes, which streamed with rain.

As I opened the parlor door, the same voice went on in the same cruel strain:

"I was glad when I heard she got the knock from somebody at last. Sorry enough for poor Wilmot, though. That

man and I used to be chums at one time. Of course that was the end of him. A clear case if there ever was one. No way out of it. None at all."

The voice belonged to the gentleman Miss Blank had never seen before. He straddled his long legs on the hearth-rug. Jermyn, leaning forward, held his pocket-handkerchief spread out before the grate. He looked back dismally over his shoulder, and as I slipped behind one of the little wooden tables, I nodded to him. On the other side of the fire, imposingly calm and large, sat Mr. Stonor, jammed tight into a capacious Windsor armchair. There was nothing small about him but his short, white side-whiskers. Yards and yards of extra superfine blue cloth (made up into an overcoat) reposed on a chair by his side. And he must just have brought some liner from sea, because another chair was smothered under his black waterproof, ample as a pall, and made of threefold oiled silk, double-stitched throughout. A man's hand-bag of the usual size looked like a child's toy on the floor near his feet.

I did not nod to him. He was too big to be nodded to in that parlor. He was a senior Trinity pilot<sup>1</sup> and condescended to take his turn in the cutter only during the summer months. He had been many times in charge of royal yachts in and out of Port Victoria.<sup>2</sup> Besides, it's no use nodding to a monument. And he was like one. He didn't speak, he didn't budge. He just sat there, holding his handsome old head up, immovable, and almost bigger than life. It was extremely fine. Mr. Stonor's presence reduced poor old Jermyn to a mere shabby wisp of a man, and made the talkative stranger in tweeds on the

hearthrug look absurdly boyish. The latter must have been a few years over thirty, and was certainly not the sort of individual that gets abashed at the sound of his own voice, because gathering me in, as it were, by a friendly glance, he kept it going without a check.

"I was glad of it," he repeated, emphatically. "You may be surprised at it, but then you haven't gone through the experience I've had of her. I can tell you, it was something to remember. Of course, I got off scot free myself—as you can see. She did her best to break up my pluck for me tho'. She jolly near drove as fine a fellow as ever lived into a madhouse. What do you say to that—ch?"

Not an eyelid twitched in Mr. Stonor's enormous face. Monumental! The speaker looked straight into my eyes.

"It used to make me sick to think of her going about the world murdering people."

Jermyn approached the handkerchief a little nearer to the grate and groaned. It was simply a habit he had.

"I've seen her once," he declared, with mournful indifference. "She had a house—"

The stranger in tweeds turned to stare down at him, surprised.

"She had three houses," he corrected, authoritatively. But Jermyn was not to be contradicted.

"She had a house, I say," he repeated, with dismal obstinacy. "A great, big, ugly, white thing. You could see it from miles away—sticking up."

"So you could," assented the other readily. "It was old Colchester's notion, though he was always threatening to give her up. He couldn't stand her racket any more, he declared; it was too much of a good thing for him; he would wash his hands of her, if he never got hold of another—and so on.

<sup>1</sup> *Trinity pilot*, a pilot licensed by Trinity House, an old British institution that has jurisdiction over many matters connected with navigation.

<sup>2</sup> *Port Victoria*, a port on the Medway River in Kent, a county in England. To be trusted with the royal yacht was a great honor.

I daresay he would have chucked her, only—it may surprise you—his missus wouldn't hear of it. Funny, eh? But with women, you never know how they will take a thing, and Mrs. Colchester, with her mustaches and big eyebrows, set up for being as strong-minded as they make them. She used to walk about in a brown silk dress, with a great gold cable flopping about her bosom. You should have heard her snapping out: 'Rubbish!' or 'Stuff and nonsense!' I daresay she knew when she was well off. They had no children, and had never set up a home anywhere. When in England she just made shift to hang out anyhow in some cheap hotel or boarding-house. I daresay she liked to get back to the comforts she was used to. She knew very well she couldn't gain by any change. And, moreover, Colchester, though a first-rate man, was not what you may call in his first youth, and, perhaps, she may have thought that he wouldn't be able to get hold of another (as he used to say) so easily. Anyhow, for one reason or another, it was 'Rubbish' and 'Stuff and nonsense' for the good lady. I overheard once young Mr. Apse himself say to her confidentially: 'I assure you, Mrs. Colchester, I am beginning to feel quite unhappy about the name she's getting for herself.' 'Oh,' says she, with her deep little hoarse laugh, 'if one took notice of all the silly talk,' and she showed Apse all her ugly false teeth at once. 'It would take more than that to make me lose my confidence in her, I assure you,' says she."

At this point, without any change of facial expression, Mr. Stonor emitted a short, sardonic laugh. It was very impressive, but I didn't see the fun. I looked from one to another. The stranger on the hearthrug had an ugly smile.

"And Mr. Apse shook both Mrs. Colchester's hands, he was so pleased to hear a good word said for their fa-

vorite. All these Apses, young and old you know, were perfectly infatuated with that abominable, dangerous ——"

"I beg your pardon," I interrupted, for he seemed to be addressing himself exclusively to me; "but who on earth are you talking about?"

"I am talking of the Apse family," he answered, courteously.

I nearly let out a damn at this. But just then the respected Miss Blank put her head in, and said that the cab was at the door, if Mr. Stonor wanted to catch the eleven three up.

At once the senior pilot arose in his mighty bulk and began to struggle into his coat, with awe-inspiring upheavals. The stranger and I hurried impulsively to his assistance, and directly we laid our hands on him, he became perfectly quiescent. We had to raise our arms very high, and to make efforts. It was like caparisoning a docile elephant. With a "Thanks, gentlemen," he dived under and squeezed himself through the door in a great hurry.

We smiled at each other in a friendly way.

"I wonder how he manages to hoist himself up a ship's side-ladder," said the man in tweeds; and poor Jermyn, who was a mere North Sea pilot, without official status or recognition of any sort, pilot only by courtesy, groaned.

"He makes eight hundred a year."

"Are you a sailor?" I asked the stranger, who had gone back to his position on the rug.

"I used to be till a couple of years ago, when I got married," answered this communicative individual. "I even went to sea first in that very ship we were speaking of when you came in."

"What ship?" I asked, puzzled. "I never heard you mention a ship."

"I've just told you her name, my dear sir," he replied. "*The Apse Family*. Surely you've heard of the great firm of Apse and Sons, shipowners. They had



a pretty big fleet. There was the *Lucy Apse*, and the *Harold Apse*, and *Anne*, *John*, *Malcolm*, *Clara*, *Juliet*, and so on—no end of *Apses*. Every brother, sister, aunt, cousin, wife—and grandmother, too, for all I know—of the firm had a ship named after them. Good, solid, old-fashioned craft they were, too, built to carry and to last. None of your new-fangled, labor-saving appliances in them, but plenty of men and plenty of good salt beef and hard tack put aboard—and off you go to fight your way out and home again.”

The miserable Jermyn made a sound of approval, which sounded like a groan of pain. Those were the ships for him. He pointed out in doleful tones that you couldn't say to labor-saving appliances: “Jump lively now, my hearties.” No labor-saving appliance would go aloft on a dirty night with the sands under your lee.

“No,” assented the stranger, with a wink at me. “The Apses didn't believe in them either, apparently. They treated their people well—as people don't get treated nowadays, and they were awfully proud of their ships. Nothing ever happened to them. The last one, the *Apse Family*, was to be like the others, only she was to be still stronger, still safer, still more roomy and comfortable. I believe they meant her to last forever. They had her built composite—iron, teakwood,<sup>3</sup> and greenheart,<sup>4</sup> and her scantling was something fabulous. If ever an order was given for a ship in a spirit of pride, this one was. Everything of the best. The commodore captain of the employ was to command her, and they planned the accommodation for him like a house on shore under a big, tall poop that went nearly to the mainmast. No wonder Mrs. Colchester wouldn't let the old man give

her up. Why, it was the best home she ever had in all her married days. She had a nerve, that woman.

“The fuss that was made while that ship was building! Let's have this a little stronger, and that a little heavier; and hadn't that other thing better be changed for something a little thicker. The builders entered into the spirit of the game, and there she was, growing into the clumsiest, heaviest ship of her size right before all their eyes, without anybody becoming aware of it somehow. She was to be 2000 tons register, or a little over; no less on any account. But see what happens. When they came to measure her, she turned out 1999 tons and a fraction. General consternation! And they say old Mr. Apse was so annoyed when they told him that he took to his bed and died. The old gentleman had retired from the firm twenty-five years before, and was ninety-six years old if a day; so his death wasn't, perhaps, so surprising. Still Mr. Lucian Apse was convinced that his father would have lived to a hundred. So we may put him at the head of the list. Next comes the poor devil of a shipwright that brute caught and squashed as she went off the ways. They called it the launch of a ship, but I've heard people say that, from the wailing and yelling and scrambling out of the way, it was more like letting a devil loose upon the river. She snapped all her checks like a pack-thread, and went for the tugs in attendance like a fury. Before anybody could see what she was up to, she sent one of them to the bottom, and laid up another for three months' repairs. One of her cables parted, and then, suddenly—you couldn't tell why—she let herself be brought up with the other as quiet as a lamb.

“That's how she was. You could never be sure what she would be up to next. There are ships difficult to han-

<sup>3</sup> teakwood, the hard wood of the East Indian teak tree. <sup>4</sup> greenheart, the wood of the bebeeru tree, grown in South America

dle, but generally you can depend on them behaving rationally. With *that* ship, whatever you did with her, you never knew how it would end. She was a wicked beast. Or, perhaps, she was only just insane."

He uttered this supposition in so earnest a tone that I could not refrain from smiling. He left off biting his lower lip to apostrophize me.

"Eh! Why not? Why couldn't there be something in her build, in her lines corresponding to — What's madness? Only something just a tiny bit wrong in the make of your brain. Why shouldn't there be a mad ship—I mean mad in a shiplike way, so that under no circumstances could you be sure she would do what any other sensible ship would naturally do for you. There are ships that steer wildly, and ships that can't be quite trusted always to stay; others want careful watching when running in a gale; and, again, there may be a ship that will make heavy weather of it in every little blow. But then you expect her to be always so. You take it as part of her character, as a ship, just as you take account of a man's peculiarities of temper when you deal with him. But with her you couldn't. She was unaccountable. If she wasn't mad, then she was the most evil-minded, underhand, savage brute that ever went afloat. I've seen her run in a heavy gale beautifully for two days, and on the third broach to<sup>5</sup> twice in the same afternoon. The first time she flung the helmsman clean over the wheel, but as she didn't quite manage to kill him, she had another try about three hours afterwards. She swamped herself fore and aft, burst all the canvas we had set, scared all hands into a panic, and even frightened Mrs. Colchester down there in these beautiful stern cabins that she was so proud of. When we mustered the crew, there was

one man missing. Swept overboard, of course, without being either seen or heard, poor devil! and I only wonder more of us didn't go.

"Always something like that. Always. I heard an old mate tell Captain Colchester once that it had come to this with him, that he was afraid to open his mouth to give any sort of order. She was as much of a terror in harbor as at sea. You could never be certain what would hold her. On the slightest provocation she would start snapping ropes, cables, wire hawsers, like carrots. She was heavy, clumsy, unhandy—but that does not quite explain that power for mischief she had. You know, somehow, when I think of her, I can't help remembering what we hear of incurable lunatics breaking loose now and then."

He looked at me inquisitively. But, of course, I couldn't admit that a ship could be mad.

"In the ports where she was known," he went on, "they dreaded the sight of her. She thought nothing of knocking away twenty feet or so of solid stone facing off a quay or wiping off the end of a wooden wharf. She must have lost miles of chain and hundreds of tons of anchors in her time. When she fell aboard some poor unoffending ship, it was the very devil of a job to haul her off again. And she never got hurt herself, just a few scratches or so, perhaps. They had wanted to have her strong. And so she was. Strong enough to ram Polar ice with. And as she began, so she went on. From the day she was launched she never let a year pass without murdering somebody. I think the owners got very worried about it. But they were a stiff-necked generation, all these Apses; they wouldn't admit there could be anything wrong with the *Apse Family*. They wouldn't even change her name. 'Stuff and nonsense,' as Mrs. Colchester used to say. They ought at

<sup>5</sup> *broach to*, veer or swing off the course.

least to have shut her up for life in some dry dock or other, away up the river, and never let her smell salt water again. I assure you, my dear sir, that she invariably did kill someone every voyage she made. It was perfectly well known. She got a name for it, far and wide."

I expressed my surprise that a ship with such a deadly reputation could ever get a crew.

"Then, you don't know what sailors are, my dear sir. Let me just show you by an instance. One day in dock at home, while loafing on the forecastle head, I noticed two respectable salts come along, one a middle-aged, competent, steady man, evidently, the other a smart, youngish chap. They read the name on the bows and stopped to look at her. Says the elder man: '*Apse Family*. That's the sanguinary female dog' (I'm putting it in that way) 'of a ship, Jack, that kills a man every voyage. I wouldn't sign in her—not for Joe, I wouldn't.' And the other says: 'If she were mine, I'd have her towed on the mud and set on fire, blamme if I wouldn't.' Then the first man chimes in: 'Much do they care! Men are cheap, God knows.' The younger one spat in the water alongside. 'They won't have me—not for double wages.'

"They hung about for some time and then walked up the dock. Half an hour later I saw them both on our deck looking about for the mate, and apparently very anxious to be taken on. And they were."

"How do you account for this?" I asked.

"What would you say?" he retorted. "Recklessness! The vanity of boasting in the evening to all their chums: 'We've just shipped in that there *Apse Family*. Blow her. She ain't going to scare us.' Sheer sailor-like perversity! A sort of curiosity. Well—a little of all that, no doubt. I put the question to

them in the course of the voyage. The answer of the elderly chap was:

"'A man can die but once.' The younger assured me in a mocking tone that he wanted to see 'how she would do it this time.' But I tell you what; there was a sort of fascination about the brute."

Jermyn, who seemed to have seen every ship in the world, broke in sulkily: "I saw her once out of this very window towing up the river; a great black, ugly thing, going along like a big hearse."

"Something sinister about her looks, wasn't there?" said the man in tweeds, looking down at old Jermyn with a friendly eye. "I always had a sort of horror of her. She gave me a beastly shock when I was no more than fourteen, the very first day—nay, hour—I joined her. Father came up to see me off, and was to go down to Gravesend<sup>6</sup> with us. I was his second boy to go to sea. My big brother was already an officer then. We got on board about eleven in the morning, and found the ship ready to drop out of the basin, stern first. She had not moved three times her own length when, at a little pluck the tug gave her to enter the dock gates, she made one of her ram-paging starts, and put such a weight on the check rope—a new six-inch hawser—that forward there they had no chance to ease it round in time, and it parted. I saw the broken end fly up high in the air, and the next moment that brute brought her quarter against the pier-head with a jar that staggered everybody about her decks. She didn't hurt herself. Not she! But one of the boys the mate had sent aloft on the mizzen to do something, came down on the poop-deck—thump—right in front of me. He was not much older than myself. We had been grinning at each other only a few minutes before. He

<sup>6</sup> *Gravesend*, a port in Kent.

must have been handling himself carelessly, not expecting to get such a jerk. I heard his startled cry—Oh!—in a high treble as he felt himself going, and looked up in time to see him go limp all over as he fell. Ough! Poor father was remarkably white about the gills when we shook hands in Gravesend. 'Are you all right?' he says, looking hard at me. 'Yes, father.' 'Quite sure?' 'Yes, father.' 'Well, then good-by, my boy.' He told me afterwards that for half a word he would have carried me off home with him there and then. I am the baby of the family—you know," added the man in tweeds, stroking his mustache with an ingenuous smile.

I acknowledged this interesting communication by a sympathetic murmur. He waved his hand carelessly.

"This might have utterly spoiled a chap's nerve for going aloft, you know—utterly. He fell within two feet of me, cracking his head on a mooring-bitt. Never moved. Stone dead. Nice looking little fellow, he was. I had just been thinking we would be great chums. However, that wasn't yet the worst that brute of a ship could do. I served in her three years of my time, and then I got transferred to the *Lucy Apse*, for a year. The sailmaker we had in the *Apse Family* turned up there, too, and I remember him saying to me one evening, after we had been a week at sea: 'Isn't she a meek little ship?' No wonder we thought the *Lucy Apse* a dear, meek, little ship after getting clear of that big, rampaging savage brute. It was like heaven. Her officers seemed to me the restfullest lot of men on earth. To me who had known no ship but the *Apse Family*, the *Lucy* was like a sort of magic craft that did what you wanted her to do of her own accord. One evening we got caught aback pretty sharply from right ahead. In about ten minutes we had her full again, sheets aft, tacks down, decks

cleared, and the officer of the watch leaning against the weather rail peacefully. It seemed simply marvelous to me. The other would have stuck for half-an-hour in irons, rolling her decks full of water, knocking the men about—spars cracking, braces snapping, yards taking charge, and a confounded scare going on aft because of her beastly rudder, which she had a way of flapping about fit to raise your hair on end. I couldn't get over my wonder for days.

"Well, I finished my last year of apprenticeship in that jolly little ship—she wasn't so little either, but after that other heavy devil she seemed but a plaything to handle. I finished my time and passed; and then just as I was thinking of having three weeks of real good time on shore, I got at breakfast a letter asking me the earliest day I could be ready to join the *Apse Family* as third mate. I gave my plate a shove that shot it into the middle of the table; dad looked up over his paper; mother raised her hands in astonishment, and I went out bareheaded into our bit of garden, where I walked round and round for an hour.

"When I came in again, mother was out of the dining-room, and dad had shifted berth into his big armchair. The letter was lying on the mantelpiece.

"'It's very creditable to you to get the offer, and very kind of them to make it,' he said. 'And I see also that Charles has been appointed chief mate of that ship for one voyage.'

"There was, over leaf, a P.S. to that effect in Mr. Apse's own handwriting, which I had overlooked. Charley was my big brother.

"'I don't like very much to have two of my boys together in one ship,' father goes on, in his deliberate, solemn way. 'And I may tell you that I would not mind writing Mr. Apse a letter to that effect.'

"Dear old dad! He was a wonderful father. What would you have done? The mere notion of going back (and as an officer, too), to be worried and bothered, and kept on the jump night and day by that brute, made me feel sick. But she wasn't a ship you could afford to fight shy of. Besides, the most genuine excuse could not be given without mortally offending Apse and Sons. The firm, and I believe the whole family down to the old unmarried aunts in Lancashire, had grown desperately touchy about that accursed ship's character. This was the case for answering 'Ready now' from your very death-bed if you wished to die in their good graces. And that's precisely what I did answer—by wire, to have it over and done with at once.

"The prospect of being shipmates with my big brother cheered me up considerably, though it made me a bit anxious, too. Ever since I remember myself as a little chap, he had been very good to me, and I looked upon him as the finest fellow in the world. And so he was. No better officer ever walked the deck of a merchant ship. And that's a fact. He was a fine, strong, upstanding, sun-tanned, young fellow, with his brown hair curling a little, and an eye like a hawk. He was just splendid. We hadn't seen each other for many years, and even this time, though he had been in England three weeks already, he hadn't showed up at home yet, but had spent his spare time in Surrey somewhere making up to Maggie Colchester, old Captain Colchester's niece. Her father, a great friend of dad's, was in the sugar-broking business, and Charley made a sort of second home of their house. I wondered what my big brother would think of me. There was a sort of sternness about Charley's face which never left it, not even when he was larking in his rather wild fashion.

"He received me with a great shout

of laughter. He seemed to think my joining as an officer the greatest joke in the world. There was a difference of ten years between us, and I suppose he remembered me best in pinafores. I was a kid of four when he first went to sea. It surprised me to find how boisterous he could be.

"Now we shall see what you are made of," he cried. And he held me off by the shoulders, and punched my ribs, and hustled me into his berth. 'Sit down, Ned. I am glad of the chance of having you with me. I'll put the finishing touch to you, my young officer, providing you're worth the trouble. And, first of all, get it well into your head that we are not going to let this brute kill anybody this voyage. We'll stop her racket.'

"I perceived he was in dead earnest about it. He talked grimly of the ship, and how we must be careful and never allow this ugly beast to catch us napping with any of her damned tricks.

"He gave me a regular lecture on special seamanship for the use of the *Apse Family*; then changing his tone, he began to talk at large, rattling off the wildest, funniest nonsense, till my sides ached with laughing. I could see very well he was a bit above himself with high spirits. It couldn't be because of my coming. Not to that extent. But, of course, I wouldn't have dreamt of asking what was the matter. I had a proper respect for my big brother, I can tell you. But it was all made plain enough a day or two afterwards, when I heard that Miss Maggie Colchester was coming for the voyage. Uncle was giving her a sea-trip for the benefit of her health.

"I don't know what could have been wrong with her health. She had a beautiful color, and a deuce of a lot of fair hair. She didn't care a rap for wind, or rain, or spray, or sun, or green seas, or anything. She was a blue-eyed, jolly

girl of the very best sort, but the way she checked<sup>7</sup> my big brother used to frighten me. I always expected it to end in an awful row. However, nothing decisive happened till after we had been in Sydney for a week. One day, in the men's dinner hour, Charley sticks his head into my cabin. I was stretched out on my back on the settee, smoking in peace.

"'Come ashore with me, Ned,' he says, in his curt way.

"I jumped up, of course, and away after him down the gangway and up George Street. He strode along like a giant, and I at his elbow, panting. It was confoundedly hot. 'Where on earth are you rushing me to, Charley?' I made bold to ask.

"'Here,' he says.

"'Here' was a jeweler's shop. I couldn't imagine what he could want there. It seemed a sort of mad freak. He thrusts under my nose three rings, which looked very tiny on his big, brown palm, growling out—

"'For Maggie! Which?'

"I got a kind of scare at this. I couldn't make a sound, but I pointed at the one that sparkled white and blue. He put it in his waistcoat pocket, paid for it with a lot of sovereigns, and bolted out. When we got on board, I was quite out of breath. 'Shake hands, old chap,' I gasped out. He gave me a thump on the back. 'Give what orders you like to the boatswain when the hands turn-to,' says he; 'I am off duty this afternoon.'

"Then he vanished from the deck for a while, but presently he came out of the cabin with Maggie, and these two went over the gangway publicly, before all hands, going for a walk together on that awful, blazing hot day, with clouds of dust flying about. They came back after a few hours looking very staid, but didn't seem to have the slightest

idea where they had been. Anyway, that's the answer they both made to Mrs. Colchester's question at tea-time.

"And didn't she turn on Charley, with her voice like an old night cabman's! 'Rubbish. Don't know where you've been! Stuff and nonsense. You've walked the girl off her legs. Don't do it again.'

"It's surprising how meek Charley could be with that old woman. Only on one occasion he whispered to me, 'I'm jolly glad she isn't Maggie's aunt, except by marriage. That's no sort of relationship.' But I think he let Maggie have too much of her own way. She was hopping all over that ship in her yachting skirt and a red tam o' shanter like a bright bird on a dead black tree. The old salts used to grin to themselves when they saw her coming along, and offered to teach her knots or splices. I believe she liked the men, for Charley's sake, I suppose.

"As you may imagine, the fiendish propensities of that cursed ship were never spoken of on board. Not in the cabin, at any rate. Only once on the homeward passage Charley said, incautiously, something about bringing all her crew home this time. Captain Colchester began to look uncomfortable at once, and that silly, hard-bitten old woman flew out at Charley as though he had said something indecent. I was quite confounded myself; as to Maggie, she sat completely mystified, opening her blue eyes very wide. Of course, before she was a day older, she wormed it all out of me. She was a very difficult person to lie to.

"'How awful,' she said, quite solemn. 'So many poor fellows. I am glad the voyage is nearly over. I won't have a moment's peace about Charley now.'

"I assured her Charley was all right. It took more than that ship knew to get over a seaman like Charley. And she agreed with me.

<sup>7</sup> checked, spoke saucily to.

"Next day we got the tug off Dungeness;<sup>8</sup> and when the tow-rope was fast, Charley rubbed his hands and said to me in an undertone—

"We've baffled her, Ned."

"Looks like it," I said, with a grin at him. It was beautiful weather, and the sea as smooth as a millpond. We went up the river without a shadow of trouble except once, when off Hole Haven,<sup>9</sup> the brute took a sudden sheer and nearly had a barge anchored just clear of the fairway. But I was aft, looking after the steering, and she did not catch me napping that time. Charley came up on the poop, looking very concerned. 'Close shave,' says he.

"Never mind, Charley," I answered, cheerily. 'You've tamed her.'

"We were to tow right up to the dock. The river pilot boarded us below Gravesend, and the first words I heard him say were: 'You may just as well take your port anchor inboard at once, Mr. Mate.'

"This had been done when I went forward. I saw Maggie on the fore-castle head<sup>10</sup> enjoying the bustle, and I begged her to go aft, but she took no notice of me, of course. Then Charley, who was very busy with the head gear, caught sight of her and shouted in his biggest voice: 'Get off the fore-castle head, Maggie. You're in the way here.' For all answer she made a funny face at him, and I saw poor Charley turn away, hiding a smile. She was flushed with the excitement of getting home again, and her blue eyes seemed to snap electric sparks as she looked at the river. A collier brig had gone round just ahead of us, and our tug had to stop her engines in a hurry to avoid running into her.

"In a moment, as is usually the case, all the shipping in the reach seemed to

get into a hopeless tangle. A schooner and a ketch got up a small collision all to themselves right in the middle of the river. It was exciting to watch, and, meantime, our tug remained stopped. Any other ship than that brute could have been coaxed to keep straight for a couple of minutes—but not she! Her head fell off at once, and she began to drift down, taking her tug along with her. I noticed a cluster of coasters at anchor within a quarter of a mile of us, and I thought I had better speak to the pilot. 'If you let her get amongst that lot,' I said, quietly, 'she will grind some of them to bits before we get her out again.'

"Don't I know her!" cries he, stamping his foot in a perfect fury. And he out with his whistle to make that bothered tug get the ship's head up again as quick as possible. He blew like mad, waving his arm to port, and presently we could see that the tug's engines had been set going ahead. Her paddles churned the water, but it was as if she had been trying to tow a rock—she couldn't get an inch out of that ship. Again the pilot blew his whistle, and waved his arm to port. We could see the tug's paddles turning faster and faster away, broad on our bow.

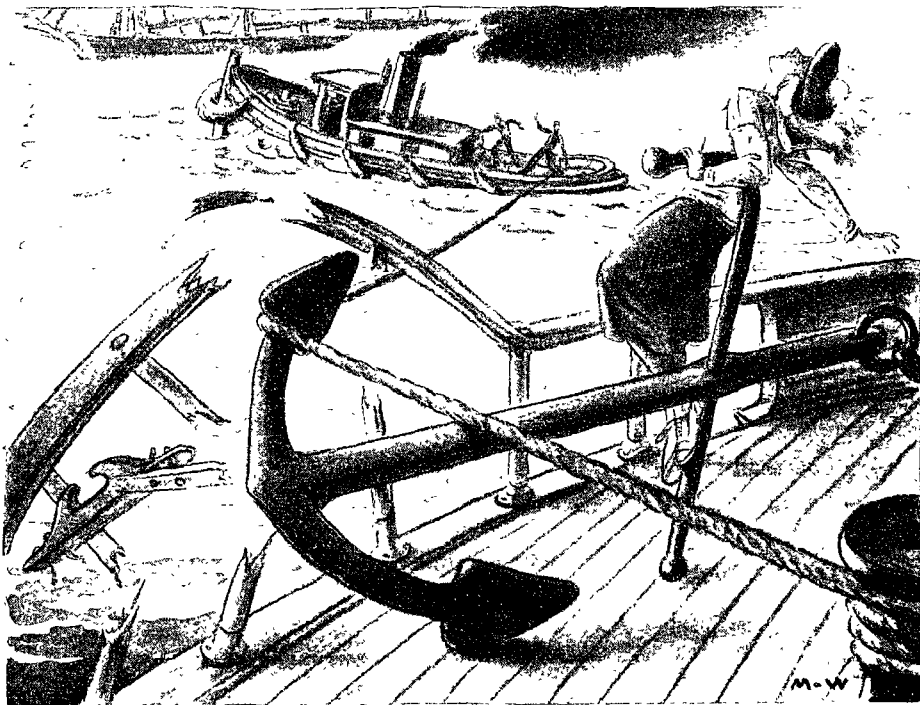
"For a moment tug and ship hung motionless in a crowd of moving shipping, and then the terrific strain that evil, stony-hearted brute would always put on everything, tore the towing-chock clean out. The tow-rope surged over, snapping the iron stanchions of the head-rail one after another as if they had been sticks of sealing-wax. It was only then I noticed that in order to have a better view over our heads, Maggie had stepped upon the port anchor as it lay flat on the fore-castle deck.

"It had been lowered properly into its hardwood beds, but there had been no time to take a turn with it. Anyway, it was quite secure as it was, for

<sup>8</sup> *Dungeness*, at the south end of Kent.

<sup>9</sup> *Hole Haven*, a port town in Kent.

<sup>10</sup> *fore-castle head*, foremost part of the forward deck.



"ITS GREAT, ROUGH IRON ARM SEEMED TO CLASP HER CLOSE."

going into dock; but I could see directly that the tow-rope would sweep under the fluke in another second. My heart flew up right into my throat, but not before I had time to yell out! 'Jump clear of that anchor!'

"But I hadn't time to shriek out her name. I don't suppose she heard me at all. The first touch of the hawser against the fluke threw her down; she was up on her feet again quick as lightning, but she was up on the wrong side. I heard a horrid, scraping sound, and then that anchor, tipping over, rose up like something alive; its great, rough iron arm caught Maggie round the waist, seemed to clasp her close with a dreadful hug, and flung itself with her over and down in a terrific clang of iron, followed by heavy ringing blows that shook the ship from stern to stern—because the ring stopper held!"

"How horrible!" I exclaimed.

"I used to dream for years afterwards of anchors catching hold of girls," said the man in tweeds, a little wildly. He shuddered. "With a most pitiful howl Charley was over after her almost on the instant. But, Lord! he didn't see as much as a gleam of her red tam o' shanter in the water. Nothing! nothing whatever! In a moment there were half-a-dozen boats around us, and he got pulled into one. I, with the boat-swain and the carpenter, let go the other anchor in a hurry and brought the ship up somehow. The pilot had gone silly. He walked up and down the forecastle head wringing his hands and muttering to himself: 'Killing women, now! Killing women, now!' Not another word could you get out of him.

"Dusk fell, then a night black as pitch; and peering upon the river I heard a low, mournful hail, 'Ship,



ahoy!' Two Gravesend watermen came alongside. They had a lantern in their wherry, and looked up the ship's side, holding on to the ladder without a word. I saw in the patch of light a lot of loose, fair hair down there."

He shuddered again.

"After the tide turned, poor Maggie's body had floated clear of one of them big mooring buoys," he explained. "I crept aft, feeling half-dead, and managed to send a rocket up—to let the other searchers know, on the river. And then I slunk forward like a cur, and spent the night sitting on the heel of the bowsprit so as to be as far as possible out of Charley's way."

"Poor fellow!" I murmured.

"Yes. Poor fellow," he repeated, musingly. "That brute wouldn't let him—not even him—cheat her of her prey. But he made her fast in dock next morning. He did. We hadn't exchanged a word—not a single look for that matter. I didn't want to look at him. When the last rope was fast, he put his hands to his head and stood gazing down at his feet as if trying to remember something. The men waited on the main deck for the words that end the voyage. Perhaps that is what he was trying to remember. I spoke for him. 'That'll do, men.'"

"I never saw a crew leave a ship so quietly. They sneaked over the rail one after another, taking care not to bang their sea chests too heavily. They looked our way, but not one had the stomach to come up and offer to shake hands with the mate as is usual.

"I followed him all over the empty ship to and fro, here and there, with no living soul about but the two of us, because the old ship-keeper had locked himself up in the galley—both doors. Suddenly poor Charley mutters, in a crazy voice: 'I'm done here,' and strides down the gangway with me at his heels, up the dock, out at the gate,

on toward Tower Hill. He used to take rooms with a decent old landlady in America Square, to be near his work.

All at once he stops short, turns round, and comes back straight at me. 'Ned,' says he, 'I am going home.' I had the good luck to sight a four-wheeler and got him in just in time. His legs were beginning to give way. In our hall he fell down on a chair, and I'll never forget father's and mother's amazed, perfectly still faces as they stood over him. They couldn't understand what had happened to him till I blubbered out, 'Maggie got drowned, yesterday, in the river.'

"Mother let out a little cry. Father looks from him to me, and from me to him, as if comparing our faces—for, upon my soul, Charley did not resemble himself at all. Nobody moved; and the poor fellow raises his big brown hands slowly to his throat, and with one single tug rips everything open—collar, shirt, waistcoat—a perfect wreck and ruin of a man. Father and I got him upstairs somehow, and mother pretty nearly killed herself nursing him through a brain fever."

The man in tweeds nodded at me significantly.

"Ah! there was nothing that could be done with that brute. She had a devil in her."

"Where's your brother?" I asked, expecting to hear he was dead. But he was commanding a smart steamer on the China coast, and never came home now.

Jermyn fetched a heavy sigh, and the handkerchief being now sufficiently dry, put it tenderly to his red and lamentable nose.

"She was a ravening beast," the man in tweeds started again. "Old Colchester put his foot down and resigned. And would you believe it? Apse and Sons wrote to ask whether he wouldn't reconsider his decision! Anything to

save the good name of the *Apse Family*! Old Colchester went to the office then and said that he would take charge again but only to sail her out into the North Sea and scuttle her there. He was nearly off his chump. He used to be darkish iron-gray, but his hair went snow-white in a fortnight. And Mr. Lucian Apse (they had known each other as young men) pretended not to notice it. Eh? Here's infatuation if you like! Here's pride for you!

"They jumped at the first man they could get to take her, for fear of the scandal of the *Apse Family* not being able to find a skipper. He was a festive soul, I believe, but he stuck to her grim and hard. Wilmot was his second mate. A harum-scarum fellow, and pretending to a great scorn for all the girls. The fact is he was really timid. But let only one of them do as much as lift her little finger in encouragement, and there was nothing that could hold the beggar. . . .

"It was said that one of the firm had been heard once to express a hope that this brute of a ship would get lost soon. I can hardly credit the tale, unless it might have been Mr. Alfred Apse, whom the family didn't think much of. They had him in the office, but he was considered a bad egg altogether, always flying off to race meetings and coming home drunk. You would have thought that a ship so full of deadly tricks would run herself ashore some day out of sheer cussedness. But not she! She was going to last forever. She had a nose to keep off the bottom."

Jermyn made a grunt of approval.

"A ship after a pilot's own heart, eh?" jeered the man in tweeds. "Well, Wilmot managed it. He was the man for it, but even he, perhaps, couldn't have done the trick without the green-eyed governess, or nurse, or whatever she was to the children of Mr. and Mrs. Pamphilus.

"Those people were passengers in her from Port Adelaide to the Cape. Well, the ship went out and anchored outside for the day. The skipper—hospitable soul—had a lot of guests from town to a farewell lunch—as usual with him. It was five in the evening before the last shore boat left the side, and the weather looked ugly and dark in the gulf. There was no reason for him to get under way. However, as he had told everybody he was going that day, he imagined it was proper to do so anyhow. But as he had no mind after all these festivities to tackle the straits in the dark, with a scant wind, he gave orders to keep the ship under lower topsails and foresail as close as she would lie, dodging along the land till the morning. Then he sought his virtuous couch. The mate was on deck, having his face washed very clean with hard rain squalls. Wilmot relieved him at midnight.

"The *Apse Family* had, as you observed, a house on her poop . . ."

"A big, ugly white thing, sticking up," Jermyn murmured, sadly, at the fire.

"That's it: a companion for the cabin stairs and a sort of chart-room combined. The rain drove in gusts on the sleepy Wilmot. The ship was then surging slowly to the southward, close hauled, with the coast within three miles or so to windward. There was nothing to look out for in that part of the gulf, and Wilmot went round to dodge the squalls under the lee of that chart-room, whose door on that side was open. The night was black, like a barrel of coal-tar. And then he heard a woman's voice whispering to him.

"That confounded green-eyed girl of the Pamphilus people had put the kids to bed a long time ago, of course, but it seems couldn't get to sleep herself. She heard eight bells struck, and the chief mate come below to turn in. She

waited a bit, then got into her dressing-gown and stole across the empty saloon and up the stairs into the chart-room. She sat down on the settee near the open door to cool herself, I daresay.

"I suppose when she whispered to Wilmot, it was as if somebody had struck a match in the fellow's brain. I don't know how it was they had got so very thick. I fancy he had met her ashore a few times before. I couldn't make it out, because, when telling the story, Wilmot would break off to swear something awful at every second word. We had met on the quay in Sydney, and he had an apron of sacking up to his chin, a big whip in his hand. A wagon-driver. Glad to do anything not to starve. That's what he had come down to.

"However, there he was, with his head inside the door, on the girl's shoulder as likely as not—officer of the watch! The helmsman, on giving his evidence afterwards, said that he shouted several times that the binnacle lamp had gone out. It didn't matter to him, because his orders were to 'sail her close.' 'I thought it funny,' he said, 'that the ship could keep on falling off in squalls, but I luffed her up every time as close as I was able. It was so dark I couldn't see my hand before my face, and the rain came in bucketfuls on my head.'

"The truth was that at every squall the wind hauled aft a little, till gradually the ship came to be heading straight for the coast, without a single soul in her being aware of it. Wilmot himself confessed that he had not been near the standard compass for an hour. He might well have confessed! The first thing he knew was the man on the look-out shouting blue murder forward there.

"He tore his neck free, he says, and yelled back at him: 'What do you say?'

"I think I hear breakers ahead, sir,'

howled the man, and came rushing aft with the rest of the watch, in the 'awfullest blinding deluge that ever fell from the sky,' Wilmot says. For a second or so he was so scared and bewildered that he could not remember on which side of the gulf the ship was. He wasn't a good officer, but he was a seaman all the same. He pulled himself together in a second, and the right orders sprang to his lips without thinking. They were to hard up with the helm and shiver the main and mizzen-topsails.

"It seems that the sails actually fluttered. He couldn't see them, but he heard them rattling and banging above his head. 'No use! She was too slow in going off,' he went on, his dirty face twitching, and the damn'd carter's whip shaking in his hand. 'She seemed to stick fast.' And then the flutter of the canvas above his head ceased. At this critical moment the wind hauled aft again with a gust, filling the sails and sending the ship with a great way upon the rocks on her lee bow. She had overreached herself in her last little game. Her time had come—the hour, the man, the black night, the treacherous gust of wind—the right woman to put an end to her. The brute deserved nothing better. Strange are the instruments of Providence. There's a sort of poetical justice——"

The man in tweeds looked hard at me.

"The first ledge she went over stripped the false keel off her. Rip! The skipper, rushing out of his berth, found a crazy woman, in a red flannel dressing-gown, flying round and round the cuddy, screeching like a cockatoo.

"The next bump knocked her clean under the cabin table. It also started the stern-post and carried away the rudder, and then that brute ran up a shelving, rocky shore, tearing her bottom out, till she stopped short, and the fore-

mast dropped over the bows like a gangway."

"Anybody lost?" I asked.

"No one, unless that fellow, Wilmot," answered the gentleman, unknown to Miss Blank, looking round for his cap. "And his case was worse than drowning for a man. Everybody got ashore all right. Gale didn't come on till next day, dead from the west, and broke up that brute in a surprisingly short time. It was as though she had been rotten at heart." . . . He changed his tone, "Rain left off? I must get my bike and rush home to dinner. I live in Herne Bay—came out for a spin this morning."

He nodded at me in a friendly way, and went out with a swagger.

"Do you know who he is, Jermyn?" I asked.

The North Sea pilot shook his head, dismally. "Fancy losing a ship in that silly fashion! Oh, dear! oh, dear!" he groaned in lugubrious tones, spreading his damp handkerchief again like a curtain before the glowing grate.

On going out I exchanged a glance and a smile (strictly proper) with the respectable Miss Blank, barmaid of the Three Crows.

#### CLASS DISCUSSIONS

1. What kind of story do you expect from the opening conversation? How did the *Apse Family* early get her reputation? What was the most horrible crime she committed? How does the end of the story remind you of the beginning?

2. What qualities of Conrad's fiction are found in this selection? Would you call it a romantic or a realistic story?

3. What is the final impression this story leaves on the reader? How does it differ from the impression created by "The Garden Party"? Recall Conrad's phrase, "that glimpse of truth for which you have forgotten to ask." State, as exactly as you can, the thoughts or truth about life that each story suggested to you.

## THE DUMB DUTCHMAN

C. S. FORESTER

[The historical selections in Chapter XVI brought to your attention the perils that beset England in 1940. The following story approaches that topic from a different angle. It may give you a keener appreciation of the dangers against which the English had to keep ever on the alert.]

WHEN the German police came aboard the *Lek II* that May morning at Düsseldorf,<sup>1</sup> Jan Schuylenboeck thought that they had found out about his activities, and he set his hand to his pocket where his pencil was; concealed beneath the rubber eraser at the end of that pencil was enough poison to insure for him a death much more rapid than the Gestapo<sup>2</sup> would allow him. But it turned out that there was no immediate need for the poison, because the arrival of the police was not the first step in a personal tragedy; it was part of a national tragedy, of a world-wide tragedy, for that was the morning that the Germans invaded Holland,<sup>3</sup> and the police were arresting, not a spy—which Schuylenboeck had been for a long time—but an enemy alien; Schuylenboeck had been that for only a few minutes, after the German planes had dropped their first bombs on the Dutch civilian population.

The *Lek II* was a tugboat, almost new; since long before the war began between Germany and England, Schuylenboeck, as her owner and captain, had been taking vast tows up the Rhine to supply the German war machine. It had been a profitable contract, but the money had been no sort of compensation to the tug's captain; instead, he had found his reward in reporting to Lon-

<sup>1</sup> Düsseldorf, an important port on the Rhine in Prussian Germany and a center for munitions plants.

<sup>2</sup> Gestapo, the German secret police.

<sup>3</sup> Germans . . . Holland. On the morning of May 10, 1940, at 5:30, the German troops invaded Holland by air, sea, and land.

don all the numerous things that a tug-boat captain can discover during voyages to the German munitions towns on the Rhine.

The police officer was quite apologetic about arresting Jan Schuylenboeck; odd though it was for a Gestapo man to be apologetic about anything at all.

"The purest formality, captain," said the police officer. "We are under orders to arrest every Dutchman and Belgian in the country. But I am quite sure that it was not meant to include you, because you have been known too long as a friend of the party. A pity that you did not join along with your brother-in-law, but in any case, I am sure you will soon be released. We cannot spare either you or the *Lek II* for long."

"I am glad to hear that," said Schuylenboeck.

Years of practice had already taught him never to allow his expression to change, never to say anything that might betray him. The fact that his hated brother-in-law had for some time been a member of the Dutch Nazi Party had been of considerable use to him, even though it had not made his life any happier. Schuylenboeck kept his face expressionless while the radio poured out its tremendous news—of how the German army was pouring almost unchecked over two frontiers; of the breaking of the Belgian defense line on the Albert Canal by a Panzer division from Aachen; of the descent of parachute troops everywhere, forestalling the cutting of the dikes, which might have let in the sea and saved the country; and later on, the news of the bombing of Rotterdam<sup>4</sup> and the surrender of the Dutch army. Schuylenboeck could not manage to make himself appear pleased at the news that both the Netherlands and Belgium were conquered, that France was tumbling into ruin, but at

the same time he managed to conceal his delight at the news that the British army had escaped at Dunkirk.<sup>5</sup> Everybody knew him as a stolid, stodgy Dutchman, and violent demonstrations were not expected of him.

Even before the Dutch surrender, arrangements had already been made to continue Schuylenboeck and the *Lek II* in the employment of the Third Reich.<sup>6</sup> Now there were huge quantities of loot to be got out of the prostrate country. For a time, until the Dutch should be reduced to utter misery, the shipments up the Rhine would be heavier than ever. Schuylenboeck nodded when he was told. He could not trust himself ever to speak, it seemed to him.

And yet, when the time came and he met that brother-in-law of his whom he had always disliked so intensely, the one who had been a Nazi for years, he nerved himself to be quite cordial to him.

"I'm glad to hear you've made up your mind to co-operate, Jan," said Braun.

"It's the only logical thing to do," grunted Schuylenboeck.

"Exactly. Look at me. Head of a whole district already. When peace comes and the New Order is fully established, I shall be the ruler of thousands, millions. And meanwhile—meanwhile I have enough to eat and plenty of money to spend. It will be the same for you."

"So it seems."

"The people think they're very clever, not speaking to me. You'll find the same thing, but don't let it worry you. I'll attend to that. Old Mrs. Honig—she's some relation to me, you know—didn't invite me to the party to celebrate her golden wedding. Didn't invite me, although I'm her cousin, and in my official position. To tell the truth, I have an idea that she started the idea of a

<sup>4</sup> Rotterdam, a large port on the Lek River in Holland, destroyed by bombing after the Dutch surrender, May 14.

<sup>5</sup> Dunkirk. See page 616.

<sup>6</sup> Third Reich, Nazi Germany.

golden-wedding party just so as to be able not to invite me. Well, much good it did her and her doddering old husband. I suppose you've heard where they spent their precious golden wedding."

"Yes, I've heard," said Schuylenboeck. He automatically fingered his beloved pencil with the dose of poison hidden under the eraser. If he were ever in danger of being sent to the same place, the poison would be useful. A pity that the old Honigs had not had such a poison in their possession when they were arrested.

Four times the *Lek II* and her captain took big tows of loot up the Rhine for delivery in the industrial towns. On one occasion the British bombers raided Ruhrort<sup>7</sup> while Schuylenboeck was there, and one bomb burst on the quay not very far from the *Lek II*, and started a beautiful fire among the very stores she had brought up the river. Schuylenboeck thought to himself how glad the people to whom he used to report would have been to receive that piece of news. But Schuylenboeck had no intention at all of risking detection in order to convey what would be, after all, a very minor piece of news. He was saving himself for something more important than that; he did not know what, but he thought the opportunity would come one of these days—that is, unless he was compelled to use the dose of poison which lay concealed under the eraser in his pencil. If that bomb had hit the *Lek II* and killed Schuylenboeck at that time, the fading memory of him would have been merely that of one more of the few pitiful traitors who betrayed the Netherlands.

And then came a change of duties to Schuylenboeck and a change of scene for the *Lek II*. The long journeys up the Rhine—somehow pleasant despite the torrent of unhappy memories which

they evoked—ended for good. It was not because there was no more loot to be extracted from Holland; there was still plenty, but it could be entrusted to tug masters of less ability and less reliability than Schuylenboeck.

Flushing<sup>8</sup> was a scene of boiling activity. For the defensive—to guard against an English attack—there were mine fields being laid and big guns being mounted and concrete blockhouses being erected. For the offensive there was a German army to be trained in embarkation and debarkation; also there was a motley flotilla of tugs and lighters and shallow-draft steamers to be trained in the same operations.

Schuylenboeck had often devoted some of his thoughts to the problem facing the Germans of invading England. To start with, there was the question of obtaining, even temporarily, the command of the sea. Schuylenboeck dismissed that from his mind; the Nazis might by some astonishing combination of circumstances be able to by-pass it. But after that came the question of ferrying over a large number of men and a huge mass of material. Schuylenboeck could make calculations about that; he had spent his life dealing with questions of water transport. Before his eyes here in Flushing he could see some of the steps the Nazis were taking to solve the problem. First he scratched his head, with its thinning straw-colored hair, and then, finding little inspiration in that, he pulled at his fat pink cheeks and stared out over the crowded harbor, narrowing his eyelids over his slightly protuberant blue eyes. He was not a handsome man, nor did he appear to be a particularly intellectual man. And certainly he did not appear to be a man who could evolve and cherish through months of intense danger a deep design.

About a hundred men to a lighter, Schuylenboeck saw that the Nazis were

<sup>7</sup> Ruhrort, an immense port fifteen miles north of Dusseldorf.

<sup>8</sup> Flushing, an important port on the North Sea in south Holland.

allowing. What would be the total force they would try to employ? Schuylenboeck had little idea, but he fixed arbitrarily upon three hundred thousand. That meant three thousand lighters. That meant—Schuylenboeck was not good at mental arithmetic, but he dared not risk putting such calculations on paper—a string of lighters one hundred and fifty miles long if in single file, taking about twenty hours to pass a given point at their best speed—doubtful when there were intricate channels through shoals and mine fields to be traversed. But of course every harbor from Emden down to Cherbourg,<sup>9</sup> or beyond, would be employed. Then came the question of equipment, of tanks and guns.

Schuylenboeck groaned in misery at the thought of all those unknown quantities intruding themselves into his calculations. He had no idea how much space they would require. Schuylenboeck was reminded of the little boy who asked his father how much a million pennies made and, being told that it made the devil of a lot of money, got into trouble the next morning in school because it was the wrong answer.

The Nazis had the devil of a problem on their hands—a problem depending on the utmost nicety of timing, on the most accurate planning, on the most careful consideration of navigational conditions of tides and wind. And he was well aware that they were doing their usual painstaking best to eliminate all the possible unknowns.

Colonel Potthoff was in charge of the embarkation arrangements in the Flushing sector. Schuylenboeck came to know him well, a man almost as bulky as Schuylenboeck himself, with a good deal of the bulk protruding over the

back of his collar in naked, fleshy rolls. Potthoff used to sit at his desk in the harbormaster's office and wheeze heavily over timetables.

"Six hours for the troops to file into the lighters, Major Roth!" said Potthoff. "That is too much. Then four more to get the lighters clear of the mole. Quite impossible. . . . Captain Schuylenboeck, you must see to it the lighters get to sea quicker than that."

"Yes, sir," said Schuylenboeck and Roth dutifully; presumably, Roth's tone was sincere.

It was an intricate, difficult job to arrange for the troops, on the word being given, to march out of their barracks and take their position in order in the waiting lighters—the harbor was chockablock with them—and then make up the tows and get them out of the harbor through the narrowed entrance. Nor was the situation eased by the fact that half of the tug masters were Dutch and did their best unobtrusively to muddle the business; the captain of a tug with six lighters in tow can cause a quite amazing tangle if he is so inclined. There was one Dutch captain who managed to get his tow into the mine field outside the entrance and blow one lighter of troops to fragments. But the Germans shot him, even though he pleaded that it was an unavoidable accident.

Schuylenboeck approved of the blowing up of the lighter, but he never indulged in the petty obstructionism of the other captains. He was hoping, deep down in the stolid bulk of him, for larger game. His helpfulness in the matter of maneuvering tows won him still further the confidence of his Nazi tyrants; it won him the responsibility of handling a tow of no fewer than ten lighters—the *Lek II's* fullest capacity—and it had won him the hatred of all those who had once been his friends. Schuylenboeck was reduced to drinking

<sup>9</sup> from Emden down to Cherbourg, from a German port at the north of Holland to a French port more than five hundred miles westward along the coast.

his evening beer—thin wartime stuff—in the company of his brother-in-law, Braun, eyed askance by the loyalists. There were small compensations; Braun still had a stock of the thin Sumatra cigars with a straw up the middle that Schuylenboeck loved, and he told Schuylenboeck scraps of information that Schuylenboeck stored up in his mind, ready to tell when the time should come, if he did not have to use the poison under the eraser first.

It was not only in embarkation that the Nazi troops had to be drilled. They also had to practice disembarkation. The tows, when they had crept out as far to sea as they dared, turned about and headed for shore again; there to practice, some of them, in running aground in the shallows, where the troops leaped out waist deep and poured up the beaches, and some to practice running alongside the jetty in what, for the purposes of the maneuver, was assumed to be a captured port. There were times when the Royal Air Force came over, raining bombs, and with the fighters spouting 20-mm. shells, wreaking destruction on the flotilla and killing the hapless soldiers in the lighters. Yet after each such attack, more lighters crept round from the German shipbuilding yards, more troops came to fill the gaps, and the rehearsal went steadily on. And during this dreadful August, when the R.A.F. was fighting to preserve England from Göring's<sup>10</sup> bombers, there was not much strength to spare to harass the invasion forces.

August shifted into September. Still the bombers roared overhead on their way to raid London, and still they came limping back in diminished numbers. The days were growing shorter, the nights longer. And Schuylenboeck still waited, imperturbable, for his opportunity, whatever that opportunity might

be; his gesture toward his breast pocket where lay his pencil had by now become quite habitual to him.

It was Colonel Rücker's engineer regiment, the 79th Pioneers, which was allotted to the *Lek II's* tow. Colonel Rücker was one of those fierce, conscientious soldiers with an infinity of training who have helped to make the German army what it is. The Nazis have worked out a system which puts the engineer regiments in the forefront of the battle; the way to every victory is cleared by the pioneers. Rücker was the man who had first set foot in Eben Emael<sup>11</sup> and struck the first blow in the campaign which was to carry the Germans from the Rhine to the Pyrenees. The lines on his face made him look older than his thirty-eight years, and if one looked closely at his shorn head, one could see plenty of gray hairs, but he still carried himself with a spring and an elasticity which would have been a credit to a boy of half his years. The 79th Pioneers, hard-bitten veterans, all of them, were waiting for their chance to head the landing force that would march on London just as they had marched on Paris. In those early weeks of the war against England, left single-handed, there was no doubt in their minds that the enterprise would succeed, just as every other enterprise had succeeded up to that time; the disappointments for the German army still lay in the future.

That September day the orders came through early in the morning, and the German army came pouring out from its billets and its barracks, and marching in from the outlying suburbs with the regularity to be expected of a disciplined army after a dozen rehearsals. The motor vehicles came roaring along the quay and down the ramps laid down

<sup>10</sup> Göring, Hermann, head of the German Luftwaffe, or air force.

<sup>11</sup> Eben Emael, a strong fortress outside of Liège, Belgium, captured by the Nazis on May 11, 1940.



for them—five armored cars and five light tanks, one for each of the ten lighters in the *Lek II's* train. Simultaneously came the 79th Pioneers, marching swiftly in column of threes and taking their places in the lighters in mechanical obedience to the unhurried orders of the noncommissioned officers.

Colonel Rücker and the regimental headquarters took their places in the leading lighter; Rücker was aware that it would be more dignified for him to stand on the bridge of the tug, but the *Lek II* drew far more water than the lighters, and it was the lighters that would run ashore under their own impetus after the tug had cast them off. On board the *Lek II* there came only Krauss, the assistant signaling officer, and a couple of privates, ready to receive any communication which Colonel Rücker might see fit to make.

As the last man stepped aboard, the warps<sup>12</sup> were cast off, and Schuylenboeck, with a last glance round him from the bridge, rang down<sup>13</sup> for slow speed ahead. With infinite slowness, lest a sudden jerk should snap the tow ropes, the tow was under way, circled and headed for the harbor mouth; even as it moved, fresh barges were being warped into their place and fresh troops were marching down on to the quay, ready to embark. Still moving slowly, the *Lek II* and her lumbering train passed out into the open sea, almost glass smooth, and with a dim sun looking down upon it. Overhead at that moment there passed a vast diamond of bombers, the fighter escort so tiny as almost to be lost in the faint haze, heading for England. The war in the air was being fought out to its climax<sup>14</sup> while war on land was still in rehearsal.

<sup>12</sup> warps, ropes, which were slipped off the bollards (posts) on the quay (dock).

<sup>13</sup> rang down, rang the signal bell to the engine room.

<sup>14</sup> climax. See page 628.

"A nice calm day," said Lieutenant Krauss benignly. The slightest lop on the water, even such as would not prevent the unseaworthy barges from carrying out their exercises, was enough to make him seasick and miserable.

"A beautiful day," agreed Schuylenboeck, heartily.

He looked up at the dim sun and at the haze-shrouded horizon, and then hastily, in fear lest even that gesture should have betrayed his thoughts, at the rest of the barges jockeying their way out of the harbor. And lest he had betrayed himself, he felt in his pocket for the reassurance of his pencil. He knew much more about the Narrow Seas than did Lieutenant Krauss; he knew what kind of weather that glassy sea and indistinct horizon portended. Right ahead, for that matter, he was almost sure he could see a hint of the fog bank he was hoping for.

Despite Colonel Potthoff's complaints, it still took a most unconscionable time for the whole flotilla to get clear of the harbor mouth and the mine fields beyond. The *Lek II* chugged slowly ahead while the rest of the flotilla emerged and took up its formation; in that formation the *Lek II* was still destined to be ahead for the 79th Pioneers to make the first landing. But time today was not of so much importance, for when the embarkation rehearsal was completed, the force was destined to turn leisurely about—and with that agglomerate mass of barges every tiny movement had to be leisurely—and return to the shore after nightfall to practice a night landing. Slowly the flotilla headed out to sea, until almost beyond the protection of the heavy shore batteries. Farther ahead still were to be seen the dim shapes of the light cruiser and the half flotilla of destroyers which guarded against some unforeseen eruption of the British light forces. Dimmer and dimmer grew those shapes; soon a

little wreath of fog, twisting sluggishly over the water, came athwart the *Lek II's* bows and was cut by them into halves. There was no heat to the pale sun now; within a few minutes there was no sun to be seen, and the destroyer screen on the horizon was entirely invisible.

One of the privates on the bridge beside Krauss and Schuylenboeck suddenly called attention to the tow; a signaler in the leading barge was sending a message by semaphore, and Krauss read it off with the ease of long practice. "We are to go back without carrying out the night landing," said Krauss, and Schuylenboeck nodded ponderously and rang down for full speed ahead.

"What are you doing that for?" asked Krauss curiously, noting the quickened beat of the propeller.

"It is necessary to go faster in order to lead round on the curve," explained Schuylenboeck without emotion.

Further wreaths of fog were curling past them now, and a moment later they had reached the fog bank. From the bridge of the *Lek II* it was impossible to see even the bows of the tug. The people in the barges would not be able to see the tug ahead or the barge behind. Schuylenboeck gave a slight alteration of course to the man at the wheel, and five minutes later a much larger one in the opposite direction. That was sufficient to put confusion into Krauss's mind, and possibly into the helmsman's. They were headed for England now by the shortest route, but only Schuylenboeck was aware of it; he had no intention at all, and never had, of taking any of the crew into his confidence. When one lives under Nazi rule, one takes no one into one's confidence.

The fog was clammy and chill; Krauss began to pace the little bridge to keep himself warm; after the beautiful weather of August, 1940, he was a

little susceptible to cold. But Schuylenboeck stood there unmoving, his hand, in its characteristic attitude, resting over his inside breast pocket. He was aware of the importance of showing no sign of nervousness.

Then, just ahead, a slightly more solid nucleus of the gray fog flicked past the *Lek II's* bows; it was come and gone in a flash, but Schuylenboeck felt the *Lek II* pitch a little under his feet as she met the resultant wash. That was one of the German destroyers, and they were through the screen now, with nothing hostile between them and England, unless some dreadful coincidence—Schuylenboeck felt for his pencil again—should guide them into contact with a lurking U-boat. Schuylenboeck ordered another small alteration of course, kept to it for half an hour, and then, to anticipate Krauss's inevitable restlessness, he bellowed an order forward for a hand to go to work with the lead. That would look as if he were expecting to approach the shore at any moment, and the five fathoms which the leadsman got was, as he had anticipated, the tail of the Camelbank. Schuylenboeck discontinued the heaving of the lead immediately; he did not want deep water reported.

Half an hour more of this. That was the utmost limit of time he dared to allow himself. Krauss was restless by now, and far back in the fog he could guess that Colonel Rücker was also growing restless. They ought to have made the harbor mouth an hour back. It was fortunate that, having started at the head of the procession, they would return at the tail, so that there was nothing very surprising about their having seen nothing of the other tows, and Schuylenboeck, ponderously working out a psychological problem, could guess that Rücker, with his vast experience of war and of the confusion resulting even in a well-drilled army like the German

at an unexpected change of conditions, would expect a certain amount of delay, and would rely, in his disciplined German fashion, on the judgment of the man on the spot.

Schuylenboeck nerved himself to speak; it was one thing to be his usual ponderous self and quite another to have to say words like an actor.

"I shall have to send a radio call," he said to Krauss. "Then I can pick up my bearings with the direction finder."

"Very good," said Krauss. Schuylenboeck's blue eyes noted the fact that Krauss was nervous but yet not suspicious. What he was afraid of was the mine fields, and the possibility of bumping into the breakwater or running down another tow. Schuylenboeck scribbled the message on the pad and handed it to Joris Hohlwerff in the little radio room beside the chartroom. He had no knowledge at all as to whether young Joris was a willing co-operator or not. "Co-operator" in the conquered countries has the special meaning of a man who has taken the German side. If he had been sure that Joris was not one, Schuylenboeck might have sent a very different message, but under Nazi rule one is sure of nothing. The hiss and crackle of the transmission showed that Joris was dispatching the message, and the British kept a ceaseless wireless watch, and they had direction finders as well.

A precious ten minutes passed—another mile nearer England—before Joris came out with the reply sent out by a puzzled German station.

"Repeat my message," ordered Schuylenboeck. He met Joris's eyes with a stony stare, and Joris's stare was just as stony. Neither of these men knew anything at all about what was passing in the other's mind. But the transmission hissed and crackled. The British navy must be picking up those waves.

Far out here in the North Sea there was a perceptible movement of the water. The *Lek II* was positively lively, and the lighters astern must be lurching disgustingly. Schuylenboeck hoped that Rücker would be too sick to be suspicious. It was twenty minutes now since the first wireless message. Any British destroyer taking it in ten miles away could be here by now to investigate.

To convey an attitude of activity, Schuylenboeck began ringing down messages to the engine room for half speed, for slow speed ahead, for half speed again. Lieutenant Krauss, beside him, marveled at the assurance of this experienced tug master who could bring a great tow into port with such a sureness of touch in a fog that limited visibility to twenty yards. Krauss still had not the least idea that he was forty miles out in the North Sea instead of being at the entrance to Flushing.

Joris, his face as expressionless as before, brought out on the pad a most indignant message. This time it was from an admiral. He simply could not understand what had come over the *Lek II*, and demanded that she turn about and come home at once by the aid of directional wireless. Schuylenboeck wrote out the longest message of apology that he could think of and suggested that the cause of it all was compass failure. He would, of course, obey orders immediately. That would gain time, would continue to help the British navy in its search, and would postpone any dispatch of German destroyers in pursuit. The fastest German destroyer, leaving immediately, would not be up to them for more than an hour. Schuylenboeck quitted his hold on his poison pencil long enough to look at his watch, while Joris sent his reply, and then, at his captain's order, repeated it for good measure.



JORIS BROUGHT OUT A MOST INDIGNANT MESSAGE.

Then at last it happened, the appearance of a vague shape through the mist and a bellowed challenge through a megaphone. The words spoken were English, but Schuylenboeck had schooled himself for so long to be without emotion that he felt no relief, standing still while Krauss leaped excitedly to the rail to stare at the menacing gray silhouette. The destroyer, her guns trained, rolled heavily in the swell almost on top of the *Lek II*.

"Who are you?" demanded the English voice again, irritation and curiosity intermingled in its tone.

"Dutch tug *Lek Two!*" roared Schuylenboeck back.

The relative motions of the ships carried them past each other, although Schuylenboeck had rung down immediately to stop the engines. So close were they that Schuylenboeck could

hear the words being spoken on the destroyer's deck, and the exclamation of surprise as the English sighted the first of the lighters in tow.

From Colonel Rücker's lighter there came a sudden splutter of machine-gun fire. Rücker was a quick thinker, had recognized the English destroyer for what she was, and had put his men's guns into action. But it did not last long, because the British ship's guns made instant reply. Fifty-pound shells at point-blank range tore into the fragile barge, and it broke in the center. Colonel Rücker and the leading half company of the 79th Pioneers met their end there in the mist-shrouded water. The rest of the regiment surrendered—nine lighters, nine hundred men fully equipped for the invasion of England, five light tanks, and four armored cars.

"That was a good show," said the

lieutenant commander to Schuylenboeck, as they sat down in the tiny cabin abaft the destroyer's bridge.

Schuylenboeck sat down heavily. He could not throw off all in a minute the forced immobility of expression which he had added to his natural immobility. He could not even show relief; he could not even drop the old gesture of fumbling with his pencil in his breast pocket. A thought struck him; for the sake of something to do while searching for words, he took the pencil out. He would not need the poison now. With his thick fingers he pried the eraser out of its thin metal holder. The two little pills did not roll out, not even when he tapped the pencil. He peered into the holder, and it was empty. For a long time now—how long he could never know—he had been clinging to the wrong pencil.

"What a nerve you must have!" said the lieutenant commander admiringly. Then he looked at the Dutchman's face again, and it was as white as paper, and the big hands were trembling violently.

"Thank God you came!" said Schuylenboeck. His lips were trembling, too, and all his big solid face seemed as though it was melting, collapsing, and there was sweat pouring down the heavy cheeks.

"Thank God you came!" repeated Schuylenboeck, and the lieutenant commander was inclined ignorantly to revise his estimate.

#### CLASS DISCUSSIONS

1. At the beginning do you think "dumb" means stupid or silent or both? (a) What is the "more important" undertaking that Schuylenboeck hoped for? (b) What is the undertaking for which the Nazis selected him? Did Schuylenboeck think it would succeed? (c) Why didn't the plan of the engineer regiment attain its purpose? (d) How do you account for Schuylenboeck's terror at the close?

2. This is a spy story. (a) What qual-

ities of the Nazis are disclosed in the story? What difficulties would a spy need to overcome in order to get the better of the Nazis? How do you account for Schuylenboeck's success? (b) Is your interest in the story due to the perils that confront the spy, or to the threat to England? In each case, where is the suspense strongest? Why is the concluding paragraph effective?

3. "The Dumb Dutchman" may be regarded also as a nautical tale. (a) Where does knowledge of the sea play the largest part? How important is the knowledge in determining the course of events? (b) As a nautical tale, compare "The Dumb Dutchman" with "The Brute." Which do you like better as a story of salt water?

4. The author, C. S. Forester, has created one of the great characters in English fiction (see page 661) in five volumes. Reports by a committee might recommend the volume in which this character is most interesting.

#### THE DEMON LOVER\*

ELIZABETH BOWEN

[In her introduction to *Ivy Gripp'd the Steps* (see page 660) the author explains that the stories are placed according to "a rising tide of hallucination." She puts "The Demon Lover" in the middle of the collection. A fuller enjoyment of it may be gained as you pass from mystery to mystery if you ask yourself, "Does Mrs. Drover actually experience this or does she merely imagine it?" At the end perhaps you can explain the title.]

**T**OWARDS the end of her day in London Mrs. Drover went round to her shut-up house to look for several things she wanted to take away. Some belonged to herself, some to her family, who were by now used to their country life. It was late August; it had been a steamy, showery day: at the moment the

\*Reprinted from *Ivy Gripp'd the Steps*, by Elizabeth Bowen, by permission of Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., copyright, 1941, 1946, by Elizabeth Bowen.

trees down the pavement glittered in an escape of humid yellow afternoon sun. Against the next batch of clouds, already piling up ink-dark, broken chimneys and parapets stood out. In her once familiar street, as in any unused channel, an unfamiliar queerness had silted up; a cat wove itself in and out of railings but no human eye watched Mrs. Drover's return. Shifting some parcels under her arm, she slowly forced round her latchkey in an unwilling lock, then gave the door, which had warped, a push with her knee. Dead air came out to meet her as she went in.

The staircase window having been boarded up, no light came down into the hall. But one door, she could just see, stood ajar, so she went quickly through into the room and unshuttered the big window in there. Now the prosaic woman, looking about her, was more perplexed than she knew by everything that she saw, by traces of her long former habit of life—the yellow smoke-stain up the white marble mantelpiece, the ring left by a vase on the top of the *escritoire*;<sup>1</sup> the bruise in the wallpaper where, on the door being thrown open widely, the china handle had always hit the wall. The piano, having gone away to be stored, had left what looked like claw-marks on its part of the parquet. Though not much dust had seeped in, each object wore a film of another kind; and, the only ventilation being the chimney, the whole drawing-room smelled of the cold hearth. Mrs. Drover put down her parcels on the *escritoire* and left the room to proceed upstairs; the things she wanted were in a bedroom chest.

She had been anxious to see how the house was—the part-time caretaker she shared with some neighbors was away this week on his holiday, known to be not yet back. At the best of times he did not look in often, and she was never sure that she trusted him. There were

some cracks in the structure, left by the last bombing, on which she was anxious to keep an eye. Not that one could do anything—

A shaft of refracted daylight now lay across the hall. She stopped dead and stared at the hall table—on this lay a letter addressed to her.

She thought first—then the caretaker *must* be back. All the same, who, seeing the house shuttered, would have dropped a letter in the box? It was not a circular, it was not a bill. And the post office redirected, to the address in the country, everything for her that came through the post. The caretaker (even if he *were* back) did not know she was due in London today—her call here had been planned to be a surprise—so his negligence in the manner of this letter, leaving it to wait in the dusk and the dust, annoyed her. Annoyed, she picked up the letter which bore no stamp. But it cannot be important, or they would know . . . She took the letter rapidly upstairs with her, without a stop to look at the writing till she reached what had been her bedroom, where she let in light. The room looked over the garden and other gardens: the sun had gone in; as the clouds sharpened and lowered, the trees and rank lawns seemed already to smoke with dark. Her reluctance to look again at the letter came from the fact that she felt intruded upon—and by someone contemptuous of her ways. However, in the tenseness preceding the fall of rain she read it: it was a few lines.

Dear Kathleen,

You will not have forgotten that to-day is our anniversary, and the day we said. The years have gone by at once slowly and fast. In view of the fact that nothing has changed, I shall rely upon you to keep your promise. I was sorry to see you leave London, but was satisfied that you would be back in time. You may expect me, therefore, at the hour arranged.

Until then . . .

K.

<sup>1</sup> *escritoire*, writing desk.

Mrs. Drover looked for the date: it was today's. She dropped the letter on to the bed-springs, then picked it up to see the writing again—her lips, beneath the remains of lipstick, beginning to go white. She felt so much the change in her own face that she went to the mirror, polished a clear patch in it and looked at once urgently and stealthily in. She was confronted by a woman of forty-four, with eyes starting out under a hat-brim that had been rather carelessly pulled down. She had not put on any more powder since she left the shop where she ate her solitary tea. The pearls her husband had given her on their marriage hung loose round her now rather thinner throat, slipping into the V of the pink wool jumper her sister knitted last autumn as they sat round the fire. Mrs. Drover's most normal expression was one of controlled worry, but of assent. Since the birth of the third of her little boys, attended by a quite serious illness, she had had an intermittent muscular flicker to the left of her mouth, but in spite of this she could always sustain a manner that was at once energetic and calm.

Turning from her own face as precipitately as she had gone to meet it, she went to the chest where the things were, unlocked it, threw up the lid and knelt to search. But as rain began to come crashing down she could not keep from looking over her shoulder at the stripped bed on which the letter lay. Behind the blanket of rain the clock of the church that still stood struck six—with rapidly heightening apprehension she counted each of the slow strokes, "The hour arranged . . . My God," she said, "*what* hour? How should I . . . ? After twenty-five years, . . ."

The young girl talking to the soldier in the garden had not ever completely seen his face. It was dark; they were saying good-bye under a tree. Now and then—for it felt, from not seeing him at this intense moment, as though she had

never seen him at all—she verified his presence for these few moments longer by putting out a hand, which he each time pressed, without very much kindness, and painfully, on to one of the breast buttons of his uniform. That cut of the button on the palm of her hand was, principally, what she was to carry away. This was so near the end of a leave from France that she could only wish him already gone. It was August 1916. Being not kissed, being drawn away from and looked at intimidated Kathleen till she imagined spectral glitters in the place of his eyes. Turning away, and looking back up the lawn she saw, through branches of trees, the drawing-room window alight: she caught a breath for the moment when she could go running back there into the safe arms of her mother and sister, and cry: "What shall I do, what shall I do? He has gone."

Hearing her catch her breath, her fiancé said, without feeling, "Cold?"

"You're going away such a long way."

"Not so far as you think."

"I don't understand?"

"You don't have to," he said. "You will. You know what we said."

"But that was—suppose you—I mean, suppose."

"I shall be with you," he said, "sooner or later. You won't forget that. You need do nothing but wait."

Only a little more than a minute later she was free to run up the silent lawn. Looking in through the window at her mother and sister, who did not for the moment perceive her, she already felt that unnatural promise drive down between her and the rest of all human kind. No other way of having given herself could have made her feel so apart, lost and foresworn. She could not have plighted a more sinister troth.

Kathleen behaved well when, some months later, her fiancé was reported missing, presumed killed. Her family

not only supported her but were able to praise her courage without stint because they could not regret, as a husband for her, the man they knew almost nothing about. They hoped she would, in a year or two, console herself—and had it been only a question of consolation things might have gone much straighter ahead. But her trouble, behind just a little grief, was a complete dislocation from everything. She did not reject other lovers, for these failed to appear: for years she failed to attract men—and with the approach of her thirties she became natural enough to share her family's anxiousness on this score. She began to put herself out, to wonder; and at thirty-two she was very greatly relieved to find herself being courted by William Drover. She married him, and the two of them settled down in this quiet, arboreal part of Kensington:<sup>2</sup> in this house the years piled up, her children were born and they all lived till they were driven out by the bombs of the next war. Her movements as Mrs. Drover were circumscribed, and she dismissed any idea that they were still watched.

As things were—dead or living, the letter-writer sent her only a threat. Unable, for some minutes, to go on kneeling with her back exposed to the empty room, Mrs. Drover rose from the chest to sit on an upright chair whose back was firmly against the wall. The desuetude of her former bedroom, her married London home's whole air of being a cracked cup from which memory, with its reassuring power, had either evaporated or leaked away, made a crisis—and at just this crisis the letter-writer had, knowledgeable, struck. The hollowness of the house this evening cancelled years on years of voices, habits and steps. Through the shut windows she only heard rain fall on the roofs

around. To rally herself, she said she was in a mood—and, for two or three seconds shutting her eyes, told herself that she had imagined the letter. But she opened them—there it lay on the bed.

On the supernatural side of the letter's entrance she was not permitting her mind to dwell. Who, in London, knew she meant to call at the house to-day? Evidently, however, this had been known. The caretaker, *had* he come back, had had no cause to expect her: he would have taken the letter in his pocket, to forward it, at his own time, through the post. There was no other sign that the caretaker had been in—but, if not? Letters dropped in at doors of deserted houses do not fly or walk to tables in halls. They do not sit on the dust of empty tables with the air of certainty that they will be found. There is needed some human hand—but nobody but the caretaker had a key. Under circumstances she did not care to consider, a house can be entered without a key. It was possible that she was not alone now. She might be being waited for, downstairs. Waited for—until when? Until "the hour arranged." At least that was not six o'clock: six has struck.

She rose from the chair and went over and locked the door.

The thing was, to get out. To fly? No, not that: she had to catch her train. As a woman whose utter dependability was the keystone of her family life she was not willing to return to the country, to her husband, her little boys and her sister, without the objects she had come to fetch. Resuming work at the chest she set about making up a number of parcels in a rapid, fumbling-decisive way. These, with her shopping parcels, would be too much to carry; these meant a taxi—at the thought of the taxi her heart went up and her normal breathing resumed. I will ring up the

<sup>2</sup> *Kensington*, a residence borough in the western part of London.



taxi now; the taxi cannot come too soon: I shall hear the taxi out there running its engine, till I walk calmly down to it through the hall. I'll ring up—But no; the telephone is cut off . . . She tugged at a knot she had tied wrong.

The idea of flight . . . He was never kind to me, not really. I don't remember him kind at all. Mother said he never considered me. He was set on me, that was what it was—not love. Not love, not meaning a person well. What did he do, to make me promise like that? I can't remember—But she found that she could.

She remembered with such dreadful acuteness that the twenty-five years since then dissolved like smoke and she instinctively looked for the weal left by the button on the palm of her hand. She remembered not only all that he said and did, but the complete suspension of *her* existence during that August week. I was not myself—they all told me so at the time. She remembered—but with one white burning blank as where acid has been dropped on a photograph: *under no conditions* could she remember his face.

So, wherever he may be waiting I shall not know him. You have no time to run from a face you do not expect.

The thing was to get to the taxi before any clock struck what could be the hour. She would slip down the street and round the side of the square to where the square gave on the main road. She would return in the taxi, safe, to her own door, and bring the solid driver into the house with her to pick up the parcels from room to room. The idea of the taxi driver made her decisive, bold: she unlocked her door, went to the top of the staircase and listened down.

She heard nothing—but while she was hearing nothing the *passé* air of the staircase was disturbed by a draft that travelled up to her face. It emanated from the basement: down there a door

or window was being opened by someone who chose this moment to leave the house.

The rain had stopped; the pavements steamily shone as Mrs. Drover let herself out by inches from her own front door into the empty street. The unoccupied houses opposite continued to meet her look with their damaged stare. Making towards the thoroughfare and the taxi, she tried not to keep looking behind. Indeed, the silence was so intense—one of those creeks of London silence exaggerated this summer by the damage of war—that no tread could have gained on hers unheard. Where her street debouched on the square where people went on living she grew conscious of and checked her unnatural pace. Across the open end of the square two buses impassively passed each other; women, a perambulator, cyclists, a man wheeling a barrow signaled, once again, the ordinary flow of life. At the square's most populous corner should be—and was—the short taxi rank. This evening, only one taxi—but this, although it presented its blank rump, appeared already to be alertly waiting for her. Indeed, without looking round the driver started his engine as she panted up from behind and put her hand on the door. As she did so, the clock struck seven. The taxi faced the main road; to make the trip back to her house it would have to turn—she had settled back on the seat and the taxi *had* turned before she, surprised by its knowing movement, recollected that she had not “said where.” She leaned forward to scratch at the glass panel that divided the driver's head from her own.

The driver braked to what was almost a stop, turned round and slid the glass panel back: the jolt of this flung Mrs. Drover forward till her face was almost into the glass. Through the aperture driver and passenger, not six inches between them, remained for an eternity

eye to eye. Mrs. Drover's mouth hung open for some seconds before she could issue her first scream. After that she continued to scream freely and to beat with her gloved hands on the glass all round as the taxi, accelerating without mercy, made off with her into the hinterland of deserted streets.

#### CLASS DISCUSSIONS

1. What notion of wartime London do you form from the first five paragraphs? Read passages aloud to illustrate.

2. (a) What thoughts does the sight of the letter bring to Mrs. Drover's mind? (b) What effect does reading it produce on her? On you?

3. (a) When had Mrs. Drover last seen the writer of the letter? Relate her life since then. (b) Is receiving the letter a supernatural event?

4. (a) Why does Mrs. Drover decide to get a taxi? What does the decision reveal about her character? (b) What could she recall of the writer? (c) Why does she not wish to be in the house when the clock next strikes?

5. How do you explain the draft of air from the basement? The starting of the taxi? Why does Mrs. Drover scream?

6. What is the chief feeling you have at the end of the story: *surprise, admiration, happiness, mystery, fear*?

7. (a) Which of the qualities of Elizabeth Bowen as a writer (see page 660) appear in this story? Is there any other story in Chapter XVII that you like better? Explain the basis of your preference. (b) Read other stories in *Ivy Gripp'd the Steps*. How does their reflection of wartime London differ from this one?

#### THE WAR AND MR. BRITLING

H. G. WELLS

[This passage from *Mr. Britling Sees It Through* reflects the state of mind of Englishmen at the beginning of the First World War. Mr. Britling, like Wells himself in those years, has a country house at

a village called Matching's Easy, in Essex, a county stretching east from London and northward from the Thames River. Like Wells, Mr. Britling is a representative English thinker and writer of books who resides in London a good part of the time. You are therefore enabled to see how people took the war in both city and country.]

BY NIGHT there was a new strangeness about London. The authorities were trying to suppress the more brilliant illumination of the chief thoroughfares, on account of the possibility of an air raid. Shopkeepers were being compelled to pull down their blinds, and many of the big standard lights were unlit. Mr. Britling thought these precautions were very fussy and unnecessary, and likely to lead to accidents amidst the traffic. But it gave a Rembrandtesque<sup>1</sup> quality to the London scene, turned it into mysterious arrangements of brown shadows and cones and bars of light. At first many people were recalcitrant, and here and there a restaurant or a draper's window still blazed out and broke the gloom. There were also a number of insubordinate automobiles with big headlights. But the police were being unusually firm. . . .

"It will all glitter again in a little time," he told himself.

He heard an old lady who was projecting from an offending automobile at Piccadilly Circus<sup>2</sup> in hot dispute with a police officer. "Zeppelins<sup>3</sup> indeed!" she said. "What nonsense! As if they would dare to come here! Who would let them, I should like to know?"

Probably a friend of Lady Frensham's,<sup>4</sup> he thought. Still—the idea of

<sup>1</sup> *Rembrandtesque*, like a painting by Rembrandt van Rijn (1606-1669), a Dutch painter much admired for his blending of light and shade.

<sup>2</sup> *Piccadilly Circus*, one of the main traffic centers in the fashionable part of London.

<sup>3</sup> *Zeppelins*, lighter-than-air German airships.

<sup>4</sup> *Lady Frensham*, one of a group of energetic ladies of the aristocracy.

Zeppelins over London did seem rather ridiculous to Mr. Britling. He would not have liked to have been caught talking of it himself. . . . There never had been Zeppelins over London. They were gas bags. . . .

Mr. Britling was acutely anxious that his son should volunteer; he was almost certain that he would volunteer, but there was just a little shadow of doubt whether some extraordinary subtlety of mind mightn't have carried the boy into a pacifist attitude. No! that was impossible. In the face of Belgium.<sup>5</sup> . . . But as greatly—and far more deeply in the warm flesh of his being—did Mr. Britling desire that no harm, no evil should happen to Hugh. . . .

The door opened, and Hugh came in. . . .

Mr. Britling glanced over his shoulder with an affectation of indifference. "Hal-lo!" he said. "What do *you* want?"

Hugh walked awkwardly to the hearthrug.

"Oh!" he said in an off-hand tone: "I suppose I've got to go soldiering for a bit. I just thought—I'd rather like to go off with a man I know tomorrow. . . ."

Mr. Britling's manner remained casual.

"It's the only thing to do now, I'm afraid," he said.

He turned in his chair and regarded his son. "What do you mean to do? O. T. C.?"<sup>6</sup>

"I don't think I should make much of an officer. I hate giving orders to other people. We thought we'd just go together into the Essex Regiment as privates. . . ."

<sup>5</sup> *Belgium*. Great Britain had signed a pact with Belgium and felt obliged to come to her aid when the German Army, despite a solemn pledge to maintain Belgium's neutrality, invaded the little country on August 2, 1914.

<sup>6</sup> *O. T. C.*, Officers' Training Corps.

There was a little pause. Both father and son had rehearsed this scene in their minds several times, and now they found that they had no use for a number of sentences that had been most effective in these rehearsals. Mr. Britling scratched his cheek with the end of his pen. "I'm glad you want to go, Hugh," he said.

"I *don't* want to go," said Hugh with his hands deep in his pockets. "I want to go and work with Cardinal. But this job has to be done by everyone. Haven't you been saying as much all day? . . . It's like turning out to chase a burglar or suppress a mad dog. It's like necessary sanitation. . . ."

"You aren't attracted by soldiering?"

"Not a bit. I won't pretend it, Daddy. I think the whole business is a bore. Germany seems to me now just like some heavy horrible dirty mass that has fallen across Belgium and France. We've got to shove the stuff back again. That's all. . . ."

He volunteered some further remarks to his father's silence.

"You know I can't get up a bit of tootle<sup>7</sup> about this business," he said. "I think killing people or getting killed is a thoroughly nasty habit. . . . I expect my share will be just drilling and fatigue duties and route marches, and loafing here in England. . . ."

"You can't possibly go out for two years," said Mr. Britling, as if he regretted it.

A slight hesitation appeared in Hugh's eyes. "I suppose not," he said.

"Things ought to be over by then—anyhow," Mr. Britling added, betraying his real feelings.

"So it's really just helping at the furthest end of the shove," Hugh endorsed, but still with that touch of reservation in his manner. . . .

<sup>7</sup> *tootle*, excitement or interest.

The pause had the effect of closing the theoretical side of the question. "Where do you propose to enlist?" said Mr. Britling, coming down to practical details.

The battle of the Marne<sup>8</sup> passed into the battle of the Aisne,<sup>9</sup> and then the long lines of the struggle streamed north-westward until the British were back in Belgium failing to clutch Menin and then defending Ypres.<sup>10</sup> The elation of September followed the bedazzlement and dismay of August into the chapter of forgotten moods; and Mr. Britling's sense of the magnitude, the weight, and duration of this war beyond all wars, increased steadily. The feel of it was less and less a feeling of crisis and more and more a feeling of new conditions. It wasn't as it had seemed at first, the end of one human phase and the beginning of another; it was in itself a phase. It was a new way of living. And still he could find no real point of contact for himself with it all except the point of his pen. Only at his writing-desk, and more particularly at night, were the great presences of the conflict his. Yet he was always desiring some more personal and physical participation.

Hugh came along one day in October in an ill-fitting uniform, looking already coarser in fibre and with a nose scorched red by the autumnal sun. He said the life was rough, but it made him feel extraordinarily well; perhaps man was made to toil until he dropped asleep from exhaustion, to fast for ten or twelve hours and then eat like a wolf. . . . He feared promotion; he felt he

could never take the high line with other human beings demanded of a corporal. He was still trying to read a little chemistry and crystallography,<sup>11</sup> but it didn't "go with the life." In the scanty leisure of a recruit in training it was more agreeable to lie about and write doggerel verses and draw caricatures of the men in one's platoon. Invited to choose what he liked by his family, he demanded a large tuckbox<sup>12</sup> such as he used to have at school, only "*much* larger," and a big tin of insect powder. It must be able to kill ticks. . . .

When he had gone, the craving for a personal share in the nation's physical exertions became overpowering in Mr. Britling. He wanted, he felt, to "get his skin into it."

He had decided that the volunteer movement was a hopeless one. The War Office, after a stout resistance to any volunteer movement at all, decided to recognize it in such a manner as to make it ridiculous. The volunteers were to have no officers and no uniforms that could be remotely mistaken for those of the regulars, so that in the event of an invasion the Germans would be able to tell what they had to deal with miles away. Wilkins<sup>13</sup> found his conception of a whole nation, all enrolled, all listed and badged according to capacity, his dream of everyone falling into place in one great voluntary national effort, treated as the childish dreaming of that most ignorant of all human types, a "novelist." *Punch*<sup>14</sup> was delicately funny about him; he was represented as wearing a preposterous cocked hat of his own design, designing cocked hats for everyone. Wilkins was told to "shut up" in a multitude of anonymous letters, and publicly and privately to

<sup>8</sup> *Marne*, a battle to defend Paris, fought September 6-12, 1914.

<sup>9</sup> *Aisne*, a battle beginning September 13, which resulted in establishing the Western Front.

<sup>10</sup> *Menin* . . . *Ypres*, towns in Belgian Flanders, fought over from October 9 to November 17.

<sup>11</sup> *crystallography*, science of crystals.

<sup>12</sup> *tuckbox*, a box for food.

<sup>13</sup> *Wilkins*, a club member with whom Mr. Britling had discussed the war.

<sup>14</sup> *Punch*, a famous humorous weekly.

"leave things to Kitchener."<sup>15</sup> To bel-  
low in loud clear tones "leave things to  
Kitchener," and to depart for the theater  
or the river or an automobile tour, was  
felt very generally at that time to be the  
proper conduct for a patriot. There  
was a very general persuasion that to  
become a volunteer when one ought to  
be just modestly doing nothing at all,  
was in some obscure way a form of dis-  
loyalty. . . .

So Mr. Britling was out of conceit  
with volunteering, and instead he went  
and was duly sworn and entrusted with  
the badge of a special constable. The  
duties of a special constable were chiefly  
not to understand what was going on  
in the military sphere, and to do what  
he was told in the way of watching and  
warding conceivably vulnerable points.  
He had also to be available in the event  
of civil disorder.

Mr. Britling was provided with a  
truncheon and sent out to guard vari-  
ous culverts, bridges, and fords in the  
hilly country to the north-westward of  
Matching's Easy. It was never very clear  
to him what he would do if he found  
a motor-car full of armed enemies en-  
gaged in undermining a culvert, or  
treacherously deepening some strategic  
ford. He supposed he would either en-  
gage them in conversation, or hit them  
with his truncheon, or perhaps do both  
things simultaneously. But as he really  
did not believe for a moment that any  
human being was likely to tamper with  
the telegraphs, telephones, ways, and  
appliances committed to his care, his  
uncertainty did not trouble him very  
much. He prowled the lonely lanes and  
paths in the darkness, and became bet-  
ter acquainted with a multitude of in-  
triguing little cries and noises that came  
from the hedges and coverts at night.

One night he rescued a young leveret<sup>16</sup>  
from a stoat,<sup>17</sup> who seemed more than  
half inclined to give him battle for its  
prey until he cowed and defeated it with  
the glare of his electric torch. . . .

As he prowled the countryside under  
the great hemisphere of Essex sky, or  
leant against fences or sat drowsily upon  
gates or sheltered from wind and rain  
under ricks or sheds, he had much time  
for meditation, and his thoughts went  
down and down below his first surface  
impressions of the war. He thought no  
longer of the rights and wrongs of this  
particular conflict but of the underlying  
forces in mankind which made war pos-  
sible; he planned no more ingenious  
treaties and conventions between the  
nations, and instead he faced the deeper  
riddles of essential evil and of conceiv-  
able changes in the heart of man. And  
the rain assailed him and thorns tore  
him, and the soaked soft meadows  
bogged and betrayed his wandering feet,  
and the little underworld of the hedges  
and ditches hissed and squealed in the  
darkness and pursued and fled, and de-  
voured or were slain.

And one night in April he was per-  
plexed by a commotion among the  
pheasants and a barking of distant dogs,  
and then to his great astonishment he  
heard noises like a distant firework dis-  
play and saw something like a phantom  
yellowish fountain-pen in the sky far  
away to the east lit intermittently by a  
quivering searchlight and going very  
swiftly. And after he had rubbed his  
eyes and looked again, he realized that  
he was looking at a Zeppelin—a Zeppe-  
lin flying Londonward over Essex.

And all that night was wonder. . . .

<sup>16</sup> *leveret*, a hare in its first year.

<sup>17</sup> *stoat*, a weasel.

<sup>15</sup> *Kitchener*, Horatio Herbert (1850-1916),  
who was in charge of military preparation in  
England.

#### CLASS DISCUSSIONS

1. Explain the attitude of Londoners  
toward possible air raids. (a) Is it one of

alarm, anger, resentment, incredulity, revenge? (b) Compare this attitude with the feelings of Englishmen in the Second World War (page 629). How do the situations in the two wars agree? How far do they differ?

2. What are Hugh's feelings about joining the armed forces? (a) Read passages to illustrate each phase of his attitude. (b) Compare the attitude of father and son with the reaction of Englishmen in the Second World War (page 630).

3. Compare Wells's account of the First World War with the reactions of Guedalla, Churchill, and Elizabeth Bowen (pages 624, 628, 708) to the Second World War. Which of the four authors most keenly arouses the reader's interest in wartime problems? Explain.

4. From these views of England in wartime what insight do you get into British character and temperament? (a) Are the English more, or less, easily influenced by sudden departures from the customary or the traditional than we Americans are? What is the evidence? (b) In what situations do English and American people behave alike? Illustrate the similarities by reading English passages aloud.

5. (a) Do you discover in this selection by Wells any elements of the propaganda novel (see page 656)? Be specific. (b) What qualities of Wells as a writer (see pages 654-656) appear in this passage? (c) Perhaps some member of the class will read the whole of *Mr. Britling Sees It Through* to make a fuller report on both points.

## VICTORY THROUGH TOLERANCE

A. J. CRONIN

[The following passage from *The Keys of the Kingdom* introduces you to several characters in the book. Foremost is Francis, Father Chisholm, the head of St. Andrew's, a mission on the hill of Brilliant Green Jade overlooking the town of Pai-tan on the Yangtse River in central China. The Reverend Mother Superior is Maria-Veronica, a nun from a noble Bavarian

family. With her are two nuns, Martha, a simple peasant from Flanders, and Clotilde, a delicate sister from France. Anna, now a grown girl, had been taken as an infant from the arms of her frozen mother one winter night early in Father Chisholm's labors in Pai-tan. Joseph, his devoted personal servant, had followed him from Liu village in the mountains, where Father Chisholm had discovered an ideal Christian community.

The original St. Andrew's had been built by Mr. Chia, a wealthy Chinese merchant of Pai-tan, out of gratitude to Father Chisholm, who had saved the life of his son. Some five years before this passage opens, the church had been destroyed by prolonged rains and an ensuing flood. The new edifice was the gift of Mother Maria-Veronica's brother.]

ONE sunny forenoon in the year 1912 Father Chisholm was separating beeswax from his season's yield of honey. His workshop, built in Bavarian style, at the end of the kitchen garden—trim, practical, with a pedal lathe and tools neatly racked, as much a source of delight to him as on the day Mother Maria-Veronica had handed him the key—was sweet with the fume of melted sugar. A great bowl of cool yellow honey stood among fresh shavings upon the floor. On the bench, setting, was the flat copper pan of tawny wax from which, tomorrow, he would make his candles. And such candles—smooth-burning and sweet-scented; even in St. Peter's<sup>1</sup> one would not find the like!

With a sigh of contentment, he wiped his brow, his short fingernails blobbed with the rich wax. Then, shouldering the big honey jar, he pulled the door behind him and set off through the mission grounds. He was happy. Waking in the morning with the starlings chattering in the eaves, and the coolness

<sup>1</sup> St. Peter's, the magnificent cathedral at Rome

of the dawn still dewed upon the grass, his second thought was that there could be no greater happiness than to work—much with his hands, a little with his head, but mostly with his heart—and to live, simply, like this, close to the earth which, to him, never seemed far from heaven.

The province was prospering and the people, forgetting flood, pestilence, and famine, were at peace. In the five years which had elapsed since its reconstruction, through the generosity of Count Ernst von Hohenlohe, the mission had flourished in a quiet fashion. The church was bigger, stouter than the first. He had built it solidly, with grim compunction, using neither plaster nor stucco, after the monastic model which Queen Margaret<sup>2</sup> had introduced to Scotland centuries before. Classic and severe, with a simple bell-tower, and aisles supported by groined arches, its plainness grew on him until he preferred it to the other. And it was safe.

The school had been enlarged, a new children's home added to the building. And the purchase of the two adjoining irrigated fields provided a model home farm with pigpen, byre,<sup>3</sup> and a chicken run, down which Martha stalked, thin-shanked, in wooden shoes and kilted habit, casting corn and clucking joyously in Flemish.

Now his congregation comprised two hundred faithful souls, not one of whom knelt under duress before his altar. The orphanage had trebled in size and was beginning to bear the first fruits of his patient foresight. The older girls helped the Sisters with the little ones, some were already novices, others would soon be going into the world. Why, last Christmas he had married the eldest, at nineteen, to a young farmer from the Liu village. He smiled ruefully at the

implications of his cunning. At his recent pastoral visit to Liu—a happy and successful expedition from which he had returned only last week—the young wife had hung her head and told him he must return presently to perform another baptism.

As he shifted the heavy honey to his other shoulder, a bent little man of forty-three, growing bald, with rheumatism already nibbling at his joints, a bough of jessamine flailed him on the cheek. The garden had seldom been so lovely: that, also, he owed to Maria-Veronica. Admitting some adroitness with his hands, he could not remotely claim to have green fingers. But Reverend Mother had revealed an unsuspected skill in growing things. Seeds had arrived from her home in Austria, bundles of shoots wrapped tenderly in sacking. Her letters, begging for this cutting and for that, had sped to famous gardens in Canton and Peking—like his own swift white doves, importunate and homing. This beauty which now surrounded him, this sun-shot sanctuary, alive with twittering hum, was her work.

Their comradeship was not unlike this precious garden. Here, indeed, when he took his evening walk, he would find her, intent, coarsely gloved, cutting the full white peonies that grew so freely, training a stray clematis, watering the golden azaleas. There they would briefly discuss the business of the day. Sometimes they did not speak. When the fireflies flitted in the garden, they had gone their separate ways.

As he approached the upper gate, he saw the children march in twos across the compound. Dinner. He smiled and hastened. They were seated at the long low table in the new annex to the dormitory, twoscore little blue-black polls and shining yellow faces, with Maria-Veronica at one end, Clotilde at the other. Martha, aided by the Chinese novices, was ladling steaming rice broth

<sup>2</sup> Queen Margaret (1045-1093), queen of Malcolm III of Scotland. She rebuilt the famous monastery on the island of Iona.

<sup>3</sup> byre, cow house or barn.

into a battery of blue bowls. Anna, his foundling of the snow, now a handsome girl, handed round the bowls with her usual air of dark and frowning reserve.

The clamor stilled upon his entry. He shot a shamed boyish look at the Reverend Mother, craving indulgence, and placed the honey jar triumphantly on the table.

"Fresh honey today, children! It is a great pity. I am sure no one wishes it!"

Shrill, immediate denial rose like the chatter of little monkeys. Suppressing his smile, he shook his head dolefully at the youngest, a solemn mandarin of three who sat swallowing his spoon, swaying dreamily on the bench.

"I cannot believe a good child could enjoy such monstrous depravity! Tell me, Symphorien—" It was dreadful the way in which new converts chose the most resounding saint names for their children—"Tell me, Symphorien . . . would you not rather learn nice catechism than eat honey?"

"Honey!" answered Symphorien dreamily. He stared at the lined brown face above him. Then, surprised by his own temerity, he burst into tears and fell off the bench.

Laughing, Father Chisholm picked up the child. "There, there! You are a good boy, Symphorien. God loves you. And for speaking the truth you shall have double honey."

He felt Maria-Veronica's reproofing gaze upon him. She would presently follow him to the door and murmur: "Father . . . we must consider discipline!" But today—it seemed so long since he stood outside the buzzing classroom, troubled and unhappy, afraid to penetrate the chill unfriendly air—nothing could restrain his manner with the children. His fondness toward them had always been absurd; it was what he named his patriarchal privilege.

As he expected, Maria-Veronica accompanied him from the room but, though her brow seemed unusually

clouded, she did not even mildly rebuke him. Instead, after some hesitation, she remarked: "Joseph had a strange story this morning."

"Yes. The rascal wants to get married . . . naturally. But he is deafening me with the beauties and convenience of a lodge . . . to be built at the mission gate . . . not, of course, for Joseph or for Joseph's wife . . . but solely for the benefit of the mission."

"No, it isn't the lodge." Unsmiling, she bit her lip. "The building is taking place elsewhere, in the Street of the Lanterns—you know that splendid central site—and on a grander scale, much grander than anything we have accomplished here." Her tone was strangely bitter. "Scores of workmen have arrived, barges of white stone from Sen-siang.<sup>4</sup> Everything. I assure you money is being spent as only American millionaires can spend it. Soon we shall have the finest establishment in Pai-tan, with schools, for both boys and girls, a playground, public rice kitchen, free dispensary, and a hospital with resident doctor!" She broke off, gazing at him with tears in her troubled eyes.

"What establishment?" He spoke automatically, stunned by a presage of her answer.

"Another mission. Protestant. The American Methodists."

There was a long pause. Secure in the remoteness of his situation, he had never contemplated even the possibility of such intrusion. Reverend Mother, recalled to the refectory by Clotilde, left him in painful silence.

He walked slowly toward his house, all the brightness of the morning dimmed. Where was his medieval fortress now? In a quick throwback to his childhood, he had the same sensation of injustice as when, out berry-picking, another boy had encroached upon a secret bush of his own discovery and rudely began to strip it of its fruit. He

<sup>4</sup> *Sen-siang*, a city down the Yangtse River.



knew the hatreds which developed between rival missions, the ugly jealousies, above all, the bickerings on points of doctrine, the charge and countercharge, the raucous denunciation which made the Christian faith appear, to the tolerant Chinese mind, an infernal tower of Babel where all shouted at lungpitch: "Behold, it is here! Here! Here!" But where? Alas! When one looked, there was nothing but rage and sound and execration.

At his house he found Joseph, duster in hand, idling about the hall, in pretense of work, waiting to bemoan the news.

"Has the Father heard of the hateful coming of these Americans who worship the false God?"

"Be silent, Joseph!" the priest answered harshly. "They do not worship the false God, but the same true God as we. If you speak such words again, you will never get your gate-house."

Joseph edged away, grumbling beneath his breath.

In the afternoon Father Chisholm went down to Pai-tan and, in the Street of the Lanterns, received the fateful confirmation of his eyes. Yes, the new mission was begun—was rising rapidly under the hands of many squads of masons, carpenters, and coolies. He watched a string of laborers, swaying along a strip of planking, bearing baskets of the finest Soochin glaze.<sup>5</sup> He saw that the scale of operations was princely.

As he lingered there, with his thoughts for company, he suddenly discovered Mr. Chia at his elbow. He greeted his old friend quietly.

As they talked of the fineness of the weather and the general excellence of trade, Francis sensed more than usual kindness in the merchant's manner.

Suddenly, having appeased the pro-

<sup>5</sup> *Soochin glaze*, evidently a plastic much in demand in China.

prieties, Mr. Chia guilelessly remarked: "It is pleasant to observe the excess growth of goodness, though many would consider it a superfluity. For myself I much enjoy walking in other mission gardens. Moreover, when the Father came here many years ago, he received much ill-usage." A gentle and suggestive pause. "It seems highly probable, even to such an uninfluential and lowly-placed citizen as I, that the missionaries could receive such execrable treatment on their arrival that they might be most regretfully forced to depart."

A shiver passed over Father Chisholm as an unbelievable temptation assailed him. The ambiguity, the forced understatement, of the merchant's remark was more significant than the direst threat. Mr. Chia, in many subtle and subterranean ways, wielded the greatest power in the district. Francis knew that he need only answer, gazing into space: "It would certainly be a great misfortune if disaster befell the coming missionaries. . . . But then, who can prevent the will of heaven?" to foredoom the threatened invasion of his pastorate. But he recoiled, abhorring himself for the thought. Conscious of a cold perspiration on his brow, he replied as calmly as he could:

"There are many gates to heaven. We enter by one, these new preachers by another. How can we deny them the right to practice virtue in their own way? If they desire it, then they must come."

He did not observe that spark of singular regard which for once irradiated Mr. Chia's placid eye. Still deeply disturbed, he parted from his friend and walked homeward up the hill. He entered the church and seated himself, for he was tired, before the crucifix on the side altar. Gazing at the face, haloed with thorns, he prayed, in his mind, for endurance, wisdom, and forbearance.



"DO BE CAREFUL, WILBUR!"

By the end of June the Methodist mission was near completion. For all his fortitude, Father Chisholm had not brought himself to view the successive stages of construction; he had somberly avoided the Street of the Lanterns. But when Joseph, who had not failed as a baleful informant, brought news that the two foreign devils had arrived, the little priest sighed, put on his one good suit, took his tartan umbrella, and steelled himself to call.

When he rang the door bell, the sound echoed emptily into the new smell of paint and plaster. But after waiting indeterminately for a minute under the green-glass portico, he heard hastening steps within, and the door was opened by a small faded middle-aged woman in a gray alpaca skirt and high-necked blouse.

"Good afternoon. I am Father Chisholm. I took the liberty of calling to welcome you to Pai-tan."

She started nervously, and a look of quick apprehension flooded her pale blue eyes.

"Oh, yes. Please come in. I am Mrs. Fiske. Wilbur . . . my husband . . . Dr. Fiske . . . he's upstairs. I'm afraid we are all alone, and not quite settled yet!" Hurriedly, she silenced his regretful protest. "No, no . . . you must step in."

He followed her upstairs to a cool, lofty room, where a man of forty, clean-shaven, with a short-cropped mustache, and of her own diminutive size, was perched on a stepladder methodically arranging books upon the shelves. He wore strong glasses over his intelligent, apologetic, short-sighted eyes. His baggy cotton knickers gave his thin little calves an indescribable pathos. Descending the ladder, he stumbled, almost fell.

"Do be careful, Wilbur!" Her hands fluttered protectively. She introduced the two men. "Now let's sit down . . .

if we can." She unsuccessfully attempted a smile. "It's too bad not having our furniture . . . but then one gets used to anything in China."

They sat down. Father Chisholm said pleasantly:

"You have a magnificent building here."

"Yes." Dr. Fiske deprecated. "We're very lucky. Mr. Chandler, the oil magnate, is most generous with us."

A strained silence. They so little fulfilled the priest's uneasy expectations, he felt taken unawares. He could not claim gigantic stature, yet the Fiskes, by the very sparseness of their physical economy, silenced the merest whisper of aggression. The little doctor was mild, with a bookish, even timid air, and a smile, deprecating, about his lips, as though afraid to settle. His wife, more clearly distinguishable in this good light, was a gentle, steadfast creature, her blue eyes easily receptive of tears, her hands alternating between her thin gold locket chain and a frizzy pad of rich, net-enclosed, brown hair which, with a slight shock, Francis perceived to be a wig.

Suddenly Dr. Fiske cleared his throat. He said, simply: "How you must hate our coming here!"

"Oh, no . . . not at all." It was the priest's turn to look awkward.

"We had the same experience once. We were up-country in the Lan-hi province,<sup>6</sup> a lovely place. I wish you'd seen our peach trees. We had it all to ourselves for nine years. Then another missionary came. Not," he inserted swiftly, "a Catholic priest. But, well . . . We did resent it, didn't we, Agnes?"

"We did, dear." She nodded tremulously. "Still . . . we got over it. We are old campaigners, Father."

"Have you been long in China?"

"Over twenty years! We came as an

insanely young couple the day we were married. We have given our lives to it." The moisture in her eyes receded before a bright and eager smile. "Wilbur! I must show Father Chisholm John's photograph." She rose, proudly took a silver-framed portrait from the bare mantelpiece. "This is our boy, taken when he was at Harvard, before he went as Rhodes Scholar to Oxford. Yes, he's still in England . . . working in our dockland settlement in Tynecastle."<sup>7</sup>

The name shattered his strained politeness. "Tynecastle!" He smiled. "That is very near my home."

She gazed at him, enchanted, smiling back, holding the photograph to her bosom with tender hands.

"Isn't that amazing? The world is such a small place after all." Briskly she replaced the photograph on the mantel. "Now I'm going to bring in coffee, and some of my very own doughnuts . . . a family receipt." Again she silenced his protests. "It's no trouble. I always make Wilbur take a little refreshment at this hour. He has had some bother with his duodenum.<sup>8</sup> If I didn't look after him, who would?"

He had meant to stay for five minutes; he remained for more than an hour.

They were New England people, natives of the town of Biddeford, in Maine, born, reared, and married in the tenets of their own strict faith. As they spoke of their youth, he had a swift and strangely sympathetic vision of a cold crisp countryside, of great salty rivers flowing between wands of silver birches to the misty sea, past white wooden houses amidst the wine of maples, and sumac, velvet-red in winter, a thin white steeple above the village, with bells and dark silent figures in the frosted street, following their quiet destiny.

<sup>7</sup> *Tynecastle*, a city in southern Scotland, six miles from Father Chisholm's childhood home.

<sup>8</sup> *duodenum*, a part of the small intestine leading from the stomach.

<sup>6</sup> *Lan-hi province*, perhaps the province of Shan-si in northern China.

But the Fiskes had chosen another and harder path. They had suffered. Both had almost died of cholera. During the Boxer rebellion,<sup>9</sup> when many of their fellow missionaries were massacred, they had spent six months in a filthy prison under daily threat of execution. Their devotion to each other, and to their son, was touching. She had, for all her tremulousness, an indomitable maternal solicitude toward her two men.

Despite her antecedents, Agnes Fiske was a pure romantic whose life was written in the host of tender souvenirs she so carefully preserved. Soon she was showing Francis a letter of her dear mother's, a quarter of a century old, with the formula for these doughnuts, and a curl from John's head worn within her locket. Upstairs in her drawer were many more such tokens: bundles of yellowing correspondence, her withered bridal bouquet, a front tooth her son had shed, the ribbon she had worn at her first Biddeford Church Social. . . .

Her health was frail, and presently, once this new venture was established, she was leaving for a six months' vacation which she would spend in England with her son. Already, with an earnestness that presaged her good will, she pressed Father Chisholm to entrust her with any commissions he might wish executed at home.

When, at last, he took his leave, she escorted him beyond the portico, where Dr. Fiske stood, to the outer gate. Her eyes filled up with tears. "I can't tell you how relieved, how glad I am at your kindness, your friendliness in calling . . . especially for Wilbur's sake. At our last station he had such a painful experience . . . hatreds stirred up, frightful bigotry. It got so bad, latterly, when he

went out to see a sick man, he was struck and knocked senseless by a young brute of a . . . a missionary who accused him of stealing the man's immortal soul." She suppressed her emotion. "Let us help one another. Wilbur is such a clever doctor. Call on him any time you wish." She pressed his hand quickly and turned away.

Father Chisholm went home in a curious state of mind. For the next few days he had no news of the Fiskes. But on Saturday a batch of home-baked cookies arrived at St. Andrew's. As he took them, still warm and wrapped in the white napkin, to the children's refectory, Sister Martha scowled.

"Does she think we cannot bake here—this new woman?"

"She is trying to be kind, Martha. And we must also try."

For several months Sister Clotilde had suffered from a painful irritation of her skin. All sorts of lotions had been used, from calamine to carbolic, but without success. So distressing was the affliction, she made a special novena<sup>10</sup> for a cure. The following week Father Chisholm saw her rubbing her red excoriated hands in a torment of itching. He frowned and, fighting his own reluctance, sent a note to Dr. Fiske.

The doctor arrived within half an hour, quietly examined the patient in Reverend Mother's presence, used no resounding words, praised the treatment that had been given, and, having mixed a special physic to be taken internally every three hours, unobtrusively departed. In ten days the ugly rash had vanished and Sister Clotilde was a new woman. But after the first radiance she brought a troubling scruple to her confession.

"Father . . . I prayed to God so earnestly . . . and . . ."

<sup>9</sup> *Boxer rebellion*, a movement in the north-eastern provinces of China, about a dozen years earlier, against the "foreign devils," in which many missionaries and native Christians lost their lives.

<sup>10</sup> *novena*, a devotion (prayers) continuing nine days.

"It was the Protestant missionary who cured you?"

"Yes, Father."

"My child . . . don't let your faith be troubled. God did answer your prayer. We are his instruments . . . every one of us." He smiled suddenly. "Don't forget what old Lao-tzu<sup>11</sup> said—'Religions are many, reason is one, we are all brothers.'"

That same evening as he walked in the garden, Maria-Veronica said to him, almost unwillingly:

"This American . . . he is a good doctor."

He nodded. "And a good man."

The work of the two missions marched forward without conflict. There was room for both in Pai-tan, and each was careful not to give offense. The wisdom of Father Chisholm's determination to have no rice-Christians<sup>12</sup> in his flock was now apparent. Only one of his congregation betook himself to Lantern Street, and he was returned with a brief note: "Dear Chisholm, The bearer is a bad Catholic but would be a worse Methodist. Ever, Your friend in the Universal God, Wilbur Fiske, M. D. P. S. If any of your people need hospitalization, send them along. They'll receive no dark hints on the fallibility of the Borgias!"<sup>13</sup>

The priest's heart glowed. Dear Lord, he thought, kindness and toleration—with these two virtues how wonderful Thy earth would be!

<sup>11</sup> *Lao-tzu*, a leading Chinese philosopher, who lived in the early sixth century.

<sup>12</sup> *rice-Christians*, Chinese who insincerely professed belief merely to gain special favors granted them by missionary workers.

<sup>13</sup> *Borgias*. Borgia is the name of an Italian family from which came a few churchmen who did not always exemplify the ideals of their office.

719), what notions do you form of Father Chisholm as a man? How do Father Chisholm and the Mother Superior differ in their attitude toward problems that affect the mission?

2. (a) What is the Mother Superior's attitude toward the newcomers' mission? (b) What was the priest's first feeling? Why did he rebuke Joseph? (c) What offer did Mr. Chia hint at? Why did the priest reply as he did?

3. In what spirit was Father Chisholm received at the new mission? (a) Why did he remain for more than an hour? What traits of the Fiskes did he find admirable? (b) For what purpose did Dr. Fiske visit St. Andrew's? Why did the priest and the Mother Superior approve? How did the doctor continue to show his true spirit?

4. List the different points at which the spirit of tolerance governed the behavior or actions of the characters. In which situation do you think it was hardest to show tolerance?

5. Many students will take a new interest in tolerance as they follow the career of Francis Chisholm from his childhood in Scotland to his peaceful retirement there in old age. (a) What further examples of tolerance do you find in the novel? (b) How far does the novel reflect the qualities of the author pointed out on pages 662-663?

*Review.* In looking back over the eight stories, pages 664-724, (a) pick out the most interesting or memorable character and state the reasons for your choice. (b) Which is the most arresting or dramatic situation? The most comic or laughable? The most inspiring or pathetic? The most uncanny or mysterious? Read a passage to support your choice. (c) Which story seems to you the most realistic? Most romantic? Explain.

#### INDIVIDUAL AND GROUP ACTIVITIES

1. Various members of the class will like some one novelist or short-story writer better than the other authors represented here. Let these students present their fa-

#### CLASS DISCUSSIONS

1. In the first section (down to "Yes. The rascal wants to get married," page

vorite author to the class by reporting on some other novel or volume of stories by that writer in such a way as to win others to read it.

2. The short story presents a very wide field for exploration. "More Reading" lists volumes of short stories that will prove interesting. Enthusiastic readers should report to the class their discoveries so that others may join in the exploration.

3. From the account in the history pick out the *novelist* you think you would like best. Read one of his books mentioned in the history and report your impressions.

4. In Section B of the following reading list are other notable novels of the century. Reports on some of these books, with a brief account of the authors, might be made in writing or in a program filling a class period.

## MORE READING

### A. SHORT STORIES

In addition to the volumes of short stories mentioned in the history (pages 651, 652, 660), you may explore the pleasures in the following:

Bennett, Arnold, *The Matador of the Five Towns* and *The Woman Who Stole Everything*. Entertaining specimens of Bennett's realism.

Bowen, Elizabeth, *Look at All Those Roses*. Nineteen sensitive short stories by the author of *Ivy Gripp'd the Steps*.

Buchan, John (Lord Tweedsmuir). *The Moon Endureth*. Contains stories from one of the most versatile authors of his generation.

Burke, Thomas, *Nights in London*. Appealing stories of London's poor people.

Chesterton, Gilbert Keith, *The Innocence of Father Brown* and *The Wisdom of Father Brown*. Contain some of the best mystery stories of this century.

Conrad, Joseph, *The Portable Conrad*, edited and with an introduction by Morton Dauwen Zabel. Six short stories, nineteen letters, and excerpts from Conrad's longer works.

Conrad, Joseph, *Tales of Unrest* and *Typhoon and Other Stories*. Masterly stories of the sea.

Coppard, Alfred Edgar, *Dark-Eyed Lady; Fourteen Tales*. The fourteenth volume of this skillful spinner of short stories.

Doyle, A. Conan, *The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes*. The most famous of all mystery detective stories.

Dunsany, Lord, *Fifty-one Tales* and *A Dreamer's Tales*. Delightful examples of Irish imagination.

Jacobs, W. W., *Snug Harbor*. Fifty-eight stories of English sailors that will keep you laughing. In *The Lady of the Barge* find his most famous story, "The Monkey's Paw."

James, Montague Rhodes, *Collected Ghost Stories*. By one of the greatest writers of ghost stories in modern England.

Locke, William John, *The Joyous Adventures of Aristide Pujal*. Lives up to its title.

Maugham, W. Somerset, *The Casuarina Tree*. Realistic stories of the East. Dip into his collected stories entitled *East and West*.

Munro, H. H., *Short Stories of "Saki."* Full of keen humor.

Philpotts, Eden, *Up Hill, Down Dale*. Pictures his favorite part of England, Devonshire.


Wells, H. G., *The Stolen Bacillus and Other Incidents*. Capital specimens of Wells's powers of invention.

### B. NOVELS

In addition to the novels mentioned in the history (pages 651-663), the following are among the first to become acquainted with:

Bates, H. E., *The Cruise of the Breadwinner*. The crew of a converted coastal fishing boat fights for freedom in the Second World War.

- Bennett, Arnold, *Buried Alive*. A story in which the romantic is again found in the commonplace.
- Bottomé, Phyllis, *The Life Line*. This novel tells with steadily mounting tension of the destruction and dismay that the Nazis brought to Europe.
- Conrad, Joseph, *The Arrow of Gold*. A story of conspiracy.
- Dane, Clemence, *Broome Stages*. A "period novel" dealing with a theatrical family.
- De la Mare, Walter, *Memoirs of a Midget*. A prose fantasy by a poet, which is as delightful and consistent as *A Voyage to Lilliput*.
- DeMorgan, William, *Joseph Vance*. A return in our century to the leisurely manner of Dickens.
- Dickens, Monica, *The Happy Prisoner*. The granddaughter of Charles Dickens writes a sentimental story of young Major North and his influence on a tempestuous family.
- Du Maurier, Daphne, *Rebecca* and *The King's General* are the best of this author's enormously popular novels.
- Dunsany, Lord, *Guerrilla*. A heroic novel that bathes in light the issues of World War II.
- Forester, Cecil Scott, *The Ship*. Makes a steel warship as much alive as the wooden ships of the Hornblower series.
- Godden, Rumer, *The River*. The girl Harriet lives by a river in India. The novel is a piercing story of her growth out of childhood.
- Hilton, James, *Goodby, Mr. Chips* and *The Lost Horizon*. These are too famous and too delightful to be overlooked.
- Hutchinson, A. S. M., *If Winter Comes*. Contains one of the most winning characters in light fiction.
- Isherwood, Christopher, *Prater Violet*. A witty novel of the making of a sentimental musical film.
- Kaye-Smith, Sheila, *Joanna Godden* and *Sussex Gorse*. Two superb novels of peasant life in England.
- Kennedy, Margaret, *The Constant Nymph*. While reading it you will live in a musician's family.
- Macaulay, Rose, *Orphan Island*. A modern Utopia which is in some ways as keen a satire as *Gulliver's Travels*.
- Maschfield, John, *Sard Harker*. A sailor gets lost in the jungles of South America. *The Bird of Dawning* is an absorbing tale of shipwreck.
- Maugham, Somerset, *Of Human Bondage*. One of the finest novels of this century.
- Merrick, Leonard, *Conrad in Quest of His Youth*. A delightfully told story.
- Morgan, Charles, *The Judge's Story*. A masterly portrayal of a judge in a book distinguished by a beautiful style.
- Neumann, Daisy, *Now that April's There*. Two British children who have spent three years with an American family return to the home of their father, an Oxford professor. After they slough off their American manners, parents and children understand each other.
- O'Connor, Frank, *The Common Chord*. O'Connor is accounted Ireland's greatest storyteller at present.
- Panter-Downes, Mollie, *One Fine Day*. It pictures the happenings on a single day in England during the transition after the war. It is filled with good humor.
- Priestley, J. B., *The Good Companions*. Another return to the Dickens manner.
- Priestley, J. B., *Jenny Villiers*. Magic belongs to the theater world, and this novel captures it.
- Sharp, Margery, *Brittania Mews*. In a row of Mid-Victorian stables a truly humorous tale of present-day London unfolds.
- Stephens, James, *The Crock of Gold*. A fantastic novel by the Irish poet.
- Swinerton, Frank, *Nocturne*. A perfectly told story. *Harvest Comedy* is not merely cheerful; it is beautifully written.
- Tomlinson, H. M., *All Our Yesterdays*. Takes one into the First World War.
- Walpole, Sir Hugh, *Jeremy*. A charming story of boyhood. *Rogue Herries* is the first of a series of novels dealing with the fortunes of the Herries family.
- Wells, H. G., *The New Machiavelli* and *Seven Famous Novels*. The first is a partly autobiographical novel; in the second Wells's scientific romances are brought together into one volume.



## CHAPTER XVIII: Twentieth Century Poetry and Drama

**Preview** In approaching the poetry and drama of our own times the student should bear in mind two facts. First, the authors of the preceding period did not obligingly die in 1901 to make easy the task of the literary historian. For example, one of the poetical events of our age was the appearance in 1919 of Kipling's collected poems in *Verse, Inclusive Edition, 1885-1918*. Second, although a large number of volumes of poems and plays have been published in our period, yet in a brief account like this not many writers can be mentioned. This chapter will accordingly discuss only a few of the authors eminent before 1901 who continued their work into the twentieth century, and among the men whose star has risen since 1901 chiefly those who are important as reflecting our own age.

The main developments of the era may be sought in answering the following questions. Three concern poetry:

- (1) What are the characteristics of Yeats and other poets of the Celtic Revival?
- (2) By what qualities did Noyes and Masfield renew interest in poetry in England?
- (3) To what qualities do Eliot and Auden owe their eminence and influence in the England of two world wars?

Four questions concern drama:

- (4) In what two ways did Shaw help to re-establish drama as a part of literature?
- (5) What characteristics did Galsworthy display in his realistic dramas?
- (6) In what different ways did Yeats, Synge, and Barrie revive imaginative drama?
- (7) By what subjects and treatment did Noel Coward gain his popularity on the London stage?

### THE CELTIC REVIVAL

This history has mentioned several times the Celtic contribution to English literature beginning with Geoffrey of Monmouth's expansion of the Welsh legends about King Arthur. It has likewise recorded the achievements of Irishmen, such as Swift and Goldsmith, in English literature. But only in the last quarter of the nineteenth century did

Irish writers revive their racial legends and attempt to create an independent native literature. Among the first steps were the retelling of Ireland's heroic past and the translation from the forgotten Gaelic language of legendary tales among common folk. These translations into English reproduced in printed form many of the Gaelic idioms which were still current in the spoken lan-



guage of the country districts. The Irish thereby preserved their national legends and created a distinctive form of English to display their literary genius.

**William Butler Yeats** (1865–1939) The poet who became the leader in this revival was William Butler Yeats. Born near

Dublin, he liked as a boy to sit by the fire in a peasant's cottage and listen to the tales of the countryside. He loved poetry, too, and would sometimes recite poems aloud after other people had gone to bed. His father, who was a well-known artist, wished his son to become a painter, but the boy gave up the effort at twenty-one. At twenty-four he established his reputation as a poet by *The Wanderings of Oisín and Other Poems* (1889), a volume of romantic verse on subjects taken from Irish mythology. He continued to write in this strain for ten years, *The Wind Among the Reeds* (1899) containing many of the most famous lyrics. This first period displays the mystical side of his nature; that is, the pictures and purely human emotions in the musical lines hint at a loftier meaning, an ideal or law that rules the universe. This symbolical quality calls for a word of explanation because it is basic in his later poetry.

**Early Celtic quality** Yeats's poems about the old Irish heroes and other legendary figures did more than reproduce the color and magic of racial myths. He used fairies and heroes in the way Blake might have used them, as symbols of his ideals rather than as actual personages. Just as Blake's "Tiger" stands for evil in the universe, so Yeats's fairyland stands for a world of vaster significance to which the poet escapes from the painful facts of life. It is a land of vague beauty, and his songs about it are full of lilting lines that haunt us for days with their music and hazy pictures. Their cloudy mystery contains little of the energy and matter-



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WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS

of-fact quality traceable through English literature from *Beowulf* to *The Old Wives' Tale*.

**Later realism** From 1900 until his death Yeats was the leader of the Irish Renaissance. His reputation increased and spread until in 1923 he was honored with the highest literary award in the world—the Nobel Prize for imaginative literature. The last years of his life were spent in Ballylee Castle, an ancient tower on the Irish coast. The place of residence suggested the symbolical titles of two collections of his verse, *The Tower* (1928) and *The Winding Stair* (1933). They placed beyond dispute his reputation as the greatest poet writing in English. This eminence was sustained by the surprising vigor and the lyric quality of his diction in *Last Poems* (1940), the product of his seventies.

**Final standing** The three volumes also show how much Yeats changed his style of verse after 1900. Many of the later poems are realistic, dealing half humorously with his own old age or with political events. The meaning seems definite, though the

reader must always be on the lookout for the symbolism of Yeats—the deeper meaning behind the plain words. Gone is the slow, magical melody of his early romantic verse. In its place appear the words and sentence structure of common speech, employed with perfect mastery to convey the intended meaning. Before his death readers in Great Britain and America recognized his unrivaled power to put mature wisdom into few words. With more intensity of feeling and wider range than his fellows, he dwelt imaginatively on good and evil, on the triumph of the spirit over the appetites of the body. The timeless conflicts between dream and reality are communicated to us in lyrics of enduring beauty and nobility.

#### TWENTIETH CENTURY ENGLISH POETS

In England there was at the turn of the century no such burst of literary activity as that just described in Ireland. Of the minor Victorian poets who survived the reign of the Queen, several are represented in the selections at the end of this chapter. Many of their poems are too beautiful to be overlooked, but the poets themselves were not dominant personalities meriting treatment in this history.

**Life of** A poet much more eagerly read was Alfred  
**Alfred Noyes** (1880– ) Noyes. He had won a name in Oxford by rowing on a college crew and contributing verses to periodicals. To make a living by writing poetry was his surprising ambition, yet he advanced toward his goal in rapid strides. When he was only twenty-two, his first volume came from the press, and by twenty-five he had attained popularity. *Drake* (1908), a blank-verse narrative poem, followed the career of Sir Francis Drake, the Elizabethan sea-captain and hero of the fight against the Spanish Armada. It appeared month by month in a maga-



Courtesy of J. B. Lippincott Company  
ALFRED NOYES

zine as if it were a serial story. Noyes's reputation was enhanced by his *Collected Poems* in two volumes (1910), to which a third volume was added in 1920 and a fourth in 1927. He married an American girl, spent nine years as a professor in Princeton University (1914-1923), and branched out into plays, novels, short stories, and critical studies.

**His poetry** The poetry of Noyes pulsates with tuneful rhythms. As a narrative poet he is notable for dramatic and picturesque incident, for a stirring rush of events, but not for penetration into character or fundamental truths. His power to create melodious verse—a power unsurpassed in our age—is apparent in his three best known poems: a lyric, “The Barrel-Organ,” which voices the beauty and yearnings of spring; a sea poem, “Forty Singing Seamen,” which joyfully exaggerates the yarns of the British sailor; and a short narrative, “The Highwayman,” which sweeps us through a vigorous romantic tale of the good old days. It was such poems as these that

aroused a widespread popular interest in poetry in the first decade of our century.

**John Masefield** The real revival in (1878- ) poetry, however, came in the second decade, 1910-1920. The leader was John Masefield. He was born in the west of England, became a common sailor as a lad, and after some years at sea was stranded in New York. While he was working in a carpet factory in Yonkers in 1896, he got hold of a seventy-five-cent copy of Chaucer. *The Parliament of Fowls* converted him to an interest in poetry. "I read the *Parliament* all through one Sunday afternoon," he records, "with the feeling that I had been kept out of my inheritance, and had then suddenly entered upon it, and had found a new world of wonder and delight. I had never realized, until then, what poetry could be." An account of these two years, written much later in life, fills *In the Mill* (1941). It is a small book but a great one, for it unconsciously pictures a lovable young man with a simple trust in truth and beauty and a friendly interest in humble people.

**His rise to fame** His first poems, *Salt-Water Ballads* (1902), were based on his experiences at sea; they are still prized for some of their lyrics, like "Sea-Fever," which bring home to us the everyday life on a ship. But his reputation was established by *The Everlasting Mercy* (1911), which reminds one of his master, Chaucer. It is a dramatic narrative telling how a wicked man was converted by a Quaker girl to a spiritual life. Its vivid scenes, vigorous verse, and startling use of slang roused the public to enthusiasm. Here was contemporary life and the language of "low" characters made into poetry by a fundamental sympathy and pity. He repeated this success with three other narrative poems, of which *Dauber* (1913) is now recognized as the best. It tells of a boy who goes to sea to become



Rug Profits

JOHN MASEFIELD (AT LEFT)

a painter, but who dies in a storm while rounding Cape Horn. Both the character of the youth and the never-forgotten presence of the sea reveal the strength of Masefield's imagination. These four narratives widened the reading public that enjoyed poetry and encouraged a genuine revival in the writing of poetry.

**His later achievement** During the First World War Masefield's verses became more meditative, but after its close he resumed his narrative style. The masterpiece of his career is *Reynard the Fox* (1919). It celebrates the traditional English pastime of hunting the fox with hounds and horn. The lively scene rises out of the lines as we read, and our sympathies become taut with anxiety lest the fox may not make good his escape. The poem displays Masefield's greatest strength—his power to give us the sense of movement, of surging events, that carries us almost breathlessly to the end. When he was appointed Poet Laureate in 1930, the public applauded the honor conferred

upon a singer who had found a new beauty in the common language and the common people of our own day.

**Second World War** Masfield's command of both prose and verse is exhibited in *The Nine Days Wonder* (1940). It records with vigorous directness the nine days between May 26 and June 3, 1940. During this period the British Expeditionary Force and 123,000 French troops were taken from the sandy beach at Dunkirk in France across the Channel to safety in England. This splendid achievement, in which hundreds of vessels from warships to rowboats rescued the beleaguered men, was carried to completion against the might of the conquering German army and air force. Masfield pronounces it "the greatest single thing ever done by the English people." To the proud prose account Masfield adds four poems, one of which predicts<sup>1</sup>:

Through the long time the story will be told;

Long centuries of praise on English lips,  
Of courage godlike and hearts of gold  
Off Dunquerque beaches in the little ships.

#### POETRY BETWEEN WARS

The diversity of fine poetry written in our century is illustrated among the selections by the work of such men as W. H. Davies, Walter de la Mare, and Ralph Hodgson. Each is an individual apparently uninfluenced by the new poetry of the second decade or by the tumultuous changes of our age. They are all simple poets, finding beauty away from the anxious concerns of our time. A great many others appeared after the First World War, seeking in nature or imagination escape from the disappointments and horrors of the conflict. But there were also poets who ex-

pressed the confusion and despair that afflicted many minds after 1918.

**T. S. Eliot** (1888- ) Among these despondent singers the leader was Thomas Stearns Eliot. He

was born in St. Louis, Missouri, and secured his college training at Harvard University, but American life promised no satisfaction of his personal longings. Going abroad to study, he found in England a more congenial environment. In 1927 he became a British subject. But the intellectual currents of a foreign culture brought no contentment either. Indeed, his most famous poem, *The Waste Land* (1922), pictures contemporary man as having no roots in the traditions of the past. The dreariness and ugliness of a modern city rob him of a sense of belonging to any group bound together by common beliefs and aspirations. From the sense of loneliness and disgust with the surroundings arises his unhappiness.

**The Waste Land** Other poets had written with dismay of the postwar world. One feature that set Eliot apart from them was the manner of conveying his conviction that our civilization was doomed, that it was "the smoky candle-end of time." The phrase is typical. He used no direct criticism. He did not discuss social conditions. In fact, he did not believe in logical arrangement or full description. A poet, he maintained, must use suggestion and imagery rather than positive statement; he cannot afford to develop a thought; he must approach his theme from many directions through a rapid succession of symbols. The poem resulting from this method, *The Waste Land*, at first baffled the critics. One of the most intelligent of them reviewed it as "a faithful transcript of the poet's wandering thoughts when in a state of erudite depression. A grunt would serve equally well." Another, commenting on Eliot's avoidance of emotion, declared

<sup>1</sup> From "To the Seamen," from John Masfield's *The Nine Days Wonder*. By permission of The Macmillan Company, publishers.

that the new poet "was born middle aged and has not been getting any younger since." The critics did not squelch Mr. Eliot. He was a keen literary critic himself. Though the general reader could not understand him, other poets saw in his verse the hand of a master. They perceived that the images and symbols were chosen with dramatic force to create the desired mood. The lines flowed under a subtle control that awakened their admiration. He became the most influential of the new poetical generation.

**His dramas** Two plays on the model of old Greek drama raised Eliot's reputation. The stronger of these was *Murder in the Cathedral* (1935); it presented in a series of episodes the closing weeks of the life of the medieval Archbishop of Canterbury, Thomas à Becket, ending in his murder. The tragedy proved very impressive on the stage. The language, much clearer than in *The Waste Land*, falls into the natural cadences of spoken words. The first half of the play portrays Becket's struggle against his pride. In the second half he maintains an argument with the Knights who finally murder him—an argument which might be applied to modern dictators. He declares that they represent the oppression and crimes of all who submerge the individual in order to establish the power of the state. Once more critics and poets marveled at Eliot's control of verse form.

**His significance** In the diversity of subject and style that has characterized English poetry since 1901, Eliot provides a break with the past. During the second decade had come a return to the long tradition of narrative verse; the freshness of its rhythms and its dramatic force revived popular interest in poetry for a time. Then came the First World War. With pitiless clarity Eliot saw the bewilderment and despair of postwar England,



Courtesy Random House, Inc.

W. H. AUDEN

and expressed it in *The Waste Land* in a new technique.

**W. H. Auden** Foremost among Eliot's followers has been Wystan Hugh Auden. While (1907– ) a student at Oxford he joined a group of young poets who formed a new school in the 1930's. Of these he became the most distinguished, receiving from King George the King's Prize for poetry in 1937. In his early writing he watched the future ominously approach, expressing his convictions in colloquial verse and searching questions. The general impression was one of intellectual power, but many of his poems were as hard to understand as Eliot's symbolistic puzzles. Since coming to the United States in 1938 he has sought to give vividness to his ideas by tying them to a person, like Voltaire, to an individual scene, such as the beginning of World War II in 1939, or to a painting in a picture gallery, such as Brueghel's *Icarus*. Often he exhibits a keen sense of humor, as in describing an unknown citizen or the howling infant in his own home. A

single volume, *Collected Poetry* (1945) of 466 pages, contains all his poems that he still likes; they are enough to prove his uncommon power and brilliance.

#### THE REVIVAL OF DRAMA

The progress of drama down to 1901 has not been recorded in this volume since the account of how Goldsmith and Sheridan brought laughter back into the theater. In the intervening century and a quarter no plays that merit notice in this history were brought upon the stage. In the last decade of the nineteenth century, however, the drama began once more to reflect life.

The pioneer was Sir Arthur Wing Pinero (1855-1934), who took his men and women right out of contemporary English society. Usually they were confronted with some social or moral problem that might face actual people, and the plot showed how they succeeded or failed in finding the right solution. This kind of drama was new because it offered much more than entertainment; it told absorbing stories, to be sure, but it also provided situations which furnished the audience food for thought long after leaving the theater. Moreover, the practice of publishing stage plays was resumed, so that readers as well as auditors took an interest in the contemporary drama.

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW (1856- )

**His early life** The man who re-established the drama as a part of literature is the most original literary genius of the twentieth century. George Bernard Shaw was born in Dublin. "I am a typical Irishman," he declares; "my family came from Yorkshire." He adds another characteristic paradox, "I am an educated man because I escaped from school at fourteen." For five years he served as clerk

in a Dublin land office, but at twenty he decided to make his way in London. During the first nine years there he earned six pounds with his pen, of which five were paid him for a patent-medicine advertisement. His mind, however, was constantly active; he states, with that degree of comic self-satisfaction shared by no other man, "[at economics] I worked for four years until I had mastered it completely." In sober fact, his restless and penetrating intellect ranged over many fields, laying the basis for a brilliant career as a critic of art, music, drama, moral conventions, and our whole social life.

**His dramatic purpose** Shaw wrote for the theater, not to amuse but to preach. He had tried to get his ideas before the public in a series of novels, but they were too full of intellectual conversation for the public. Then he turned to drama, just as Swift had turned to stories of travel, simply to win a hearing for his criticism of mankind. His vision, like Swift's, pierced below the surface of life.

A good example is his first play, *Widower's Houses* (1892), which drew upon his experience in the Dublin land office. It attacked the landlords who became rich through renting insanitary tenements to miserable, poverty-stricken families. But Shaw's criticism does not lead to the comforting conclusion that the miseries of the slums will be ended by erecting model tenements; on the contrary, he satirizes the futility of two groups: those sentimentalists who feel sorry for the suffering poor and those idealists who long for a world of purity and righteousness. In short, he turns upside down most of the accepted ways of looking at life. His views were incredibly daring in 1892. Shaw reports that the play "made a sensation out of all proportion to its merits and even its demerits; and I at once became infamous as a dramatist."

**His type of play** This first production, weak though it is, represents Shaw's type of play. The characters are grotesque, the story is absurd, but the dialogue is full of those surprises and sudden contrasts that give life to drama. Shaw makes no effort to put on the stage lifelike persons; one of his most comic creations is a lion. In his drama the story is not made up of a conflict of wills, as in Shakespeare, nor of the ridiculous actions of eccentric types, as in Ben Jonson. The core of the play is a continual clash of ideas, an incessant conversation in which every participant has keen remarks to make totally at variance with the remarks of the other characters. The talkers never flag, combatting each other's notions with zest and boldness till the final curtain.

The flow of conversation in a Shaw play is not merely witty and sparkling, as in Sheridan, but full of satire that cuts quite to the bone. Shaw's purpose is not to entertain but to get people to listen to his criticism of modern society. In Shaw's own words, his policy has always been: "Spare no labor to find out the right thing to say; and then say it with exasperating levity, as if it were the first thing that would come into anyone's head."

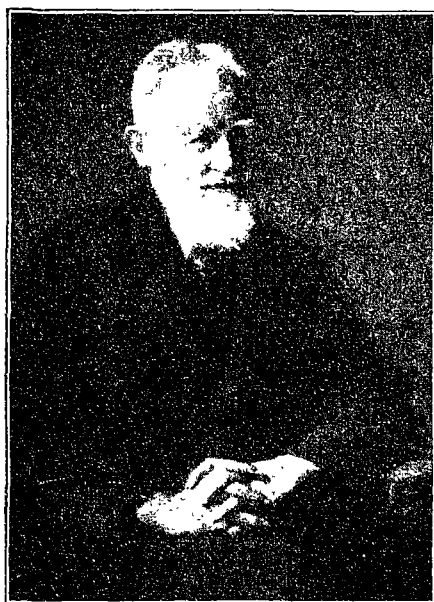
**His literary success** During the Eighteen-nineties, however, producers and audiences were shy in the presence of Shaw's ominous creations. He therefore printed his plays, replacing the ordinary stage directions with such pictorial descriptions of setting and such explanatory accounts of the characters that the reader could follow the dialogue as easily as in a novel. Moreover, he added prefaces, sometimes longer than the plays themselves, in order to state his ideas more forcibly still. *Plays Pleasant and Unpleasant* (1898), containing seven of these chal-

lenging comedies, and *Three Plays for Puritans* (1901) helped to re-establish the drama as literature, and to make Shaw as widely read as the novelists.

**His success on the stage** The success of Shaw's plays on the stage in England dates from the first decade of the twentieth century. To this success the United States has contributed a good deal. Even before the century opened, *The Devil's Disciple* (1897), a comedy of the American Revolution, enjoyed so long a run on this side of the water that Shaw was able to give up journalism. *Candida*, with a set of well-drawn characters that lend themselves to fine acting, was played all over the United States in 1903-1905. In 1904, a partnership of two English producers won a hearing for it before the British public, and, encouraged by the initial success, proceeded with other productions to establish Shaw as the leading dramatist of the present century.

**St. Joan** The summit of his achievement as a dramatist was reached in *St. Joan* (1923), which retells the life of Joan of Arc. Its success may be accounted for in two ways. First, it expresses Shaw's views of religion—a subject of deep interest after World War I. Secondly, Joan becomes a live character on the stage, and she is in some ways even more interesting to the reader of the printed play. This historical drama aroused the same interest as biography among a generation that sought satisfaction in the lives of people who had striven and suffered.

*St. Joan* was Shaw's last important play, but in one sense the culmination of his career came in 1926, when the Nobel Prize for literature was conferred upon him in his seventieth year. It was a fitting recognition of the most arresting achievement in twentieth-century England—the reintroduction of thoughtful laughter into the English theater.



From Ewing Galloway

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

**G.B.S. 90** A greater personal tribute was occasioned by his ninetyeth birthday, when he was handed *G.B.S. 90* (1946), a volume dealing with his life and work from boyhood up. It contained essays from twenty-four distinguished Englishmen and one American, most of whom knew him intimately. These writers expressed their debt to him for part of their education. Some of it came from views that had thrown them into a rage. Max Beerbohm, for example, wrote that "during fifty years and more . . . I was always distracted by two emotions about him, (1) a wish that he had never been born, (2) a hope that he would never die." Eugene O'Neill declared of himself, "Ever since then this boy of sixteen, who was I, has had the deepest admiration and respect for one of the world's great men, who is you." Never before had such a complete and varied tribute from his fellows been paid to a man of letters during his lifetime.

#### REALISTIC DRAMA

**John Galsworthy**  
(1867-1933)

The realistic type of drama, inaugurated by Pinero, was carried forward best by John Galsworthy, the novelist. His early training for the law prepared him to see both sides in any situation. For his plays he selected some problem in the life of the day, and then presented both sides sympathetically. The dialogue sounds very natural, yet it has that finished phrasing which was noted in his novels. The characters are realistically conceived; they nowhere rise to heroic heights or indeed prove themselves stronger than people would be in similar situations in actual life.

**A typical play** *Strife* (1909) represents Galsworthy's particular type of play in its essentials. The theme is the conflict between capital and labor. This problem of modern society is dramatized in a strike which is protracted by the unyielding purpose of two men: the chairman of the board governing the factory, and the leader of the workers. The chairman declares he is fighting not merely to crush the present strike but to protect his country in the future against mob government. The leader of the workmen has an equally laudable aim: "'Tis not for this little moment of time that we're fighting, not for ourselves . . . 'tis for all those that come after throughout all time." In the end both men are rejected by their associates, and the strike is settled on the very terms that were proposed before the fight began.

Three features of this play are worth noting. First, the plot unfolds in a way to illustrate the various elements in a strike, an industrial situation that seems forever with us in modern society. Second, the characters are types representing different classes of persons in modern industry, rather than indi-



vidual souls who are interesting for themselves. Third, and most significant of all, the two sides in the conflict both meet defeat. Galsworthy never takes sides. Consequently the audience at his plays never find a hero whose achievements they can follow with unstinted admiration and applause.

If we compare *Strife* with *Macbeth*, we can easily see the difference between the way in which men looked out upon the world in the English Renaissance and in the twentieth century. The Renaissance author gloried in a strong individual fighting against the world, winning victories, and falling in the end only before fate. The realistic dramatist of today presents persons no more heroic than the normal members of society, emphasizes class feelings and points of view, and lets us watch these undistinguished individuals as they are swayed by the forces of current prejudices and loyalties. In other words, realistic drama of today reflects the view that civilization has developed to the point where it limits personal achievement and at times submerges the individual.

**Other plays of Galsworthy** Galsworthy's other plays present this same view of life. Some of them are powerful. *Justice* (1910) deals with a youth caught in the toils of the law, and *Loyalties* (1922), with the various kinds of fidelity and devotion which are displayed by the guests at a country-house party when a theft is discovered. In these and others of his plays we feel sorry for the characters because the forces of modern society are too strong for them. The scenes do not sparkle with Shaw's satiric wit. Their distinction resides in a grace of expression that lends richness to the unfolding picture of the misery in our modern world.

#### IMAGINATIVE DRAMA

The realistic play, which normally reproduced on the stage the familiar

aspects of life, served to bring the drama back into literature. There were at the same time other plays in which the imagination pierced below the facts of existence in an effort to give us a vision of the heart of life. Naturally enough, the drama of fantasy of the present era appeared first in Ireland. The Celtic imagination has always been more at home in its dreams than in plain reality. The most vigorous dramatic activity of the Irish Renaissance was centered in the Abbey Theater in Dublin.

The leading spirits in this organization, which opened the doors of its theater in 1904, were Lady Gregory (1852-1932) and William Butler Yeats (see page 728). Lady Gregory contributed a number of short plays on peasant life, using an English dialect spoken in the west of Ireland. Her comedies are so true to humble Irish character and to human nature in general that they have been played all over the world. In common with other playwrights of the movement, she gained great prominence for the one-act play—a form that has made a wide appeal in the contemporary theater of both England and America.

**The plays of Yeats** Yeats had written several dramas before the establishment of the Abbey Theater. Of these *Cathleen ni Houlihan* (1902) tells the clearest story. Michael is about to marry, when an old woman enters the cottage and says that her land has been taken from her. When she leaves, Michael breaks away from his bride-to-be to follow the aged crone. A boy enters immediately afterwards and declares that he saw no old woman going down the path, "but I saw a young girl, and she had the walk of a queen." The play is an allegory: Cathleen ni Houlihan stands for the spirit of Ireland. Is it any wonder that in Ireland this is the most frequently played of all Yeats's dramas?

**John Millington  
Synge**  
(1871-1909)

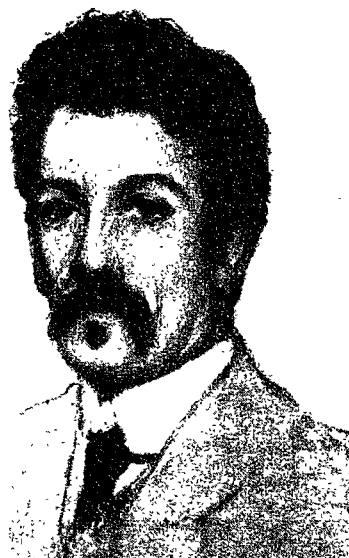
The dramatic genius of the Irish Renaissance was J. M. Synge. Yeats discovered him wasting his time in Paris in 1897 and persuaded him to get close to native life in the west of Ireland among the fisher-folk. The local dialect, a rhythmical and imaginative form of English, fascinated him. Concerning the period while he was writing *In the Shadow of the Glen* (1903), he declared: "I got more aid than any learning could have given me, from a chink in the floor of the old Wicklow house where I was staying, that let me hear what was being said by the servant girls in the kitchen." It was this natural speech which he fashioned into a rare and beautiful language for his plays.

**Riders to  
the Sea**

The masterpiece among Synge's dramas is his *Riders to the Sea* (1904). The scene is an island fisherman's cottage, in which a widow recalls how the sea has robbed her of her husband and four sons; today her fifth son sets off for the mainland. As dark settles down after a stormy day, the lifeless body of the youth is brought in. The old woman, with a simplicity and courage arising from her primitive life, thus stoically speaks her bereavement: "No man at all can be living forever, and we must be satisfied." The scene takes us far away from our busy civilization to the eternal forces of sea and storm and to the enduring qualities of human nature. One man of letters declared this one-act play the greatest drama in two hundred years.

**His last play**

The difference between Yeats and Synge as playwrights comes out clearly in Synge's last drama, *Deirdre of the Sorrows* (1910). It retells the most beautiful love story in Irish legend, a legend similar to the Greek myth of Helen of Troy. Yeats's tragedy on the subject,



Courtesy of John W. Luce & Co.

J. M. SYNGE

*Deirdre* (1907), dramatized the events as a tale of shadowy kings and queens to bring out the pathos of beauty passing away as a dream that is dreamed. Synge makes *Deirdre* real, a flesh-and-blood creature loving life but triumphing over death. During the period of its composition Synge had fallen in love, though he knew he would not live to marry; from his own heart he wrote the central line in the play: "It should be a sweet thing to have what is best and richest, if it's for a short space only." His own creative career had been short. In six years he had written the plays now recognized as the best of the Irish Revival. With a high heart he was able to put into *Deirdre of the Sorrows* not only the sadness but the serenity of bidding farewell to life.

**Sir James M.  
Barrie**  
(1860-1937)

The imaginative plays that have given pleasure to the largest audiences in England and America were the work of a Scotsman. James M. Barrie was born in Kirriemuir, one of

the most provincial of Scotland's towns. His first successful book, *Auld Licht Idylls* (1888), was a collection of character sketches picturing life in his native village, which he renamed Thrums. It proved so popular that he provided a sequel, *A Window in Thrums* (1889). These volumes, with their humor and pathos, were surpassed in public favor by the romantic story of *The Little Minister* (1891), which carried Barrie's name to the ends of the English-speaking world. *Sentimental Tommy* (1896) and its sequel *Tommy and Grizel* (1900), in which Tommy is tortured with doubt and Grizel rises to nobility of devotion, offer an undeluded view of life.

#### His dramas

After 1900 Barrie turned from the novel to drama. Among his first successes was a stage version of *The Little Minister* (1897), whose fanciful romance he adapted skillfully for acting. The quality of his imagination is best seen in *The Admirable Crichton* (1902) and *Peter Pan* (1904). In the first the family of an English lord is stranded on a desert island. There it is the butler, Crichton, who becomes master of the situation, for it is he who has all the resourcefulness to meet the new problems of existence. Just as he is about to marry the lord's daughter, a ship rescues the party. In London he becomes a butler again. This fantasy gives many openings for Barrie's gentle satire. Sir Max Beer-bohm declared it to be "the best thing that has happened in my time to the British stage." In *Peter Pan* Barrie's delightful delineation of the elfin-like boy who never grew up always brings from audiences a hearty "yes" to the question: "Do you believe in fairies?" One critic pronounces it "the supreme achievement in imagination of the modern English theater."

For many years Barrie refused to publish his plays, since they were all

written for theatrical production. When he did bring them out gradually, they proved delightful reading. The stage directions, full of his humor, make the characters in his entirely original theatrical world clear in their every action.

#### DRAMA THROUGH TWO WARS

##### The versatile Noel Coward (1899— )

The younger generation is represented in the theater by the most versatile prodigy in the annals of the English stage. Noel Coward first appeared in public at the age of six in a children's concert, singing and accompanying himself on the piano. On his twenty-fifth birthday he received tremendous applause as author and leading actor in the smash-hit *The Vortex* (1924), a tense drama about the London smart set. On that occasion the praise that pleased him most came from the actors and authors who spoke of little bits of stage business, such as the crushing out of the cigarette in Act Two. A similar attention to the effect of every detail of the play on the audience has marked his whole career. In his operettas he has written the librettos, composed charming melodies, invented dance steps for the chorus, sung important rôles, danced solo, and in addition directed the whole production.

##### Diverse types of play

The quality of Coward's varied accomplishments may be gauged by two productions. As England was pulling out of the world-wide depression, London audiences applauded the spectacular variety show, *Cavalcade* (1932). The main characters belong to two English families: the well-to-do middle-class family of Robert and Jane Marryot and, "below stairs," the butler and his wife, the maid. Their story is followed for thirty years—from the Boer War, through the



Howard Coster, courtesy of Doubleday, Doran & Co.  
NOEL COWARD

tragedies of the First World War, to the jazz age of 1930. The play is filled with sentiment. In the New Year's celebration of the first scene Robert and Jane thank heaven their boys are too young to fight, and pray, "Oh please God, Peace and Happiness for them always." A succession of episodes displays, with spectacular stage showmanship, the progressive changes in English life. In a final New Year's celebration Jane drinks a toast "to our sons who made a part of the pattern and to our hearts that died with them. Let's drink to the spirit of gallantry and courage that made a strange heaven out of an unbelievable hell." On the tumultuous opening night Coward in a certain speech said with real feeling, "In spite of the troublous times we are living in, it is still a pretty exciting thing to be English."

The patriotic surge of the play and the speech came from the deepest part of Coward's nature, but it is a feeling at

variance with his characteristic effort to contrive story and dialogue for sheer entertainment. *Blithe Spirit* (1941) illustrates the frolicsome tone of his farce-comedies. It develops the impossible situation of a novelist who invites a spiritualist to hold a séance, hoping it may provide material for his next book. While the maid is in the room, he and his second wife talk in a trivial, sophisticated manner about his departed first wife. During the séance the medium brings back the spirit of the first wife, who stays to upset his home in an uproariously mischievous fashion. Her malice reaches the climax of converting the second wife also into a spirit. The two spirits plague him through most of the third act, filling it with fantastic merriment.

**Power to entertain** The farce demonstrates the dexterity with which Coward devises situations to amuse audiences. There are scenes in which laughter is excited by crashing vases and falling pictures—incidents that remind one of the author's skill with stage business, like crushing a cigarette in his first success, *The Vortex*. The dialogue bubbles with bright talk seemingly spoken on the spur of the moment. As an evening's entertainment in the theater *Blithe Spirit* was judged by the New York Drama Critics Circle as the best play of the 1941-42 season. Yet the musing playgoer while riding home becomes conscious of a lack. No speech is remembered for penetrating comment on life. The characters do not represent those failings of human nature everyone enjoys because they are so true. In short, the play is only a hilarious farce. One is left doubtful whether Coward's comedies, the most popular of our era, will live along with such classic English creations as *She Stoops to Conquer* and *The School for Scandal*.

**Summary** The comedies and serious plays since 1918 reflect a rebellion against the material civilization that led to the First World War. The manners and problems which were characteristic of that civilization had been reproduced on the stage in realistic plays, most notably by Galsworthy. At the same time, Barrie, in a series of fanciful dramas, had looked at life with rose-colored spectacles, and Irish authors of the Celtic Revival, such as Yeats and Synge, had contributed several imaginative plays of lasting beauty. The outstanding figure in the drama after 1901 was George Bernard Shaw, whose witty and penetrating theatrical pieces set people to thinking and reinstated the drama once more as literature. Following World War II, audiences sought relief in the sentiment or laughter furnished most successfully by the singularly versatile Noel Coward.

Similar changes may be traced in poetry. Before the First World War, the Celtic Revival under the leadership of Yeats created a distinctive Irish literature. In England Noyes and Masefield led a movement which restored poetry in a measure to its earlier popularity. After the war younger poets faced the age with bewilderment verging on despair. The most powerful expression of this spirit, *The Waste Land* by T. S. Eliot, set in motion a new school of poetry, full of lines that have carried no meaning to the ordinary reader. With the soul-shaking developments of World War II poets have been turning to common speech as a vehicle for conveying their deepest convictions.

This final chapter in our history reflects the same conditions in twentieth century life as the two preceding chapters. For example, the new effort in fiction after 1918 was to find a meaning to existence by searching the individual soul, and biography similarly looked for significance, not in outward achievements, but in the secrets of personality. Everywhere there was a discrediting of those material achievements which had filled the Victorians with pride.

**A final word** This attitude was displaced among imaginative writers after the heroic rescue from Dunkirk by a renewed devotion to the heritage of freedom preserved in English literature. During the tremendous struggle the English people made loyal sacrifices for the common good, and in so doing rediscovered the strength and endurance of their race. These qualities have not yet found immortal expression. But we may hope that English literature will rise once more to the splendors of the Elizabethan and Victorian periods.

Whatever entertainment, insight, and inspiration the future may hold, the past is secure. From the day when the Anglo-Saxon bard chanted to the king and his assembled warriors some heroic deed of times long gone by, every era in English life has produced literature that expressed the heart and imagination of the group to which it was addressed. This poetry and prose has reached in successive ages wider and wider audiences until today every person can find the sort of book that he likes. Happy is the reader whose interest and intelligence take him back through the centuries recorded in this history, for England has created a vast and varied literature second in power and beauty to no other literature since the masterpieces of ancient Greece.

## SELECTIONS FOR CHAPTER XVIII

### THE CELTIC REVIVAL

#### THE HOST OF THE AIR\*

WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS

[One of the ancient Irish superstitions, which Yeats got from a ballad chanted to him by an aged woman, recalls old English ballads of the supernatural. The "host of the air," called *Sidhe* (*shē*), are fairies who enchant young men or women. To do so they may take any form they please. As in the English ballads, the bewitched person may return in seven or fourteen years, or may remain with the fairies forever. In this poem both O'Driscoll and his wife are enchanted, but O'Driscoll at the end returns to mortal life.]

O'DRISCOLL drove with a song  
The wild duck and the drake,  
From the tall and tufted reeds  
Of the drear Hart Lake.

And he saw how the reeds grew dark<sup>5</sup>  
At the coming of the night tide,  
And dreamed of the long dim hair  
Of Bridget, his bride.

He heard while he sang and dreamed<sup>10</sup>  
A piper piping away,  
And never was piping so sad,  
And never was piping so gay.

And he saw young men and young girls  
Who danced on a level place  
And Bridget, his bride, among them,<sup>15</sup>  
With a sad and a gay face.

The dancers crowded about him  
And many a sweet thing they said,  
And a young man brought him red  
wine  
And a young girl white bread.<sup>20</sup>

\*From William Butler Yeats's *Selected Poems*. Reprinted by special arrangement with The Macmillan Company, publishers.

But Bridget drew him by the sleeve  
Away from the merry bands,  
To old men playing at cards  
With a twinkling of ancient hands.

The bread and the wine had a doom,<sup>25</sup>  
For these were the host of the air;  
He sat and played in a dream  
Of her long dim hair.

He played with the merry old men  
And thought not of evil chance,<sup>30</sup>  
Until one bore Bridget, his bride,  
Away from the merry dance.

He bore her away in his arms,  
The handsomest young man there,  
And his neck and his breast and his  
arms  
Were drowned in her long dim hair.

O'Driscoll scattered the cards  
And out of his dream he awoke;  
Old men and young men and young  
girls  
Were gone like a drifting smoke;<sup>40</sup>

But he heard high up in the air  
A piper piping away,  
And never was piping so sad,  
And never was piping so gay.

#### THE LOVER TELLS OF THE ROSE IN HIS HEART†

WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS

[This poem, like the preceding one, shows the early romantic side of Yeats, but it expresses more clearly the reason for his

†From William Butler Yeats's *Collected Poems*. By permission of The Macmillan Company, publishers.

romantic view of the world. If you try to think of the most beautiful thing in the world, you will very likely select at last a full-blown rose, for the delicate curve and shadings of the petals and the fragrant atmosphere round the flower make it a marvel to linger over. At least, Yeats accepts it as a symbol of perfection, a symbol that comes into his mind whenever he thinks of his sweetheart (line 4). This image of an ideal makes the romantic poet shrink from any kind of ugliness or unhappiness in the actual world, as he tells us in the first three lines; in fact, he can't stand actual life (line 5), from which he longs to retire to the more beautiful world of dreams (lines 6-7). The entire poem is a revealing expression of the romantic mood.]

ALL things uncomely and broken, all  
 things worn out and old,  
 The cry of a child by the roadway, the  
 creak of a lumbering cart,  
 The heavy steps of the plowman,  
 splashing the wintry mold,  
 Are wronging your image that blossoms  
 a rose in the deeps of my  
 heart.

The wrong of unshapely things is a  
 wrong too great to be told;<sup>5</sup>  
 I hunger to build them anew and sit  
 on a green knoll apart,  
 With the earth and the sky and the  
 water, re-made, like a casket of gold  
 For my dreams of your image that blossoms  
 a rose in the deeps of my  
 heart.

### MY HOUSE\*

WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS

[In this realistic poem Yeats describes Ballylee Castle, where he lived. The first twenty lines give us a notion of his surroundings and his manner of life. The six lines describing the medieval knight who once lived in the castle are also realis-

tic. In the last four lines he declares that this realistic view of matters has a tonic effect—exactly the opposite feeling from that expressed in the preceding poem.]

AN ANCIENT bridge, and a more  
 ancient tower,  
 A farmhouse that is sheltered by its  
 wall,  
 An acre of stony ground,  
 Where the symbolic rose can break in  
 flower,  
 Old ragged elms, old thorns innumerable,<sup>5</sup>  
 The sound of the rain or sound  
 Of every wind that blows;  
 The stilted water-hen  
 Crossing stream again  
 Scared by the splashing of a dozen  
 cows;<sup>10</sup>  
 A winding stair, a chamber arched with  
 stone,  
 A gray stone fireplace with an open  
 hearth,  
 A candle and written page.  
*Il Penseroso's* Platonist toiled on  
 In some like chamber, shadowing forth  
 How the daemonic rage<sup>15</sup>  
 Imagined everything.<sup>1</sup>  
 Benighted travelers  
 From markets and from fairs  
 Have seen his midnight candle glimmering.<sup>20</sup>

Two men have founded here. A man-  
 at-arms  
 Gathered a score of horse and spent his  
 days  
 In this tumultuous spot,  
 Where through long wars and sudden  
 night alarms  
 His dwindling score and he seemed  
 castaways<sup>25</sup>  
 Forgetting and forgot;  
 And I, and after me  
 My bodily heirs may find,  
 To exalt a lonely mind,  
 Befitting emblems of adversity.<sup>30</sup>

\*From William Butler Yeats's *Collected Poems*. By permission of The Macmillan Company, publishers.

<sup>1</sup> *Il Penseroso's* . . . everything. See "*Il Penseroso*," lines 85-96, page 205.

## WHAT THEN?\*

WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS

[Here the poet in old age looks back over his distinguished career. At each stage he fancies that he hears a question from the famous Greek philosopher, Plato. What does that question mean?]

HIS chosen comrades thought at school  
He must grow a famous man;  
He thought the same and lived by rule,  
All his twenties crammed with toil;  
*"What then?" sang Plato's ghost.*  
*"What then?"* 5

Everything he wrote was read,  
After certain years he won  
Sufficient money for his need,  
Friends that have been friends indeed;  
*"What then?" sang Plato's ghost.*  
*"What then?"* 10

All his happier dreams came true—  
A small old house, wife, daughter, son,  
Grounds where plum and cabbage grew,  
Poets and Wits about him drew;  
*"What then?" sang Plato's ghost.*  
*"What then?"* 15

"The work is done," grown old he thought,  
"According to my boyish plan;  
Let the fools rage, I swerved in nought,  
Something to perfection brought;"  
*But louder sang that ghost, "What then?"* 20

## DUSK†

Æ

[George William Russell (1867-1935), who signed his poems Æ, was one of the most influential figures in the Celtic Revival. He had so winning a personality

\*From William Butler Yeats's *Last Poems & Plays*. By permission of The Macmillan Company, publishers.

†From George William Russell's *Collected Poems*. Reprinted by special arrangement with The Macmillan Company, publishers.

that, according to one of his friends, he "could talk a singing bird out of a tree or a frightened mouse out of its hole." He was a mystic like Blake, getting inspiration from his inner visions rather than from events in the world of men. "Dusk" pictures the time of day when he feels closest to God. "The Venture of the Soul" reads a great deal into the happy smile of a beggar.]

DUSK wraps the village in its dim  
caress;  
Each chimney's vapor, like a thin gray  
rod,  
Mounting aloft through miles of quiet-  
ness,  
Pillars the skies of God.

Far up they break, or seem to break,  
their line, 5  
Mingling their nebulous crests that bow  
and nod  
Under the light of those fierce stars that  
shine  
Out of the calm of God.

. . . . .  
Only in clouds and dreams I felt those  
souls  
In the abyss, each fire hid in its clod; 10  
From which in clouds and dreams the  
spirit rolls  
Into the vast of God.

## THE VESTURE OF THE SOUL†

Æ

I PITIED one whose tattered dress  
Was patched, and stained with dust  
and rain;  
He smiled on me; I could not guess  
The viewless spirit's wide domain.

He said, "The royal robe I wear 5  
Trails all along the fields of light;  
Its silent blue and silver bear  
For gems the starry dust of night.

"The breath of Joy unceasingly  
Waves to and fro its folds starlit, 10



And far beyond earth's misery  
I live and breathe the joy of it."

### BLUE STARS AND GOLD\*

JAMES STEPHENS

[James Stephens (1882- ) was an ill-paid typist in a Dublin lawyer's office when "Æ" found him. His chief title to fame is a fantastic novel, *The Crock of Gold*. His nature lyrics express an exultation seldom found in modern poetry. The city in "Blue Stars and Gold" is Dublin, and the landscape in "And It Was Windy Weather" is the Irish countryside.]

WHILE walking through the  
trams<sup>1</sup> and cars  
I chanced to look up at the sky,  
And saw that it was full of stars!

So starry-sown! A man could not,  
With any care, have stuck a pin  
Through any single vacant spot. 5

And some were shining furiously;  
And some were big, and some were  
small;  
But all were beautiful to see.  
Blue stars and gold! A sky of gray! 10  
The air between a velvet pall!  
I could not take my eyes away!

And there I sang this little psalm  
Most awkwardly! Because I was  
Standing between a car and tram! 15

### AND IT WAS WINDY WEATHER\*

JAMES STEPHENS

NOW the winds are riding by;  
Clouds are galloping the sky;

Bush and tree are lashing bare,  
Savage boughs on savage air!

\* From James Stephens's *Collected Poems*.  
By permission of The Macmillan Company,  
publishers.

<sup>1</sup> trams, streetcars.

Crying, as they lash and sway, 5  
—Pull the roots out of the clay!

Lift away: away:  
Away!

Leave security, and speed  
From the root, the mud, the mead! 10

Into sea, and air, we go!  
To chase the gull! the Moon! and know,

—Flying high!  
Flying high!—

All the freedom of the sky! 15  
All the freedom of the sky!

### IN SERVICE

WINIFRED M. LETTS

[As Winifred M. Letts (1887- )  
feelingly tells us in the following poem,  
"there is no place like home," though it  
be only a fisherman's cottage on the Irish  
Sea.]

LITTLE Nellie Cassidy has got a place  
in town;  
She wears a fine white apron,  
She wears a new black gown,  
An' the quarest little cap at all with  
straymers hanging down.

I met her one fine evening stravin'<sup>1</sup>  
down the street, 5  
A feathered hat upon her head  
And boots upon her feet.  
"Och, Mich," says she, "may God be  
praised that you and I should meet.

"It's lonesome in the city with such a  
crowd," says she;  
"I'm lost without the bog-land, 10  
I'm lost without the sea,  
An' the harbor an' the fishing boats that  
sail out fine and free.

<sup>1</sup> stravin', sauntering.

"I'd give a golden guinea to stand upon  
the shore,  
To see the big waves lepping,  
To hear them splash and roar, 15  
To smell the tar and the drying nets,  
I'd not be asking more.

"To see the small white houses, their  
faces to the sea,  
The childher in the doorway,  
Or round my mother's knee;  
For I'm strange and lonesome miss-  
ing them, God keep them all," says 20  
she.

Little Nellie Cassidy earns fourteen  
pounds and more,  
Waiting on the quality,  
And answering the door—  
But her heart is some place far away  
upon the Wexford<sup>2</sup> shore.

## A DROVER\*

PADRAIC COLUM

[Love of freedom, one of the universal longings of the human breast, is given dramatic expression in this poem. The young drover with his herds is a typical Irish figure. He is taking his herds from the west coast of Ireland to the east coast through the region in which Padraic Colum (1881- ) grew up. This poet began his literary career with the Abbey Theater (page 736), and even his lyrics are dramatic.]

TO Meath the pastures,  
From wet hills by the sea,  
Through Leitrim and Longford,  
Go my cattle and me.

I hear in the darkness 5  
Their slipping and breathing—

<sup>2</sup> *Wexford*, a seacoast county of Ireland.  
\*From Padraic Colum's *Poems*. By permission of The Macmillan Company, publishers.

I name them the by-ways  
They're to pass without heeding;

Then the wet, winding roads,  
Brown bogs with black water; 10  
And my thoughts on white ships  
And the King o' Spain's daughter.

Oh! farmer, strong farmer!  
You can spend at the fair;  
But your face you must turn 15  
To your crops and your care.

And soldiers, red soldiers!  
You've seen many lands;  
But you walk two by two,  
And by captain's commands. 20

Oh! the smell of the beasts,  
The wet wind in the morn;  
And the proud and hard earth  
Never broken for corn;

And the crowds at the fair, 25  
The herds loosened and blind,  
Loud words and dark faces  
And the wild blood behind.

(Oh! strong men, with your best 30  
I would strive breast to breast;  
I could quiet your herds  
With my words, with my words.)

I will bring you my kine,  
Where there's grass to the knee;  
But you'll think of scant croppings 35  
Harsh with salt of the sea.

## THE TWILIGHT PEOPLE

SEUMAS O'SULLIVAN

[Padraic Colum, fellow-poet and friend of Seumas O'Sullivan (1879- ), has said that "The Twilight People" and other poems of its kind "are regarded by Irish literary circles as Seumas O'Sullivan's most distinctive work. No other poet has left himself so open to the spell of twilight."]

IT IS a whisper among the hazel bushes;

It is a long, low whispering voice that fills

With a sad music the bending and swaying rushes;

It is a heartbeat deep in the quiet hills.

Twilight people, why will you still be crying,

Crying and calling to me out of the trees?

For under the quiet grass the wise are lying,

And all the strong ones are gone over the seas.

And I am old, and in my heart at your calling

Only the old dead dreams a-fluttering go;

As the wind, the forest wind, in its falling

Sets the withered leaves fluttering to and fro.

### THE SNOW

SEUMAS O'SULLIVAN

[Here the poet makes vivid for us, through contrasting sound and silence, the wonder of a first snowfall.]

LAST night I listened to the feet Of people passing in the street;

Monotonously, the beat, beat

Of footsteps in the wintry street.

And now and then, but louder far,

The rumble of a cab or car,

The voices of a passing crowd,

Or a lone straggler, singing loud.

But suddenly the street was still,

And then above the window sill

A little tapping sound began

Tapping against the windowpane,

And that is how I came to know

That in the morning there would be snow.

### CLASS DISCUSSIONS

*The Host of the Air.* 1. What forms do the Sidhe take in this poem? How long do you suppose O'Driscoll was under their influence? After he returned to mortal life, did he ever get back Bridget?

2. What features of the Celtic Revival (page 727) appear in this poem?

*The Lover Tells of the Rose and My House.* 1. Do you like Yeats's romantic poetry or his realistic the better? Read passages to support your preference.

2. Compare "The Lover" with "A Red, Red Rose" (page 373). Which is the better love poem? The better expression of the romantic mood? Which do you prefer?

*What Then?* 1. What is the poet's estimate of himself at each stage of his career? What gives him most pleasure at each stage?

2. Does Plato's question mean, "What is coming next?" or "What difference does it make?" Does it mean one thing in some stanzas and another thing in other stanzas?

3. What matters mentioned by the poet can you identify in the account of Yeats's life (see pages 728-729)?

*Dusk and The Vesture of the Soul.* 1. How does twilight suggest to "Æ" the relation of the soul to God?

2. Why did the smile of the dirty beggar suggest to "Æ" the beauty of his soul? Would any American think of the Milky Way as a garment for his soul and take joy in it? Give reasons.

*Blue Stars and Gold and And It Was Windy Weather.* What two different aspects of nature are described in these poems? Which lines best express the poet's joy in each? What is the difference in the feeling in each?

*In Service.* Which stanza arouses your sympathy most keenly?

*A Drover.* Why does the drover like his work better than that of other men? Why does he prefer associating with his herds of cattle rather than with herds of men? Which of his reactions do you share more fully?

*The Twilight People.* 1. Are the sounds the poet hears *merry, loud, gentle, threatening, melancholy*? Read lines to support your judgment.

2. Why does the poet object to the crying and calling? Again quote.

*The Snow.* 1. How do the sounds in the first eight lines increase? What effect does the later stillness have on the listening poet? Would it have had the same effect on you?

2. Is this poem a sonnet? Be sure of your answer.

*Review.* These poems of the Irish Renaissance may profitably be compared with the lyrics of the English Renaissance (page 82). Take particular topics, such as love, human beings, nature, and point out similarities and differences between the two periods of poetic expression. For example, in "The Passionate Shepherd" (page 83) and "The Lover Tells of the Rose" (page 741) how does each lover feel about his sweetheart?

#### INDIVIDUAL AND GROUP ACTIVITIES

1. *The Collected Poems of W. B. Yeats* would furnish a very good program, which might be divided into two parts:

(a) *Lytic Poems.* A report on Yeats's early lyrics might begin with "The Stolen Child," "Down by the Sally Gardens," "Cuchulain's Fight with the Sea," "The Lake Isle of Innisfree," "The Ballad of Father Gilligan." Later lyrics might include "The Tower," "Among School Children," "Coole and Ballylee, 1931." The report may be used to point out differences between the two periods.

(b) *Narrative poems.* Irish legends are retold in *The Wanderings of Oisín* and *The Two Kings*. The report would include quotations to illustrate the narrative interest and the atmosphere of the poems.

2. Similar reports may be prepared by individuals or small groups on any other poet of the Celtic Revival. The book list on page 779 will be found helpful.

## SOME SURVIVING VICTORIANS

### THE DARKLING THRUSH\*

THOMAS HARDY

[In his poetry as in his prose Thomas Hardy, the greatest of the Victorians who survived into the new century, is a realist. This poem reveals Hardy's mood as he contemplates the winter landscape in the district where he spent his whole life.]

I LEANED upon a coppice gate  
When Frost was specter-gray,  
And Winter's dregs made desolate  
The weakening eye of day.

The tangled bine-stems scored the sky<sup>1</sup> 5

Like strings from broken lyres,  
And all mankind that haunted night  
Had sought their household fires.

The land's sharp features seemed to be

The Century's corpse outleant;  
His crypt the cloudy canopy,  
The wind his death-lament. 10

The ancient pulse of germ and birth  
Was shrunken hard and dry,  
And every spirit upon earth 15  
Seemed fervorless as I.

\*From Thomas Hardy's *Collected Poems*. By permission of The Macmillan Company, publishers.

<sup>1</sup> The tangled . . . sky, the bare, intertwined stems of a growth of honeysuckle shrubs appeared like lines against the sky overhead.

At once a voice burst forth among  
 The bleak twigs overhead  
 In a full-hearted evensong  
 Of joy unlimited; 20  
 An aged thrush, frail, gaunt, and small,  
 In blast-beruffled plume,  
 Has chosen thus to fling his soul  
 Upon the growing gloom.

So little cause for carolings 25  
 Of such ecstatic sound  
 Was written on terrestrial things  
 Afar or nigh around,  
 That I could think there trembled  
 through  
 His happy good-night air 30  
 Some blessed hope, whereof he knew  
 And I was unaware.

### THE OCTOBER REDBREAST

ALICE MEYNELL

["The October Redbreast" comes from the later of two widely separated periods in the poetic life of Mrs. Meynell (1850-1922); in fact, it appears in a volume published after her death. To understand the poem, pay particular attention to the figure of speech: the redbreast is so carefree and joyous in its song that the poet compares him to a boy too happy to feel responsibilities.]

AUTUMN is weary, halt, and old:  
 Ah, but she owns the song of joy!  
 Her colors fade, her woods are cold.  
 Her singing-bird's a boy, a boy.

In lovely Spring the birds were bent 5  
 On nests, on use, on love, forsooth!  
 Grown-up were they. This boy's content,<sup>1</sup>  
 For his is liberty, his is youth.

The musical stripling sings for play,  
 Taking no thought, and virgin-glad.  
 For duty sang those mates in May. 11  
 This singing-bird's a lad, a lad.

<sup>1</sup> This boy's content, this boy is happy.

### SONG

WILLIAM WATSON

[A follower of Tennyson in the perfection of form which he gave his verse, William Watson (1858-1935) might have become poet laureate if he had not expressed his political views too vehemently. Perfection of form rather than political views is the feature of "Song" and "The Keyboard."]

APRIL, April,  
 Laugh thy girlish laughter;  
 Then, the moment after,  
 Weep thy girlish tears,  
 April, that mine ears 5  
 Like a lover greetest,  
 If I tell thee, sweetest,  
 All my hopes and fears.  
 April, April,  
 Laugh thy golden laughter, 10  
 But, the moment after,  
 Weep thy golden tears!

### THE KEYBOARD

WILLIAM WATSON

FIVE-AND-THIRTY black slaves,  
 Half-a-hundred white,  
 All their duty but to sing  
 For their Queen's delight,  
 Now with throats of thunder, 5  
 Now with dulcet lips,  
 While she rules them royally  
 With her finger-tips!

When she quits her palace,  
 All the slaves are dumb— 10  
 Dumb with dolor till the Queen  
 Back to court is come;  
 Dumb the throats of thunder,  
 Dumb the dulcet lips,  
 Lacking all the sovereignty 15  
 Of her finger-tips.

Dusky slaves and pallid,  
 Ebon slaves and white,

When the Queen was on her throne  
 How you sang tonight! 20  
 Ah, the throats of thunder!  
 Ah, the dulcet lips!  
 Ah, the gracious tyrannies  
 Of her finger-tips!

Silent, silent, silent, 25  
 All your voices now;  
 Was it then her life alone  
 Did your life endow?  
 Waken, throats of thunder!  
 Waken, dulcet lips! 30  
 Touched to immortality  
 By her finger-tips.

## LOVELIEST OF TREES

A. E. HOUSMAN

[A good many poets of this era have lived in a mental world remote from war and the other problems of the present. Of these A. E. Housman (1859-1936) was a distinguished classical scholar. A single volume of sixty-three short poems, *A Shropshire Lad* (1896), established his reputation for delicate and polished perfection, yet he waited twenty-six years to produce an equally slender but finished volume of *Last Poems* (1922), and *More Poems* (1936) did not appear until after his death.

Both "Loveliest of Trees" and "Reveillé," from *A Shropshire Lad*, illustrate the lyric beauty of Housman's verse and his melancholy over the swift passing of youth.]

LOVELIEST of trees, the cherry now  
 Is hung with bloom along the bough,  
 And stands about the woodland ride,  
 Wearing white for Eastertide.

Now, of my threescore years and ten, 5  
 Twenty will not come again,  
 And take from seventy springs a score,  
 It only leaves me fifty more.

And since to look at things in bloom 10  
 Fifty springs are little room,  
 About the woodlands I will go  
 To see the cherry hung with snow.

## REVEILLÉ

A. E. HOUSMAN

WAKE! The silver dusk return-  
 ing  
 Up the beach of darkness brims,  
 And the ship of sunrise burning 30  
 Strands upon the eastern rims.

Wake! The vaulted shadow shatters, 3  
 Trampled to the floor it spanned,  
 And the tent of night in tatters  
 Straws<sup>1</sup> the sky-pavilioned land.

Up, lad, up! 'Tis late for lying;  
 Hear the drums of morning play; 10  
 Hark, the empty highways crying,  
 "Who'll beyond the hills away?"

Towns and countries woo together,  
 Forelands beacon,<sup>2</sup> belfries call; 15  
 Never lad that trod on leather  
 Lived to feast his heart with all.

Up, lad; thews that lie and cumber  
 Sunlit pallets never thrive;  
 Morns abed and daylight slumber  
 Were never meant for man alive. 20

Clay lies still, but blood's a rover;  
 Breath's a ware that will not keep.  
 Up, lad; when the journey's over,  
 There'll be time enough to sleep.

## TO A SNOWFLAKE

FRANCIS THOMPSON

[In this poem Francis Thompson (1859-1907) finds God in a snowflake. For this and greater poems of Thompson we are indebted to Alice Meynell and her husband. Thompson was almost starving

<sup>1</sup> *Strews*, strews.<sup>2</sup> *beacon*, shine.

in London when they started him on a brief poetical career and a happy life.]

WHAT heart would have thought  
you?—  
Past our devisal  
(O filigree petal!)  
Fashioned so purely,  
Fragilely, surely, 5  
From what Paradisal  
Imagineless metal  
Too costly for cost?  
Who hammered you, wrought you,  
From argentine<sup>1</sup> vapor?— 10  
“God was my shaper  
Passing surmisal,  
He hammered, He wrought me,  
From curled silver vapor,  
To lust of His mind— 15  
Thou couldst not have thought me!  
So purely, so palely,  
Tinily, surely,  
Mightily, frailly,  
Insculped and embossed, 20  
With His hammer of wind,  
And His graver of frost.”

<sup>1</sup> argentine, silvery.

#### CLASS DISCUSSIONS

*The Darkling Thrush.* 1. What impressions of the scene does the poet give in the first two stanzas (lines 1-16)? Quote lines that contribute most to this impression.

2. What contrast is created in the third stanza? In the final stanza how does the poet account for this difference?

*The October Redbreast.* 1. What two contrasts does the poet draw to bring out the main quality of the bird's song? Why does the song particularly please the poet?

2. How does this bird poem differ from Hardy's? Take account of the contrasts drawn and the main feeling in each poet's heart.

3. If there had been no names of the authors, could you have guessed which poem was written by a woman?

*Song* and *The Keyboard.* Each poem is an extended figure of speech. What phrases or lines in each personification give you the most pleasure?

*Loveliest of Trees* and *Reveill  .* From each poem quote the lines that best express the cause of the poet's melancholy. Which stanza in each seems to you most pictorial?

*To a Snowflake.* How does this lyric differ from all others on pages 747-749? Which section of it brings out this difference most beautifully?

*Review.* 1. Which of the “surviving Victorians” remind you of Tennyson or other poets on pages 561-603? Do you think these survivors more serious or less serious than their great predecessors?

2. Compare the poems by surviving Victorians with the Irish lyrics beginning on page 741 as to (a) sympathy with human beings and (b) feeling for nature.

## FOUR MAJOR POETS

### THE BARREL-ORGAN\*

ALFRED NOYES

[To enjoy this lyric you should picture to yourself the office workers at the close

of the day pouring out of the dingy buildings in the busiest part of London. They crowd to the edge of the sidewalk to catch a bus, as everybody does in London. While they are waiting in the late afternoon sunlight, a hand organ or hurdy-gurdy plays music taken largely from *Il Trovatore* and *La Traviata*, operas by the Italian composer Giuseppe Verdi.

\*From Alfred Noyes's *Collected Poems I*. Reprinted by permission of Frederick A. Stokes Company, publishers.

After you have read the poem through aloud with this picture in mind, reread it to note the following divisions. The first section (lines 1-32) describes the music. The second (lines 33-52) tells of an ideal holiday which comes into the thoughts of the waiting crowd with the music and the western light. Instead of returning tomorrow to their dull round of duties, they would like to visit the beautiful park at Kew, on the Thames River about ten miles west of London. Lines 53-108 show how different persons in the crowd, influenced by the music, think of some hope dear to them in earlier years which they have had to abandon. These hopes are now "dead dreams." Lines 109-128 interpolate a song of the flower girls trying to induce the young lovers in the crowd to buy flowers, for the dreams of these men are not dead. In lines 129-158 earlier parts of the poem are repeated with variations, just as the hurdy-gurdy repeats its music. By the time you have read the poem through carefully to the end, you will have memorized the four lines of the refrain (49-52) and perhaps much more.]

THERE'S a barrel-organ caroling  
across a golden street  
In the City as the sun sinks low;  
And the music's not immortal; but the  
world has made it sweet  
And fulfilled it with the sunset glow;  
And it pulses through the pleasures of  
the City and the pain <sup>5</sup>  
That surround the singing organ like  
a large eternal light;  
And they've given it a glory and a part  
to play again  
In the Symphony that rules the day  
and night.

And now it's marching onward through  
the realms of old romance,  
And trolling out a fond familiar tune,  
And now it's roaring cannon down to  
fight the King of France, <sup>11</sup>  
And now it's prattling softly to the  
moon.

And all around the organ there's a sea  
without a shore  
Of human joys and wonders and re-  
grets;  
To remember and to recompense the  
music evermore <sup>15</sup>  
For what the cold machinery for-  
gets . . .

Yes; as the music changes,  
Like a prismatic glass,  
It takes the light and ranges  
Through all the moods that pass;  
Dissects the common carnival <sup>21</sup>  
Of passions and regrets,  
And gives the world a glimpse of  
The colors it forgets.

And there *La Traviata* sighs <sup>25</sup>  
Another sadder song;  
And there *Il Trovatore* cries  
A tale of deeper wrong;  
And bolder knights to battle go  
With sword and shield and lance  
Than ever here on earth below <sup>31</sup>  
Have whirled into—a *dance!*—

Go down to Kew in lilac time, in lilac  
time, in lilac time;  
Go down to Kew in lilac time (it  
isn't far from London!)  
And you shall wander hand in hand  
with love in summer's wonder-  
land; <sup>35</sup>  
Go down to Kew in lilac time (it  
isn't far from London!)

The cherry trees are seas of bloom and  
soft perfume and sweet perfume,  
The cherry trees are seas of bloom  
(and oh, so near to London!)  
And there they say, when dawn is high  
and all the world's a blaze of sky  
The cuckoo, though he's very shy, will  
sing a song for London. <sup>40</sup>

The Dorian<sup>1</sup> nightingale is rare, and yet  
they say you'll hear him there

<sup>1</sup> Dorian, Grecian.



At Kew, at Kew in lilac time (and  
oh, so near to London!)  
The linnet and the throstle, too, and  
after dark the long halloo  
And golden-eyed *tu-whit, to-whoo*, of  
owls that ogle London.

For Noah hardly knew a bird of any  
kind that isn't heard <sup>45</sup>  
At Kew, at Kew in lilac time (and  
oh, so near to London!)  
And when the rose begins to pout, and  
all the chestnut spires are out,  
You'll hear the rest without a doubt,  
all chorusing for London:

*Come down to Kew in lilac time, in  
lilac time, in lilac time;  
Come down to Kew in lilac time (it  
isn't far from London!) <sup>50</sup>  
And you shall wander hand in hand  
with love in summer's wonder-  
land;  
Come down to Kew in lilac time (it  
isn't far from London!)*

And then the troubadour begins to thrill  
the golden street,  
In the City as the sun sinks low;  
And in all the gaudy busses there are  
scores of weary feet <sup>55</sup>  
Marking time, sweet time, with a dull  
mechanic beat,  
And a thousand hearts are plunging to  
a love they'll never meet,  
Through the meadows of the sunset,  
through the poppies and the  
wheat,  
In the land where the dead dreams  
go.

Verdi, Verdi, when you wrote *Il Tro-  
vatore* did you dream <sup>60</sup>  
Of the City when the sun sinks  
low,  
Of the organ and the monkey and the  
many-colored stream

On the Piccadilly<sup>2</sup> pavement, of the  
myriad eyes that seem  
To be litten for a moment with a wild  
Italian gleam  
As *A che la morte*<sup>3</sup> parodies the world's  
eternal theme <sup>65</sup>  
And pulses with the sunset glow?

There's a thief, perhaps, that listens with  
a face of frozen stone  
In the City as the sun sinks low,  
There's a portly man of business with  
a balance of his own,  
There's a clerk and there's a butcher of  
a soft reposeful tone, <sup>70</sup>  
And they're all of them returning to the  
heavens they have known;  
They are crammed and jammed in  
busses and—they're each of them  
alone  
In the land where the dead dreams  
go.

There's a very modish woman, and her  
smile is very bland  
In the City as the sun sinks low; <sup>75</sup>  
And her hansom jingles onward, but  
her little jeweled hand  
Is clenched a little tighter, and she can-  
not understand  
What she wants or why she wanders to  
that undiscovered land,  
For the parties there are not at all the  
sort of thing she planned,  
In the land where the dead dreams  
go.

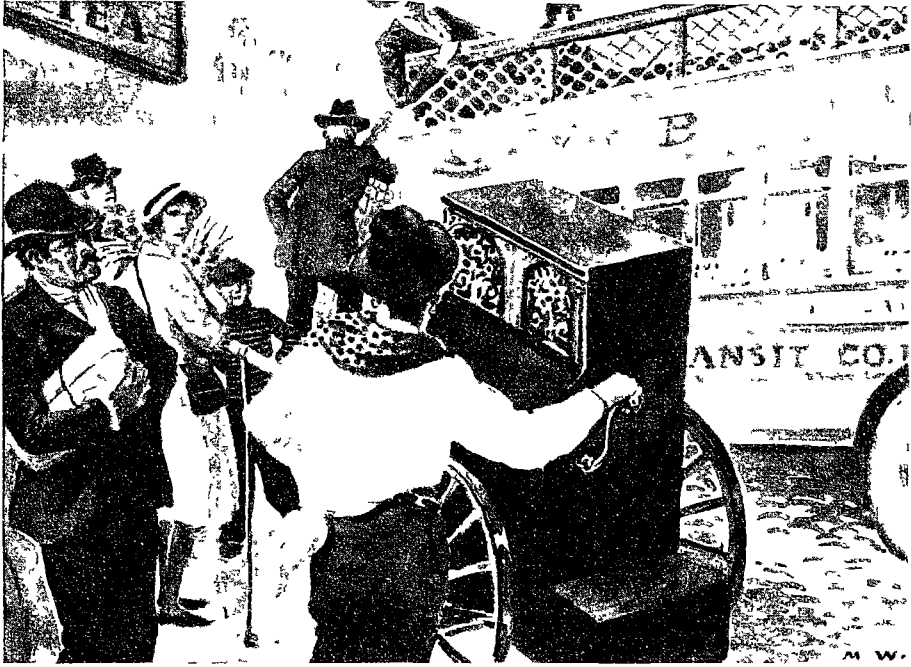
There's a rowing man that listens, and  
his heart is crying out <sup>81</sup>  
In the City as the sun sinks low,  
For the barge, the eight,<sup>4</sup> the Isis,<sup>5</sup> and  
the coach's whoop and shout,

<sup>2</sup> *Piccadilly*, one of the busiest and most famous thoroughfares of London.

<sup>3</sup> *A che la morte*, the famous "Miserere" from *Il Trovatore*.

<sup>4</sup> *the eight*, the crew in a boat race.

<sup>5</sup> *Isis*. The Thames near Oxford University bears this name. The crews of the various colleges of the university compete here.



THERE'S A BARREL ORGAN CAROLING ACROSS A GOLDEN STREET.

For the minute gun, the counting, and  
 the long disheveled rout,  
 For the howl along the towpath and a  
 fate that's still in doubt,  
 For a roughened oar to handle and a  
 race to think about  
 In the land where the dead dreams  
 go.

There's a laborer that listens to the  
 voices of the dead  
 In the City as the sun sinks low;  
 And his hand begins to tremble and  
 face to smolder red  
 As he sees a loafer watching him and—  
 there he turns his head  
 And stares into the sunset where his  
 April love is fled,  
 For he hears her softly singing, and his  
 lonely soul is led  
 Through the land where the dead  
 dreams go.

There's an old and haggard demi-rep;  
 it's ringing in her ears,

In the City as the sun sinks low;  
 With the wild and empty sorrow of the  
 love and blights and sears,  
 Oh, and if she hurries onward, then be  
 sure, be sure she hears,  
 Hears and bears the bitter burden of  
 the unforgotten years,  
 And her laugh's a little harsher, and her  
 eyes are brimmed with tears  
 For the land where the dead dreams  
 go

There's a barrel organ caroling across  
 a golden street

In the City as the sun sinks low;  
 Though the music's only Verdi, there's  
 a world to make it sweet,  
 Just as yonder yellow sunset where the  
 earth and heaven meet  
 Mellows all the sooty City! Hark, a  
 hundred thousand feet

Are marching on to glory through the  
poppies and the wheat  
In the land where the dead dreams  
go.

So it's Jeremiah, Jeremiah,  
What have you to say <sup>110</sup>  
When you meet the garland girls  
Tripping on their way?

All around my gala hat  
I wear a wreath of roses;  
(A long and lonely year it is <sup>115</sup>  
I've waited for the May!)

If anyone should ask you,  
The reason why I wear it is—  
My own love, my true love <sup>120</sup>  
Is coming home today.

And it's buy a bunch of violets for  
the lady  
(*It's lilac time in London; it's  
lilac time in London!*)  
Buy a bunch of violets for the  
lady,  
While the sky burns blue above;

On the other side the street you'll  
find it shady <sup>125</sup>  
(*It's lilac time in London; it's  
lilac time in London!*)  
But buy a bunch of violets for the  
lady,  
And tell her she's your own true  
love.

There's a barrel-organ caroling across  
a golden street  
In the City as the sun sinks glittering  
and slow; <sup>130</sup>  
And the music's not immortal; but the  
world has made it sweet  
And enriched it with the harmonies  
that make a song complete  
In the deeper heavens of music where  
the night and morning meet  
As it dies into the sunset glow;

And it pulses through the pleasures of  
the City and the pain <sup>135</sup>  
That surround the singing organ like  
a large eternal light,  
And they've given it a glory and a part  
to play again  
In the Symphony that rules the day  
and night.

And there, as the music changes,  
The song runs round again. <sup>140</sup>  
Once more it turns and ranges  
Through all its joy and pain,  
Bisects the common carnival  
Of passions and regrets;  
And the wheeling world remem-  
bers all <sup>145</sup>  
The wheeling song forgets.

Once more *La Traviata* sighs  
Another sadder song;  
Once more *Il Trovatore* cries  
A tale of deeper wrong; <sup>150</sup>  
Once more the knights to battle go  
With sword and shield and lance  
Till once, once more, the shattered  
foe  
Has whirled into—a dance!

*Come down to Kew in lilac time, in  
lilac time, in lilac time; <sup>155</sup>*  
*Come down to Kew in lilac time (it  
isn't far from London!)*  
*And you shall wander hand in hand  
with love in summer's wonder-  
land;*  
*Come down to Kew in lilac time (it  
isn't far from London!)*

### THE MOON IS UP\*

ALFRED NOYES

[This poem takes us back to Drake and Raleigh, when men actually believed in El Dorado, the golden city somewhere in the northern part of South America. In the

\*From Alfred Noyes's *Collected Poems I*.  
Reprinted by permission of Frederick A.  
Stokes Company, publishers.

last stanza this earthly goal becomes the Celestial City, where everything is perfect.]

THE moon is up; the stars are bright;

The wind is fresh and free!

We're out to seek for gold tonight

Across the silver sea!

The world was growing gray and old; <sup>5</sup>

Break out the sails again!

We're out to seek a Realm of Gold

Beyond the Spanish Main.<sup>1</sup>

We're sick of all the cringing knees,

The courtly smiles and lies! <sup>10</sup>

God, let thy singing Channel breeze

Lighten our hearts and eyes!

Let love no more be bought and sold

For earthly loss or gain;

We're out to seek an Age of Gold <sup>15</sup>

Beyond the Spanish Main.

Beyond the light of far Cathay,<sup>2</sup>

Beyond all mortal dreams,

Beyond the reach of night and day

Our El Dorado gleams, <sup>20</sup>

Revealing—as the skies unfold—

A star without a stain,

The Glory of the Gates of Gold

Beyond the Spanish Main.

## A CONSECRATION\*

JOHN MASEFIELD

[The surge of new energy that swept into English poetry with the arrival of Masefield may be inferred from "A Consecration," which voices the new poet's interest in lowly men.]

NOT of the princes and prelates  
with periwigged charioteers  
Riding triumphantly laured to lap the  
fat of the years—

<sup>1</sup> *Spanish Main*, the sea adjacent to the north coast of South America.

<sup>2</sup> *Cathay*, China.

\*From John Masefield's *Poems and Plays*. Reprinted by special arrangement with The Macmillan Company, publishers.

Rather the scorned—the rejected—the  
men hemmed in with the spears;

The men of the tattered battalion which  
fights till it dies,

Dazed with the dust of the battle, the  
din and the cries, <sup>5</sup>

The men with the broken heads and  
the blood running into their eyes.

Not the be-medaled Commander, be-  
loved of the throne,

Riding cock-horse to parade when the  
bugles are blown,

But the lads who carried the koppie<sup>1</sup>  
and cannot be known.

Not the ruler for me, but the ranker,  
the tramp of the road, <sup>10</sup>

The slave with the sack on his shoul-  
ders pricked on with the goad,

The man with too weighty a burden,  
too weary a load.

The sailor, the stoker of steamers, the  
man with the clout,

The chantyman<sup>2</sup> bent at the halyards<sup>3</sup>  
putting a tune to the shout,

The drowsy man at the wheel and the  
tired look-out. <sup>15</sup>

Others may sing of the wine and the  
wealth and the mirth,

The portly presence of potentates goodly  
in girth—

Mine be the dirt and the dross, the dust  
and scum of the earth!

*Theirs* be the music, the color, the glory,  
the gold;

Mine be a handful of ashes, a mouthful  
of mold. <sup>20</sup>

Of the maimed, of the halt, and the  
blind in the rain and the cold—

Of these shall my songs be fashioned,  
my tales be told. *Amen.*

<sup>1</sup> *koppie*, hill <sup>2</sup> *chantyman*, a sailor-singer.

<sup>3</sup> *halyards*, ropes used for lowering or raising sails.

## SPANISH WATERS\*

JOHN MASEFIELD

[The singer of this captivating song is a blind old fiddler in the heroic days of Raleigh and Drake. Though he now wanders half starved about the villages of England, his young manhood was spent with a pirate crew which attacked the Spanish galleons sailing back from South America laden with treasure. It is the treasure which haunts his imagination, for after the buccaneers had gathered uncounted wealth from perhaps a dozen ships, they buried it in Panama or northern South America and sailed for further adventure. The ragged old fiddler, the sole remaining survivor, looks back across the years to this golden memory of his youth.]

SPANISH waters, Spanish waters,  
 You are ringing in my ears,  
 Like a slow sweet piece of music from  
 the gray forgotten years;  
 Telling tales, and beating tunes, and  
 bringing weary thoughts to me  
 Of the sandy beach at Muertos,<sup>1</sup> where  
 I would that I could be.

There's a surf breaks on Los Muertos,  
 and it never stops to roar,<sup>5</sup>  
 And it's there we came to anchor, and  
 it's there we went ashore,  
 Where the blue lagoon is silent amid  
 snags of rotting trees,  
 Dropping like the clothes of corpses  
 cast up by the seas.

We anchored at Los Muertos when the  
 dipping sun was red,  
 We left her half-a-mile to sea, to west  
 of Nigger Head;<sup>10</sup>  
 And before the mist was on the Cay,<sup>2</sup>  
 before the day was done,

We were all ashore on Muertos with  
 the gold that we had won.

We bore it through the marshes in a  
 half-score battered chests,  
 Sinking, in the sucking quagmires, to  
 the sunburn on our breasts,  
 Heaving over tree-trunks, gasping,  
 damning at the flies and heat,<sup>15</sup>  
 Longing for a long drink, out of silver,  
 in the ship's cool lazareet.<sup>3</sup>

The moon came white and ghostly as  
 we laid the treasure down,  
 There was gear there'd make a beggar-  
 man as rich as Lima Town,<sup>4</sup>  
 Copper charms and silver trinkets from  
 the chests of Spanish crews,  
 Gold doubloons and double moydores,  
 louis d'ors and portagues,<sup>5</sup><sup>20</sup>

Clumsy yellow-metal earrings from the  
 Indians of Brazil,  
 Uncut emeralds out of Rio,<sup>6</sup> bezoar  
 stones<sup>7</sup> from Guayaquil;<sup>8</sup>  
 Silver, in the crude and fashioned, pots  
 of old Arica<sup>9</sup> bronze,  
 Jewels from the bones of Incas dese-  
 crated by the Dons.<sup>10</sup>

We smoothed the place with mattocks,  
 and we took and blazed the tree,<sup>25</sup>  
 Which marks yon where the gear is hid  
 that none will ever see,  
 And we laid aboard the ship again, and  
 south away we steers,  
 Through the loud surf of Los Muertos  
 which is beating in my ears.

<sup>3</sup> *lazareet*, storeroom. <sup>4</sup> *Lima Town*, the capital of Peru.

<sup>5</sup> *Gold doubloons . . . portagues*, Spanish, French, and Portuguese old gold coins.

<sup>6</sup> *Rio*, Rio de Janeiro, the capital city of Brazil. <sup>7</sup> *bezoar stones*, stones that were formerly thought to have wonderful healing properties. <sup>8</sup> *Guayaquil*, a seaport city of Ecuador.

<sup>9</sup> *Arica*, from Arica, a seaport town of northern Chile. <sup>10</sup> *Incas . . . Dons*. The Incas, highly civilized Indians of Peru, were subjugated by the Spanish in 1533. *Don* is a Spanish title applied to nobles.

\*From John Masefield's *Poems, Volume I*. By permission of The Macmillan Company. publishers.

<sup>1</sup> *Muertos*. Masefield probably had no definite place in mind.

<sup>2</sup> *Cay*, a reef or low island.

I'm the last alive that knows it. All the  
rest have gone their ways—  
Killed, or died, or come to anchor in  
the old Mulatas Cays, <sup>30</sup>  
And I go singing, fiddling, old and  
starved and in despair,  
'And I know where all that gold is hid,  
if I were only there.

It's not the way to end it all. I'm old,  
and nearly blind,  
And an old man's past's a strange thing,  
for it never leaves his mind.  
And I see in dreams, awhiles, the beach,  
the sun's disc dipping red, <sup>35</sup>  
And the tall ship, under topsails, sway-  
ing in past Nigger Head.

I'd be glad to step ashore there. Glad  
to take a pick and go  
To the lone blazed coco-palm tree in  
the place no others know,  
And lift the gold and silver that has  
moldered there for years  
By the loud surf of Los Muertos which  
is beating in my ears. <sup>40</sup>

### THE ESCAPE\*

[From *Reynard the Fox*]

JOHN MASEFIELD

[The end-sheets of this volume show an English fox hunt with the men dressed in scarlet coats and mounted on horses running after the hounds. Keep this picture in mind as you read the following account of how one fox escaped from his pursuers. The first lines show that the poet views the chase through the eyes of the hunted animal, whose struggles you will follow with eager sympathy.]

THE ducks flew up from the Mor-  
ton Pond.

The fox looked up at their tailing  
strings;<sup>1</sup>  
He wished (perhaps) that a fox had  
wings,  
Wings with his friends in a great V  
straining  
The autumn sky when the moon is  
gaining; <sup>5</sup>  
For better the gray sky's solitude,  
Than to be two miles from the Mourne  
End Wood  
With the hounds behind, clean-trained  
to run,  
And your strength half spent and your  
breath half done.  
Better the reeds and the sky and the  
water <sup>10</sup>  
Than that hopeless pad from a certain  
slaughter.  
At the Morton Pond the fields began,  
Long Tew's green meadows; he ran;  
he ran.

First the six green fields that make a  
mile,  
With the lip-full Clench at the side the  
while, <sup>15</sup>  
With the rooks above, slow-circling,  
showing  
The world of men where a fox was  
going;  
The fields all empty, dead grass, bare  
hedges,  
And the brook's bright gleam in the  
dark of sedges.  
To all things else he was dumb and  
blind; <sup>20</sup>  
He ran, with the hounds a field behind.  
At the sixth green field came the long  
slow climb,  
To the Mourne End Wood as old as  
time:  
Yew woods dark, where they cut for  
bows,  
Oak woods green with the mistletoes, <sup>25</sup>  
Dark woods evil, but burrowed deep

\*From John Masefield's *Poems. Volume II.*  
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publishers.

<sup>1</sup> *tailing strings*, the V-formation made by  
the flying ducks.

With a brock's earth strong,<sup>2</sup> where a  
fox might sleep.

He saw his point on the heaving hill,  
He had failing flesh and a reeling  
will,

He felt the heave of the hill grow stiff,<sup>30</sup>  
He saw black woods, which would  
shelter—

If—

Nothing else, but the steeping slope,  
And a black line nodding, a line of  
hope,  
The line of the yews on the long slope's  
brow.<sup>34</sup>

A mile, three-quarters, a half-mile now,  
A quarter-mile, but the hounds had  
viewed;  
They yelled to have him this side the  
wood.

Robin capped them,<sup>3</sup> Tom Dansey  
steered them  
With a "Yooi, Yooi, Yooi," Bill Ridden  
cheered them.<sup>39</sup>

Then up went hackles<sup>4</sup> as Shatterer led,  
"Mob him," cried Ridden; "the wood's  
ahead.

Turn him, damn it; Yooi, beauties, beat  
him,

O God, let them get him; let them eat  
him,

O God," said Ridden, "I'll eat him  
stewed,

If you'll let us get him this side the  
wood."<sup>45</sup>

But the pace, uphill, made a horse like  
stone,

The pack went wild up the hill alone.  
Three hundred yards, and the worst  
was past,

The slope was gentler and shorter-  
grassed,

The fox saw the bulk of the woods  
grow tall<sup>50</sup>

<sup>2</sup> With . . . strong, with a pungently  
smelling badger's den.

<sup>3</sup> capped them, went before to head them  
off.

<sup>4</sup> hackles, the hair on the dogs' necks.

On the brae ahead like a barrier-wall.

He saw the skeleton trees show sky,  
And the yew trees darken to see him  
die.

And the line of the woods go reeling  
black.

There was hope in the woods, and be-  
hind, the pack.<sup>55</sup>

Two hundred yards, and the trees grew  
taller,

Blacker, blinder, as hope grew smaller;  
Cry seemed nearer, the teeth seemed  
gripping,

Pulling him back, his pads seemed slip-  
ping.

He was all one ache, one gasp, one  
thirsting,<sup>60</sup>

Heart on his chest-bone, beating, burst-  
ing.

The hounds were gaining like spotted  
pards,

And the wood-hedge still was a hun-  
dred yards.

The wood-hedge black was a two year  
quick

Cut-and-laid<sup>5</sup> that had sprouted thick<sup>65</sup>  
Thorns all over, and strongly plied,<sup>6</sup>

With a clean red ditch on the take-off  
side.<sup>7</sup>

He saw it now as a redness, topped  
With a wattle of thorn-work spiky  
cropped,

Spiky to leap on, stiff to force,<sup>70</sup>

No safe jump for a failing horse,  
But beyond it, darkness of yews to-  
gether,

Dark green plumes over soft brown  
feather,

Darkness of woods where scents were  
blowing,

<sup>5</sup> a two year . . . laid, a hedge of living  
plants, two years old, made of cuttings set  
in a row.

<sup>6</sup> strongly plied, with the thick branches in-  
terwoven.

<sup>7</sup> take-off side, the side nearest the ap-  
proaching horses, from which they will leap  
over.

Strange scents, hot scents, of wild things  
     going,<sup>75</sup>  
 Scents that might draw these hounds  
     away.  
 So he ran, ran, ran to that clean red clay.

Still, as he ran, his pads slipped back,  
 All his strength seemed to draw the  
     pack,  
 The trees drew over him dark like  
     Norns,<sup>8</sup><sup>80</sup>  
 He was over the ditch and at the  
     thorns.

He thrust at the thorns, which would  
     not yield,  
 He leaped, but fell, in sight of the field,  
 The hounds went wild as they saw him  
     fall,  
 The fence stood stiff like a Bucks<sup>9</sup> flint  
     wall.<sup>85</sup>

He gathered himself for a new attempt,  
 His life before was an old dream  
     dreamt,  
 All that he was was a blown fox  
     quaking,  
 Jumping at thorns too stiff for breaking,  
 While over the grass in crowd, in cry,<sup>90</sup>  
 Came the grip teeth grinning to make  
     him die,

The eyes intense, dull, smoldering red,  
 The fell like a ruff round each keen  
     head,  
 The pace like fire, and scarlet men,  
 Galloping, yelling, "Yooi, eat him,  
     then."<sup>95</sup>

He gathered himself, he leaped, he  
     reached  
 The top of the hedge like a fish-boat  
     beached,  
 He steadied a second and then leaped  
     down  
 To the dark of the wood where bright  
     things drown.

He swerved, sharp right, under young  
     green firs.<sup>100</sup>

Robin called on the Dane with spurs,  
 He cried, "Come, Dansey. if God's not  
     good,  
 We shall change our fox in this Mourne  
     End Wood."

Tom cried back as he charged like spate,  
 "Mine can't jump that, I must ride to  
     gate."<sup>105</sup>

Robin answered, "I'm going at him.  
 I'll kill that fox, if he kills me, drat  
     him.

We'll kill in covert. Gerr on,<sup>10</sup> now,  
     Dane."

He gripped him tight and he made it  
     plain,

He slowed him down till he almost  
     stood<sup>110</sup>

While his hounds went crash into  
     Mourne End Wood.

Like a dainty dancer with footing nice,  
 The Dane turned side for a leap in  
     twice.

He cleared the ditch to the red clay  
     bank,

He rose at the fence as his quarters  
     sank,<sup>115</sup>

He barged the fence as the banks gave  
     way

And down he came in a fall of clay.

Robin jumped off him and gasped for  
     breath;

He said, "That's lost him as sure as  
     death.

They've overrun him. Come up, the  
     Dane,<sup>120</sup>

But I'll kill him yet, if we ride to  
     Spain."

He scrambled up to his horse's back,  
 He thrust through cover, he called his  
     pack,

He cheered them on till they made it  
     good,

<sup>8</sup> *Norns*, the three Fates  
<sup>9</sup> *Bucks*, Buckinghamshire, a county in  
 south-central England

<sup>10</sup> *Gerr on*, press forward



Where the fox had swerved inside the  
wood. <sup>125</sup>

The fox knew well as he ran the dark  
That the headlong hounds were past  
their mark.

They had missed his swerve and had  
overrun.

But their devilish play was not yet  
done.

For a minute he ran and heard no  
sound, <sup>130</sup>

Then a whimper came from a questing  
hound,

Then a "This way, beauties," and then  
"Leu, Leu,"

The floating laugh of the horn that  
blew,

Then the cry again and the crash and  
rattle

Of the shrubs burst back as they ran <sup>135</sup>  
to battle.

Till the wood behind seemed risen  
from root,

Crying and crashing to give pursuit,

Till the trees seemed hounds and the  
air seemed cry,

And the earth so far that he needs but  
die,

Die where he reeled in the woodland  
dim <sup>140</sup>

With a hound's white grips in the spine  
of him;

For one more burst he could spurt, and  
then

Wait for the teeth, and the wrench,  
and men.

He made his spurt for the Mourne End  
rocks,

The air blew rank with the taint of  
fox; <sup>145</sup>

The yews gave way to a greener space  
Of great stones strewn in a grassy place.

And there was his earth at the great  
gray shoulder,

Sunk in the ground, of a granite  
boulder,

A dry deep burrow with rocky roof, <sup>150</sup>

Proof against crowbars, terrier-proof,  
Life to the dying, rest for bones.

The earth was stopped; it was filled  
with stones.

Then, for a moment, his courage failed,  
His eyes looked up as his body quailed,  
Then the coming of death, which all  
things dread, <sup>155</sup>

Made him run for the wood ahead.

The taint of fox was rank on the air,  
He knew, as he ran, there were foxes  
there.

His strength was broken, his heart was  
bursting, <sup>160</sup>

His bones were rotten, his throat was  
thirsting,

His feet were reeling, his brush was  
thick

From dragging the mud, and his brain  
was sick.

He thought as he ran of his old de-  
light

In the wood in the morn in an April  
night, <sup>165</sup>

His happy hunting, his winter loving,  
The smells of things in the midnight

roving;

The look of his dainty-nosing, red  
Clean-felled dam with her footpad's

tread,  
Of his sire, so swift, so game, so cun-  
ning <sup>170</sup>

With craft in his brain and power of  
running,

Their fights of old when his teeth drew  
blood;

Now he was sick, with his coat all mud.

He crossed the covert, he crawled the  
bank,

To a mouse<sup>11</sup> in the thorns and there  
he sank, <sup>175</sup>

With his ears flexed back and his teeth  
shown white,

In a rat's resolve for a dying bite.

<sup>11</sup> mouse, gap, hole.

And there, as he lay, he saw the vale,  
That a struggling sunlight silvered pale,  
The Deerlip Brook like a strip of  
steel, <sup>180</sup>

The Nun's Wood Yews where the rabbits squeal,  
The great grass square of the Roman Fort,  
And the smoke in the elms at Crendon Court.

And above the smoke in the elm tree tops,  
Was the beech clump's blue, Blown  
Hilcote Copse, <sup>185</sup>  
Where he and his mates had long made merry  
In the bloody joys of the rabbit herry <sup>12</sup>

And there as he lay and looked, the cry  
Of the hounds at head came rousing by;  
He bent his bones in the blackthorn  
dim <sup>190</sup>

But the cry of the hounds was not for him

Over the fence with a crash they went,  
Belly to grass, with a burning scent,  
Then came Dansey, yelling to Bob,  
"They've changed, O damn it, now  
here's a job" <sup>195</sup>

And Bob yelled back, "Well, we cannot  
turn 'em

It's Jumper and Antic, Tom, we'll learn  
'em

We must just go on, and I hope we  
kill "

They followed hounds down the  
Mourne End Hill

The fox lay still in the rabbit meuse, <sup>200</sup>  
On the dry brown dust of the plumes  
of yews

In the bottom below a brook went by,  
Blue, in a patch, like a streak of sky  
There, one by one, with a clink of stone  
Came a red or dark coat on a horse half  
blown. <sup>205</sup>

And man to man with a gasp for breath  
Said, "Lord, what a run I'm fagged to  
death "

After an hour, no riders came,  
The day drew by like an ending game;  
A robin sang from a puffed red breast,  
The fox lay quiet and took his rest <sup>211</sup>  
A wren on a tree stump caroled clear,  
Then the starlings wheeled in a sudden  
sheer,

The rooks came home to the twiggy  
hive  
In the elm-tree tops which the winds  
do drive <sup>215</sup>

Then the noise of the rooks fell slowly  
still,  
And the lights came out in the Clench  
Brook Mill,

Then a pheasant cocked, then an owl  
began

With the cry that curdles the blood of  
man

The stars grew bright as the yews grew  
black, <sup>220</sup>

The fox rose stiffly and stretched his  
back

He flaired the air, then he padded out  
To the valley below him dark as doubt,  
Winter-thin, with the young green  
crops,

For Old Cold Crendon and Hilcote  
Copse <sup>225</sup>

As he crossed the meadows at Naunton  
Larking,

The dogs in the town all started bark-  
ing,

For with feet all bloody and flanks all  
foam,

The hounds and the hunt were limping  
home;

Limping home in the dark, dead-  
beaten, <sup>230</sup>

The hounds all rank from a fox they'd  
eaten,

Dansey saying to Robin Dawe,  
"The fastest and longest I ever saw "

<sup>12</sup> rabbit-herry rabbit burrow



They<sup>1</sup> never forgot  
 That even the dreadful martyrdom must  
     run its course<sup>10</sup>  
 Anyhow in a corner, some untidy spot  
 Where the dogs go on with their doggy  
     life and the torturer's horse  
 Scratches its innocent behind on a tree.

In Brueghel's *Icarus*,<sup>2</sup> for instance: how  
     everything turns away  
 Quite leisurely from the disaster; the  
     plowman may<sup>15</sup>  
 Have heard the splash, the forsaken cry,  
 But for him it was not an important fail-  
     ure; the sun shone  
 As it had to on the white legs disappear-  
     ing into the green  
 Water; and the expensive delicate ship  
     that must have seen  
 Something amazing, a boy falling out of  
     the sky,<sup>20</sup>  
 Had somewhere to get to and sailed  
     calmly on.

## BUT I CAN'T

W. H. AUDEN

[To some dear friend who asks for an  
 explanation of the accidents of life, counsel  
 about the future, secrets of nature's pro-  
 cesses, or many other puzzling matters, the  
 poet confesses that all such things are mys-  
 teries to him too.]

**T**IME will say nothing but I told you  
     so,  
 Time only knows the price we have to  
     pay;  
 If I could tell you I would let you know.  
  
 If we should weep when clowns put on  
     their show,  
 If we should stumble when musicians  
     play,<sup>5</sup>  
 Time will say nothing but I told you so.

<sup>1</sup> *They*, the Old Masters.<sup>2</sup> *Icarus*, the youth in Greek mythology who attempted to fly. When he flew too near the sun, his wax wings melted, and he fell into the sea and was drowned.

There are no fortunes to be told, al-  
     though,  
 Because I love you more than I can say,  
 If I could tell you I would let you know.

The winds must come from somewhere  
     when they blow,<sup>10</sup>  
 There must be reasons why the leaves  
     decay;  
 Time will say nothing but I told you so.

Perhaps the roses really want to grow,  
 The vision seriously intends to stay;  
 If I could tell you I would let you  
     know.<sup>15</sup>

Suppose the lions all get up and go,  
 And all the brooks and soldiers run  
     away;  
 Will Time say nothing but I told you so?  
 If I could tell you I would let you know.

## THE UNKNOWN CITIZEN

TO JS/07/M/378

THIS MARBLE MONUMENT IS  
ERECTED BY THE STATE

W. H. AUDEN

[When Auden came to the United  
 States to live, he was much amused by  
 American advertising, Gallup polls and  
 statistical studies of every aspect of our  
 civilization. Being a poet of wit and origi-  
 nality, he put his criticism into a poem of  
 simple, colloquial English, as if it were the  
 foreword to a report.]

**H**E WAS found by the Bureau of  
     Statistics to be  
 One against whom there was no official  
     complaint,  
 And all the reports on his conduct agree  
 That, in the modern sense of an old-  
     fashioned word, he was a saint,  
 For in everything he did he served the  
     Greater Community.<sup>5</sup>  
 Except for the War till the day he re-  
     tired

He worked in a factory and never got fired,  
 But satisfied his employers, Fodge Motors Inc.  
 Yet he wasn't a scab or odd in his views,  
 For his Union reports that he paid his dues,<sup>10</sup>  
 (Our report on his Union shows it was sound)  
 And our Social Psychology workers found  
 That he was popular with his mates and liked a drink.  
 The Press are convinced that he bought a paper every day  
 And that his reactions to advertisements were normal in every way.<sup>15</sup>  
 Policies taken out in his name prove that he was fully insured,  
 And his Health-card shows he was once in hospital but left it cured.  
 Both Producers Research and High-Grade Living declare  
 He was fully sensible to the advantages of the Installment Plan  
 And had everything necessary to the Modern Man,<sup>20</sup>  
 A gramophone, a radio, a car and a frigidaire.  
 Our researchers into Public Opinion are content  
 That he held the proper opinions for the time of year;  
 When there was peace, he was for peace; when there was war, he went.  
 He was married and added five children to the population,<sup>25</sup>  
 Which our Eugenist says was the right number for a parent of his generation,  
 And our teachers report that he never interfered with their education.  
 Was he free? Was he happy? The question is absurd:  
 Had anything been wrong, we should certainly have heard.

## CLASS DISCUSSIONS

*The Barrel-Organ.* 1. What general idea runs through the poem? How does each part fit into this general idea?

2. What features of Noyes's poetry (page 729) are to be found in this selection? For each characteristic, read a passage that illustrates it extremely well. In what respect is it a superb poem?

*The Moon Is Up.* In what specific respects does Noyes prefer El Dorado to the world in which he lives?

*A Consecration.* Sum up the contrast of this poem in one sentence. (a) How much of its spirit could be echoed by Kipling? How does it illustrate the dominance of democracy today? (b) How does "A Young English Airman" (page 770) illustrate democracy? State the difference between the two aspects of democracy as exactly as you can.

*Spanish Waters.* 1. What part of the memory of his pirate days comes back oftenest to the singer? How does it make him feel?

2. What part of the story is most vivid to you? Read the passage to the class, explaining whether it is the sound of the verse or the pictures it suggests that you prefer.

3. Is this poem an illustration of the subjects that Masefield speaks of in "A Consecration"? Quote to prove.

*The Escape.* 1. What is the situation at the opening of the selection? Where are you swept along most swiftly by the rush of the hunt? Where is your sympathy for the fox most intense? Read passages to illustrate both points. Where is the description most beautiful? Again read a passage.

2. Compare this account with other narrative poetry in this volume, such as that from Chaucer, Spenser, and Milton. Which selection was the most interesting to you? Which depicted human nature most fully? Which was the most beautiful? Make your comparison clear by reading passages to the class.

3. The history (page 730) indicates some of the qualities of Masefield's poetry.

Which of the qualities appear in this selection? Read short sections that have these qualities.

*Cape Ann.* In this poem which bird is most individually or recognizably described? Why does the poet prefer the sea gull? In the final line is the poet poking fun at himself?

*Chorus of the Working Women.*

1. Show how the sense of coming disaster becomes more stifling in the successive chants of the women. By what means does the poet heighten the mood of foreboding?

2. Which of the two poems by Eliot best bears out the praise of the poet in the history (see page 731)?

*Who's Who.* 1. From the facts that are given in the octave, would you conclude that the man was (a) ambitious for fame, (b) filled with energy, (c) celebrated as an explorer, (d) popular among politicians, (e) too busy for family life? Quote lines to support your choices.

2. Is the person described in the sestet (a) impatient over the hero's busyness, (b) indifferent to his greatness, (c) lost in admiration of his achievements, (d) home-loving in disposition, (e) immersed in clubwork? For those statements that you think true, give the reasoning to support your opinion.

3. Do you think this sonnet draws a contrast common in human life? If so, give an instance or two from your own observation or from that of your parents.

*Musée des Beaux Arts.* 1. Sum up in one sentence the thought about human suffering developed in lines 1-13. What are the sharpest contrasts employed by the poet to clarify his idea?

2. What striking illustrations does the poet select from the painting? Are they better or less striking evidence than those in lines 1-13?

3. Auden is thinking of an individual suffering alone in a world indifferent to his plight. Since the end of World War II there has been a great deal of mass suffering too: women and children with nothing to clothe them but rags, whole cities with insufficient fuel to keep the people warm,

old men and young children dying of hunger. Have the busy residents of your town felt that their own concerns were too pressing for them to lend a helping hand? Do not reply in general terms. Speak of actual instances in which school classes or relief organizations of citizens have done something to relieve such suffering.

*But I Can't.* 1. (a) Can you explain what Time means by his answer, "I told you so"? (b) What is meant by "the price we have to pay" for our ignorance and mistakes?

2. In reading this poem aloud, would you speak the last line with annoyance, discouragement, or a ripple of laughter?

*The Unknown Citizen.* 1. Point out the liveliest or keenest satire. What phrases amused you most? Why does the poet ask whether the unknown citizen was free and happy?

2. Can you find in American newspapers and magazines any basis for the satire of the English visitor? What is his main protest against present-day civilization? Has the Second World War made his criticism of life here more or less true?

#### INDIVIDUAL AND GROUP ACTIVITIES

1. A Noyes program might include reports on (a) *Drake*, a stirring narrative; (b) a tale or two from *Tales of the Mermaid Tavern*; and (c) *Sherwood*; *Robin Hood and the Three Kings*, a poetic play.

2. Masfield might be presented as both a lyric poet and a narrative poet.

(a) From *Salt-Water Ballads* the following would furnish a good beginning: "Sing a Song o' Shipwreck," "Sea-Fever," "A Ballad of John Silver," "The West Wind," "On Eastnor Knoll." In this early work is Masfield better as a lyric poet or as a narrative poet?

(b) Strictly narrative poems should include *Dauber* and *Right Royal*. These may be compared with the selection from *Reynard the Fox* on pages 757-762.

3. Eliot and Auden might be compared as to: (a) use of satire; (b) sense of humor; (c) ability to create a mood. Quote

lines from the poems on pages 762-766 to illustrate the comparisons you make.

4. A clearer notion of the extent or limitations of the dramatic power of Eliot and

Auden might be gained by contrasting them with Browning in "Up at a Villa—Down in the City" (p. 575) or "My Last Duchess" (p. 577).

## POETS IN WARTIME

### THE SOLDIER

RUPERT BROOKE

[Personally one of the handsomest and most lovable men of his time, Rupert Brooke (1887-1915) enlisted in 1914, soon after the First World War began. In service near Antwerp in Belgium he wrote five sonnets that have not been surpassed during this century. Two of them, "The Soldier" and "The Dead," are reprinted here.

In "The Soldier" Brooke declares that his love of England will survive his own death. The sonnet was prophetic, for he died on a hospital ship off the Island of Skyros near Greece and was buried there. The place was marked in 1931 by a heroic bronze statue, twice life size.]

**I**F I should die, think only this of me:  
That there's some corner of a foreign field  
That is forever England. There shall be  
In that rich earth a richer dust concealed—  
A dust whom England bore, shaped,  
made aware,<sup>5</sup>  
Gave, once, her flowers to love, her ways to roam,  
A body of England's, breathing English air,  
Washed by the rivers, blessed by the suns of home.  
And think, this heart, all evil shed away,  
A pulse in the eternal mind, no less<sup>10</sup>  
Gives somewhere back the thoughts by England given;

Her sights and sounds; dreams happy as her day;  
And laughter, learned of friends; and gentleness,  
In hearts at peace, under an English heaven.

### THE DEAD

RUPERT BROOKE

[In this sonnet the poet declares that the soldiers, after a life full of beauty, will be glorified in remembrance.]

**T**HESE hearts were woven of human joys and cares,  
Washed marvelously with sorrow, swift to mirth;  
The years had given them kindness. Dawn was theirs,  
And sunset, and the colors of the earth.  
These had seen movement, and heard music; known<sup>5</sup>  
Slumber and waking; loved; gone proudly friended;  
Felt the quick stir of wonder; sat alone; Touched flowers and furs and cheeks.  
All this is ended.  
There are waters blown by changing winds to laughter  
And lit by the rich skies, all day. And after,<sup>10</sup>  
Frost, with a gesture, stays the waves that dance,  
And wandering loveliness. He leaves a white  
Unbroken glory, a gathered radiance,  
A width, a shining peace, under the night.

## IT'S A QUEER TIME

ROBERT GRAVES

[In his preparatory school Robert Graves (1895- ) began to write poetry, and when he left school at nineteen for the front, he became known, along with Rupert Brooke and Siegfried Sassoon, as a war poet. "It's a Queer Time" describes realistically how soldiers react to the threat of sudden death on the battle front.]

IT'S hard to know if you're alive or  
dead  
When steel and fire go roaring through  
your head.  
One moment you'll be crouching at your  
gun  
Traversing,<sup>1</sup> mowing heaps down half  
in fun;  
The next, you choke and clutch at your  
right breast—<sup>5</sup>  
No time to think—leave all—and off  
you go . . .  
To Treasure Island where the Spice  
winds<sup>2</sup> blow,  
To lovely groves of mango, quince, and  
lime—  
Breathe no good-by, but ho, for the Red  
West!<sup>3</sup>  
It's a queer time. <sup>10</sup>

You're charging madly at them yelling  
"Fag!"  
When somehow something gives and  
your feet drag.  
You fall and strike your head; yet feel  
no pain  
And find . . . you're digging tunnels  
through the hay  
In the Big Barn,<sup>4</sup> 'cause it's a rainy  
day.

<sup>1</sup> *Traversing*, turning the machine-gun in a semi-circle or up and down. <sup>2</sup> *Spice winds*, winds blown from tropical lands where spices abound.

<sup>3</sup> *ho . . . West*. Compare "Go west" in the sense of *to die*.

<sup>4</sup> *Big Barn*, a barn remembered from childhood days.

Oh, springy hay, and lovely beams to  
climb! <sup>16</sup>

You're back in the old sailor suit again.  
It's a queer time.

Or you'll be dozing safe in your dug-  
out—

A great roar—the trench shakes and  
falls about—<sup>20</sup>

You're struggling, gasping, struggling,  
then . . . *hullo!*

Elsie comes tripping gayly down the  
trench,

Hanky to nose—that lyddite<sup>5</sup> makes a  
stench—

Getting her pinafore all over grime.

Funny! because she died ten years ago!  
It's a queer time. <sup>26</sup>

The trouble is, things happen much too  
quick;

Up jump the Boches,<sup>6</sup> rifles thump and  
click,

You stagger, and the whole scene fades  
away:

Even good Christians don't like passing  
straight <sup>30</sup>

From Tipperary<sup>7</sup> or their hymn of Fate

To Alleluiah-chanting, and the chime

Of golden harps . . . and . . . I'm not  
well today . . .

It's a queer time.

## DOES IT MATTER?

SIEGFRIED SASSOON

[The horrors of the First World War did not end with the signing of peace. Siegfried Sassoon (1886- ), who had been accustomed to hunting and outdoor life on his ancestral country estate before going to war, was embittered by the horror of the conflict. This poem, in which he

<sup>5</sup> *lyddite*, a high explosive containing foul-smelling picric acid.

<sup>6</sup> *Boches*, Germans. <sup>7</sup> *Tipperary*, a county in Ireland. The song, "It's a Long Way to Tipperary," sung by British soldiers during the First World War, gave the word *Tipperary* the significance of "back home."



ironically says the very opposite of what he means, gives glimpses of his earlier life in the country along with the after-war mood of bitterness.]

DOES it matter?—losing your legs?  
 . . .  
 For people will always be kind,  
 And you need not show that you mind  
 When the others come in after hunting  
 To gobble their muffins and eggs. <sup>5</sup>

Does it matter?—losing your sight? . . .  
 There's such splendid work for the  
 blind;  
 And people will always be kind,  
 As you sit on the terrace remember-  
 ing  
 And turning your face to the light. <sup>10</sup>

Do they matter?—those dreams from  
 the pit? . . .  
 You can drink and forget and be glad,  
 And people won't say that you're mad;  
 For they'll know that you've fought for  
 your country,  
 And no one will worry a bit. <sup>15</sup>

### A YOUNG ENGLISH AIRMAN\*

JOHN MASEFIELD

[This poem comes from the second section of *The Nine Days Wonder*, the first part of which contains Masefield's prose description of the heroic rescue of British and French soldiers from the beaches of Dunkirk (see page 731). In that rescue the Royal Air Force played a decisive part, to which the poet here pays tribute.]

SMILING, sun-burned youth who  
 rode the sky  
 Like to the sparrow-hawk or summer  
 swift,

\*From John Masefield's *The Nine Days Wonder*. By permission of The Macmillan Company, publishers.

And watched your shadow flitting on  
 the drift<sup>1</sup>

Far underneath you as you hurried by,

Six months ago today<sup>2</sup> you put off  
 bird <sup>5</sup>

To gleam as ion<sup>3</sup> in a nation's will,  
 To save the ruined friends and then lie  
 still,

Spring never to be touched by summer's  
 word.

Often unseen by those you helped to  
 save

You rode the air above that foreign  
 dune <sup>10</sup>

And died like the unutterably brave  
 That so your friends might see the  
 English June.

Haply, in some sharp instant in mid-  
 sky,

When you, at the bird's summit, took  
 the lunge<sup>4</sup>

Of the foe's bitterness that made you  
 die, <sup>15</sup>

And the bright bird<sup>5</sup> declined into her  
 plunge,

You, from the Heaven, saw, in English  
 chalk<sup>6</sup>

White, about Dover, some familiar  
 track,

That feet of yours would never again  
 walk

Since you were killed and never com-  
 ing back, <sup>20</sup>

Yet knew that your young life, as price  
 paid over,

Let thousands live to tread that track  
 to Dover.

<sup>1</sup> *drift*, the moving waters of the English Channel.

<sup>2</sup> *six months ago today*, in June, 1940: the poem was written in the last days of November.

<sup>3</sup> *ion*, an electrified particle.

<sup>4</sup> *lunge*, the attack.

<sup>5</sup> *bright bird*, his plane.

<sup>6</sup> *chalk*, white path through the green fields above Dover.

## CONVOY

LOUIS MacNEICE

[To the Royal Air Force, which fought to a standstill the German bombers that attacked England, Prime Minister Churchill paid the famous eulogy "Never before have so many owed so much to so few." Masfield also paid them high tribute in "A Young English Airman." The final victory was due also to ships and their escorting naval vessels. Here, Louis MacNeice (1907- ) applies this truth to our peacetime life too.]

TOGETHER, keeping in line, slow  
as if hypnotized  
Across the blackboard sea in somber  
echelon  
The food-ships draw their wakes. No  
Euclid<sup>1</sup> could have devised  
Neater means to a more essential end—  
Unless the chalk breaks off, the convoy  
is surprised.<sup>2</sup>

The cranks go up and down, the smoke-  
trails tendrill out,  
The precious cargoes creak, the signals  
clack,  
All is under control and nobody need  
shout,  
We are steady as we go, and on our  
flanks  
The little whippet warships<sup>3</sup> romp and  
scurry about.

This is a bit like us: the individual sets  
A course for all his soul's more basic  
needs  
Of love and pride-of-life, but sometimes  
he forgets

<sup>1</sup> Euclid, the Greek mathematician who invented geometry.

<sup>2</sup> Unless . . . surprised, unless the white path left behind the ship is broken by submarine attack, just as the chalk marks on the blackboard abruptly end when the chalk is broken.

<sup>3</sup> whippet warships, small, swift warships.

How much their voyage home<sup>4</sup> depends  
upon pragmatic  
And ruthless attitudes—destroyers and  
corvettes.<sup>5</sup>

## LYRIC\*

HENRY TREECE

[Henry Treece (1912- ) knew war at first hand as a pilot officer in the Royal Air Force. In *Lyric* he longs for the coming of peace, for the day when men will no longer want war. He hints that only in peacetime can people fully enjoy the beauty of the flowers as he sees them on his walk home one lovely spring evening.]

OH KEEP your sweetness clover;  
Days will come  
When men no longer wish to feast on  
blood.  
White May,<sup>1</sup> Spring's bridal daughter,  
It would be shame  
To lose you from the battle-shattered  
wood.

And lilac, loveliest as I walk  
At evening time  
Along the road that brings me to my  
home,  
I know if you could talk  
Your words would be fit fellows for the  
strain  
Of virginals,<sup>2</sup> and Time

Would stay his shuffling feet,  
Thin hand to ear,  
And listen to your poems in the hedge.<sup>15</sup>  
And did I forget you, sweet  
Poppies, as you rear  
Those gallant scarlet heads, as red as  
rage?

<sup>4</sup> their voyage home, that is, the voyage home of the soul's more basic needs.

<sup>5</sup> corvettes, small, fast, and lightly armed escort vessels.

\*Reprinted from *Collected Poems* by Henry Treece, by permission of Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., copyright, 1946, by Henry Treece.

<sup>1</sup> White May, the English hawthorne, full of white bloom. <sup>2</sup> virginals, musical instruments like small pianos, but without legs.

I ask forgiveness, then, whose heart is  
small  
To house all beauties that delight my  
soul. <sup>20</sup>

### THE CONSCRIPT\*

HENRY TREECE

[In this poem a new soldier asks himself the bitter question, "Is it worth the self-sacrifice required of me?" Notice the comforting answer which nature gives the young soldier.]

I HEARD him weeping as the moon  
came up,  
"Why must I suffer for a nation's lies?  
My limbs lie bleeding on forgotten hills?  
My dreams fall broken by the laugh of  
fools?"

I watched the patient cherry-tree lean  
down <sup>5</sup>  
To touch his waxen cheek. I heard her  
say,  
"I suffer too, my love, but fruit will come  
Though bird take blossom and man  
break down bough."

### I BURN FOR ENGLAND

GERVASE STEWART

[Like Rupert Brooke, Gervase Stewart (1920-1941) gave his life for his country. Just before his death he wrote this poem, which reveals his intense hope that the war for freedom will not be fought in vain, that peace will really be won this time so that his unborn children will not need to fight a third world war.]

I BURN for England with a living  
flame  
In the uncandled darkness of the night.  
I share with her the fault, who share her  
name,

And to her light I add my lesser light.  
She has my arm—who had my father's  
arm, <sup>5</sup>  
Who shall not have my unborn chil-  
dren's arm.

I burn for England, even as she burns  
In living flame, that when her peace is  
come  
Flame shall destroy whoever seeks to  
turn  
Her sacrifice to profit—and the homes <sup>10</sup>  
Of those who fought—to wreckage,  
In a war for freedom—who were never  
free.

### CLASS DISCUSSIONS

*The Soldier and The Dead.* State the thought in the octave and sestet of each sonnet. What attitude toward war is common to both poems?

*It's a Queer Time.* 1. Is the poet appalled by the horrors of war? How does he treat the delirium of the wounded soldiers?

2. Contrast Graves's attitude toward war with Brooke's.

*Does It Matter?* 1. Where is the irony of this after-the-war poem most bitter?

2. Compare the spirit of this poem with that shown by Brooke (p. 768); by Treece (p. 771); by Stewart (p. 772). Which poem or poet do you think you will remember longest?

*A Young English Airman.* 1. For what do you admire the airman in the first stanza? How is that admiration increased in each succeeding stanza? In what ways is the final couplet a climax?

2. What feeling is uppermost in the poet's mind: *admiration for achievement, glory of heroism, gratitude for life, pathos of self-sacrifice?*

*Convoy.* 1. (a) How does the first stanza reveal the poet's pleasure in the scene? (b) What difference in feeling fills the second stanza?

2. Why does the poet add the stanza on civil life to a war poem? Can you mention

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any measures that a state or a city has to take to which the final stanza would apply?

*Lyric and The Conscript.* 1. How do both of these poems show dislike of war? What expressions in each poem specifically show this dislike? In which poem is the feeling of dislike more intense and personal? Explain your answer.

2. In both these poems nature is used to illustrate the poet's theme. (a) Which poem emphasizes beauty in nature? Read phrases to illustrate. (b) In which poem does nature give the most significant answer to an individual's questions about war? How would you interpret that answer?

*I Burn for England.* Compare this poem with Rupert Brooke's "The Soldier" (page 768). How does each poet express his love for England? Read phrases or lines from each poem that best illustrate this feeling. In which poem is the feeling expressed more intense? Why?

*Review.* Of the nine poems in this section, four were written about the First World War and five about the Second World War. Compare the attitudes toward war expressed by the poets of each group. Illustrate these attitudes by direct quotations from the poems. Are any of the attitudes for both groups the same? How do you account for any differences you find?

## POETS IN PEACE TIME

### THE BELLS OF HEAVEN\*

RALPH HODGSON

[The collected *Poems* (1917) of Ralph Hodgson (1871- ) contains only sixty-four pages, yet every page has been praised. One of his fellow poets, John Drinkwater, declared that the thin volume "will remain one of the chief claims of the early twentieth century to high poetic distinction."

In "The Bells of Heaven" Hodgson voices a strong protest against the mistreatment of animals. In "The Hammers" he gives a poetic insight into all life.]

**T**WOULD ring the bells of Heaven  
The wildest peal for years,  
If Parson lost his senses  
And people came to theirs,  
And he and they together  
Knelt down with angry prayers  
For tamed and shabby tigers  
And dancing dogs and bears,  
And wretched, blind pit ponies,  
And little hunted hares.

5

10

### THE HAMMERS

RALPH HODGSON

**N**OISE of hammers once I heard,  
Many hammers, busy hammers,  
Beating, shaping night and day,  
Shaping, beating dust and clay  
To a palace; saw it reared;  
Saw the hammers laid away.

5

And I listened, and I heard  
Hammers beating, night and day,  
In the palace newly reared,  
Beating it to dust and clay:  
Other hammers, muffled hammers,  
Silent hammers of decay.

10

### A GREETING

WILLIAM HENRY DAVIES

[Born in Wales, William Henry Davies (1871-1942) came to America in his early twenties. He published more than twenty volumes; his *Collected Poems* (1929) contains four hundred separate poems, many of them worthy of a place among the finest nature lyrics in our language.]

\*From Ralph Hodgson's *Poems*. By permission of The Macmillan Company, publisher.

GOOD morning, Life—and all  
Things glad and beautiful.  
My pockets nothing hold,  
But he that owns the gold,  
The Sun, is my great friend—  
His spending has no end.

Hail to the morning sky,  
Which bright clouds measure high;  
Hail to you birds whose throats  
Would number leaves by notes;  
Hail to you shady bowers,  
And you green fields of flowers.

Hail to you women fair,  
That make a show so rare  
In cloth as white as milk—  
Be 't calico or silk;  
Good morning, Life—and all  
Things glad and beautiful.

### DAYS TOO SHORT

WILLIAM HENRY DAVIES

WHEN primroses are out in  
spring,  
And small, blue violets come between;  
When berry birds sing on boughs  
green,  
And rills, as soon as born, must sing;

When butterflies will make side-leaps, <sup>5</sup>  
As though escaped from Nature's  
hand  
- Ere perfect quite; and bees will stand  
Upon their heads in fragrant deeps;

When small clouds are so silvery white  
Each seems a broken rimmed moon—  
When such things are, this world too  
soon, <sup>11</sup>  
For me, doth wear the veil of Night.

### THE DONKEY

G. K. CHESTERTON

[On Palm Sunday we celebrate the day  
when Christ entered Jerusalem riding on  
an ass (Matthew xxi). This event the poet

alludes to in the last stanza as a contrast  
with the ridiculous aspects of the donkey  
mentioned in earlier stanzas.]

5 WHEN fishes flew and forests  
walked  
And figs grew upon thorn,  
Some moment when the moon was  
blood,  
Then surely I was born;

10 With monstrous head and sickening cry  
And ears like errant wings, <sup>6</sup>  
The devil's walking parody  
On all four-footed things.

15 The tattered outlaw of the earth,  
Of ancient crooked will; <sup>10</sup>  
Starve, scourge, deride me: I am dumb,  
I keep my secret still.

Fools! For I also had my hour,  
One far fierce hour and sweet:  
There was a shout about my ears, <sup>15</sup>  
And palms before my feet!

### THE TAILOR

WALTER DE LA MARE

[For eighteen years, until he was thirty-five, Walter de la Mare (1873- ) compiled figures for an oil company in London. Between 1908, when he left business, and 1930, he had published twenty-five volumes, many of them poetry. While the first poem below, "The Tailor," is a realistic description of a quaint character, many of De la Mare's poems, like the three selections following it, are fantasies, sometimes bordering on the supernatural, as evidenced in "The Listeners."]

FEW footsteps stray when dusk  
droops o'er  
The tailor's old stone-linteled door.<sup>1</sup>  
There sits he stitching, half asleep,  
Beside his smoky tallow dip.

<sup>1</sup> stone-linteled door, door with stonework over it.

"Click, Click," his needle hastes, and  
shrill <sup>5</sup>

Cries back the cricket 'neath the sill.  
Sometimes he stays, and o'er his thread  
Leans sidelong his old tousled head;  
Or stoops to peer with half-shut eye  
When some strange footfall echoes by;  
Till clearer gleams his candle's spark <sup>11</sup>  
Into the dusty summer dark.

Then from his crosslegs he gets down,  
To find how dark the evening's grown;  
And hunched-up in his door he'll hear <sup>15</sup>  
The crickets whistling crisp and clear;  
And so beneath the starry gray  
Will mutter half a seam away.

## SILVER

WALTER DE LA MARE

**S**LOWLY, silently, now the moon  
Walks the night in her silver shoon;<sup>1</sup>  
This way, and that, she peers, and sees  
Silver fruit upon silver trees;  
One by one the casements catch <sup>5</sup>  
Her beams beneath the silvery thatch;  
Couched in his kennel, like a log,  
With paws of silver sleeps the dog;  
From their shadowy cote the white  
breasts peep  
Of doves in silver-feathered sleep; <sup>10</sup>  
A harvest mouse goes scampering by,  
With silver claws and a silver eye;  
And moveless fish in the water gleam,  
By silver reeds in a silver stream.

## TARTARY

WALTER DE LA MARE

**I**F I were Lord of Tartary,<sup>2</sup>  
Myself and me alone,  
My bed should be of ivory,  
Of beaten gold my throne;  
And in my court should peacocks flaunt,  
And in my forests tigers haunt, <sup>6</sup>  
And in my pools great fishes slant  
Their fins athwart the sun.

<sup>1</sup> shoon, shoes.<sup>2</sup> Tartary, an indefinite region, usually placed in Russia.

If I were Lord of Tartary,  
Trumpeters every day <sup>10</sup>  
To every meal should summon me,  
And in my courtyard bray;  
And in the evening lamps would shine,  
Yellow as honey, red as wine,  
While harp, and flute, and mandoline, <sup>15</sup>  
Made music sweet and gay.

If I were Lord of Tartary,  
I'd wear a robe of beads,  
White, and gold, and green they'd be—  
And clustered thick as seeds; <sup>20</sup>  
And ere should wane the morning-star,  
I'd don my robe and scimitar,  
And zebras seven should draw my car  
Through Tartary's dark glades.

Lord of the fruits of Tartary, <sup>25</sup>  
Her rivers silver-pale!  
Lord of the hills of Tartary,  
Glen, thicket, wood, and dale!  
Her flashing stars, her scented breeze,  
Her trembling lakes, like foamless seas,  
Her bird-delighting citron-trees <sup>31</sup>  
In every purple vale!

## THE LISTENERS

WALTER DE LA MARE

**I**S THERE anybody there?" said the  
Traveler,  
Knocking on the moonlit door;  
And his horse in the silence champed  
the grasses  
Of the forest's ferny floor.  
And a bird flew up out of the turret <sup>5</sup>  
Above the Traveler's head;  
And he smote upon the door again a  
second time.  
"Is there anybody here?" he said.  
But no one descended to the Traveler;  
No head from the leaf-fringed sill <sup>10</sup>  
Leaned over and looked into his gray  
eyes,  
Where he stood perplexed and still.  
But only a host of phantom listeners  
That dwelt in the lone house then

Stood listening in the quiet of the moon-  
light<sup>15</sup>

To that voice from the world of men;  
Stood thronging the faint moonbeams  
on the dark stair,

That goes down to the empty hall,  
Hearkening in the air stirred and  
shaken

By the lonely Traveler's call.<sup>20</sup>  
And he felt in his heart their strange-  
ness,

Their stillness answering his cry,  
While his horse moved, cropping the  
dark turf,

'Neath the starred and leafy sky;  
For he suddenly smote on the door,  
even<sup>25</sup>

Louder, and lifted his head—  
"Tell them I came, and no one an-  
swered,

That I kept my word," he said.  
Never the least stir made the listeners,  
Though every word he spake<sup>30</sup>

Fell echoing through the shadowiness  
of the still house

From the one man left awake.  
Ay, they heard his foot upon the stirrup,

And the sound of iron on stone,  
And how the silence surged softly back-  
ward,<sup>35</sup>

When the plunging hoofs were gone.

### THE PAISLEY SHAWL\*

WILFRID WILSON GIBSON

[Wilfrid Wilson Gibson (1878- ) has for years devoted himself to the "short and simple annals of the poor." The poem below is characteristic. Paisley shawls, in which the colors are beautifully blended, were long manufactured in the Scottish town of Paisley. The poet gives only a hint of the beauty of the colors in the old shawl, for his imagination flies to the humble folk who first had anything to do with the shawl.]

\*From Wilfrid Wilson Gibson's *Neighbors*. Reprinted by special arrangement with The Macmillan Company, publishers.

WHAT were his dreams who  
wove this colored shawl—

The gray, hard-bitten weaver, gaunt and  
dour

Out of whose grizzled memory, even as  
a flower

Out of bleak winter at young April's  
call

In the old tradition of flowers breaks  
into bloom,<sup>5</sup>

Blossomed the ancient intricate design  
Of softly-glowing hues and exquisite  
lines—

What were his dreams, crouched at his  
cottage loom?

What were her dreams, the laughing  
April lass

Who first, in the flowering of young  
delight,<sup>10</sup>

With parted lips and eager tilted head  
And shining eyes, about her shoulders  
white

Drew the soft fabric of kindling green  
and red,

Standing before the candle-lighted glass?

### CONVERSATION

LOUIS MACNEICE

[The poet here complains that people have no faith in the persons they meet. They are afraid to talk sincerely, to be honest in all they say. Apparently he hopes that when the brotherhood of man actually arrives, sham and evasiveness will disappear.]

ORDINARY people are peculiar  
too:

Watch the vagrant in their eyes  
Who sneaks away while they are talking  
with you

Into some black wood behind the skull,  
Following un-, or other, realities,<sup>5</sup>  
Fishing for shadows in a pool.

But sometimes the vagrant comes the  
other way

Out of their eyes and into yours  
 Having mistaken you perhaps for yesterday  
 Or for tomorrow night, a wood in which<sup>10</sup>  
 He may pick up among the pine-needles  
 and burrs  
 The lost purse, the dropped stitch.

Vagrancy however is forbidden; ordinary men  
 Soon come back to normal, look you straight  
 In the eyes as if to say "It will not happen again,"<sup>15</sup>  
 Put up a barrage of common sense to balk  
 Intimacy but by mistake interpolate  
 Swear-words like roses in their talk.

## HE WILL WATCH THE HAWK

STEPHEN SPENDER

[The young aviator in this poem by Stephen Spender (1909- ) glories in the power of his plane, a power greater than that of the birds of the air, vastly greater than the primitive weapons of man. Such pride sometimes goes before a fall.]

HE WILL watch the hawk with an indifferent eye  
 Or pitifully;  
 Nor on those eagles that so feared him,  
 now  
 Will strain his brow;  
 Weapons men use, stone, sling and strong-thewed bow<sup>5</sup>  
 He will not know.

This aristocrat, superb of all instinct,  
 With death close linked  
 Had paced the enormous cloud, almost  
 had won  
 War on the sun;<sup>10</sup>  
 Till now, like Icarus<sup>1</sup> mid-ocean-drowned,  
 Hands, wings, are found.

<sup>1</sup> *Icarus*, see footnote 2, page 765.

## I HEAR THE CRIES OF EVENING

STEPHEN SPENDER

[Read this poem with ears and eyes open for the sounds and images the poet uses, for each one contributes to the total impression. At the close the poet imagines that "this huge sphere" (the earth) sings as it turns on its axis, and he feels his own restlessness and disharmony compared with the peaceful constancy of nature.]

I HEAR the cries of evening, while the paw  
 Of dark creeps up the turf;  
 Sheep's bleating, swaying gulls' cry, the rook's caw,  
 The hammering surf.

I am inconstant yet this constancy<sup>5</sup>  
 Of natural rest twangs at my heart;  
 Town-bred, I feel the roots of each earth-cry  
 Tear me apart.

These are the creakings of the dusty day  
 When the dog night bites sharp,<sup>10</sup>  
 These fingers grip my soul and tear away  
 And pluck me like a harp.

I feel this huge sphere turn, the great wheel sing  
 While beasts move to their ease:  
 Sheep's love, gulls' peace—I feel my<sup>15</sup>  
 chattering  
 Uncared by these.

## CLASS DISCUSSIONS

*The Bells of Heaven and The Hammers.*  
 Can you show that one of these poems expresses a personal interest of Hodgson and the other suggests a universal law of life?

*A Greeting and Days Too Short.* 1.  
 Quote lines that express the childlike sim-



plicity of Davies. Quote stanzas which show that he loves nature purely for its beauty, not for any thoughts that it suggests.

2. How does Davies's love of nature differ from that of Housman? Hodgson? Yeats? Masfield?

*The Donkey.* Point out the contrast between the last stanza and the preceding stanzas. What feeling does the final stanza leave with you?

*The Tailor.* Which of the phrases describing the old tailor help you picture him most clearly?

*Silver.* In this magical picture of a country home in the moonlight, which are the most beautiful phrases? Compare the mood with that of "The Tailor."

*Tartary.* In what lines of each stanza is best expressed the fanciful mood of bluster and self-glorification? Where does this pride in the speaker's own domain reach its climax?

*The Listeners.* One of the best ways to enjoy this shadowy and haunting poem is to read it aloud until the picture and meaning form in your mind.

1. What is the time of day? Do you think that the door is in a castle, a deserted farmhouse, or some other edifice? Is the traveler dressed in armor or khaki or some other apparel? Why has he come?

2. Who are the listeners? Which lines envelop them in a supernatural atmosphere? Read the lines in quiet tones to bring out the atmosphere.

*The Paisley Shawl.* What beauty in common life do the octave and the sestet of this sonnet bring out? What contrast is drawn? Compare the sympathies expressed by Gibson in this sonnet with Masfield's sympathies, especially as revealed in "A Consecration" (p. 755).

*Conversation.* 1. In the first stanza, why does the impulse to be perfectly candid hide? What does it hope to find in the second stanza? What sham or pretense does it adopt in the third stanza? Of the three attitudes, which does the poet consider the commonest?

2. Have you ever observed a similar lack

of candor in your casual acquaintances? Among your close friends? Is there any good reason for being reserved in manner with people you don't know very well?

*He Will Watch the Hawk.* 1. What was the main feeling of this young airman? Where is it most clearly expressed? How does this portrait of an airman differ from Masfield's (page 770)?

2. Compare the feeling for the dead airman in the two poems. How do you explain the difference in attitude toward the hero?

*I Hear the Cries of Evening.* 1. Read the most vivid phrases or lines describing the sounds and sights of the English countryside at evening time. How do these sounds and sights make the town-bred poet feel?

2. What lofty leap does his imagination take in the final stanza? What sense of his own insignificance comes over him at last?

*Review.* These poems of the last fifty years show that the interests of the poets have not greatly changed amid the world-shaking events of the period.

1. Test this statement by arranging the selections under some of the perennial topics of poetry, such as natural scenery, birds and animals, human beings, fancy and mystery.

2. Which of these poems seem to reflect the deepest feeling on the part of the poet? Does the deep feeling arise from what the poet sees and feels or from ideas?

3. On this basis (depth of feeling) compare these poems with those in the preceding section, "Poets in Wartime." To make your comparison quite clear, choose poems from the two divisions in pairs.

#### GROUP AND INDIVIDUAL ACTIVITIES

1. The poetry in Chapter XVIII is divided into five groups. The intimate acquaintance you have with the poems in each group must have made you like some of the poets better than others. Search in the library for a volume containing other selections by the poet who wrote the poem you liked best. A program can then be arranged for five students (one for each of

the five sections) to read to the class at least one additional poem from the poet of his choice. His comments on the poem would explain whether the poet displays new interests or moods, or gives different expression to the same interests and moods. At the close of the program the students might vote on the section in this chapter which they like best.

2. One of the best ways to enlarge your enjoyment of twentieth century poetry is to compile your own anthology. Two methods may be pursued. (a) Read more widely in the poets treated in this chapter, and select those poems which you would like to keep. Then copy them on separate sheets of punched paper to be fastened together or kept in a loose-leaf composition book. (b) Read through several anthologies (five are listed below), selecting from authors not included in this volume those poems which you like best.

When all the anthologies are compiled, a committee might select the three best on the score of appearance and the quality of the poetry.

#### ANTHOLOGIES

Brown, Sharon, *Poetry of Our Times*.

Part II allots 225 pages to British poets. Day-Lewis, C., and Strong, L. A. G., *A New Anthology of Modern Verse*. A gathering of recent verse.

Drinkwater, John, *Twentieth Century Poetry, Part I*. An excellent anthology with notes on each poet.

Monroe, Harriet, and Henderson, Alice Corbin, *The New Poetry*. This volume contains both British and American poets, with no notes.

Untermeyer, Louis, *Modern British Poetry*. This anthology includes a general introduction and a brief sketch of each poet.

## DRAMA

### THE UGLY DUCKLING\*

A. A. MILNE

[During the anxieties of wartime the British people naturally sought relief in drama far removed from the day's struggle. To whom could they turn more confidently for escape than A. A. Milne (1882- )? His books for children, such

as *When We Were Very Young* and *Win-the-Pooh*, are already classics wherever the English language is spoken. His numerous plays, such as *Mr. Pim Passes By* (1919) and *Michael and Mary* (1930), reveal him as a happy man with a keen relish for the absurdities of human existence. Highly effective on the stage, they are entertaining to read because the author invariably writes with ease and grace. These qualities are equally obvious in the meritment of the one-act piece that follows.]

#### CHARACTERS

THE KING  
THE QUEEN  
THE PRINCESS CAMILLA  
THE CHANCELLOR  
DULCIBELLA  
PRINCE SIMON  
CARLO

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*The scene is the throne-room of the palace; a room of many doors, or, if preferred, curtain-openings: simply furnished with three thrones for their Majesties and her Royal Highness the Princess Camilla—in other words, with three handsome chairs. At each side is a long seat: reserved, as it might be, for his Majesty's Council (if any), but useful, as today, for other purposes. The King is asleep on his throne with a handkerchief over his face. He is a king of any country from any storybook, in whatever costume you please. But he should be wearing his crown.*

A VOICE (announcing). His Excellency the Chancellor!

(The CHANCELLOR, an elderly man in horn-rimmed spectacles, enters, bowing. The KING wakes up with a start and removes the handkerchief from his face.)

KING (with simple dignity). I was thinking.

CHANCELLOR (bowing). Never, your Majesty, was greater need for thought than now.

KING. That's what I was thinking. (He struggles into a more dignified position.) Well, what is it? More trouble?

CHANCELLOR. What we might call the old trouble, your Majesty.

KING. It's what I was saying last night to the Queen. "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown"<sup>1</sup> was how I put it.

CHANCELLOR. A profound and original thought which may well go down to posterity.

KING. You mean it may go down well with posterity. I hope so. Remind me to tell you sometime of another little thing I said to her Majesty: something about a fierce light beating on a throne.<sup>2</sup> Posterity would like that too. Well, what is it?

<sup>1</sup> *Uneasy . . . crown*, spoken by King Henry IV in Shakespeare's *King Henry IV, Part II* (III, i, 31).

<sup>2</sup> *fierce light . . . throne*. Compare "fierce light which beats upon a throne" (Dedication to Tennyson's *Idylls of the King*, line 26).

CHANCELLOR. It is in the matter of her Royal Highness's wedding.

KING. Oh . . . yes.

CHANCELLOR. As your Majesty is aware, the young Prince Simon arrives today to seek her Royal Highness's hand in marriage. He had been traveling in distant lands, and, as I understand, has not—er—has not—

KING. You mean he hasn't heard anything.

CHANCELLOR. It is difficult to put this tactfully, your Majesty.

KING. Do your best, and I will tell you afterwards how you got on.

CHANCELLOR. Let me put it this way. The Prince Simon will naturally assume that her Royal Highness has the customary—so customary as to be, in my own poor opinion, slightly monotonous—has what one might call the inevitable—so inevitable as to be, in my opinion again, almost mechanical—will assume that she has the as *I* think of it, faultily faultless,<sup>3</sup> icily regular, splendidly—

KING. What you are trying to say in the fewest words possible is that my daughter is not beautiful.

CHANCELLOR. Her beauty is certainly elusive, your Majesty.

KING. It is. It has eluded you, it has eluded me, it has eluded everybody who has seen her. It even eluded the Court Painter. His last words were, "Well, I did my best." His successor is now painting the view across the water-meadows from the West Turret. He says that his doctor has advised him to keep to landscape.

CHANCELLOR. It is unfortunate, your Majesty, but there it is. One just cannot understand how it can have occurred.

KING. You don't think she takes after me, at all? You don't detect a likeness?

CHANCELLOR. Most certainly not, your Majesty.

<sup>3</sup> *faultily faultless*. The phrase "Faultily faultless, splendidly null" occurs in Tennyson's *Maud* (Part I, line 82).

KING. Good. . . . Your predecessor did.

CHANCELLOR. I have often wondered what happened to my predecessor.

KING. Well, now you know. (*There is a short silence.*)

CHANCELLOR. Looking at the bright side, although her Royal Highness is not, strictly speaking, beautiful—

KING. Not, truthfully speaking, beautiful—

CHANCELLOR. Yet she has great beauty of character.

KING. My dear Chancellor, we are not considering her Royal Highness's character, but her chances of getting married. You observe that there is a distinction.

CHANCELLOR. Yes, your Majesty.

KING. Look at it from the suitor's point of view. If a girl is beautiful, it is easy to assume that she has, tucked away inside her, an equally beautiful character. But it is impossible to assume that an unattractive girl, however elevated in character, has, tucked away inside her, an equally beautiful face. That is, so to speak, not where you want it—tucked away.

CHANCELLOR. Quite so, your Majesty.

KING. This doesn't, of course, alter the fact that the Princess Camilla is quite the nicest person in the kingdom.

CHANCELLOR (*enthusiastically*). She is indeed, your Majesty. (*Hurriedly.*) With the exception, I need hardly say, of your Majesty—and her Majesty.

KING. Your exceptions are tolerated for their loyalty and condemned for their extreme fatuity.

CHANCELLOR. Thank you, your Majesty.

KING. As an adjective for your King the word "nice" is ill-chosen. As an adjective for her Majesty, it is—ill-chosen.

(*At which moment HER MAJESTY comes in. The KING rises. The CHANCELLOR puts himself at right-angles.*)

QUEEN (*briskly*). Ah. Talking about Camilla? (*She sits down.*)

KING (*returning to his throne*). As always, my dear, you are right.

QUEEN (*to CHANCELLOR*). This fellow Simon—what's he like?

CHANCELLOR. Nobody has seen him, your Majesty.

QUEEN. How old is he?

CHANCELLOR. Five-and-twenty, I understand.

QUEEN. In twenty-five years he must have been seen by somebody.

KING (*to the CHANCELLOR*). Just a fleeting glimpse.

CHANCELLOR. I meant, your Majesty, that no detailed report of him has reached this country, save that he has the usual personal advantages and qualities expected of a prince, and has been traveling in distant and dangerous lands.

QUEEN. Ah! Nothing gone wrong with his eyes? Sunstroke or anything?

CHANCELLOR. Not that I am aware of, your Majesty. At the same time, as I was venturing to say to his Majesty, her Royal Highness's character and disposition are so outstandingly—

QUEEN. Stuff and nonsense. You remember what happened when we had the Tournament of Love last year.

CHANCELLOR. I was not myself present, your Majesty. I had not then the honor of—I was abroad, and never heard the full story.

QUEEN. No; it was the other fool. They all rode up to Camilla to pay their homage—it was the first time they had seen her. The heralds blew their trumpets, and announced that she would marry whichever prince was left master of the field when all but one had been unhorsed. The trumpets were blown again; they charged enthusiastically into the fight, and— (*The KING looks nonchalantly at the ceiling and whistles a few bars.*) Don't do that.

KING. I'm sorry, my dear.

QUEEN (*to CHANCELLOR*). And what happened? They all simultaneously fell off their horses and assumed a posture of defeat.

KING. One of them was not quite so quick as the others. I was very quick. I proclaimed him the victor.

QUEEN. At the Feast of Betrothal held that night—

KING. We were all very quick.

QUEEN.—the Chancellor announced that by the laws of the country the successful suitor had to pass a further test. He had to give the correct answer to a riddle.

CHANCELLOR. Such undoubtedly is the fact, your Majesty.

KING. There are times for announcing facts, and times for looking at things in a broadminded way. Please remember that, Chancellor.

CHANCELLOR. Yes, your Majesty.

QUEEN. I invented the riddle myself. Quite an easy one. What is it which has four legs and barks like a dog? The answer is, a dog.

KING (*to CHANCELLOR*). You see that?

CHANCELLOR. Yes, your Majesty.

KING. It isn't difficult.

QUEEN. He, however, seemed to find it so. He said an eagle. Then he said a serpent; a very high mountain with slippery sides; two peacocks; a moonlight night; the day after tomorrow—

KING. Nobody could accuse him of not trying.

QUEEN. I did.

KING. I *should* have said that nobody could fail to recognize in his attitude an appearance of doggedness.

QUEEN. Finally he said death. I nudged the King—

KING. Accepting the word "nudge" for the moment, I rubbed my ankle with one hand, clapped him on the shoulder with the other, and congratulated him on the correct answer. He disappeared under the table, and, personally, I never saw him again.

QUEEN. His body was found in the moat next morning.

CHANCELLOR. But what was he doing in the moat, your Majesty?

KING. Bobbing about. Try not to ask needless questions.

CHANCELLOR. It all seems so strange.

QUEEN. What does?

CHANCELLOR. That her Royal Highness, alone of all the princesses one has ever heard of, should lack that invariable attribute of royalty, supreme beauty.

QUEEN (*to the KING*). That was your Great-aunt Malkin. She came to the christening. You know what she said.

KING. It was cryptic. Great-aunt Malkin's besetting weakness. She came to *my* christening—she was one hundred and one then, and that was fifty-one years ago. (*To the CHANCELLOR*). How old would that make her?

CHANCELLOR. One hundred and fifty-two, your Majesty.

KING (*after thought*). About that, yes. She promised me that when I grew up I should have all the happiness which my wife deserved. It struck me at the time—well, when I say "at the time," I was only a week old—but it did strike me as soon as anything could strike me—I mean of that nature—well, work it out for yourself, Chancellor. It opens up a most interesting field of speculation. Though naturally I have not liked to go into it at all deeply with her Majesty.

QUEEN. I never heard anything less cryptic. She was wishing you extreme happiness.

KING. I don't think she was *wishing* me anything. However.

CHANCELLOR (*to the QUEEN*). But what, your Majesty, did she wish her Royal Highness?

QUEEN. Her other godmother—on my side—had promised her the dazzling beauty for which all the women in my family are famous—

(*She pauses, and the KING snaps his fingers surreptitiously in the direction of the CHANCELLOR.*)

CHANCELLOR (*hurriedly*). Indeed yes, your Majesty.

(*The KING relaxes.*)

QUEEN. And Great-aunt Malkin said — (*to the KING.*) What were the words?

KING. "I give you with this kiss  
A wedding-day surprise.  
Where ignorance is bliss  
'Tis folly to be wise."<sup>4</sup>

I thought the last two lines rather neat.  
But what it *meant*—

QUEEN. We can all see what it meant. She was given beauty—and where is it? Great-aunt Malkin took it away from her. The wedding-day surprise is that there will never be a wedding day.

KING. Young men being what they are, my dear, it would be much more surprising if there *were* a wedding day. So how—

(*The PRINCESS comes in. She is young, happy, healthy, but not beautiful. Or let us say that by some trick of make-up or arrangement of hair she seems plain to us: unlike the Princess of the story-books.*)

PRINCESS (*to the KING*). Hallo, darling! (*Seeing the others.*) Oh, I say! Affairs of state? Sorry.

KING (*holding out his hand*). Don't go, Camilla. (*She takes his hand.*)

CHANCELLOR. Shall I withdraw, your Majesty?

QUEEN. You are aware, Camilla, that Prince Simon arrives today?

PRINCESS. He has arrived. They're just letting down the drawbridge.

KING (*jumping up quickly*). Arrived! I must—

PRINCESS. Darling, you know what

the drawbridge is like. It takes at *least* half an hour to let it down.

KING (*sitting down*). It wants oil. (*To the CHANCELLOR.*) Have you been grudging it oil?

PRINCESS. It wants a new drawbridge, darling.

CHANCELLOR. Have I your Majesty's permission—

KING. Yes, yes.

(*The CHANCELLOR bows and goes out.*)

QUEEN. You've told him, of course? It's the only chance.

KING. Er—no. I was just going to, when—

QUEEN. Then I'd better. (*She goes to the door.*) You can explain to the girl; I'll have her sent to you. You've told Camilla?

KING. Er—no, I was just going to, when—

QUEEN. Then you'd better tell her now.

KING. My dear, are you sure—

QUEEN. It's the only chance left. (*Dramatically to heaven.*) My daughter!

(*She goes out. There is a little silence when she is gone.*)

KING. Camilla, I want to talk seriously to you about marriage.

PRINCESS. Yes, Father.

KING. It is time that you learnt some of the facts of life.

PRINCESS. Yes, Father.

KING. Now the great fact about marriage is that once you're married, you live happy ever after. All our history books affirm this.

PRINCESS. And your own experience too, darling.

KING (*with dignity*). Let us confine ourselves to history for the moment.

PRINCESS. Yes, Father.

KING. Of course, there *may* be an exception here and there, which, as it

<sup>4</sup> Where ignorance . . . wise, from "On a Distant Prospect of Eton College," by Thomas Gray (lines 99-100).

were, proves the rule; just as— Oh, well, never mind.

PRINCESS (*smiling*). Go on, darling. You were going to say that an exception here and there proves the rule that all princesses are beautiful.

KING. Well,—leave that for the moment. The point is that it doesn't matter *how* you marry, or *who* you marry, as long as you *get* married. Because you'll be happy ever after in any case. Do you follow me so far?

PRINCESS. Yes, Father.

KING. Well, your mother and I have a little plan—

PRINCESS. Was that it, going out of the door just now!

KING. Er—yes. It concerns your waiting-maid.

PRINCESS. Darling, I have several.

KING. Only one that leaps to the eye, so to speak. The one with the—well, with everything.

PRINCESS. Dulcibella?

KING. That's the one. It is our little plan that at the first meeting she should pass herself off as the Princess—a harmless ruse, of which you will find frequent record in the history books—and allure Prince Simon to his—that is to say, bring him up to the— In other words, the wedding will take place immediately afterwards, and as quietly as possible—well, naturally, in view of the fact that your Aunt Malkin is one hundred and fifty-two; and since you will be wearing the family bridal veil—which is no doubt how the custom arose—the surprise after the ceremony will be his. Are you following me at all? Your attention seems to be wandering.

PRINCESS. I was wondering why you needed to tell me.

KING. Just a precautionary measure, in case you happened to meet the Prince or his attendant before the ceremony; in which case, of course, you would pass yourself off as the maid—

PRINCESS. A harmless ruse, of which,

also, you will find frequent record in the history books.

KING. Exactly. But the occasion need not arise.

A VOICE (*announcing*). The woman Dulcibella!

KING. Ah! (*To the PRINCESS.*) Now, Camilla, if you will just retire to your own apartments, I will come to you there when we are ready for the actual ceremony. (*He leads her out as he is talking; and as he returns calls out:*) Come in, my dear! (*DULCIBELLA comes in. She is beautiful, but dumb.*) Now don't be frightened; there is nothing to be frightened about. Has her Majesty told you what you have to do?

DULCIBELLA. Y-yes, your Majesty.

KING. Well now, let's see how well you can do it. You are sitting here, we will say. (*He leads her to a seat.*) Now imagine that I am Prince Simon. (*He curls his mustache and puts his stomach in. She giggles.*) You are the beautiful Princess Camilla, whom he has never seen. (*She giggles again.*) This is a serious moment in your life, and you will find that a giggle will not be helpful. (*He goes to the door.*) I am announced: "His Royal Highness, Prince Simon!" That's me being announced. Remember what I said about giggling. You should have a far-away look upon the face. (*She does her best.*) Farther away than that. (*She tries again.*) No, that's too far. You are sitting there, thinking beautiful thoughts—in maiden meditation, fancy-free,<sup>5</sup> as I remember saying to her Majesty once . . . speaking of somebody else . . . fancy-free, but with the mouth definitely shut—that's better. I advance and fall upon one knee. (*He does so.*) You extend your hand graciously—*graciously*; you're not trying to push him in the face—that's better, and I raise it to my lips—so—and I kiss it—(*he kisses it warmly*)—

<sup>5</sup> in maiden meditation, fancy-free, from Shakespeare's *A Midsummer Night's Dream* (II, i, 164).

no, perhaps not so ardently as that, more like this (*he kisses it again*), and I say, "Your Royal Highness, this is the most—er—Your Royal Highness, I shall ever be—no—Your Royal Highness, it is the proudest—" Well, the point is that *he* will say it, and it will be something complimentary, and then he will take your hand in both of his, and press it to his heart. (*He does so.*) And then—what do *you* say?

DULCIBELLA. Coo!

KING. No, *not* coo.

DULCIBELLA. Never had anyone do *that* to me before.

KING. That also strikes the wrong note. What you want to say is, "Oh, Prince Simon!" . . . Say it.

DULCIBELLA (*loudly*). Oh, Prince Simon!

KING. No, no. You don't need to shout until he has said "What?" two or three times. Always consider the possibility that he *isn't* deaf. Softly, and giving the words a dying fall,<sup>6</sup> letting them play around his head like a flight of doves.

DULCIBELLA (*still a little over-loud*). O-o-o-o-h, Prinsimon!

KING. Keep the idea in your mind of a flight of *doves* rather than a flight of panic-stricken elephants, and you will be all right. Now I'm going to get up, and you must, as it were *waft* me into a seat by your side. (*She starts wafting.*) Not rescuing a drowning man; that's another idea altogether, useful at times, but at the moment inappropriate. Wafting. Prince Simon will put the necessary muscles into play—all you require to do is to indicate by a gracious movement of the hand the seat you require him to take. Now! (*He gets up, a little stiffly, and sits next to her.*) That was better. Well, here we are. Now I think you give me a look: something, let us say, half-way between the

breathless adoration of a nun<sup>7</sup> and the voluptuous abandonment of a woman of the world; with an undertone of regal dignity, touched, as it were, with good comradeship. Now try that. (*She gives him a vacant look of bewilderment.*) Frankly, that didn't quite get it. There was just a little something missing. An absence, as it were, of all the qualities I asked for, and in their place an odd resemblance to an unsatisfied fish. Let us try to get at it another way. Have you a young man of your own?

DULCIBELLA (*eagerly, seizing his hand*). Ooh, yes, he's ever so smart, he's an archer, well, not as you might say a real archer, he works in the armory, but old Bottlenose, *you* know who I mean, the Captain of the Guard, says the very next man they ever has to shoot, my Eg shall take his place, knowing Father and how it is with Eg and me, and me being maid to her Royal Highness and can't marry me till he's a real soldier, but ever so loving, and funny like, the things he says, I said to him once, "Eg," I said—

KING (*getting up*). I rather fancy, Dulcibella, that if you think of Eg all the time, *say* as little as possible, and when thinking of Eg see that the mouth is not more than partially open, you will do very well. I will show you where you are to sit and wait for his Royal Highness. (*He leads her out. On the way he is saying:*) Now remember—*waft—waft—not hoick.*

(PRINCE SIMON wanders in from the back unannounced. He is a very ordinary-looking young man in rather dusty clothes. He gives a deep sigh of relief as he sinks into the KING's throne.)

CAMILLA, a new and strangely beautiful CAMILLA, comes in.)

PRINCESS (*surprised*). Well!

PRINCE. Oh, hallo!

<sup>6</sup> *a dying fall*. Compare the line, "That strain again! It had a dying fall," from Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night* (I, i, 4)

<sup>7</sup> *the breathless adoration of a nun*. Compare lines 2-3 of Wordsworth's "It Is a Beauteous Evening," page 395 of this volume.



PRINCESS. Ought you?

PRINCE (*getting up*). Do sit down, won't you?

PRINCESS. Who are you, and how did you get here?

PRINCE. Well, that's rather a long story. Couldn't we sit down? You could sit here, if you liked, but it isn't very comfortable.

PRINCESS. That is the King's throne.

PRINCE. Oh, is that what it is?

PRINCESS. Thrones are not meant to be comfortable.

PRINCE. Well, I don't know if they're meant to be, but they certainly aren't.

PRINCESS. Why were you sitting on the King's throne, and who are you?

PRINCE. My name is Carlo.

PRINCESS. Mine is Dulcibella.

PRINCE. Good. And now couldn't we sit down?

PRINCESS (*sitting down on the long seat to the left of the throne, and, as it were, wafting him to a place next to her*). You may sit here, if you like. Why are you so tired?

PRINCE (*sits down*). I've been taking very strenuous exercise.

PRINCESS. Is that part of the long story?

PRINCE. It is.

PRINCESS (*settling herself*). I love stories.

PRINCE. This isn't a story really. You see, I'm attendant on Prince Simon, who is visiting here.

PRINCESS. Oh? I'm attendant on her Royal Highness.

PRINCE. Then you know what he's here for.

PRINCESS. Yes.

PRINCE. She's very beautiful, I hear.

PRINCESS. Did you hear that? Where have you been lately?

PRINCE. Traveling in distant lands—with Prince Simon.

PRINCESS. Ah! All the same, I don't understand. Is Prince Simon in the palace now? The drawbridge *can't* be down yet!

PRINCE. I don't suppose it is. *And* what a noise it makes coming down!

PRINCESS. Isn't it terrible?

PRINCE. I couldn't stand it any more. I just had to get away. That's why I'm here.

PRINCESS. But how?

PRINCE. Well, there's only one way, isn't there? That beech-tree, and then a swing and a grab for the battlements, and don't ask me to remember it all. (*He shudders.*)

PRINCESS. You mean you came across the moat by that beech-tree?

PRINCE. Yes. I got so tired of hanging about.

PRINCESS. But it's terribly dangerous!

PRINCE. That's why I'm so exhausted. Nervous shock. (*He lies back and breathes loudly.*)

PRINCESS. Of course, it's different for me.

PRINCE (*sitting up*). Say that again. I must have got it wrong.

PRINCESS. It's different for me, because I'm used to it. Besides I'm so much lighter.

PRINCE. You don't mean that *you*—

PRINCESS. Oh, yes, often.

PRINCE. And I thought I was a brave man! At least, I didn't until five minutes ago, and now I don't again.

PRINCESS. Oh, but you are! And I think it's wonderful to do it straight off the first time.

PRINCE. Well, *you* did.

PRINCESS. Oh, no, not the first time. When I was a child.

PRINCE. You mean that you crashed?

PRINCESS. Well, you only fall into the moat.

PRINCE. Only! Can you *swim*?

PRINCESS. Of course.

PRINCE. So you swam to the castle walls, and yelled for help, and they fished you out and walloped you. And next day you tried again. Well, if *that* isn't pluck—

PRINCESS. Of course, I didn't. I swam back, and did it at once; I mean I tried

again at once. It wasn't until the third time that I actually did it. You see, I was afraid I might lose my nerve.

PRINCE. Afraid she might lose her nerve!

PRINCESS. There's a way of getting over from this side, too; a tree grows out from the wall, and you jump into another tree—I don't think it's quite so easy.

PRINCE. Not quite so easy. Good, you must show it to me.

PRINCESS. Oh, I will.

PRINCE. Perhaps it might be as well if you taught me how to swim first. I've often heard about swimming, but never—

PRINCESS. You can't swim?

PRINCE. No. Don't look so surprised. There are a lot of other things which I can't do. I'll tell you about them as soon as you have a couple of years to spare.

PRINCESS. You can't swim, and yet you crossed by the beech-tree! And you're *ever* so much heavier than I am! Now who's brave?

PRINCE (*getting up*). You keep talking about how light you are. I must see if there's anything in it. Stand up! (*She stands obediently, and he picks her up.*) You're right, Dulcibella. I could hold you here forever. (*Looking at her.*) You're very lovely. Do you know how lovely you are?

PRINCESS. Yes. (*She laughs suddenly and happily.*)

PRINCE. Why do you laugh?

PRINCESS. Aren't you tired of holding me?

PRINCE. Frankly, yes. I exaggerated when I said I could hold you forever. When you've been hanging by the arms for ten minutes over a very deep moat, wondering if it's too late to learn how to swim. . . . (*He puts her down.*) What I meant was that I should *like* to hold you forever. Why did you laugh?

PRINCESS. Oh, well, it was a little private joke of mine.

PRINCE. If it comes to that, I've a private joke, too. Let's exchange them.

PRINCESS. Mine's very private. One other woman in the whole world knows, and that's all.

PRINCE. Mine's just as private. One other man knows, and that's all.

PRINCESS. What fun. I love secrets. . . . Well, here's mine. When I was born, one of my godmothers promised that I should be very beautiful.

PRINCE. How right she was.

PRINCESS. But the other one said this:

"I give you with this kiss

A wedding-day surprise.

Where ignorance is bliss

'Tis folly to be wise."

And nobody knew what it meant. And I grew up very plain. And then, when I was about ten, I met my godmother in the forest one day. It was my tenth birthday. Nobody knows this—except you.

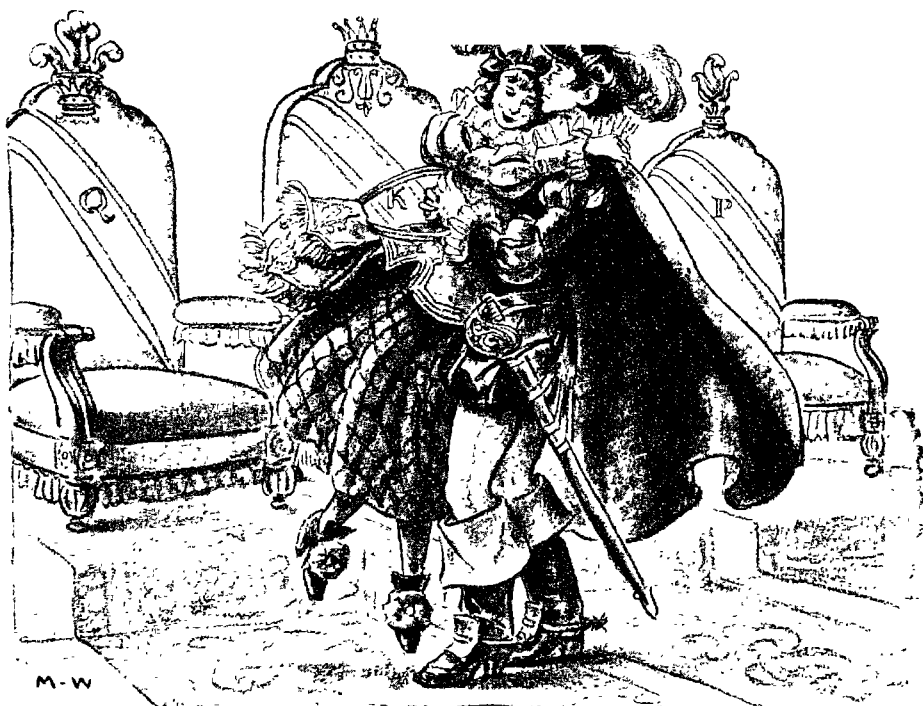
PRINCE. Except us.

PRINCESS. Except us. And she told me what her gift meant. It meant that I *was* beautiful—but everybody else was to go on being ignorant, and thinking me plain, until my wedding day. Because, she said, she didn't want me to grow up spoilt and wilful and vain, as I should have done if everybody had always been saying how beautiful I was; and the best thing in the world, she said, was to be quite sure of yourself, but not to expect admiration from other people. So ever since then my mirror has told me I'm beautiful, and everybody else thinks me ugly, and I get a lot of fun out of it.

PRINCE. Well, seeing that Dulcibella is the result, I can only say that your godmother was very, very wise.

PRINCESS. And now tell me *your* secret.

PRINCE. It isn't such a pretty one. You see, Prince Simon was going to woo Princess Camilla, and he'd heard that she was beautiful and haughty and imperious—all *you* would have been if



"I EXAGGERATED WHEN I SAID I COULD HOLD YOU FOREVER."

your godmother hadn't been so wise. And, being a very ordinary-looking fellow himself, he was afraid she wouldn't think much of him, so he suggested to one of his attendants, a man called Carlo, of extremely attractive appearance, that *he* should pretend to be the Prince, and win the Princess's hand; then at the last moment they would change places—

PRINCESS. How would they do that?

PRINCE. The Prince was going to have been married in full armor—with his visor down.

PRINCESS (*laughing happily*). Oh, what fun!

PRINCE. Neat isn't it?

PRINCESS (*laughing*). Oh, very . . . very . . . very.

PRINCE. Neat, but not so terribly *funny*. Why do you keep laughing?

PRINCESS. Well, that's another secret.

PRINCE. If it comes to that, I've got

another one up my sleeve. Shall we exchange again?

PRINCESS. All right. You go first this time.

PRINCE. Very well. . . . I am not Carlo (*standing up and speaking dramatically*). I am Simon—ow! (*He sits down and rubs his leg violently*.)

PRINCESS (*alarmed*). What is it?

PRINCE. Cramp. (*In a mild voice, still rubbing*.) I was saying that I was Prince Simon.

PRINCESS. Shall I rub it for you?

(*She rubs*.)

PRINCE (*still hopefully*). I am Simon.

PRINCESS. Is that better?

PRINCE (*despairingly*). I am Simon.

PRINCESS. I know.

PRINCE. How did you know?

PRINCESS. Well, you told me.

PRINCE. But oughtn't you to swoon or something?

PRINCESS. Why? History records many similar ruses.

PRINCE (*amazed*). Is that so? I've never read history. I thought I was being profoundly original.

PRINCESS. Oh, no! Now I'll tell you *my* secret. For reasons very much like your own, the Princess Camilla, who is held to be extremely plain, feared to meet Prince Simon. Is the drawbridge down yet?

PRINCE. Do your people give a faint, surprised cheer every time it gets down?

PRINCESS. Naturally.

PRINCE. Then it came down about three minutes ago.

PRINCESS. Ah! Then at this very moment your man Carlo is declaring his passionate love for my maid, Dulcibella. That, I think, is funny. (*So does the PRINCE. He laughs heartily.*) Dulcibella, by the way, is in love with a man she calls Eg, so I hope Carlo isn't getting carried away.

PRINCE. Carlo is married to a girl he calls "the little woman," so Eg has nothing to fear.

PRINCESS. By the way, I don't know if you heard, but I said, or as good as said, that I am the Princess Camilla.

PRINCE. I wasn't surprised. History, of which I read a great deal, records many similar ruses.

PRINCESS (*laughing*). Simon!

PRINCE (*laughing*). Camilla! (*He stands up.*) May I try holding you again? (*She nods. He takes her in his arms and kisses her.*) Sweetheart!

PRINCESS. You see, when you lifted me up before you said, "You're very lovely," and my godmother said that the first person to whom I would seem lovely was the man I should marry; so I knew then that you were Simon and I should marry you.

PRINCE. I knew directly I saw you that I should marry you, even if you were Dulcibella. By the way, which of you *am* I marrying?

PRINCESS. When she lifts her veil, it will be Camilla. (*Voices are heard outside.*) Until then it will be Dulcibella.

PRINCE (*in a whisper*). Then good-by, Camilla, until you lift your veil.

PRINCESS. Good-by, Simon, until you raise your visor.

(*The KING and QUEEN come in arm-in-arm, followed by CARLO and DULCIBELLA, also arm-in-arm. The CHANCELLOR precedes them, walking backwards, at a loyal angle.*)

PRINCE (*supporting the CHANCELLOR as an accident seems inevitable*). Careful! (*The CHANCELLOR turns indignantly around.*)

KING. Who and what is this? More accurately, who and what are all these?

CARLO. My attendant Carlo, your Majesty. He will, with your Majesty's permission, prepare me for the ceremony. (*The Prince bows.*)

KING. Of course, of course!

QUEEN (*to DULCIBELLA*). Your maid Dulcibella, is it not, my love? (*DULCIBELLA nods violently.*) I thought so. (*To CARLO.*) She will prepare her Royal Highness. (*The PRINCESS curtsies.*)

KING. Ah, yes. Yes, most important.

PRINCESS (*curtsying*). I beg pardon, your Majesty, if I've done wrong, but I found the gentleman wandering—

KING (*crossing to her*). Quite right, my dear, quite right. (*He pinches her cheek, and takes advantage of this kingly gesture to say in a loud whisper:*) We've pulled it off!

(*They sit down; the KING and QUEEN on their thrones, DULCIBELLA on the Princess's throne. CARLO stands behind DULCIBELLA, the CHANCELLOR on the right of the QUEEN, and the PRINCE and PRINCESS behind the long seat on the left.*)

CHANCELLOR (*consulting documents*). H'r'm! Have I your Majesty's authority to put the final test to his Royal Highness?

QUEEN (*whispering to KING*). Is this safe?

KING (*whispering*). Perfectly, my dear. I told him the answer a minute ago. (*Over his shoulder to CARLO.*) Don't forget. Dog. (*Aloud.*) Proceed, your Excellency. It is my desire that the affairs of my country should ever be conducted in a strictly constitutional manner.

CHANCELLOR (*oratorically*). By the constitution of the country, a suitor to her Royal Highness's hand cannot be deemed successful until he has given the correct answer to a riddle. (*Conversationally.*) The last suitor answered incorrectly, and thus failed to win his bride.

KING. By a coincidence he fell into the moat.

CHANCELLOR (*to CARLO*). I have now to ask your Royal Highness if you are prepared for the ordeal?

CARLO (*cheerfully*). Absolutely.

CHANCELLOR. I may mention, as a matter, possibly, of some slight historical interest to our visitor, that by the constitution of the country the same riddle is not allowed to be asked on two successive occasions.

KING (*startled*). What's that?

CHANCELLOR. This one, it is interesting to recall, was propounded exactly a century ago, and we must take it as a fortunate omen that it was well and truly solved.

KING (*to QUEEN*). I may want my sword directly.

CHANCELLOR. The riddle is this. What is it which has four legs and mews like a cat?

CARLO (*promptly*). A dog.

KING (*still more promptly*). Bravo, bravo! (*He claps loudly and nudges the QUEEN, who claps, too.*)

CHANCELLOR (*peering at his documents*). According to the records of the occasion to which I referred, the correct answer would seem to be—

PRINCESS (*to PRINCE*). Say something, quick.

CHANCELLOR. —not dog, but—

PRINCE. Your Majesty, have I permission to speak? Naturally his Royal Highness could not think of justifying himself on such an occasion, but I think that with your Majesty's gracious permission I could—

KING. Certainly, certainly.

PRINCE. In our country we have an animal to which we have given the name "dog," or, in the local dialect of the more mountainous districts, "doggie." It sits by the fireside and purrs.

CARLO. That's right. It purrs like anything.

PRINCE. When it needs milk, which is its staple food, it mews.

CARLO (*enthusiastically*). Mews like nobody's business.

PRINCE. It also has four legs.

CARLO. One at each corner.

PRINCE. In some countries, I understand, this animal is called a "cat." In one distant country to which his Royal Highness and I penetrated, it was called by the very curious name of "hippopotamus."

CARLO. That's right. (*To the PRINCE.*) Do you remember that ginger-colored hippopotamus which used to climb on to my shoulder and lick my ear?

PRINCE. I shall never forget it, sir. (*To the KING.*) So you see, your Majesty—

KING. Thank you. I think that makes it perfectly clear. (*Firmly to the CHANCELLOR.*) You are about to agree?

CHANCELLOR. Undoubtedly, your majesty. May I be the first to congratulate his Royal Highness on solving the riddle so accurately?

KING. You may be the first to see that all is in order for an immediate wedding.

CHANCELLOR. Thank you, your Majesty.

(*The CHANCELLOR bows and withdraws. The KING rises, as do the QUEEN and DULCIBELLA.*)

KING (*to CARLO*). Doubtless, Prince Simon, you will wish to retire and prepare yourself for the ceremony.

CARLO. Thank you, sir.

PRINCE. Have I your Majesty's permission to attend his Royal Highness? It is the custom of his country for princes of the royal blood to be married in full armor, a matter which requires a certain adjustment—

KING. Of course, of course.

(*CARLO bows to the KING and QUEEN and goes out. As the PRINCE is about to follow, the KING stops him.*)

KING. Young man, you have a quality of quickness which I admire. It is my pleasure to reward it in any way which commends itself to you.

PRINCE. Your Majesty is ever gracious. May I ask for my reward *after* the ceremony? (*He catches the eye of the PRINCESS, and they give each other a secret smile.*)

KING. Certainly. (*The PRINCE bows and goes out. To DULCIBELLA.*) Now, young woman, make yourself scarce. You've done your work excellently, and we will see that you and your—what was his name?

DULCIBELLA. Eg, your Majesty.

KING. —that you and your Eg are not forgotten.

DULCIBELLA. Coo! (*She curtsies and goes out.*)

PRINCESS (*calling*). Wait for me, Dulcibella!

KING (*to QUEEN*). Well, my dear, we may congratulate ourselves. As I remember saying to somebody once, "you have not lost a daughter; you have gained a son."<sup>8</sup> How does he strike you?

QUEEN. Stupid.

<sup>8</sup> *you have not lost . . . son*, one of the tritest remarks heard at a wedding.

KING. They made a very handsome pair, I thought, he and Dulcibella.

QUEEN. Both stupid.

KING. I said nothing about stupidity. What I *said* was that they were both extremely handsome. That is the important thing. (*Struck by a sudden idea.*) Or isn't it?

QUEEN. What do *you* think of Prince Simon, Camilla?

PRINCESS. I adore him. We shall be so happy together.

KING. Well, of course you will. I told you so. Happy ever after.

QUEEN. Run along now and get ready.

PRINCESS. Yes, mother. (*She throws a kiss to them and goes out.*)

KING (*anxiously*). My dear, have we been wrong about Camilla all this time? It seemed to me that she wasn't looking quite so plain as usual just now. Did *you* notice anything?

QUEEN (*carelessly*). Just the excitement of the marriage.

KING (*relieved*). Ah, yes, that would account for it.

## CURTAIN

## CLASS DISCUSSIONS

1. From the description of the setting do you expect the story to be *earnest, grave, historic, light, merry, profound, romantic*? Give reasons for each choice you make.

2. What impression of the King do you gain from his conversation with the Chancellor? Is your impression in keeping with the description of the setting? How do the King and the Queen differ in their talk with the Chancellor (pages 781-783)? From Camilla as she appears in the conversation?

3. What difficulty confronts the royal family? How has the Queen planned to solve the problem? Does the plan seem to you at first likely to succeed? What do you think of it after the King's rehearsal with Dulcibella?

4. What remark of the Princess first awakens the interest of the Prince who has

wandered into the throne room? (a) In their conversation do they boast or speak candidly? Read aloud as many places as you find in this conversation where they have to laugh from mere pleasure. Are they congenial? (b) Do you think the Prince as charming as a fairy-tale prince ought to be? How and at what point does he *win* the affection of the princess?

5. At the "ordeal" why does the Queen take Carlo to be the Prince? Are her caustic remarks justified? Why is the King highly pleased? What superior knowledge of your own about the approaching ceremony gives you a better right to enjoy this scene than either the King or the Queen?

6. Do you find any evidence in the play that the author is an essentially happy man? A keen observer of people?

7. If you wish to extend your acquaintance with the always pleasant humor of the author, turn first to the plays and children's books mentioned in the headnote (page 779). Milne's *Autobiography* (1939) recreates his own childhood and boyhood; under the last section, "Author," it discloses pitfalls in the path of a playwright. (For suggested activities see page 805.)

## A NIGHT AT AN INN\*

LORD DUNSANY

[One of the leading contemporary figures in imaginative drama is Lord Dunsany (1878- ), an Irish baron who began his career in 1909 with a one-act play at the Abbey Theater. Of all his twenty or more productions the best known is *A Night at an Inn* (1916). Unlike most of his dramas, the scene is laid in England, but the chief interest lies in the heathen idol whose priests have followed four Englishmen all the way from India to a desolate region in Yorkshire. Three of these men are common sailors with cockney speech. The fourth is a gentleman by birth who has become a gambler and card

sharper. Here he is called the Toff, the English equivalent for our American slang, a "swell" or a dandy. The conflict in the play arises from his pitting his wits against the powers of the Hindu god.]

### DRAMATIS PERSONAE

A. E. SCOTT-FORTESCUE

(*the Toff*), a dilapidated

gentleman

WILLIAM JONES (*Bill*)

ALBERT THOMAS

JACOB SMITH (*Sniggers*)

1ST PRIEST OF KLESH

2D PRIEST OF KLESH

3RD PRIEST OF KLESH

KLESH

Merchant  
Sailors

(*The CURTAIN rises on a room in an inn. SNIGGERS and BILL are talking, THE TOFF is reading a paper. ALBERT sits a little apart.*)

SNIGGERS. What's his idea, I wonder?

BILL. I don't know.

SNIGGERS. And how much longer will he keep us here?

BILL. We've been here three days.

SNIGGERS. And 'aven't seen a soul.

BILL. And a pretty penny it cost us when he rented the pub.

SNIGGERS. 'Ow long did 'e rent the pub for?

BILL. You never know with him.

SNIGGERS. It's lonely enough.

BILL. 'Ow long did you rent the pub for, Toffy?

(*THE TOFF continues to read a sporting paper; he takes no notice of what is said.*)

SNIGGERS. 'E's *such* a toff.

BILL. Yet 'e's clever, no mistake.

SNIGGERS. Those clever ones are the beggars to make a muddle. Their plans are clever enough, but they don't work, and then they make a mess of things much worse than you or me.

BILL. Ah.

SNIGGERS. I don't like this place.

BILL. Why not?

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SNIGGERS. I don't like the looks of it.

BILL. He's keeping us here because here those heathens can't find us. The three heathen priests what was looking for us so. But we want to go and sell our ruby soon.

ALBERT. There's no sense in it.

BILL. Why not, Albert?

ALBERT. Because I gave those black devils the slip in Hull.<sup>1</sup>

BILL. You give 'em the slip, Albert?

ALBERT. The slip, all three of them. The fellows with the gold spots on their foreheads. I had the ruby then, and I give them the slip in Hull.

BILL. How did you do it, Albert?

ALBERT. I had the ruby, and they were following me . . .

BILL. Who told them you had the ruby? You didn't show it?

ALBERT. No. . . . but they kind of know.

SNIGGERS. They kind of know, Albert?

ALBERT. Yes, they know if you've got it. Well, they sort of mouched after me, and I tells a policeman, and he says, O they were only three poor priests and they wouldn't hurt me. Ugh! When I thought of what they did in Malta<sup>2</sup> to poor old Jim.

BILL. Yes, and to George in Bombay<sup>3</sup> before we started.

SNIGGERS. Ugh!

BILL. Why didn't you give 'em in charge?

ALBERT. What about the ruby, Bill?

BILL. Ah!

ALBERT. Well, I did better than that. I walks up and down through Hull. I walks slow enough. And then I turns a corner and I runs. I never sees a corner but I turns it. But sometimes I let a corner pass just to fool them. I twists about like a hare. Then I sits down and waits. No priests.

SNIGGERS. What?

ALBERT. No heathen black devils with gold spots on their faces. I give 'em the slip.

BILL. Well done, Albert.

SNIGGERS (*after a sigh of content*). Why didn't you tell us?

ALBERT. 'Cause 'e won't let you speak. 'E's got 'is plans and 'e thinks we're silly folk. Things must be done 'is way. And all the time I've give 'em the slip. Might 'ave 'ad one o' them crooked knives in him before now but for me who give 'em the slip in Hull.

BILL. Well done, Albert.

SNIGGERS. Do you hear that, Toffy? Albert has give 'em the slip.

THE TOFF. Yes, I hear.

SNIGGERS. Well, what do you say to that?

THE TOFF. O . . . Well done, Albert.

ALBERT. And what a' you going to do?

THE TOFF. Going to wait.

ALBERT. Don't seem to know what 'e's waiting for.

SNIGGERS. It's a nasty place.

ALBERT. It's getting silly, Bill. Our money's gone, and we want to sell the ruby. Let's get on to a town.

BILL. But 'e won't come.

ALBERT. Then we'll leave him.

SNIGGERS. We'll be all right if we keep away from Hull.

ALBERT. We'll go to London.

BILL. But 'e must 'ave 'is share.

SNIGGERS. All right. Only let's go. (To THE TOFF.) We're going, do you hear? Give us the ruby.

THE TOFF. Certainly. (*He gives them a ruby from his waistcoat pocket; it is the size of a small hen's egg. He goes on reading his paper.*)

ALBERT. Come on, Sniggers. (*Exeunt ALBERT and SNIGGERS.*)

BILL. Good-by, old man. We'll give you your fair share, but there's nothing to do here, no girls, no halls, and we must sell the ruby.

<sup>1</sup> Hull, a seaport city of England. <sup>2</sup> Malta, an island in the Mediterranean. <sup>3</sup> Bombay, former capital of British India.



THE TOFF. I'm not a fool, Bill.

BILL. No, no of course not. Of course you ain't, and you've helped us a lot. Good-by. You'll say good-by?

THE TOFF. Oh, yes. Good-by. (*Still reads paper. Exit BILL.*)

(*THE TOFF puts a revolver on the table beside him and goes on with his paper.*)

SNIGGERS (*out of breath*). We've come back, Toffy.

THE TOFF. So you have.

ALBERT. Toffy—how did they get here?

THE TOFF. They walked, of course.

ALBERT. But it's eighty miles.

SNIGGERS. Did you know they were here, Toffy?

THE TOFF. Expected them about now.

ALBERT. Eighty miles.

BILL. Toffy—what are we to do?

THE TOFF. Ask Albert.

BILL. If they can do things like this, there's no one can save us but you, Toffy—I always knew you were a clever one. We won't be fools any more. We'll obey you, Toffy.

THE TOFF. You're brave enough and strong enough. There isn't many that would steal a ruby eye out of an idol's head, and such an idol as that was to look at, and on such a night. You're brave enough, Bill. But you're all three of you fools. Jim would have none of my plans, and where's Jim? And George. What did they do to him?

SNIGGERS. Don't, Toffy!

THE TOFF. Well then your strength is no use to you. You want cleverness; or they'll have you the way that they had George and Jim.

ALL. Ugh!

THE TOFF. These black priests would follow you round the world in circles. Year after year, till they got their idol's eye. And if we died with it, they'd follow our grandchildren. That fool thinks

he can escape men like that by running round three streets in the town of Hull.

ALBERT. God's truth, *you* 'aven't escaped them, because they're 'ere.

THE TOFF. So I supposed.

ALBERT. You *supposed*?

THE TOFF. Yes, I believe there's no announcement in the society papers. But I took this country seat especially to receive them. There's plenty of room if you dig, it is pleasantly situated, and, what is most important, it is in a very quiet neighborhood. So I am at home to them this afternoon.

BILL. Well, you're a deep one.

THE TOFF. And remember you've only my wits between you and death, and don't put your futile plans against those of an educated gentleman.

ALBERT. If you're a gentleman, why don't you go about among gentlemen instead of the likes of us?

THE TOFF. Because I was too clever for them as I am too clever for you.

ALBERT. Too clever for them?

THE TOFF. I never lost a game of cards in my life.

BILL. You never lost a game!

THE TOFF. Not when there was money on it.

BILL. Well, well.

THE TOFF. Have a game of poker?

ALL. No thanks.

THE TOFF. Then do as you're told.

BILL. All right, Toffy.

SNIGGERS. I saw something just then. Hadn't we better draw the curtains?

THE TOFF. No.

SNIGGERS. What?

THE TOFF. Don't draw the curtains.

SNIGGERS. Oh, all right.

BILL. But, Toffy, they can see us. One doesn't let the enemy do that. I don't see why . . .

THE TOFF. No, of course you don't.

BILL. Oh, all right, Toffy.

(*All begin to pull out revolvers.*)

THE TOFF (*putting his own away*). No revolvers, please.

ALBERT. Why not?

THE TOFF. Because I don't want any noise at my party. We might get guests that hadn't been invited. *Knives* are a different matter.

(*All draw knives. THE TOFF signs to them not to draw them yet. THE TOFF has already taken back his ruby.*)

BILL. I think they're coming, Toffy.

THE TOFF. Not yet.

ALBERT. When will they come?

THE TOFF. When I am quite ready to receive them. Not before.

SNIGGERS. I should like to get this over.

THE TOFF. Should you? Then we'll have them now.

SNIGGERS. Now?

THE TOFF. Yes. Listen to me. You shall do as you see me do. You will all pretend to go out. I'll show you how. I've got the ruby. When they see me alone, they will come for their idol's eye.

BILL. How can they tell like this which of us has it?

THE TOFF. I confess I don't know, but they seem to.

SNIGGERS. What will you do when they come in?

THE TOFF. I shall do nothing.

SNIGGERS. What?

THE TOFF. They will creep up behind me. Then my friends, Sniggers and Bill and Albert, who gave them the slip, will do what they can.

BILL. All right, Toffy. Trust us.

THE TOFF. If you're a little slow, you will see enacted the cheerful spectacle that accompanied the demise of Jim.

SNIGGERS. Don't, Toffy. We'll be there all right.

THE TOFF. Very well. Now watch me.

(*He goes past the windows to the inner door R.;<sup>4</sup> he opens it inwards, and then under cover of the open door he slips down on his knee and closes it, remaining on the inside, appearing to have gone out. He signs to the others, who understand. Then he appears to re-enter in the same manner.*)

THE TOFF. Now. I shall sit with my back to the door. You go out one by one so far as our friends can make out. Crouch very low, to be on the safe side. They mustn't see you through the window.

(*BILL makes his sham exit.*)

THE TOFF. Remember, no revolvers. The police are, I believe, proverbially inquisitive.

(*The other two follow BILL. All three are now crouching inside the door R.*

THE TOFF puts the ruby beside him on the table. He lights a cigarette.

*The door in back opens so slowly that you can hardly say at what moment it began. THE TOFF picks up his paper.*

A NATIVE of India wriggles along the floor ever so slowly, seeking cover from chairs. He moves L. where THE TOFF is. The three sailors are R. SNIGGERS and ALBERT lean forward. BILL's arm keeps them back. An arm-chair had better conceal them from the Indian. The black PRIEST nears THE TOFF.

BILL watches to see if any more are coming. Then he leaps forward alone (he has taken his boots off) and knifes the PRIEST.

The PRIEST tries to shout, but BILL's left hand is over his mouth.

THE TOFF continues to read his sporting paper. He never looks round.)

BILL (*sotto voce*<sup>5</sup>). There's only one, Toffy. What shall we do?

<sup>4</sup> R. In stage directions R indicates "right"; L, "left"; and C, "center."

<sup>5</sup> *sotto voce*, in a low voice.



"WAIT A MINUTE. LET ME THINK."

THE TOFF (*without turning his head*). Only one?

BILL. Yes.

THE TOFF. Wait a moment. Let me think. (*Still apparently absorbed in his paper.*) Ah, yes. You go back, Bill. We must attract another guest. Now are you ready?

BILL. Yes.

THE TOFF. All right. You shall now see my demise at my Yorkshire residence. You must receive guests for me. (*He leaps up in full view of the window, flings up both arms, and falls on to the floor near the dead PRIEST.*) Now be ready. (*His eyes close.*)

(*There is a long pause. Again the door opens, very, very slowly. Another PRIEST creeps in. He has three golden spots upon his forehead. He looks round, then he creeps up to his companion and turns him over and looks inside each of his clenched hands. Then he looks at the recumbent TOFF.*)

*Then he creeps toward him. BILL slips after him and knifes him like the other with his left hand over his mouth.)*

BILL (*sotto voce*). We've only got two, Toffy.

THE TOFF. Still another.

BILL. What'll we do?

THE TOFF (*sitting up*). Hum.

BILL. This is the best way, much.

THE TOFF. Out of the question. Never play the same game twice.

BILL. Why not, Toffy?

THE TOFF. Doesn't work if you do.

BILL. Well?

THE TOFF. I have it, Albert. You will now walk into the room. I showed you how to do it.

ALBERT. Yes.

THE TOFF. Just run over here and have a fight at this window with these two men.

ALBERT. But they're—

THE TOFF. Yes, they're dead, my per-

spicuous Albert. But Bill and I are going to resuscitate them—. Come on.

(BILL *picks up a body under the arms.*)

THE TOFF. That's right, Bill. (*Does the same.*) Come and help us, Sniggers—(SNIGGERS *comes.*) Keep low, keep low. Wave their arms about, Sniggers. Don't show yourself. Now, Albert, over you go. Our Albert is slain. Back you get, Bill. Back, Sniggers. Still, Albert. Mustn't move when he comes. Not a muscle.

(A FACE *appears at the window and stays for some time. Then the door opens and, looking craftily around, the third PRIEST enters. He looks at his companions' bodies and turns round. He suspects something. He takes up one of the knives, and with a knife in each hand he puts his back to the wall. He looks to the left and right.*)

THE TOFF. Come on, Bill.

(THE PRIEST *rushes to the door. THE TOFF knifes the last PRIEST from behind.*)

THE TOFF. A good day's work, my friends.

BILL. Well done, Toffy. Oh, you are a deep one.

ALBERT. A deep one if ever there was one.

SNIGGERS. There ain't any more, Bill, are there?

THE TOFF. No more in the world, my friend.

BILL. Aye, that's all there are. There were only three in the temple. Three priests and their beastly idol.

ALBERT. What is it worth, Toffy? Is it worth a thousand pounds?

THE TOFF. It's worth all they've got in the shop. Worth just whatever we like to ask for it.

ALBERT. Then we're millionaires now.

THE TOFF. Yes, and what is more important, we no longer have any heirs.

BILL. We'll have to sell it now.

ALBERT. That won't be easy. It's a pity it isn't small and we had half a dozen. Hadn't the idol any other on him?

BILL. No, he was green jade all over and only had this one eye. He had it in the middle of his forehead, and was a long sight uglier than anything else in the world.

SNIGGERS. I'm sure we ought all to be very grateful to Toffy.

BILL. And indeed we ought.

ALBERT. If it hadn't 'ave been for him—

BILL. Yes, if it hadn't been for old Toffy . . .

SNIGGERS. He's a deep one.

THE TOFF. Well, you see I just have a knack of foreseeing things.

SNIGGERS. I should think you did.

BILL. Why, I don't suppose anything happens that our Toff doesn't foresee. Does it, Toffy?

THE TOFF. Well, I don't think it does, Bill. I don't think it often does.

BILL. Life is no more than just a game of cards to our old Toff.

THE TOFF. Well, we've taken these fellows' trick.

SNIGGERS (*going to the window*). It wouldn't do for anyone to see them.

THE TOFF. Oh, nobody will come this way. We're all alone on a moor.

BILL. Where will we put them?

THE TOFF. Bury them in the cellar, but there's no hurry.

BILL. And what then, Toffy?

THE TOFF. Why then we'll go to London and upset the ruby business. We have really come through this job very nicely.

BILL. I think the first thing that we ought to do is to give a little supper to old Toffy. We'll bury these fellows to-night.

ALBERT. Yes, let's.

SNIGGERS. The very thing.

BILL. And we'll all drink his health.

ALBERT. Good old Toffy.

SNIGGERS. He ought to have been a general or a premier. (*They get bottles from cupboard, etc.*)

THE TOFF. Well, we've earned our bit of a supper. (*They sit down.*)

BILL (*glass in hand*). Here's to old Toffy who guessed everything.

ALBERT and SNIGGERS. Good old Toffy.

BILL. Toffy who saved our lives and made our fortunes.

ALBERT and SNIGGERS. Hear. Hear.

THE TOFF. And here's to Bill, who saved me twice tonight.

BILL. Couldn't have done it but for your cleverness, Toffy.

SNIGGERS. Hear, hear. Hear, hear.

ALBERT. He foresees everything.

BILL. A speech, Toffy. A speech from our general.

ALL. Yes, a speech.

SNIGGERS. A speech.

THE TOFF. Well, get me some water. This whisky's too much for my head, and I must keep it clear till our friends are safe in the cellar.

BILL. Water. Yes, of course. Get him some water, Sniggers.

SNIGGERS. We don't use water here. Where shall I get it?

BILL. Outside in the garden. (*Exit SNIGGERS.*)

ALBERT. Here's to fortune. (*They all drink.*)

BILL. Here's to Albert Thomas, Esquire. (*He drinks.*)

THE TOFF. Albert Thomas, Esquire. (*He drinks.*)

ALBERT. And William Jones, Esquire.

THE TOFF. William Jones, Esquire. (*THE TOFF and ALBERT drink.*)

(*Re-enter SNIGGERS terrified.*)

THE TOFF. Hullo, here's Jacob Smith Esquire, J.P.,<sup>6</sup> alias Sniggers, back again.

SNIGGERS. Toffy, I've been a thinking

about my share in that ruby. I don't want it, Toffy, I don't want it.

THE TOFF. Nonsense, Sniggers, nonsense.

SNIGGERS. You shall have it, Toffy; you shall have it yourself, only say Sniggers has no share in this 'ere ruby. Say it, Toffy, say it.

BILL. Want to turn informer, Sniggers?

SNIGGERS. No, no. Only I don't want the ruby, Toffy . . .

THE TOFF. No more nonsense, Sniggers. We're all in together in this; if one hangs, we all hang; but they won't outwit me. Besides, it's not a hanging affair; they had their knives.

SNIGGERS. Toffy, Toffy, I always treated you fair, Toffy. I was always one to say, give Toffy a chance. Take back my share, Toffy.

THE TOFF. What's the matter? What are you driving at?

SNIGGERS. Take it back, Toffy.

THE TOFF. Answer me, what are you up to?

SNIGGERS. I don't want my share any more.

BILL. Have you seen the police?  
(*ALBERT pulls out his knife.*)

THE TOFF. No, no knives, Albert.

ALBERT. What then?

THE TOFF. The honest truth in open court, barring the ruby. We were attacked.

SNIGGERS. There's no police.

THE TOFF. Well, then, what's the matter?

BILL. Out with it.

SNIGGERS. I swear to God . . .

ALBERT. Well?

THE TOFF. Don't interrupt.

SNIGGERS. I swear I saw something *what I didn't like*.

THE TOFF. What you didn't like?

SNIGGERS (*in tears*). O Toffy, Toffy, take it back. Take my share. Say you take it.

<sup>6</sup> J. P., Justice of the Peace—used satirically by the Toff.

THE TOFF. What has he seen?

(Dead silence only broken by SNIGGERS' sobs. Then stony steps are heard. Enter a hideous IDOL. It is blind and gropes its way. It gropes its way to the ruby and picks it up and screws it into a socket in the forehead.)

SNIGGERS still weeps softly; the rest stare in horror. The IDOL steps out, not groping. Its steps move off, then stop.)

THE TOFF. O great heavens.

ALBERT (in a childish, plaintive voice). What is it, Toffy?

BILL. Albert, it is that obscene idol (in a whisper) come from India.

ALBERT. It is gone.

BILL. It has taken its eye.

SNIGGERS. We are saved.

OFF, A VOICE (with outlandish accent). Meestaire William Jones, Able Seaman.

(THE TOFF has never spoken, never moved. He only gazes stupidly in horror.)

BILL. Albert, Albert, what is this? (He rises and walks out. One moan is heard. SNIGGERS goes to window. He falls back sickly.)

ALBERT (in a whisper). What has happened?

SNIGGERS. I have seen it. I have seen it, O I have seen it. (He returns to table.)

THE TOFF (laying his hand very gently on SNIGGERS' arm, speaking softly and winningly). What was it, Sniggers?

SNIGGERS. I have seen it.

ALBERT. What?

SNIGGERS. O.

VOICE. Meestaire Albert Thomas, Able Seaman.

ALBERT. Must I go, Toffy? Toffy, must I go?

SNIGGERS (clutching him). Don't move.

ALBERT (going). Toffy, Toffy. (Exit.)

VOICE. Meestaire Jacob Smith, Able Seaman.

SNIGGERS. I can't go, Toffy. I can't go. I can't do it. (He goes.)

VOICE. Meestaire Arnold Everett Scott-Fortescue, late Esquire, Able Seaman.

THE TOFF. I did not foresee it. (Exit.)

## CURTAIN

## CLASS DISCUSSIONS

1. Why are these men alone in the inn? What is the past history of the group? What opinions do the sailors express concerning the Toff? Where do you learn his plan?

2. Pick out three or four of the tensest moments in the play. Which contains the greatest surprise for you? Why did the Toff's clever plan fail?

3. The class will wish to get better acquainted with this famous author. His best known one-act plays will be found in *Five Plays* (1914) and *Plays of Gods and Men* (1917). His short stories contain the same combination of the romantic and the grotesque. Try *A Dreamer's Tales* (1910) and *Book of Wonder* (1916).

(For suggested activities see page 805.)

## From CAVALCADE\*

NOEL COWARD

[Below are four episodes from Noel Coward's pageant of British life from 1899 to 1930 (see page 738). These four scenes represent the culminating incidents in the lives of the middle class family of Robert Marryot and his wife Jane, now in their early sixties. In the first scene, p. 800, their younger son is leaving for the front toward the close of the First World War. He has not told his mother that he has fallen in love with Fanny Bridges, the daughter of the Marryots' former butler and parlormaid, Bridges and Ellen. Fanny has become a popular dancer in musical comedies.]

\* From *Cavalcade*, by Noel Coward, copyright, 1931, 1932, reprinted by permission from Doubleday, Doran & Company, Inc.

## PART TWO, SCENE IX

*Principals:* JANE MARRYOT

JOE MARRYOT

SCENE: *A railway station. The station is foggy and very dimly lit on account of air raids. The ticket barrier can be vaguely discerned and beyond it, the back of a train. Just above the barrier a lamp shines downwards partially illuminating a recruiting poster. On the right is an empty platform, but there are people moving about on it, and several Red Cross orderlies and nurses. There is a crowd of people, mostly women, clustered around the left barrier—occasionally a door in the train opens and a shaft of light falls on to the platform.*

TIME: *About 11 p.m., Tuesday, October 22nd, 1918.*

*A crowd of soldiers comes on from the left, wearing full equipment. They are greeted by some of the women. Presently a Sergeant enters, and after their good-bys have been said, the Sergeant gets them in line and marches them through on to the platform, where they can be seen getting into the train.*

(JANE and JOE come on from the left.)

JOE (*breathlessly*). Whew! I thought we were going to miss it, didn't you, mum?

JANE. Yes.

JOE. Not much time for long good-bys, darling.

JANE. I know. I'm glad, really—aren't you?

JOE. Yes. I never know what to say.

JANE. I'm almost hardened to it by now. This has happened so often.

JOE. Dearest mum, you are marvelous. You never make a fuss.

JANE. Don't be too sweet to me, Joey; I don't want to disgrace you, to behave badly.

JOE. You couldn't behave badly.

JANE. How funny! Do you know that Robert said that to me years and years ago. I must be very dull and unimaginative to be so reserved. It was

the Boer War, then. This is very, very different.

(*A whistle blows. Joe takes Jane in his arms.*)

JOE. Good-by darling.

JANE. Good-by, darling—take care of yourself.

(*JOE rushes through the barrier and jumps into the train just as it starts to move. JANE stands under the lamp looking after him. Two or three of the women at the barrier burst into loud sobbing; some soldiers in the train start singing. A big, steaming locomotive comes slowly to a standstill at the right-hand platform. Almost immediately Red Cross orderlies begin to walk off the platform, carrying wounded men on stretchers.*

*JANE stands watching them; her face is quite expressionless. Then with a trembling hand she takes a cigarette out of her bag and lights it. The lights fade.*)

## SCENE X

*Principals:* JANE MARRYOT

ELLEN BRIDGES

GLADYS (*a parlormaid*)

SCENE: *The drawing-room of a London house. The decoration of the room has changed slightly with the years, but not to any marked extent. It looks very much the same as it has always looked.*

TIME: *About 11 a.m., Monday, November 11, 1918.*

*As the lights go up on the scene, a PARLOR-MAID shows ELLEN into the room. ELLEN has certainly changed with the years. She is very well dressed, almost smart.*

GLADYS. Her Ladyship will be down in a moment, madam.

ELLEN. Thanks.

(*GLADYS goes out. ELLEN wanders about the room. There is a photograph of EDWARD on the table, and also one of JOE. She looks at them both and sighs.*

*JANE enters.*)

JANE. Ellen! Gladys said Mrs.

Bridges, but I couldn't believe it was you.

ELLEN. I just thought I'd call. It's rather important, as a matter of fact.

JANE. Do sit down. I'm delighted to see you again.

ELLEN. Thanks. (*She sits down.*)

JANE. How's Fanny?

ELLEN. Oh, very well. She's in "Over the Moon," now, you know.

JANE. Yes. I went the other night. She was splendid, I felt very proud to know her.

ELLEN. It's about her I've come to see you, really.

JANE. Oh! Well?

ELLEN. It's—it's—er—rather difficult.

JANE. What is it? What on earth is the matter?

ELLEN. About her and Master—her and Joe.

JANE. Joe?

ELLEN. Yes. They've been—well—er—to put it frankly, if you know what I mean, they've been having an affair.

JANE. My Joe?

ELLEN. Yes—your Joe. His last two leaves he spent a lot of time with Fanny.

JANE (*slowly*). Oh, I see.

ELLEN. I wouldn't have come to see you about it at all, only I think Fanny's very upset about it, and now that the war's over—or almost over, that is—and he'll be coming home—I thought—

JANE (*coldly*). What did you think?

ELLEN. Well, I thought they ought to get married.

JANE. Does Fanny want to marry him?

ELLEN. No—er—not exactly. That is—I haven't talked about it to her. She doesn't know I know.

JANE. How do you know?

ELLEN. I found a letter from him—

JANE. And you read it?

ELLEN. Yes—it's here. I've brought it with me. (*She fumbles in her bag.*)

JANE. I don't wish to see it, thank you.

ELLEN. I only brought it because—

JANE (*cutting ELLEN short*). Is Fanny in any sort of trouble?

ELLEN. Oh, no. Nothing like that.

JANE (*rising*). Then I think we'd better leave it until Joe comes home. Then he and Fanny can decide what they wish to do.

ELLEN (*also rising*). I—I didn't mean to upset you.

JANE. I'm not in the least upset.

ELLEN. It's been on my mind—it's been worrying me to death.

JANE. I think you should have spoken to Fanny before you came to me. I never interfere with my son's affairs.

ELLEN. Well, I'm sure I'm very sorry.

JANE. Please don't let's discuss it any further. Good-by, Ellen.

ELLEN. I suppose you imagine my daughter isn't good enough to marry your son; if that's the case, I can assure you you're very much mistaken. Fanny's received everywhere; she knows all the best people.

JANE. How nice for her; I wish I did.

ELLEN. Things aren't what they used to be, you know—it's all changing.

JANE. Yes, I see it is.

ELLEN. Fanny's at the top now; she's having the most wonderful offers.

JANE. Oh, Ellen!

ELLEN. What is it?

JANE. I'm so very, very sorry.

ELLEN. I don't know what you mean.

JANE. Yes, you do—inside, you must. Something seems to have gone out of all of us, and I'm not sure I like what's left. Good-by, Ellen.

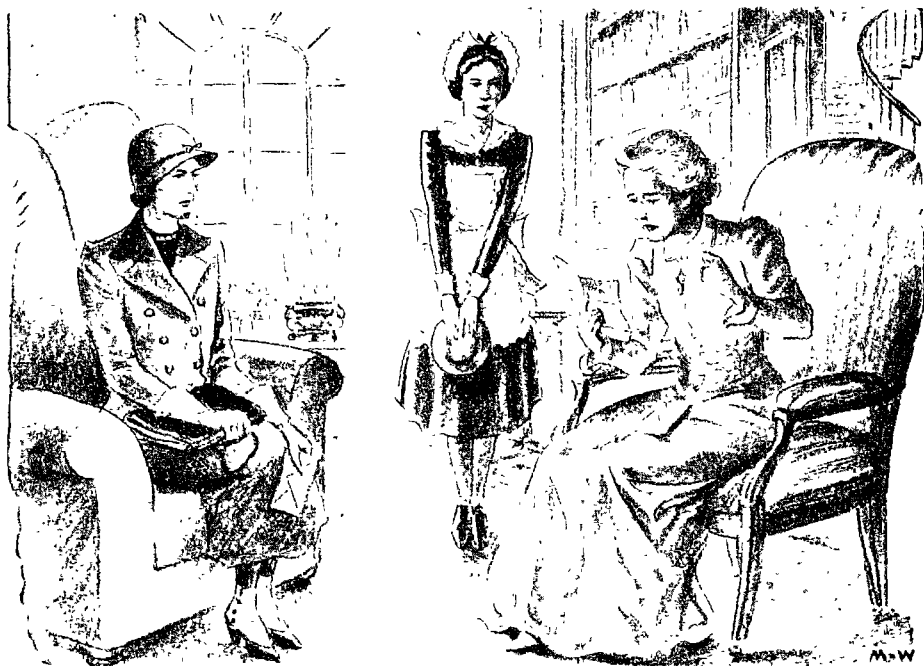
(GLADYS enters with a telegram. JANE takes telegram.)

Excuse me, will you. (*She opens it and reads it, and then says in a dead voice.*) There's no answer, Gladys.

GLADYS (*excitedly*). It's all over, milady—it's eleven o'clock—the maroons<sup>1</sup> are going off.

<sup>1</sup> *maroons*, boxes exploded by a fuse and making a sound like a cannon.





"THERE'S NO ANSWER, GLADYS."

JANE. Thank you, Gladys, that will do.

GLADYS. Yes, milady.

(GLADYS goes out. JANE stands holding the telegram. She sways slightly.)

ELLEN. What is it? What's happened? Oh, my God!

JANE. You needn't worry about Fanny and Joe any more, Ellen. He won't be able to come back after all, because he's dead. (She crumples up and falls to the ground.)

(Maroons can be heard in the distance and people cheering. The lights fade.)

## SCENE XI

Principal: JANE MARRYOT

SCENE: Trafalgar Square.

TIME: 11 p.m., Monday, November 11th, 1918.

(Before the scene begins JANE appears far upstage in a pool of light. Her hat has been pushed on to one side, her clothes look disheveled, and her handbag hangs on her arm wide open. Twined round her neck and over her hat are colored paper streamers. She holds in her left hand a large painted wooden rattle, in her right hand a red-white-and-blue paper squeaker. Her face is dead white and quite devoid of expression.)

The lights go up. JANE can be seen threading her way like a sleepwalker through dense crowds of cheering, yelling people. They push her and jostle her. One man blows a long squeaking paper tongue into her face. There is a motor bus festooned with people and a Rolls-Royce and one or two taxis and a handsome cab, all equally burdened with screaming humanity. They move at a snail's pace. JANE finally arrives downstage under a lamp-post in the center. She stands there cheering wildly, with the tears rolling down her face. The lights dim, and the yelling crowds fade

*away. JANE is left, still cheering and occasionally brandishing the rattle and blowing the squeaker. But she can't be heard at all because the full strength of the orchestra is playing "Land of Hope and Glory.")*

END OF PART TWO

### PART THREE—SCENE I

*Principals:* ROBERT MARRYOT  
JANE MARRYOT  
MARGARET HARRIS  
(*Mrs. Marryot's sister*)

*SCENE:* Drawing-room of a London house.  
*TIME:* 11:45 p.m., Tuesday, December 31st, 1929.

(*MARGARET and JANE, both old women, are sitting by the fire. MARGARET is very made up, with dyed hair. JANE's hair is white. MARGARET is wearing a colored evening gown. JANE is in black.*)

MARGARET. I assure you he's the most marvelous man I've ever met. I'd never go to another doctor in the world. He has the most wonderful touch—he's completely cured me, and anyhow the hotel is divine. It's really more a Hydro<sup>2</sup> really, although, thank God, not in the English sense. You can eat what you like and do what you like—

JANE. And what do you like?

MARGARET (*laughing*). Enjoying myself.

JANE. And you do?

MARGARET. Certainly I do.

JANE. Good!

MARGARET. Jane, dear, you really are hopeless.

JANE. I refuse to be jostled, Margaret. I'm perfectly comfortable where I am, without going gallivanting about the Continent taking cures for ailments I haven't got.

MARGARET. How do you know you haven't got any ailments?

JANE. Because I'm sane and active, and as strong as a horse. So is Robert. We've both outstayed our welcome, that's the only thing that's wrong with us.

MARGARET. I don't see any sense in sitting waiting for the grave.

JANE. I'm not waiting for anything. I have a perfectly good time. You're not the only one who enjoys yourself. I go to the Opera. I go to theaters, I go to the Zoo, and, I must say, so far I've found the Zoo infinitely the most entertaining.

MARGARET. Dearest Jane—you really are amazing!

(*ROBERT enters. His hair is also white, but he is otherwise hale and hearty.*)

ROBERT. It's nearly time.

MARGARET. Good heavens, I must fly. I wouldn't interfere with your little ritual<sup>3</sup> for the world.

JANE. You wouldn't interfere—you're an old friend.

MARGARET (*kissing JANE*). That's very sweet, Jane, but all the same I must go. I promised I'd be at the Embassy at eleven-thirty. Good night, dear. Good night, Robert. No, don't see me down—the car's outside, isn't it?

ROBERT. Yes, it's been there for a long while.

MARGARET. Happy New Year to you both. Remember you're both dining with me on Thursday.

ROBERT. Good night, Margaret—same to you.

(*MARGARET goes out. ROBERT goes over to JANE.*)

Did Franklin bring the champagne up?

JANE. Yes, it's by the table.

ROBERT. Good!

<sup>2</sup> *Hydro*, a health resort built round mineral springs.

<sup>3</sup> *ritual*, seeing in the New Year, an annual event in the Marryot home as the play shows in its first scene.

JANE. Well, Robert—here we go again.

ROBERT. I believe you laugh at me inside—for my annual sentimental outburst.

JANE. No, dear, I don't laugh at you.

ROBERT. One more year behind us.

JANE. One more year before us.

ROBERT. It seems incredible, doesn't it? Here we are in this same room!

JANE. Yes. I've hated it for years.

ROBERT. Do you want to move?

JANE. Of course not.

ROBERT. We might have some new curtains.

JANE. We have, dear.

ROBERT. So we have! I never noticed.

JANE. They've only been up a week.

ROBERT. They look very nice.

JANE. Dear Robert. (*She pats ROBERT's hand.*) What toast have you in mind for tonight—something gay and original, I hope?

ROBERT. Just our old friend—the future. The Future of England.

JANE. It's starting—the champagne, quick!

(ROBERT gets a champagne bottle out of the bucket and struggles with it. JANE opens the window.)

ROBERT. I can't get the thing open.

JANE. Let me try.

ROBERT (*doing it*). There!

(JANE holds the glasses. ROBERT fills the glasses. Meanwhile the chimes and sirens are beginning outside.)

JANE (*holding up her glass*). First of all, my dear, I drink to you. Loyal and loving always. (*She drinks.*) Now, then, let's couple the future of England with the past of England. The glories and victories and triumphs that are over, and the sorrows that are over, too. Let's drink to our sons who made part of the pattern and to our hearts that died with them. Let's drink to the spirit of gallantry and courage that made a

strange Heaven out of unbelievable Hell, and let's drink to the hope that one day this country of ours, which we love so much, will find dignity and greatness and peace again.

(*They both lift their glasses and drink as the lights fade.*)

CURTAIN

#### CLASS DISCUSSIONS

*Part Two, Scene ix.* 1. What story is told in the dialogue? What feelings does this story raise in you?

2. What story is suggested by the spectacle? Does it foreshadow any coming events?

3. Compare this picture of World War I with that in "The War and Mr. Britling," page 708. Do you think the difference is due to the literary forms (fiction and drama)? Or to the periods in the war (beginning and end)? Or to the points of view of the authors?

*Scene x.* 1. What difference in attitude toward their children do Jane and her former maid betray in the interview? Would Jane ever have read without permission a letter to her son? Which of the mothers do you like better? Give full reasons.

2. (a) What hints of social changes does the scene contain? What attitude does each woman disclose about such changes? (b) How far did such social changes go by the time of World War II? (c) Could this scene happen in America? Give reasons.

*Scene xi.* What story does the spectacle tell? Why, in your opinion, does the playwright introduce no dialogue?

*Part Three, Scene i.* 1. (a) Why is Margaret critical of her sister? Do you share her opinion? (b) What reflection do you find of English middle class life in the Twenties?

2. What qualities of Jane are revealed in her toast? What is the most moving or affecting part of it?

3. How does this scene close the story? Why was it received by English audiences with tremendous applause?

### INDIVIDUAL AND GROUP ACTIVITIES

1. The best way to enjoy the three dramas on pages 779-804 is to act them out before the class. If time does not permit acting the full play, the class should select by discussion and vote a passage from each for class presentation. For each passage there should be chosen a cast and a stage manager.

(a) From *The Ugly Duckling* take the most amusing scene, which should be played with enough exaggeration to bring out the laughable elements in dialogue and situation.

(b) From *A Night at an Inn* select the most imaginative and impressive situation. The stage manager should see that the acting brings out the atmosphere.

(c) From *Cavalcade* select a scene in which dialogue tells the story. Stage business will give reality to the scene, but the voices must convey the sentiment.

(d) After the presentations the audience might give opinions on the merits and shortcomings in the acting, and also on the question as to which passage was the most interesting when acted.

2. An interesting report might compare *A Night at an Inn* with *Macbeth*. Both are imaginative plays, but they differ in the use of the supernatural element, the types of character, and the theme. The report should explain and illustrate these differences.

3. As you observe from two of these specimens, the one-act play is a form of drama corresponding to the short story in fiction: it develops a single situation.

(a) Compare *The Ugly Duckling* or *A Night at an Inn* as it would be presented on the stage with any one of the short stories on pages 664-713. How do the two forms of storytelling differ in the notion you get of the setting and of the characters? In which are the events more interesting to follow? This comparison should be worked out into a paper or address.

(b) Several members of the class would find interest in dramatizing a short story. Some of the short stories in this volume

(pages 664-713) might be used, but more variety would be attained if each member sought a story elsewhere, possibly from the titles listed on page 725. From the one-act plays thus submitted, a class committee should select one or more for acting before the class.

### A READING LIST

The best way to extend your acquaintance with drama is to read anthologies or collections of plays, since they provide a good deal of variety between two covers. A list of useful titles follows.

Brennan, Frederick Haslitt, *The Wookey* (1941). This comedy is included here because it pictures amusingly the significance of the London populace during the blitzkrieg of 1940.

Canfield, Curtis, *Plays of the Irish Renaissance*, 1880-1930. The collection contains both long and short plays.

Carroll, Paul Vincent, *Plays for My Children*. These seven short plays come from a very successful Irish dramatist.

Clark, Barrett H., *Representative One-Act Plays by British and Irish Authors*. Twenty well-selected plays.

Marriott, J. W., *Best One-Act Plays of—*. An annual collection of the best British one-act plays. The collection starts with plays for the year 1931.

Marriott, J. W., *Great Modern British Plays*. Nineteen plays which well illustrate important aspects of twentieth century drama.

Marriott, J. W., *One-Act Plays of Today*. Five volumes, giving every type of one-act play.

Milne, Alan Alexander, *Four Plays*. These longer plays, full of humor and sentiment, are not too difficult to act.

Moses, Montrose J., *Representative British Dramas*. This volume covers the nineteenth and twentieth centuries.

Watson, E. Bradlee, and Pressey, Benfield, *English and Irish Plays*. The two volumes cover the twentieth century drama both short and long.

## A REVIEW OF PART SIX

1. An interesting review would focus attention on the two world wars in this century. (a) One program would consist of readings from selections and books referred to in the reading lists. A passage chosen for this purpose should be vivid enough to hold the attention of the audience. The person submitting it should explain why he chose it; acceptable reasons would be its value as literature, or its significance as a reflection of war conditions, influences, or ideals. (b) Another program might be devoted to the question, "Did these wars produce greater literature than the years of peace?" A comparison might be drawn between the influence of these wars and of the Napoleonic wars (see pages 608-609).

2. One recitation may be turned into a game if each member of the class will impersonate a separate author. The teacher or a small committee would hand to each pupil a slip bearing the name of a twentieth century writer in order that there may be no duplications. The student, on receiving the name, will frame in a sentence or two the most exact description he can. For example, the description for Sir Max Beerbohm might run, "I have been accused of being conceited because I think my books are so witty and well written." At the next meeting of the class the student representing Sir Max will proceed to the front of the room, speak (or read) the description, and call on members of the class to state the author's name and give a reason for supposing the answer to be right. If no one can give the name, the student at the front will then defend the accuracy of the statement. If the game proves interesting, it may be continued until all names have been covered.

3. An entertaining program would consist of addresses by the enthusiasts of the class. A suitable title for the talk would be "My Favorite Contemporary Author."

The committee in charge should secure speakers for as many of the following kinds of authors as the class can supply: essayist, biographer, short-story writer, novelist, poet, dramatist.

Among the points to include in the address are: a short sketch of the author's life, a discussion of some one book of his to show why the speaker likes him, some indication of how the author reflects the twentieth century, and a recommendation of other books for the class to read. The purpose of the talk would be to get others to share the speaker's enthusiasm.

4. Debate the question: "Is twentieth century writing prevailingly realistic or romantic?" The two teams should first agree on definitions of the two terms in the question. Each speaker would then choose essay, fiction, poetry, or some other type of writing for his speech in the debate until the field of twentieth century literature is covered, and in the speech show why realism or romance seems uppermost in that type of writing. After the formal debate has been held, other members of the class should be asked to express their views.

5. From a reading of the history chapters draw up a list of the new developments in the twentieth century, such as biography and the biographical play. For each new development a speaker should report on some specimen. For biography an excellent choice would be *G. B. S., A Full-Length Portrait*, by Hesketh Pearson. It is not only the best life of George Bernard Shaw, witty enough to match the wittiness of its subject, but a distinguished piece of biographical writing. *Abraham Lincoln* by John Drinkwater is one of the best biographical plays on either side of the Atlantic. For each development show how the new type of treatment adds to our understanding or enjoyment of literature and life.

## THE CONTEMPORARY PERIOD (1901- )

1840	1860	1880	1900	1920	1940
(1837)	Victoria		1901 Edward VII	1910 George V	Edward VIII Jan. 1936 George VI Dec. 1936
1841	W. H. Hudson			1922	
	1856 G. B. Shaw				
	1857 Joseph Conrad			1924	
	1860 J. M. Barrie				1937
	1865 W. B. Yeats				1939
	1865 Rudyard Kipling				1935
	1866 H. G. Wells				(1946)
	1867 John Galsworthy				1933
	1867 Arnold Bennett				1931
	1870 Hilaire Belloc				
	1871 J. M. Synge		1909		
	1872 Max Beerholm				
	1873 H. M. Tomlinson				
	1874 G. K. Chesterton				1936
	1878 John Masefield				
	1880 Alfred Noyes				
	1880 Lytton Strachey				1932
	1882 A. A. Milne				
	1888 Katherine Mansfield			1923	
	1888 T. S. Eliot				
	1889 Philip Guedalla				
	1896 A. J. Cronin				
	1899 Noel Coward				
	1907 W. H. Auden				

## Interesting Dates

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| 1895. Conrad's first novel, <i>Almayer's Folly</i> , published. | 1921. Strachey's <i>Queen Victoria</i> published.           |
| 1908. Bennett's <i>Old Wives' Tale</i> published.               | 1922. Galsworthy's <i>Forsyte Saga</i> published.           |
| 1910. Noyes's <i>Collected Poems</i> published.                 | 1922. Katherine Mansfield's <i>Garden Party</i> published.  |
| 1911. Power of veto of the House of Lords abolished.            | 1923. Shaw's <i>St. Joan</i> produced.                      |
| 1914. The First World War breaks out, ending in 1918.           | 1939. The Second World War begins, ending in 1945.          |
| 1919. Masefield's <i>Reynard the Fox</i> published.             | 1940. Masefield's <i>The Nine Days Wonder</i> published.    |
| 1920. Wells's <i>Outline of History</i> published.              | 1948. Publication of Winston Churchill's war memoirs begun. |

## A FINAL REVIEW

1. The history of English literature may be reviewed from the point of view of several kinds of books that have been written in age after age. For example, narrative poetry might be traced from *Beowulf* (page 15) to *Reynard the Fox* (page 757). The differences in the subjects chosen for narrative poetry and in the way the story is told may be traced from period to period, with illustrative passages read or quoted to make clear the changes discussed.

Other particularly interesting forms of literature to follow in this way are drama, the novel, the short story, biography, lyric poetry, and the essay. You will gain help in tracing the development of a type by consulting the Index of Types.

2. One of the continuing interests in English literature has been character. It would be very much worth while to pick out in each age the most striking or representative character, such as *Beowulf* in Anglo-Saxon times and Soames Forsyte in the twentieth century. If a separate student or group of students took each age, the resulting themes would form a very interesting interpretation of the literary history of England. The essays might be bound as a class book or read as numbers on a program for class discussion.

3. One of the purposes of your high-school education is to develop interests that will stay with you in later years. Think of the features or parts of English literature as presented in this volume which you would like to pursue farther. Perhaps you would like to read a good deal more of Chaucer, or you find drama particularly fascinating to read, watch, or act. Each member of the class might write of these hopes for adding to his culture and enjoyment of life. The introduction to the theme should show how the interest

was awakened during the study of English literature, and the conclusion should discuss how the hopes can be realized in the not too distant future. The best themes might open the eyes of other members of the class to possibilities to be realized in exploring literature further.

4. One of the chief advantages of study is that it gives you an acquaintance with conceptions which are entirely new to you yet which are important in your thinking. Now that you have got to the end of your first survey of English literature, think of the important ideas that have been brought to your attention; for example, have you gained a new notion of the nature of the change brought into English life by the Renaissance or of the reasons why Shakespeare is considered our greatest author or of how the novel became the most popular form of storytelling? These personal experiences or discoveries might form the basis for a series of talks to the class; the speaker should answer any questions which the other students wish to ask about the importance of these ideas.

5. Only a hypocritical student would say that he thoroughly enjoyed every author and every type of writing appearing in this volume. It may easily happen that some students positively dislike some selections. A useful theme might be entitled, "Authors (or books) I hope never to read again." The basis for this hope should be clearly explained, for every selection in *Literature and Life in England* is considered by critics to be one of the best of its kind, and many of them have been prized by several generations of readers. Nevertheless, the student is to present his own views honestly and fearlessly. If the themes are read in class, they should arouse very lively discussion concerning what reading is valuable and what is not.

## INDEX OF SPECIAL TERMS

Following the definition of each term are references (in parentheses) to the page or pages on which the term is used.

- ACCENT.** In general, stress or emphasis on a syllable. In most verse the words and syllables are so arranged as to bring the accented syllables at recurrent intervals, thus producing that regularity of sound and movement which is called meter. (52, 169) *See also* Meter, Rhythm.
- ALEXANDRINE.** A line of verse having six feet. (254) *See* Foot.
- ALLEGORY.** Explained, 95. (195, 200, 235, 337, 438)
- ALLITERATION.** The repetition of initial consonants, as in "Blown buds of barren flowers." The device is common in poetry and adds to the musical sound of the verse. (559)
- ANAPAESTIC HEXAMETER.** Verse in which six accents occur in a line, each accented or stressed syllable being preceded by two unstressed syllables. An *anapaest* is a foot of verse made up of two unaccented syllables followed by one accented syllable, as in "tǒ rǐtǔrn." (581)
- ANAPAESTIC TETRAMETER.** Verse in which four accents occur in a line, each accented or stressed syllable being preceded by two unstressed syllables. (581) *For definition of "anapaest" see* Anapaestic hexameter.
- ANTITHESIS.** A striking contrast of words or ideas, as "*Bankrupt* of life, yet *prodigal* of ease." (231, 240, 259, 351)
- APOSTROPHE.** A figure of speech (*see* Imagery) in which the writer addresses a person or an object, which may or may not be present. (405)
- BALANCE.** Equality in the wording of two phrases or sentences, as "*For talking age and whispering lovers made.*" (351)
- BLANK VERSE.** Verse without rime, usually iambic pentameter. (80, 168, 214, 240, 569) *See* Iambic pentameter.
- CADENCE.** The rhythmical sound of prose or verse when read. (200, 732) *See* Rhythm.
- CLIMAX.** The point in a verse or prose narrative at which the story reaches its highest pitch of interest. (64, 604, 772, 778)
- CONFLICT.** Explained, 99. (168, 792)
- COUPLET.** Two consecutive lines of verse that rime with each other, as:  
"For thy sweet love remembered, such  
wealth *brings*  
That then I scorn to change my state  
with *kings*."  
(52, 89, 91, 232, 302, 422, 772) *See also* Heroic Couplet.
- DACTYLIC TETRAMETER.** Verse in which four accents occur in a line, each accented syllable being followed by two unaccented syllables. A *dactyl* is a foot composed of a stressed syllable followed by two unstressed syllables, as in the word "fǒrtǔnǎte." (581)
- DICTION.** A writer's choice of words to express his ideas and, especially in poetry, to heighten the beauty of their expression. (28, 173, 209, 334, 359, 364, 405)
- DIDACTIC.** A term used to describe a piece of writing intended to teach a lesson or point out a moral. (333, 340)
- EPIGRAM.** A brief poem or saying that wittily or satirically makes a single point. (240, 349)
- FIGURE OF SPEECH.** *See* Imagery.
- FOOT.** The metrical unit of verse, consisting usually of one stressed syllable and either one or two unstressed syllables. The commonest two-syllable feet are the *iambus* ( ~ / ) and the *trochee* ( / ~ ). The commonest three-syllable feet are the *anapaest* ( ~ ~ / ) and the *dactyl* ( / ~ ~ ). (169)
- FREE VERSE.** Explained, 604.



- HEROIC COUPLET.** A couplet written in iambic pentameter (*see* Couplet and iambic pentameter). In satiric verse using this form, there is usually a distinct pause at the end of the line, each couplet expressing a complete thought, as "Be not the first by whom the new are tried,  
Nor yet the last to lay the old aside."  
The heroic couplet was used in narrative verse by Chaucer and became the dominant verse form during the "reign of form" in the days of Dryden and Pope. (52, 240, 254, 351, 437)
- IAMBIC PENTAMETER.** Verse in which five accents occur in a line, each accented or stressed syllable being preceded by an unstressed syllable. An *iambus* is composed of an unstressed syllable followed by a stressed syllable, as in the word "compél." (52, 168, 207)
- IMAGERY.** A mental image is the impression, carried in the mind, of something we have experienced, as of the shape, color, taste, or fragrance of an apple. Images of things seen may be called visual; images of sounds heard, auditory; and so on of the other senses. Poets in particular employ imagery to make their writings vivid and real. Milton (page 202) speaks of walking "By hedgerow elms, on hillocks green" to suggest the beauty of the surroundings. Poets also create imagery to make their thought or feeling clearer to us or more forceful. Milton (page 202), in order to give us his feeling about the sunrise, speaks of it as if the sun were a gorgeous monarch:  
"Where the great Sun begins his state,  
Robed in flames and amber light,  
The clouds in thousand liveries dight."  
Such a created image is called a *figure of speech*. (91, 209, 225, 405, 604, 731, 777)
- IRONY.** The use of words to express the opposite of what they apparently mean. Irony is a form of satire. (26, 443, 769, 772) *See* Satire.
- KENNING.** Explained, 15. (21)
- MEASURE.** *See* Meter.
- METAPHOR.** A figure of speech (*see* Imagery) in which one object is said to be another, as when Shakespeare says that love "is the star to every wandering bark." (91, 102)
- METER.** The way in which syllables are arranged in verse so that the accent or stress falls at regular intervals. The unit of measurement in verse is the foot. (64, 173, 207, 254, 581, 604) *See also* Accent and Foot.
- OCTAVE.** Explained, 88. (91, 209, 767, 772, 778)
- ODE.** *See* Index of Types, page 812.
- PERSONIFICATION.** In the figure of speech (*see* Imagery) called personification life is given to some inanimate object or abstraction, as when Pope says that the Thames River "with pride surveys his rising towers." (388)
- QUATRAIN.** Explained, 89. (91, 359, 586)
- REALISM, REALISTIC.** Terms indicating the quality of any piece of literature which acquaints the reader with real life, its manners, customs, characters, and problems. (83, 104, 172, 173, 175, 179, 298, 311, 512, 550, 598, 657, 658, 699, 728, 742, 746, 769, 774, 806)
- REFRAIN.** A phrase or verse that is repeated in a lyric or ballad. (6, 58, 85, 604)
- RHYTHM.** In the wide sense, the effect produced by regularity of accent or stress in prose or poetry. In verse the accent comes at regular intervals. In prose the stresses are separated by a varying number of unstressed syllables, but the effect is musical and harmonious. (82, 173, 175, 225, 388, 405, 581, 604, 732) *See* Accent and Meter.
- RIME.** Correspondence of sound, usually at the ends of lines of verse. The sound of the final syllable or syllables must be the same, but not necessarily the spelling. (52, 88, 91, 209, 559)
- RIME-ROYAL.** Verse in which each stanza contains seven ten-syllable iambic lines, riming *ababbcc*. (603)
- RIME-SCHEME.** The system of rimes used in a stanza or a poem. The first rime may be called *a*, the second *b*, the third *c*, etc. Thus a common ballad stanza of four lines riming alternately has the rime-scheme *abab*. (89, 91, 603)
- ROMANCE, ROMANTIC.** Terms indicating the quality of any piece of literature which takes the reader's mind away from ordi-

- nary life into a world that is picturesque, surprising, strange, adventurous, or otherwise alluring. (12, 13, 14, 24, 56, 65, 77, 95, 172, 173, 175, 179, 225, 379, 383, 384, 386, 390, 395, 412, 442, 448, 474, 513, 515, 516, 517, 558, 559, 591, 598, 699, 724, 728, 741, 746, 806) *See also* Romance in the *Index of Types of Literature*, page 812.
- RONDEAU. A complicated but pleasing lyric form originated in France. It has only two rimes, and usually is made up of thirteen lines plus a refrain after the eighth and thirteenth lines; this refrain is taken from the beginning of the first line. (604)
- SATIRE, SATIRICAL. Terms indicating the quality of any piece of literature which holds persons or things up to ridicule. (173, 259, 307, 387, 443, 473, 510, 596, 609, 613, 685, 733, 764, 767) *See also* Satire in the *Index of Types of Literature*, page 812.
- SESTET. Explained, 88. (89, 209, 767, 772, 778)
- SIMILE. A figure of speech (*see* Imagery) in which the comparison of one thing with another is definitely expressed: "The holy time is quiet as a nun, Breathless with adoration." (91)
- SONNET. Defined, 88. (73, 75, 82, 88, 173, 195, 207-208, 382, 393, 395-397, 430, 431, 556, 557, 582, 747, 763, 767, 768, 772, 778)
- SPENSERIAN STANZA. A stanza form invented by Edmund Spenser. It consists of nine lines (eight iambic pentameter and the last an Alexandrine), riming *ababbcbcc*. (77, 92, 387, 423)
- STANZA. A group of verses or lines of poetry. The stanza may represent a division of thought or mood, or it may be an arbitrary division in which a definite scheme of rime and meter is observed. (54, 58)
- TRILOGY. A group of three poems, stories, or other writings which together form a unified whole. 657, 658, 659)
- TROCHAIC. Verse in which the feet are trochees. A *trochee* consists of an accented syllable followed by an unstressed syllable, as in "fórest." (207)
- UNITY. Explained, 79. (102, 174)

## INDEX OF TYPES OF LITERATURE

This index lists the various types of literature taken up in this volume, with page references to the main discussion of these types as well as to the selections illustrating them. Titles of selections are given only when the page references alone do not sufficiently designate the selections.

- ADDRESS, 628. Selection: 628.
- ALLEGORY, 95-96, 200. Selections: 92, 214.
- AUTOBIOGRAPHY. *See* Biography and Diaries.
- BALLADS, 53-55, 58. Selections: 58-64.
- BIOGRAPHY, 305-306, 612-615. Selections: 318, 624. *See also* Diaries.
- DESCRIPTIVE POEMS, 33, 335, 351. Selections: 32, 351, 360, 366, 391, 762, 774 ("The Tailor"), 775 ("Silver").
- DIARIES, 223-224. Selection: 233. *See also* Biography.
- DIDACTIC POEMS, 333, 340. Selections: 253, 340. *See also* Reflective Poems.
- DRAMA, 77-78 (defined), 733-740.  
Biographical, 806.  
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Romance, dramatic, 109-110.  
Sentimental, 739. Selection: 799.  
Tragedy, 79-80, 104-105, 107-108, 111-112. Selections: 96, 111.  
*See also* Dramatic Monologue.
- DRAMATIC MONOLOGUE, 555, 577. Selections: 574 ("The Patriot"), 575, 577, 594.
- ELEGY, 354. The elegy is a meditative form of lyric poem, usually lamenting the death of a person; but it may merely express the poet's sense of melancholy. Selections: 354, 358, 411, 566, 568, 579 ("Tropisc").

- EPIC POETRY, 8, 197-199. Selections: 15, 209. *See also* Ballads, Literary Ballads, Mock-Heroic Poetry, and Narrative Poetry.
- ESSAYS, 177-178, 227-228, 446-448, 516, 609-612. Selections: 184, 186, 242, 246, 249, 455, 459, 631, 635, 639, 641, 646. *See also* Informative Articles.
- FABLE, 258. Selection: 258.
- IDYLL, 553 (defined). Selection: 561.
- INFORMATIVE ARTICLES, 471, 612. The informative article may be classified as an essay, but unlike the "personal essay," its aim is to convey information on a given subject. Selections: 479, 485, 488, 495, 499.
- LETTERS, 315, 316, 358. Selections: 315, 316, 358, 362, 375.
- LITERARY BALLADS, 64. Selections: 407, 413, 414 ("Jock of Hazeldean"), 433, 439 ("Hohenlinden"), 440 ("Song of the Western Men"), 564 ("The Beggar Maid"), 582 ("The Forsaken Merman"), 590, 600, 741 ("The Host of the Air"). *See also* Ballads.
- LYRIC POETRY, 82, 83, 88. Selections: A major proportion of English poetry is lyric. In *Literature and Life in England*, all poetry selections are lyrics unless listed in this index under the headings Allegory, Ballads, Dramatic Monologue, Epic Poetry, Fable, Idyll, Literary Ballads, Metrical Romance, and Narrative Poetry. *See also* Elegy and Ode.
- MASK, or MASQUE, 109 (defined).
- METRICAL ROMANCE, 13 (explained), 386.
- MOCK-HEROIC POETRY, 255. Poetry that apes the style and grandeur of the ancient epics with the purpose of holding some trivial modern subject up to ridicule. Selections: 255, 358.
- NARRATIVE POETRY, 6, 8, 54-55. Narrative poetry includes Allegories, Ballads, Dramatic Monologues, Epics, Fables, Idylls, Literary Ballads, and Metrical Romances. Selections: 15, 32, 46, 58-64, 92, 209, 258, 407, 413, 414 ("Jock of Hazeldean"), 433, 439 ("Hohenlinden"), 440, 561, 564, 570, 571, 574 ("The Patriot"), 575, 577, 582 ("The Forsaken Merman"), 587, 590, 594, 598 ("Gunga Din"), 600, 741 ("The Host of the Air"), 756, 757.
- NOVEL, 226-227, 298-302, 443-446, 508-517, 653-659, 661-663. Selections: 308, 312, 449, 518, 521, 525, 713, 717. *See also* Prose Romance.
- ODE, 240. A form of lyric poetry, elevated in subject matter, originally intended to be sung or chanted. Selections: 85 ("To the Virginian Voyage"), 236, 352, 374 ("Scots Wha Hae"), 400 ("Ode on Intimations of Immortality"), 420, 428, 434, 436, 441, 763 ("Chorus of the Working Women at Canterbury").
- ONE-ACT PLAYS. *See under* Drama.
- PROSE ROMANCE, 55-56. Selections: 65, 449, 530, 664, 685.
- REFLECTIVE POEMS, 201. Selections: 201, 204, 340, 397 ("Lines"), 411 ("Work without Hope"), 416-421, 743 ("What Then?"), 755, 776 ("Conversation"). *See also* Didactic Poems.
- ROMANCE, 55-56, 443, 445-446, 508, 512, 516-517, 652, 653-654, 655. *For selections see* Metrical Romance and Prose Romance.
- SATIRE, 224 (explained). Selections: 235, 255, 257, 260, 349, 596 ("The Policeman's Lot"), 764, 765 ("The Unknown Citizen"), 769 ("Does It Matter?").
- SHORT STORY, 652-653, 659-660. Selections: 530, 664, 671, 681, 685, 699, 708.
- SONNET, 88. Selections: 88-91, 207-209, 393-394 ("Personal Talk"), 395 ("Composed upon Westminster Bridge," "It Is a Beauteous Evening"), 396, 397 ("The World Is Too Much with Us"), 427 ("Ozymandias"), 430, 431 ("On the Sea"), 437, 574 ("Why I Am a Liberal"), 582 ("Sonnet XLIII"), 746, 763 ("Who's Who"), 768, 776 ("The Paisley Shawl").



Crécy (krāsē)  
 Crichton (kri'tən)  
 Crimea (kri'mē'ə or kri-mē'ə)  
 Critias (kri'tiəs)  
 Cronin (krō'nin)  
 Cuchulain (kū'hul'in)  
 Cymbeline (sim'bälēn)  
 Cynthia (sin'thiə)

Dalhem (däl'am)  
 Dante (dan'ti; Italian, dan'tā)  
 Darius (däri'əs)  
 Defoe (difō')  
 Deirdre (där'dre)  
 De la Mare (dələ'mār')  
 Delphi (del'fi)  
 Demeter (dimē'tər)  
 Demosthenes (di mos'thə-nēz)  
 Desdemona (dez'dimō'nə)  
 Dieppe (dēp')  
 Din Mahommed (dēn mäh'm'id)  
 Don Juan (don ju'an; Spanish, dōnhwān')  
 Donne (don or dun)  
 Dorian (dō'riən)  
 Dramatis personae (dram'ə-tis pərsō'nē)  
 Du Clos (düclō')  
 Duffell (dy'felt')  
 Dumfries (dumfrēs')  
 Dungeness (dunjnes')  
 Dunkirk (dun'kərk or dunkərk')  
 Dunsany (dənsā'ni)  
 Dunsinane (dun'sinān)  
 duodenum (dü'ōdē'nəm)  
 D'Urbervilles (dər'bər vilz)  
 Düsseldorf (dy'səl dōrf)

Eben Emael (ä'bən emäl')  
 Ecclefechan (ek'əl feh'än)  
 Ecgtheow (eg'thē ü)  
 Ecuador (ek'wədōr)  
 Edinburgh (ed'in bərə)  
 Egean (ējē'an)  
 Eglintoune (eg'lin tun)  
 El Dorado (eldōrə'dō)  
 Elia (ē'liə)  
 Eligius (elij'iəs)  
 Elizabethan (iliz'əbē'thən)  
 Emden (em'dən)  
 Endymion (endim'iən)  
 Eneydos (enē'idōs)  
 Eolus (ē'ōlās)  
 Ernst von Hohenlohe (ernst fōn hō'ən lö'ə)  
 escriptore (es' kri twär')  
 Etherage (eth'ərij)  
 Euclid (ü'klid)  
 Euganean (ūgā'niən)  
 Euphrates (ūfrā'tēz)  
 Euphrosyne (ūfros'inē)  
 Eure (ær)

Euripides (ūrip'idēz)  
 Eurydice (ūrid'isē)  
 Evelina (evəli'nə)  
 Faed (fäd)  
 Faerie Queene (fä'əri kwēn)  
 Falkirk (fōl'kərk)  
 Fatidicae (fätid'isē)  
 Faustus (fōs'təs)  
 Ferrara (ferä'rə)  
 Fiennes (fēenz')  
 Flamborough (flam'bərə)  
 Fleance (flē'əns)  
 Fleur (flær)  
 Fleur-de-lis (flær'dälē')  
 Flibbertigibbet (flib'ər ti-jib'it)  
 Fontenoy (fōntənwä')  
 Forres (fōr'is)  
 Forsythe Saga (fōr slt'sä'gə)  
 Fortescue (fōr'tiskū)  
 Frä Pandolf (frä pän'dōlf)  
 Froude (früd)

Gaelic (gä'lik)  
 Galsworthy (gōlz'wər'thi)  
 Galuppi (gä'lüp'pi)  
 Gawain (gä'win)  
 Genii (jē'ni)  
 Genoa (jen'ōə)  
 Geoffrey (jef'ri)  
 Gestapo (gəshtä'pō)  
 Ghent (gent)  
 Gorgione (jōrjō'nā)  
 Glamis (glāmz)  
 Gloucester (glos'tər)  
 Goethe (gōe'tə)  
 Golgotha (gol'gəthə)  
 Gorboduc (gōr'bōduk)  
 Göring (gōe'ring)  
 Granada (gränä'də)  
 Grande Armée (grän där-mä')  
 Graymalkin (grimäl'kin)  
 Greenwich (gren'ij)  
 Grenadier (gren'ədēr')  
 Grendel (gren'dəl)  
 Grizel (griz'əl)  
 Guayaquil (gwiäk'il')  
 Gudrun (gud'rün)  
 Guedalla (gwidal'ə)  
 Guido (gwē'dō)  
 Guinevere (gwin'ivər)  
 Gunga Din (güng'gə'dēn')  
 Gustavus Adolphus (gustä'vəs ədöl'fəs)  
 Guyon (gi'an)

Hakluyt (hak'lüt)  
 Halfdane (haf'dän)  
 Hamakua (hä'mä kü'ä)  
 Hamelin (ham'əlin)  
 Haole (hä'ōlä)  
 Haterius (hätēr'iəs)  
 Hautboy (hō'boi)  
 Hebe (hē'bi)

Hebrides (heb'ridēz)  
 Hecate (hek'əti)  
 Heinkel (hīng'kəl)  
 Helicé (hel'isä)  
 Helvellyn (helvel'in)  
 Heminig (hem'ing)  
 Heorot (hä'ərōt)  
 Herculean (hēr kü'liən or hēr kü'lē'an)  
 Hereward (her'iwərd)  
 Hermes (hēr'mēz)  
 Herr (her)  
 Hervé Riel (er vā'rēel')  
 Hiddekel (hid'ikel)  
 Hiki-ao-ao (hē'kiä'ōä'ō)  
 Hilcote (hil'kət)  
 Hilo (hē'lō)  
 Himalayas (himä'lə yəz or him'älä'əz)  
 Hohenlinden (hō'ən lin'dən)  
 Holinshed (hol'inzhed)  
 Holyhead (hol'ihed)  
 Honaunau (hōnū'nū)  
 Honig (hō'niht)  
 Hookena (hōkänä)  
 Ho-ti (hō'tē)  
 Housman (hous'mən)  
 Hoxne (hoks'ni)  
 Hrothgar (hrōth'gär)  
 Hut jao (hut jä'ō)  
 Hygelac (hig'äläk)  
 hymeneal (hī'mənē'al)  
 Hyperides (hī'pər'i'dēz)  
 Hyperion (hī'pər'iən)  
 Hyrcan (hēr'kən)  
 Hyrcania (hēr kän'niə)

Icarus (ik'əras)  
 Ichthyosauria (ik'thiōsō'riə)  
 Iliad (il'iəd)  
 Il Penseroso (il pen'sərō'sō)  
 Il Trovatore (əl trō'və tō'rä)  
 imprescient (imprē'shiənt)  
 Incas (ing'kəz)  
 ingenue (änzhāny')  
 In principio (in prinsip'iō)  
 Iseult (isült' or is'ült)  
 Isham (ish'əm)  
 Isis (i'sis)

Jacobite (jak'əbit)  
 Jacobo (jäkö'bō)  
 Jagai (jä'gi)  
 Jamshyd (jamshēd')  
 Jan Schuylenboeck (yän skoi'lən бүк)  
 Janus (jä'nəs)  
 Jarl (yäril)  
 Jekyll (jē'kil)  
 Jeremiah (jer'iml'ə)  
 Jermyn (jer'min)  
 Joan of Arc (jōn'əv ärk' or jōan'əv ärk')  
 Joris Hohlwerff (yō'ris hōl'vərf)  
 Jusserand (zhysrän')

Ka-Hale Nui (kā'hā'lā nū'ē)	Macaulay (mækō/li)	Nazi (nā'tsi)
Kahiki (kā'hē/kē)	Macbeth (mækbeth')	Nereid (nēr'iid)
Kailua (kā'elū'ā)	Macchiavelli (mā'kyāvel/lē)	Nigel (nī'jəl)
Kalaupapa (kalā'ū pā' pā)	Macedonia (masidō'niə)	Norweyan (nōrwā'en)
Kamal (kā'məl)	Mackaye (mækl')	Norwich (nor'ij)
Kanakas (kenak'əs)	Maenad (mē'nad)	Nostromo (nōstrō'mō)
karaka (kā'rā/kā)	Magdalen (mag'dälən)	novena (nōvē'nə)
Kau (kā'ū)	Maisrie (māsrē')	Novum Organum (nō'vəm ōr'gənəm)
Keawe (kā'ā'wā)	Malaprop (mal'əprop)	Oahu (ō'ā'hū)
Kemal (kem'al)	Malcolm (mal'kəm)	Och (uh)
Kempe (kemp)	Malkin (mō'kin)	Odyssey (od'isi)
Khoda Yar (kō'də yār')	Maltese (mōltēz')	Oenone (ēnō'ni)
Khyber (hī'bər)	Manillio (mānēl'yō)	Ogilvie (ō'gəlvi)
Kiano (kēā'nō)	Mantes (mānt)	Ohthere (ōh'thə'rə)
Kilcolman (kil'kul'mən)	Marret (mā'ret)	Oisin (ō'shēn)
Kirriemuir (kir'īmūr')	Marriot (mar'iat)	Oreb (ō'reb)
Kokua (kōkū'ā)	Marryat (mar'iat)	Orpheus (ōr'fūs or ōr'fiəs)
Korzeniowski (kōrzen yōf'- ski)	Marsi Frelock (mār'si frē'- lok)	Orsino (ōrsē'nō)
Krauss (krouss)	Maugham (mōm)	O'Sullivan, Seumas (ōsul'ə- vən, shā'məs)
Krishna Mulvaney (krish'nə mulvā'ni)	Maurois (mōrwā')	Ouse (ūz)
Kubla Khan (kü'blə kən')	Mazeppa (māzep'ə)	Ozymandias (oz'iman'diəs)
	Mecheln (mek'eln)	
	Menin (mānan')	
La Belle Dame sans Merci (lā bel dām sän mār sē')	Menteith (mentēth')	
L'Allegro (lā'lā'grō)	Mephistophilis (mefistof'i- lis)	Padua (pad'ūə)
Lambourne (lam'bōrn)	Mercutio (mærkū'shiō)	Paisley (pāz'li)
Laneham (lān'əm)	Metamorphoses (met'ə- mōr'fəsēz)	Pai-tan (pī'tān')
Lan-hi (lān'hē')	Metidja (mā'tē'jä)	Palatye (pal'əti; middle English, pālā'tē'ə)
Lannes (lān)	meuse (mūs or mūz)	Pambamarca (pām bā mār'- kā)
Lao-tzu (lou'tzu')	Mexique (mek'sēk')	Pamela (pam'ələ)
Lapraik (lāprāk')	Meynell (men'əl)	Pamphilus (pam'fil'ias)
La Traviata (lā trā vēā'tā)	Milan (milan')	Pandarus (pan'dərəs)
Launcelot (lān'əlot)	Mildendo (mildēn'dō)	Pantheon (pan'thion)
lazareet (laz'əret')	Milne (miln)	Pantisocracy (pant'isok'- rəsi)
Lebanon (leb'ənən)	Miserere (miz'ərə'rē)	Panzer (pan'zər)
Leicester (les'tər)	Missolonghi (misōlong'gē)	Papaia (pāpā'yā)
Leitrim (lē'trim)	Mohammed Khan (mō- hām'id kān)	Papeete (pā'pā'ā tā)
Lerici (lā'rēchē)	Molokai (mō'lōkā'ē)	Parma (pār'mə)
Lethe (lē'thi)	Montaigne (montān')	Pathan (pā'tān')
Letow (let'ō)	Morpheus (mōr'fūs or mōr'fi əs)	Pele (pā'lā)
Leyden (lē'dən)	Morte d'Arthur (mōrt dār'thər)	Peleus (pē'lūs)
Lilliput (lil'iput)	Mossgiel (mos'gēl)	Pepys (pēps or peps)
Lingua Franca (ling'gwā frāng'kā)	Motuiti (mō'tūē'tē)	Per os Dei (perōsdā'ē)
Liu (liū)	Mowgli (mou'gli)	Persephone (pərsēf'əni)
Lokeren (lō'kərən)	moydore (moi'dōr)	Peshawur (peshā'wər)
Longinus (lonjī'nəs)	Muertos (mwer'tōs)	Pétain (pā'tān')
Looz (lōs)	Mulatas Cays (mūlā tās kās')	Phelot (fā'lōt)
Lopaka (lōpā'kā)	Musaeus (mūsē'əs)	Philemon (filē'mən)
Loretto (lōret'tō)	Musée des Beaux Arts (mūzā'dā bōzār')	Philomel (fil'ōmel)
Los Muertos (lōsmwer'tōs)	Mussolini (mus'əlē'ni)	Philomela (fil'ōmē'lə)
louis d'or (lu'idōr')	Myrrha (mūr'ə)	Picardy (pik'ər'di)
Lucasta (lūkas' tə)		Piccadilly (pik'ədil'i)
Luftwaffe (lūft'vafə)		Piers (pērz)
Lunardi (lūnār'dē)		Pinero (pinār'ō)
Lustrog (lus'trog)		Piscator (piskā'tər)
Lycidas (lis'idəs)		Plato (plā'tō)
lyddite (lid'it)		Platonist (plā'tənist)
Lydian (lid'ian)	Nahinu (nāhē'nū)	poilus (pwāly')
Lyly (lil'i)	Nawab (nāwōb')	

KEY: hat, āge, fāther, cāre; let, ēqual, tērm; it, īce; hot, gō, ōrb; cup, fūll, rule, ūse;  
 ə, ālone, taken, pencil, complete, circus; ch, child; g, go; ng, sing; oi, oil; ou, out; s, say; th, thin;  
 ʰh, then; y, you; zh, measure; ʰ as in German *ach*; N as in French *bon*; ʰ as in French *coeur*,  
 German *konig*; Y as in French *du*. Primary accent'; secondary accent': abbrevia'tion.

- Poitiers (pwä'tyā')  
 Pompeii (pompä'ē)  
 Pompey (pom'pi)  
 Pont-Charenton (pōn'shā-rän'tōn')  
 Pont de l'Arche (pōnd lārsh')  
 portague (pōr'tägū)  
 Potthoff (pōt'hōf)  
 Praeterita (präter'itā)  
 Prometheus (prōmē'thūs or prōmē'thiəs)  
 Proserpine (pros'ærpln)  
 Prospice (pros'pisē)  
 Proteus (prō'tūs or prō'tiəs)  
 Provençal (prō vān'säl')  
 Psyche (sī'ki)  
 pukka (puk'ə)  
 Pulcinello (pül'chēnel'lō)  
 pulton (pul'tun)  
 Pushto (push'tō)  
 Pyrenees (pir'inēz)  
 Pythagoras (pi thag'ærəs)  
 Qua Cursum Ventus (kwä kūr'sūmwen'tūs)  
 Queenhithe (kwēn'hīth)  
 Ranfu-Lo (rān'fū'lō')  
 Raphael (raf'iäl)  
 Rasselas (ras'iləs)  
 Ravensheuch (rā'vənzhu)  
 Recuyell of the Histories of Troye (ræküel'; his-tæriz; troi)  
 Reldresal (rel'drəsäl')  
 Reliques (rælēk')  
 Rembrandtesque (rem-brantesk')  
 Rembrandt van Rijn (rem-brānt vān rīn)  
 Renaissance (ren'əsāns')  
 Requiem (rē'kwīəm)  
 Ressaldar (res'əldār')  
 Reveillé (rəvāl'yi or rev'älē)  
 Reynard (rā'nærd or ren'ærd)  
 Rima (rē'mə)  
 Rio de Janeiro (rē'ō dā zhə nār'ō)  
 Rosalys (roz'əlis)  
 Roscius (rosh'əs)  
 Rossetti (rō set'i)  
 Rouen (ruān')  
 Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam (rū bī yāt'; ō'mār kī yām')  
 Rücker (rū'kər)  
 Ruhrort (rūr'ört')  
 Rustum (rus'təm)  
 Sahib (sä'ib)  
 St. Praxed (prak'sid)  
 Samoa (səmə'ə)  
 Sassoon (sa sūn')  
 Saturn (sat'ørn)  
 Scyldings (shil'dingz)  
 Scythian (sith'iən)  
 Seine (sān)  
 Selima (sel'imə)  
 Sennacherib (sinak'ərīb)  
 Sen-siang (sen syäng')  
 Sesame (ses'əmi)  
 Seyton (sē'tən)  
 Shalott (shəlot')  
 Shan-si (shān'sē')  
 Shropshire (shrop'shir)  
 Sichel (sik'əl)  
 Sidhe (shē)  
 Siegfried (sēg'frēd)  
 Signor (sē'nyör)  
 Siloa (sil'ōə)  
 Sinai (sī'nī)  
 Siward (sē'wərd)  
 Skynos (skēr'ōs)  
 Sohrab (sō'rāb')  
 Solmes (sōmz)  
 Soochin (sū'chin')  
 Sophocles (sof'əklēz)  
 Sotto voce (sot'tō vō'chā)  
 Spadillio (spādēl'yō)  
 Spezia (spet'siä)  
 Spolia Opima (spō'liä öpē'mä)  
 Stewart, Gervase (stü'ært or stü'ært, jēr'vās)  
 Stoke Poges (stök pō'jis)  
 Strachey, Lytton (strä'chi, lit'ən)  
 Stratford-on-Avon (strat-færd on ä'vən)  
 Stygian (stij'ən)  
 Styx (stiks)  
 Sumatra (sümä'trə)  
 Summum Bonum (sum'əm bö'nəm)  
 Symphorien (sim fōr'iən)  
 Synge (sing)  
 Tacitus (tas'itəs)  
 Tahiti (tä'hē'tē)  
 Tarquinius Superbus (tär-kwin'iəs süpēr'bəs)  
 Tartary (tär'təri)  
 Tempe (tem'pā)  
 Thais (thä'is)  
 Thames (temz)  
 Thebes (thēbz)  
 Thessaly (thes'əli)  
 Thestylis (thes'tilis)  
 Thibet (ti bet')  
 Thyriss (thēr'sis)  
 Timotheus (timō'thiəs)  
 Tipperary (tip'ərär'i)  
 Tithonus (ti thō'nəs)  
 Toccata (tōk kät'tä)  
 Tongres (tōn'grə)  
 Tophet (tō'fit)  
 Torquemada (tōr'kwimä-də)  
 Trafalgar (trə fal'gər)  
 Tramysene (tram'isēn; middle English, trā'misä'nə)  
 Trismegistus (tris'mi jis'təs)  
 Tristram Shandy (tris'trəm shan'di)  
 Troilus and Criseyde (trō'il-ləs; krisä'də)  
 Tusitala (tū'sētäl'lä)  
 Tynan (ti'nən)  
 Tynecastle (tīn'kas'əl)  
 Udall (ū'döl)  
 Udolpho (ūdol'fō)  
 Ulysses (ūlis'ēs)  
 Umatilla (ū'mätil'ə)  
 Ursula (ēr'sūlä)  
 Utrecht (ū'trekt)  
 Vaea (vää'ä)  
 Valletta (vället'tä)  
 Van Diemen (van dē'mən)  
 Venator (vinä'tər)  
 Verdi (vār'di)  
 Verne (värn)  
 Veronica (vəron'ikə)  
 Verres (ver'ēs)  
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 Virginibus Puerisque (wiringinibus puer'ēs'kwe)  
 Volpone (volpō'ni)  
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 Waikiki (wä'ēkē'kē)  
 Wealhtheow (wel'thiū)  
 Westminster (west'min'stər)  
 Winander (win'andar)  
 Worcester (wūs'tər)  
 Wotton (wot'ən)  
 Wulfstan (wulf'stän)  
 Wyclif (wik'lif)  
 Wyrđ (wērd)  
 Xanadu (zan'ədū)  
 Xenien (ksä'niən)  
 Yangtse (yäng'tse')  
 Yeats (yāts)  
 Yorkshire (yōrk'shir)  
 Ypres (ē'prə)  
 Zahme (zä'mi)  
 Zeus (zūs)

KEY: hat, äge, fäther, cäre; let, ēqual, tērm; it, Ice; hot, gö, örb; cup, füll, rüle, üse; ə, alone, taken, pencil, complete, circus; ch, child; g, go; ng, sing; oi, oil; ou, out; s, say; th, thin; th, then; y, you; zh, measure; h as in German *ach*; n as in French *bon*; œ as in French *coeur*, German *könig*; y as in French *du*. Primary accent'; secondary accent'; abbrev' via' tion.

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